

PHONOGRAPH IN COURT.

BILDAD MAKES AN EXPERIMENT WITH QUEER RESULTS.

The Transmitter, the Vibrator, the Funnel and the Hoop-pipe—The Jury and the Diminished Judge.

I told him I did not want to buy the machine—I did not want it at all. But the agent was an agent of that homeless and motherless brand, whose barber is adversity and whose tailor is neglect, and, as the sun shone on his pallid brow and on his low-necked pants, and on his eyes that rested on mine as those of a spring call might rest upon its executioner, 'twas hard indeed to cast him forth upon the cold and jagged world.

He said there was nothing this side of the grave that a court reporter needed like a phonograph. He said I was not born for toil. Toil was degrading to a man whom Nature had moulded for command. Toi was my bete noir. Toil was seeping up my nature which was jocund and juicy into a Sahara waste of mental desuetude.

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Elouquence and truth are seldom found under the same hat, but, I think, now that I ought to have thought of that before. I think now that I should have known that the same man who was born to command could not be born to make a monkey of himself for agents.

The thing looked queer and eerie-like, I thought, as I lugged it into the court-room next morning. The funnel stuck out and brooded o'er the scene like the exhaust pipe of John McPherson's sausage-mill. It had a crank which revolved in a slow and threatening manner, and a dial that glared upon the prisoner. A joint of hose was coiled up on the box which contained the battery, with a tentacle to hook onto the flexible lobe of the transcriber.

There was about a peck of spools reclining to starboard of the thing which I was supposed to feed into it, to keep the vibrator happy. The crier was awe-struck, the jury gazed at me in abject reverence, and the prisoner threatened to make a confession.

Every time it fired out a spool, I fired in another. All day long the funnel gurgled and choked, and the vibrator hummed away, and all day long the jury gazed upon it with eyes that threatened to leave their heads. Not a word did they hear of the evidence. They found the prisoner "Not Guilty," though the evidence was strong enough to kill a horse.

I had the apparatus carted home on a truck, the vibrator buzzing away on the last spool for over two blocks and a half. When it was portashed up into my den I assimilated a few viands, then hauled out the hose, strapped myself onto the phonograph on one side and the typewriter on the other, and pulled out the plug. I have never been able to call to mind that our family was remarkable for deafness, but that agent must have thought so. Of all the growls and howls, and grunts and grinds, and groans and moans that ever came from hog, dog, or frog, that vibrator when it bumped itself up was the worst.

It had been corked up and was now unloading on my tympanum every blessed noise that had occurred in the court room all that day. I heard the sneezing of the judge, the wheezing tones of the crier, the snoring of the constable, the roaring of the lawyers, the barking of the judge's dog, the banging of the door, the coughing of the consumptive jurymen—it was snort, crash, buzz and bang, as though all Inferno had broken

from its moorings! Do you blame me that I keep a gun for agents? Then listen to this which is only a diluted sample of the stuff that poured from the hose-pipe of that machine and percolated through my labrador auricle during the awful hours of that night.

"My learned friend—buzz, boom, crash—Now Yeronner I object—my learned friend—my learned friend—crash, rattle, bang—Well, I think my learned friend—Pardon me a moment, now pardon me—Well, Yeronner my learned friend—Order, order, bow—wow—wow—My learned friend—squeak, squeak, squeak—my learned friend did not make his objection—but pardon me



THEIR FIRST SMOKE.

if you please I did object—Now surely my learned friend—barg—my learned friend—boom—Gentlemen—buzz, boom, bang—this is really—creak, creak, bang—out-rageous—sneeze—If I am obliged to listen—bow, wow, wow—to such balderdash—crash—Mr. Sheriff—yessir—really we must have order in the court—ha, ha, ha!—please put that red-headed man out immediately—buzz, crash—or tell him to keep quiet—rattle, bang, buzz, boom—Order in the Court—I say order!"

And so it went on and never have I heard a clock tick since that night that it did not say—"My learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend!" And I am very anxious to see my learned friend, the agent.

A Pleasant Resort. There is no keener pleasure for a great many people, residents and non-residents, at this season of the year, than a look through the well-known establishment of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Progress will not attempt to go into any details in regard to the handsome holiday volumes which have been imported, especially for this season's trade. The facts that there is a market for such books, and that any house is sufficiently enterprising to run the necessary risk of purchasing such expensive volumes, are in themselves a great credit to the city.

Any person passing by the Colonial Book Store, on the corner of King and Germain streets, will note that it presents an unusually busy aspect just now. They will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that but half, if as much as half, of the store is visible. In order to accommodate the additional rush at this season, Mr. Hall found it necessary to trespass upon what is, during the rest of the year, his wholesale department. He has fitted it up in an admirable fashion for the display of holiday goods and his numerous visitors find ample opportunity to walk about and inspect his stock at their leisure.

A Wonderful Cheap Book. Among the attractive holiday books in Mr. Alfred Morrissey's store is one entitled "The World's Worship in Stone." It is handsomely bound and splendidly illustrated. The greatest structures of stone in the world are pictured in its pages. To look over it is quite an education in itself. The descriptive letter press is all that is necessary to complete the interest for the reader. Mr. Morrissey calls the book a "Leader," and sells it for the wonderfully low price of \$1.50. It certainly is remarkable value for the money.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. For sample package send three cent stamp to K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

A SMALL BOY'S ANTICS.

THE YOUNG LADIES BLUSHED AND THE GENTLEMEN FELT QUEER.

He Played Soldier in Church With a Cane for a Horse, and Attracted More Attention Than the Minister—The Guardians Painful Duty.

Church is a solemn sort of place, and one does not, as a rule, go there to be amused; but, at the same time, a thing which would not call forth even a momentary smile if it were to be served out to us at an opera bouffe will call forth storms of merriment in church. Therefore, the mother who contributes her little cherub

to the general amusement fund for inattentive Christians, by sending him to church before he has learned that repose of manner which should stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, but does not always do so—considers a benefit on the congregation which calls for more recognition than it generally receives.

There was a young gentleman attended divine service at our church last Sunday evening, who had not yet celebrated his fourth birthday, but so strong was his individuality that before he had been in church fifteen minutes the attention of the congregation was evenly divided between him and the clergyman.

And so it went on and never have I heard a clock tick since that night that it did not say—"My learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend!" And I am very anxious to see my learned friend, the agent.

Christmas Presents in Plenty. The Colonial Book Store, on the corner of King and Germain streets, will note that it presents an unusually busy aspect just now. They will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that but half, if as much as half, of the store is visible.

At last, standing drill became irksome, and the young cadet pined for a wider field. So he started for the middle aisle in order to practice field exercise, and have a cavalry parade with a cane for a horse. The elder of his guardians heartlessly restrained him, and a wrestling match ensued, in which London prize ring rules obtained, and both combatants left the ring in disorder.

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peace!" And the young man who had supplied the armory, was heard to remark afterwards, "I would not go through that again for a fortune. I tell you, the Lord has gone to church with me every Sunday since I have been here! but the hero of Paradise Lost sat behind me to-night!"

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HOEGG'S TOMATOES. THE FINEST BRAND IN THE MARKET. There are CHEAPER Brands, but these are acknowledged the BEST. ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S.

Wanted, this cold weather, good warm clothes for your boys. A Reefer is good for a boy to rough it in. He can get more wear out of one of FRASER'S Reefers than out of any other coat made.

W. J. FRASER, ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, ONLY ONE DOOR ABOVE THE ROYAL HOTEL.

COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, ASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, STOVE BOARDS, Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods. PRICES VERY LOW.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE? Is a question which, at this season of the year, interests everybody. Don't let it trouble you; we can help you out. We are showing hundreds of useful articles in CUTLERY, TABLEWARE, SILVERPLATE AND SOLID SILVERWARE, which are always well received, and from their very usefulness, revive memories of the giver every day.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Warm Enough! That's what you can say if you have one of the ART COUNTESS Hall Stoves in your house; the NEW SILVER MOON is as good, all say that have them. They heat well; burn little coal, and look well. The nickle-plated trimmings make them an ornament to any house.

A CHRISTMAS... It is a wonder... In all the ages... as year by year... of the birth of... sprung up again... now, when, on an... ing, the shepherds... tale, there is no... does not feel any... For it declares th... while everything... seemed to promise... shepherds, watchi... fields near the ol... hem, were startle... the sky suddenly fi... words which were... when one heard th... them, told the sh... for the world had... the City of Davu... starting up, went... that what the ange... and that the hea... best expected, any... world was waiting... His mother's arms... herds told along... the early traveller... They opened the... awakened them wi... They spoke to th... chance, strangers... they commonly v... to speak, and p... the tale of this... everywhere the m... wondered.