REV. PLINK PLUNK.

Discourses on Charges of Drunkenness in High Places.

PUBLIC Drinking formed the subject of the Rev. Plink Plunk's last sermonette. It was based on Congressman Watson's charges of drunkenness among his colleagues. The Rev. philosopher said:

"A number ob tings hab happened durin' de pas' week, deah dreddern, dat had distracted my attenshun, an' I perpose goin' ober dem in a sensible, practical way, an' drawin' wotever moral may seem de bes' adopted to each perticler case.

De mos' prominent place in de paper hez been taken from de Homestead strikers, an' given ober to news an' comments on de charges made by Mr. Watson, ob Georgia, agin certain membahs ob Congress in Washington. He alleges dat he hez seen some ob his feller membahs in a "rocky" state, wile dey wuz makin' speeches on de floor ob de House of Representatives, an' fines fault wid one membah in partic'ler dat got so fuddled dat he had to say, "Mister Speaker, where wuz I at?"

Now, deah breddern, dere's sev'ral diff'rent ways ob lookin' at dis yar questiou ob drinkin'. Dere's a sensible way and a foolish way, dere's a narrow way an' a broad way, an' every one looks at it from his own standpoint. De drinkin' man tinks no man is any good dat ain't ready to git full wenever he gits a chance, wile de temperance crank tinks dat to drink anyting stronger dan ginger ale or soda water is de wust crime in de calendar. I myself believe in a happy mejum. If a man likes wiskey dere ain't no use tryin' to make him tink dat gas an' marble dust are far better for him, an' de man dat's fond ob a glass of ale or beer nd feel as if he'd been pisoned ef he wuz to drink a glass ob orange phosphate.

UNNECESSARY.

I'm inclined to fine fault wid Mr. Watson for bringin' up dis subjec so prominently, an' I think it's a pooty cheap trick to gain fame at de expense ob nddder people's good name, wen all de time yo' may be laborin' under a grave mistake. Many a man is condemned as a hahd drinker, wen if de truf wuz known he's only a little eccentric. When a man wobbles in his walk, it ain't always a sign dat he's been drinkin'; he may hab de rheumatiz in de knee joints; an' rheumatiz'll often make a man walk more wobbly dan de biggest supply ob Bowery wiskey dat eber wuz swallered.

Annudder paht ob de discussion in de papers, deah breddern, is de expert opinions dat hab been expressed on de difference between a "jag," a "still," a "maudlin drunk," a "Branigan" an' sev'ral udder condishuns wich men git into after more or less drinkin'. Now I say dat dere ain't no way for an observer to know wich one ob dese condishuns an intoxicated man is in; de only reliable, easy-to-see case is when de man goes on a "howlin' drunk."

NO EXPERT NEEDED.

It doan need no expert to tell dat de "howler" hez had drinks enuff for two, for he takes good care to let de hull neighborhood into his awful secret.

Nobody in de country will be surprised to hear dat de membahs of Congress drink; it's a pooty well known fack, an' as long as dey behave all right wot's de difference? De wust case mentioned by Mr. Watson was not so bad after all. If a man is only so full dat he's able to keep enuff track ob his remarks to ask, "Where wuz I at?" wy, he deserves credit, not blame. Wen we realize dat he might hab got fightin', howlin' drunk, an' threatened to wipe up de floor wid de Speaker, instead ob askin' politely, "Where wuz I at?" we ought to feel mighty glad dat his offence can be put down in de "jag" class.

In concludin' dese remahks on drinkin' I will say, deah breddern, dat de cause ob temperance 'll nebber boom until temperance drinks are put on a level with beer as regards price. Wen a man calls for a glass ob ginger ale he nebber knows whedder it's goin' to cost him fi' cents or twenty-five, but wen he calls for beer he knows dat his pocket will only sufier to the extent ob a nickel.

HE THREATENS TO GO BACK.

An Immigrant Who Appreciates His Value to the Community.

A greasy looking tramp who had lived in City Hall Park for three years and whose feet have become as hard as rocks from the frequent rappings upon them from the clubs of the sparrow policeman, took four five cent whiskeys the other day and mustered up courage enough to march to the Mayor's office. He had a paper in his hand. The doorkeeper nabbed him and asked him what he wanted.

"I wish to see Mayor Grant," he said loftily.

"What about?"

"That's my business."

"Well, if it's your business it isn't public business; git!"

"I desire to enrich the community to the amount of $500."

"All right, hand me a check for it."

"No, that won't do, I want to give the community $1,000 and get $500 change."

"What's your scheme?"

"Read what it says in this paper." And he pointed to the following paragraph:

Reliable statisticians have circulated that every adult immigrant who comes into the country is worth $1,000 to the community.

"Well?"

"I'm an adult immigrant, ain't I?"

"I suppose so. What of it?"

"Well, I'm worth $1,000 to the community, and I propose to have some of it, or I'll get hunk."

"How?"

"Well, if the community doesn't pay me $500 I'll go back. There's a clear gain of $500 in this deal for the community. It's a plain business proposition. Here am I benefitting the city to the extent of $1,000, duly certified to by official statisticians, and I don't get a penny out of it for myself."

"Move on!"—N. Y. Press.

The Eleventh Man.

We stopped at a flag station to take up a couple of men, and as they came into the smoker all saw that they were handcuffed together. It was easy enough to identify the prisoner. He was a gaunt-faced, long-haired man of dejected demeaner, and he seemed embarassed at the sight of so many of us.

"I recken yo' can't run from me now," said the officer as he removed the irons. "Sorry to hev put 'em on you at all, Jim, but I'm lame and cant' take chances."

"Is the man going to prison?" was the natural inquiry of one of the passengers.

"A little wus nor that, sah—he's goin' to the convict camp," answered the officer.

"For what crime?"

"It wasn't much of a crime. I believe he stole co'n to feed his starvin' family on.

"And what is his sentence?"

"Well, the jedge fined him $50 or two years. He couldn't pay, of course, and so he'll serve out his two years, if he don't die. He's feelin' powerful pore, and I reckon six months will put him under the sod. Say, Jim, you sot yere by yo'self while I go into the fur kyar to see Tom Jackson a minit."

He had no sooner departed than our spokesman stood up and said:

"Gentlemen, this is an outrageous shame. Here is a man being sent to a chain gang because he stole a bushel or so of corn to keep life in the bodies of wife and children! I'll give $10 toward paying his fine."

"So'll I!"

"So'll I!"

There were eleven of us in the car. Ten of the crowd finally chipped in $7 a piece, figuring to give the man a show after his fine was paid. The eleventh man brusquely refused to give a shilling. The officer soon returned, $50 of the purse was given him, and at the next station the pair got off. The prisoner thanked us over and over, and all felt amply repaid. The attitude of the eleventh man nettled us. He sat reading and paid no attention to the sly digs given him, but after a while, when something pretty harsh was flung out, he closed the book, stood up to face us, and calmly said:

"Gentlemen, I feel that I owe you all an apology. Every one but me sympathized with that poor man; every one but me contributed to the purse. My apology and my excuse is that I've met the same pair five different times this week in five different trains going in five different directions, and I thought they were making a big divide without my dollars."—New York Sun.

Political Proverbs.

A statesman that says he don't drink licker is mighty likely to be suspishuned fer somethin' wus.

Defeet dwindles a candidate down to mighty small pertaters.

Most men runs fer offis 'cause the offis won't run fer them.

Ef politishuns don't see what they want, they ask fer it.

A little whitewash now and then is relished by the best of men in politicks.

Full corncribs makes empty ballot boxes.

'Tain't penuriousness in politicks that makes parties proud.

Thar's fools to find fault with the wizest legislatin.

You can't allers tell what's in a Senator's hed by the size ov his hat.

He Was a Brute.

A brute of a husband off on a business trip of a week recently received a telegram to this effect:

"During the storm to-day your wife was struck by lightning and rendered speechless, but not otherwise severely injured. Physicians think she will be all right in a few days."

Was the man overcome by this shocking news, and did he fly to his wife's side?

Not much.

He sent this telegram in reply:

"Call off the doctors, and let her go at that."

Obfuscated.

Wife—John, the Morning Daily states that you got into a disgraceful fight at your club last night. Who did you fight with? Husband—I am sure I do not know, dear, I haven't seen the Daily yet.—The Club.

An Untold Tale.

We had got settled down when a smile overspread the drummer's face, a grin began to draw the corners of his mouth right and left, and he quietly began:

"I think it was the funniest thing I ever heard in all my life—ha! ha! ha!"

"Sir! Are you a drummer?" inquired an oldish man with reddish gray hair who sat in front of him.

"Yes."

"Drummer from Chicago?"

"Yes."

"And you want to tell us a funny story, eh?"

"I do. It's the funniest story I ever heard related and too good to keep."

"Well, sir, I've a word to say to you," continued the old man. "I like fun myself. Up to a year ago I was always on the grin. If anything tickled me I'd laugh until I fell down with weakness. I once laughed thirteen hours without a break at a story a drummer told me. I brought on heart disease from laughing, and the doctors have warned me to be very careful. The story is mighty funny, is it?"

"It is, sir."

"Got a roaring old climax to it?"

"Yes."

"Pretty certain to convulse the audience, I suppose?"

"I'll warrant it to."

"Then please excuse me and I'll go in the next car for a few minutes. I'm certain it's a funny story. I know you'll tell it in such a way that I shall have to bust right out in spite of all I can do. If I bust, I'm a goner. I want to hear the story mighty bad, but I also want to live as long as I can. Just excuse me."

He picked up his grip and left the car, and the drummer's smile faded away and he pulled out a newspaper and began to read. Somehow we didn't like to ask for the story and somehow he didn't seem to care about telling it. By and by I went into the other car and found the old man and asked:

"Were you really honest in what you said about your heart?

"Well, no," he replied.

"What was your object?"

"Simply to stop his yarn. I'm travelling in the same line of goods for a New York house, and I wanted to hurt his feelings as much as I could!"—M. Quad.

Hint to Cab Drivers.

A.—You see that fine house. The man who owns it made all his money as a cab driver.

B.—How did he manage to do it?

A.—Easy enough. He made a rule to know the exact minute when the train left the Grand Central Depot, and reaching the station at the very last moment, the passenger could not dispute with him, no matter what he charged.

The Helping Hand.

It is customary in New York courts for the judges to appoint a court official as referee. Why, precisely, a court official makes a better referee than anybody else is susceptible of an explanation, which is hinted at in the following little parable:

"Mamma, I want some raisins."

"Take a handful, Johnny."

"You take a handful for me, mamma. Your hand is bigger than mine."

The court official has invariably a large hand.

Paddy's Wit

A good story is told of the Irish servant of a naval commander, who had the misfortune one day to let a teakettle fall overboard. In fear and trembling he rushed to his master and cried out to him:

"Plaze, yer honor, can anything be said to be losht whin ye know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer. "Wheer?"

"Wheer, shin, yer honor, ye may tink the taykettle is losht, but it ain't, sorr. I know where it is, sorr. It's at the botthom of the ocean, sorr!"

In Society.

Interestedly from a corner of the ballroom he surveyed the scene, his glance resting for a moment upon each swaying figure.

"Tom!"

He was beckoning to a gentleman who had just released his partner.

"I say, Tom, who was that grand creature with whom you last danced?"

"Why, Fitzy, I'm surprised."

"Who is she, Tom?"

"Why, Fitzy, you know her better than I do."

"Not a bit of it, me boy."

"But you used to go with her."

"I know it."

He twirled his eye-glasses carelessly.

"And, Fitzy, it was reported that you were engaged."

"So we were."

He stared nonchalantly at the kaleidoscope of varying black and white before him.

"Fitzy?"

"Ah, yes. The engagement was broken and we parted as strangers. Will you kindly introduce me to that grand creature with whom you just danced, Tom, my boy?"

They were in society.—Detroit Tribune.

Household Duties.

Minister's Wife—Wasn't there a request for prayers for rain among your letters this week?

Minister (wearily)—Yes.

"I thought I saw one."

"Yes. It was from Deacon De Goode."

"But you didn't pray for rain."

"No. I'm tired praying for rain just to please the deacon. I've come home in the wet for three Sundays, and still he keeps on asking for more."

"What business is he in?"

"He's a contractor for the street-cleaning department."—New York Weekly.

Atchison "Globe" Man's Talk.

When a chaperon is not needed one is taken along.

It is noticeable that a little man is always very mild in his testimony against a big man in court.

Some people talk of managing a husband or wife as they talk of managing a refractory cow or a stubborn horse.

As a rule, a man who has a mustache he can twist or whiskers he can stroke, is three times as long making up his mind as one who hasn't.

Every time an observing man gets undressed and happens to pass a looking-glass it must occur to him how much he owes to clothes.