

# HANK GARDNER HEARS THE PHONOGRAPH.

I TOOK some wood down yisterday to Cedarville, an' put up at Simmon's tavern. Thar was a big crowd around, jawin' about same durned thing they called a phonergraft.

"I'll be essentially gosh jiggered ef it don't beat all," says Jim Weedlesnick, which lives onto the Sixt' concession, "I've read about them things, but I allowed it was just some of the guff them newspaper fellers is always a'-gittin' off. I never would have b'leaved it ef I hadn't heard it—an' durned ef I don't think they's some fake about it now."

"Bout what?" says I.

"Why, this here phonergraft. Ain't yer heard it yit?"

"No; what is it anyway?"

"Why, it's jest a talkin' machine. It'll sing an' holler and preach, an' dear knows what all. They've got machines fur most everythin' these days, but a talkin' machine just knocks me cold."

"Oh, go'way," says I, "it's just some of Simmons' games. He's always up to some monkey-shine or other. He's foolin' ye. Got a feller hid down cellar or somewhere that does it all. He'll git the laugh on ye bimeby, an' then you'll have to set 'em up for the crowd an' you won't never hear the last of it. It don't stand to common sense."

"Well, you go into the settin' room and see fur yourself. It'll on'y cost ye ten cents. Ef ye're so mighty smart ye kin praps find out where the trick comes in."

I went into the settin' room, an' had hard work to get through the crowd aroun' the machine. Some of em' was standin' an' some settin' around the table with rubber tubes stickin' in their ears, runnin' from a box in the centre of the table. Some of 'em says, "Well, now, ain't that great"—"Sounds just as natural don't it?" "Never heard nothin' like it," and soon.

I listened an' listened, an' couldn't hear a durned thing.

Finally the fellers at the table got up an' a new lot sot down an' anted up ten cents apiece. A smart lookin' feller with a tall hat and a black mustache which seemed to boss the show, says to me, 'Would ye like to hear the wonderful phonergrapt, Mister?'

"You bet," says I, "that's just what I've been a-tryin' to do, but she don't seem to talk loud enough."

He laughed and said that the machine couldn't afford to talk for nothin'. So I put up my ten cents and sot down and stuffed the tubes into my ears.

"Now," says he, "we have speeches by the ablest of livin' orators, and music by the most talented artistes. Which would you like?"

"Give us 'Little Annie Rooney' says I, and the crowd laughed, an' some one says, 'Git onto the hayseed, fire him out!' etc. If it hadn't been that I thought I'd lose my ten cents I'd have got right up an' kicked the stuffin' outen him."

"No," says he, "that song ain't on our report-war"—whatever he meant by that—"But I'll now give you a grand an' touchin' extract from one of Mozart's Ontarios."

Geewhillaunks! I never heard sech music. I swear you could hear the sound of all the musical weapons sech as fiddles, flutes, drums, pianos an' the like just as natural an' a blamed sight better than anythin' was ever played by the fife and drum band at the Corners, an' it ain't no slouch of a band either, let me tell you! I could have sot and listened all day—Tootie-tootie-toot-zip-bang-rattle-thumpety-thumpety-boom-boom-boom!

"For gracious sake," says I, when the music let up.



## EQUIVOCAL.

HE—"My dear friend, have you read my last novel?"

SHE—"Yes."

HE—"How did you like it?"

SHE—"I laid down the volume with intense pleasure."

"It would take about two dozen men to make all that racket. How on earth do you git it all outen that little concern?"

The feller in the tall hat smiled, an' said somethin' about the wonders of modern science, an' I went out. People said it was fine classical music, but I'd sooner have heard a regular tune. I don't see as how there can be any fake about it, but there's no knowin'.

## AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE.

RABBI ADLER in his reply to Professor Goldwin Smith on the Jewish question in a recent number of the *North American Review* says:

The sovereign remedy for all the ills from which the Jews of Russia have suffered so long is to be found in the one word "Freizugigkeit." \* \* When will the Czar pronounce that word so that happier days may dawn?

Now this explains the whole trouble. Why didn't somebody tell us so before? We are afraid if the unfortunate Hebrews are waiting for anybody to pronounce that word—excuse us for not writing it again—it will be a long time before they are relieved of their disabilities. But the Czar ought to make an effort to get his tongue round it. By diligent practice for a few hours every day for a year he might get away with it.

If "Frei" etc. means "freedom" or anything of that sort, which appears probable from the context, it is easy to understand how not only the Jews but the other natives of those parts are hopelessly enslaved. What else can be expected when liberty is not only a name but a name that nobody can pronounce without danger of dislocation of the jaw!

## WHY NOT HUNT SOMETHING EATABLE?

NOTABLE specimens of game continue to be taken in Maine. W. K. Mayo, jr., of New York city, recently shot a moose at Moosehead Lake, the head and antlers of which weighed 188 pounds. —*N. Y. Sun.*

People who shoot no-table specimens of game evidently kill them for mere amoosement.