

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

HE WAS A NATIVE OF KENTUCKY.

At the club the other night, when this incident was alluded to, John Oberly, the Civil Service Commissioner, told the story of a man—General Watkins, I believe, was the name—who used to live down in southern Illinois. When he was in court as a witness, one of the lawyers asked him his name.

"General Watkins" was the reply.

"Were you in the late war?"

"No, sir."

"Were you in the Mexican war?"

"No, sir."

"Were you ever commander of militia?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hold a military appointment?"

"No, sir."

"Then," asked the lawyer, with a sneer, "how did you get to be a General?"

"I was born so," was the reply. [Hudson Register.]

THE SAD PATH OF THE O. I.

Dakota Reporter—I called to interview Mr. Abellier, our oldest inhabitant, on the winters we used to have when he was young.

Servant—Poor old man, he'll never be able to tell us those interesting stories again.

"Oh! What's happened?"

"He froze to death last night." [Omaha World.]

THE OTHER DE BRASS.

Society Belle—Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted.

Mother—What! Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. De Brass hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and won't have until his father and grandfather die.

"The Mr. De Brass I am referring to is the grandfather."

"Oh! Bless you my children." [Omaha World.]

ONLY A BAR HARBOR YOW.

A young lady whose engagement had been reported last summer was met recently by an old-time acquaintance at a Boston reception, whereupon the latter seized this first opportunity to congratulate her.

"But, my dear, I'm not engaged at all," answered the chery damsel.

"But I saw it announced," persisted the other.

"Ah, I know; but you see, my dear, it was only a Bar Harbor engagement," was the complacent explanation.

GRAMMAR HIS STRONG POINT.

Justice of the Peace—Had you ever saw this man before?

Witness—Yes.

"Had he come before you had want?"

"Yes."

"Then your eggs what you say was stole?"

"Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brused here?"

"Yes, I would have known them."

"Speak grammatic, young man! It ain't proper to say 'have knowed,' you should say 'have knew.'" [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

WHERE SARDINES MATURE.

Gentleman from Maine (to waiter)—Them sardines, Mister, must have been picked afore they wears ripe. It takes a lot of 'em to make a mouthful.

Waiter—They are the finest impared sardines, sir.

Gentleman—Well, I guess you've been swindled. Why, up in Maine we get sardines as big as herrin'.—The Epoch.

MODERN AMITON.

"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterheat?" "No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator and fell down four stories in three-families of a second. That is fast enough for me! I'm getting too old for much excitement." [Albany Journal.]

HE'D BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Lady of the House—Will you have the steak now, or wait till you've chopped the wood?

Colored Tramp (who'd called at the same place twelve months before)—Is de steak de same kind as you give away las' year?

Lady—Yes.

Tramp—Well, den I'll chop de wood fast so as to git me appetite enough to tackle it! What's de axe?—Judge.

A LESSON IN FOKEL.

Uncle Rastus—Ye see, Sammy, three ob a kind will beat two pairs.

Sammy—Yes, uncle, but what yo' do when five ob a kind turn up?

Uncle Rastus—I think chile, dat would be a good time fo' yo' to hab your razor kinder handy.

Mulligan—And what might thim things be with fingers on 'em?

Flagman Brophy—Shure, they do be missakes.

Mulligan—An' how far are they spart?

A SELFISH COLORED MAN.

"Dat ar Sam Johnson an de meanest black cuss in Austin."

"Has he been dead?"

"He has done got married and he neber invited me to de weddin'."

"Why did you want to go to his weddin' so bad?"

"I wanted to get eben wid him. He came to my weddin' and he eat moosh den any twonty-gal dar, an' ah I wanted was a chance to get eben wid him, and now I've been left. Some niggars ain't fit to live, nobow."

A FEARFUL THERAP.

Wife—Now this is the third time I've caught you in the kitchen talking to the cook.

Inband—Yes, I believe it is.

Wife—Well, the very next time I catch you talking to the cook I'll discharge her and do the cooking myself!

That cured him.

GERSTER AND GARDINA.

The Little Doctor's Reward for Giving His Wife's Song—Life to the World.

So Gerster is to appear on the lyric stage again and test the sweetness and capacity of that voice that in its day has thrilled the hundreds of thousands. Well, the world would be the loser (says The New York Graphic) if the blonde Viennoise should find that the days of her life in front of the footlights had surely gone forever, and there is therefore a hearty hope that the songstress may have many brilliant successes yet in repertoire.

Beyond the public history of her career on the stage the American public knows very little about the early life and younger years of the now stout beauty, and yet if her story, as told on the other side of the ocean, be true, this ever-practical German woman has had a piece of romance through the years of her maidenhood and early married life. The tale is given somewhat in this way:

Some years ago—never mind how many—Herr Dr. Gardina was one of the well-to-do practitioners in Vienna. It would take two men of his size to make one ordinary built man, but he was a jolly, kindly fellow, who loved all that was beautiful in life and had fortune enough to enjoy it. He was a first-nighter at the opera, a gracious, gentle, and generous man of the world, whose bachelorhood had not made him crusty nor rugged hearted.

One day strolling past one of the big houses in Vienna he heard the notes of an old south German song that he used to sing himself in his university days, and he stopped to listen to the song and if possible see the stranger. But the voice grew upon him and the doctor was a judge of the melodious sweetness that was caroled forth from the lips of the unseen songstress. It stopped and the doctor went on his way.

He came back, of course, again and again, day by day, until he finally knew that the song had been sung by a little German peasant-girl from one of the southern provinces, who had come to Vienna to make a living for herself as a servant in rich people's houses. He talked with her and took upon himself the care and expense of her education.

The girl was Gerster, though she was not called by that name in those early years. The years went along and the girl grew to womanhood, entered upon her career, and made the success which the world has accorded to her. Wherever she went the little dark-featured doctor who had smoothed and made possible the upward course of the great singer went with her.

He managed her business matters, he looked for her comfort and her well-being, he gave lavishly of his own means to aid the early days of her lyric struggles.

Of course he always loved her, and one summer morning, when he was in Paris, he was married. It was not then said, as it has been since, that Gerster's great selling reputation was his hand made her consent to be his wife. Nor has the after history of their lives given any evidence that the stress was very impressive in that respect. It was supposed to be a love match then, and without doubt it was on the part of the kindly doctor who had changed the peasant girl into the lyric queen.

The doctor is not with the once famous singer during her present trip to America. Indeed, it is said that he will be with her no more. The story of the married lives of so many of our actresses and society women has, it seems, been repeated in the case of the doctor and his peasant girl wife, for Gerster and he have let the world drift between them and have separated forever.

The children are with their mother. I don't know how many of them there are, but there must be a goodly number, for "Gerster and her baby" were kept pretty well before the public for several last years in America, and there seemed to be a baby continually. In the quiet, sleepy town of Trieste, with its Italian, Slovenian and Italian ways, the little doctor was passing the weary years of his life. He is not as rich as he used to be, and the old familiar haunts of his happy Vienna existence seem no more.

He gave Gerster's song life to the world, and the world repaid him by destroying his own home life.

Robert Louis Stephenson's New Arabian Knights has reached its twenty-fifth American edition! It is no wonder, as long as men are men and women are women, they will be interested in anything that comes from the pen of the author of "Kidnapped" and the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Sold by D. McArthur.

The story of Mr. Potter of Texas opens in Alexandria, during the terrible bombardment of 1862. Thence the scene is transferred to Venice, and then to London where Mr. Potter is first introduced to the reader. The story is full of love and intrigue and is one of the most exciting that has been issued from the press for many months. The first edition numbered 50,000 copies. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

"Marvel" is the last, and one of the most delightful of the Duchess's romances, and is as fresh as if it came from a brain untaxed by previous efforts. It is a marvel, the imagination and felicity of language possessed by the Duchess. Sold by J. & A. McMillan.

Miss Isabel F. Harggood, who enjoys a well-deserved reputation as an excellent translator from the Russian and from the French, is now in St. Petersburg, and is writing an interesting series of letters to the Independent. Her translations of Tolstoy's works have been approved by that author, and she will provide her with an early copy of the novel upon which he is now engaged at his home in Moscow.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ABRAHAM IVORY DISCOVERS SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

A Talk About Pictures.

We were seated by our home fireside the other evening, and Mrs. Ivory was in excellent humor.

She said, "Abraham, you remind me of the silhouette of your grandfather, that hung in your grandmother Ivory's spare room when we were children; do you remember it?"

Mrs. Ivory is perhaps a little vain, for she is younger than I am, and the young are wonderfully forgetful of the fact that day by day they are growing old. Oh, the glorious thoughtfulness, ignorance and frivolity of youth, the brilliance of its dreams, the splendor of its fancies, the gorgeousness of its illusions! "I remember,"—so I answered, "the silhouette of my grandfather that graced my grandmother Ivory's spare room, in Belgo, but I don't think that your resemblance to him, or any of my ancestors, would guarantee my recognition."

Mrs. Ivory coughed slightly and remarked that my resemblance to my grandfather's portrait could not be ignored.

Ah, gray beard, bald head, uncertain eye, and faltering step! Even those that loved you ridicule you, as they themselves will be ridiculed a few years hence. So has it been since the birds sang their matins in Paradise—so will it be till the turmoil and trouble of this world's existence are over. That silhouette of my grandfather was cut from a piece of satin, and I guess it looked like him just about as much as it did like the Shah of Persia.

But these silhouettes were prized in the old days by those who could not afford to pay an artist for painting their portraits, and as there were no free art schools in those times the knights of the brush and pencil were few and far between. What a simple thing is a silhouette! Every shadow is a silhouette, yet the Frenchman who brought it into use thereby made his name immortal. A silhouette of Mrs. Ivory, as she was many years ago, hangs in her sitting room, and on her dressing table lies the first daguerrotype ever made of her—Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Colds and all throat and lung troubles than Hagarty's Pectoral Balsam.

Neglected coughs and colds so frequently produce serious results as to constitute a definite warning. There is no better, safer or more pleasant remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Colds and all throat and lung troubles than Hagarty's Pectoral Balsam.

A plague which broke out at Naples in 1656 carried off 40,000 of the population in six months.

The trouble with silhouettes and all kinds of ornamental things, they make an old man appear younger, nor a plain girl beautiful. They bring all of our deformities into prominence and never forget to reproduce a wrinkle. Such is not the case with the portraits in India ink, water colors, crayon, and oils, which are made at the studio of H. C. MARTIN, AND CO., 52 KING ST.

These gentlemen have been so fortunate as to secure the services of an artist whose reputation is unexcelled, and his work has built up the name of the house so that now it stands second to that of no other in Canada, or New England, for that matter. I do not mean to say that Messrs. Martin & Co.'s portraits are not like life, for they are eminently so, but they don't enlarge upon the faults in the features or figure of their clients. They paint your face as a friend would paint your character. They don't make you look as the Telegraph makes Baird and Ellis look, nor as the Sun pictures some of its opponents, but they give an unprejudiced view of your features and, so far as practicable, an index to your character. This is a quality that few artists possess, but it is possessed by Messrs. Martin & Co.'s artists in an eminent degree. How are these portraits produced? The artist takes a daguerrotype, tintype or photograph of his subject, no matter how old or faded it may be, suspends it before him, and reproduces it in quarter, half or full life size, on canvas or drawing board, as may be desired. The pictures that are exhibited in their show room attract much attention and are admired by every one. Most sun pictures are perishable but Messrs. Martin & Co.'s pictures are as imperishable as marble. All that one has to do who has any kind of a sun picture of himself or his living or deceased friends is to send it to Messrs. Martin & Co. with orders for its reproduction in India ink or crayon. If it is to be painted in colors other directions are, of course, necessary. There are few men of any eminence in the Maritime Provinces whose pictures have not been executed at this establishment. Their pictures of children are especially happy, and a friend of mine has had the pleasure of communicating with Messrs. Martin & Co., or visit them when they come to the city.

ABRAHAM IVORY.

WHAT THEY SAY.

How Girls of Various Climes Behave When They are Kissed.

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

The New York girl says: "I don't like to be kissed, but if I am, I declare such a liberty as that is beyond all bounds of propriety and gentlemanly manners, I—" she is stopped by another, which isn't resisted very strenuously.

The Boston girl (with an assumption of indignation): "Sir, I declare such a liberty as that is beyond all bounds of propriety and gentlemanly manners, I—" she is stopped by another, which isn't resisted very strenuously.

The Philadelphia girl says: "So you think that's dreadful smart! You wouldn't have done it if I had been looking; no, indeed!" but she makes it a point not to look.

The Baltimore girl says: "Repeat that insult if you dare, sir," and exposes her face that it may be done easily and of itself will be ridiculed a few years hence.

The Washington girl remarks: "You've been and gone and done it, have you? Now cipher out how much better you feel and calculate when you'll get another chance."

The Chicago girl says: "Confound your impudence, do you take me for a New Yorker? I'd have you know there's a spice of danger in it! This matter!" The only danger she apprehends is that you won't cut and come again.

The Louisville girl says: "You've done it sure, and well. If there are any more of the same sort, please help yourself. If you can stand it I can."

The Detroit girl says: "Mefin Jerusalem, what a naughty, funny man! Better you look out how you take one, two, four more, before my gosh mother comes."

The St. Louis girl says: "Oh, go along with your nonsense; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You can't do it again." She exposes herself and it is done several times.

Definite Warning.

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