

**IT BROKE HIS HEART.**

How the Marquis de Lorne Drank an American Pousse Cafe.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

You can get better liquors in British Columbia than any ordinarily to be found for sale in the United States, but the barkeepers do not seem to be able to live up to the quality of their liquors.

There is said to be a law of compensation operating in all things; it certainly operates very powerfully on the British Columbian barkeepers.

They can put the finest liquor into a cocktail that tastes worse than the effort of the latest recruit in a German grocery to give a pleasing surprise to a half-frozen milkman at 6 a. m.

The commonest groggery in Victoria has three-star Hennessy brandy for sale at 10 cents for a big glass with a quarter of a pint of soda thrown in; Burks' Irish whisky of the best brand is on tap everywhere, and if you want Bourbon whisky, they give you the best Kentucky brand, pure and straight as it came from the still.

It is all right, so long as you take it straight, but if you want a mixed drink you are sure to have trouble.

They did have a first-class American bar-keeper in Victoria once, but he left. It came about in this way. The man that runs the swell hotel there came down to San Francisco and imported a first-class bar-keeper to Victoria to mitigate the asperities of life on Vancouver island.

Gus—the proprietor's name was Gus—was proud of his new barkeeper, and talked about him. One day the Marquis de Lorne dropped into the hotel with his suite to play a game of billiards.

Gus was there.

He saw a chance to give the new barkeeper a send-off.

Timidly he approached the Marquis and told him that he had a great American barkeeper. "Wouldn't his Highness do him the honor to sample the work of the great man?"

His Highness would.

Gus gave the order to his man. Pousse cafe for eight, seven colors in each glass.

It was a sight to see that bartender go to work. The marquis and his seven friends stopped their games to look at him. First he put in the red liquor and then added a stratum of pale blue. A thin line of orange came next and then a dash of vivid green. A line of pure white, a brilliant canary yellow and a dark brown completed the drink, topped off with just a flavor of spirit. The skilled hand of the cunning workman had done its work well. Not a line was broken, not one color blended with another. The eight brilliant drinks were placed on the bar with eight glasses half full of water beside them.

"All ready, gentlemen," said the barkeeper.

"Aw," said the marquis, as he approached the bar.

"Aw," said the seven gentlemen of his suite.

The supreme moment had arrived, and each heart beat so wildly that the room shook.

Solemnly and slowly the marquis raised the variegated drink in his hand.

Solemnly and slowly the seven gentlemen of his suite raised theirs.

Calmly and deliberately the marquis dumped his *pousse cafe* into his glass of water and drank the mixture.

Calmly and deliberately the seven gentlemen of his suit did the same.

An hour later the American barkeeper might have been seen in a small boat headed for the United States.

Since then the Victorian saloon-keepers have been content with the old-style barkeeper. He is always a broad-shouldered Briton, wears a woolen jacket, has his shirt-sleeves rolled up and couldn't tell a ruby from a garnet. It was one of this brand that stood behind the bar of a swell saloon a few days ago, when Harry Walters, who goes north to buy salmon for a San Francisco house, walked in. Walters was dry, but the outlook did not please him.

"Can you make me a decent cocktail?" he asked, dubiously.

"Yes, sir," replied the barkeeper in confident tones.

"Go ahead and make one then," said Walters.

First the barkeeper produced a glass that would hold a quart and set it on the bar. Then he put in a heaping spoonful of crushed sugar.

"Is that for my drink?" asked Walters.

"Yes, sir," replied the barkeeper, and he added more sugar.

Then he threw in four squirts out of the Jamaica ginger bottle and paused. A spoonful of orange and one of Curacao were the next ingredients. Four squirts of Boonekamp, four of Angostura, four of IXL and four of Hostetter's bitters followed.

"Do I drink that?" asked Walters.

"Yes, sir," replied the barkeeper as he threw in six squirts of absinthe. This he supplemented with a dozen drops each of benedictine, orange bitters and blackberry brandy.

By this time the big glass contained a quarter of a pint of a muddy fluid. The barkeeper added an equal amount of whiskey, shook it up in a shaker, poured it into a bar glass and pushed it over to Walters.

"Drink it yourself," said Walters. "If you'd make a cocktail like that in America they'd mob you."

The barkeeper drank the mixture and never winked.

"Will you make a cocktail my way?" asked Walters.

"Yes, sir."

"Then put in as much sugar as would cover a dime, six drops of water, one drop of absinthe, one drop of Boonekamp, and cool the glass with ice. Then half fill the glass with whiskey and pour the drink into a thin glass."

The barkeeper obliged and pushed the drink over to Walters, who gulped it down with deep satisfaction.

"Do you know what they'd say if I made a cocktail like that in Victoria?" asked the barkeeper gravely.

"No."

"They'd say, 'Drink it yourself, you ass!'"

dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, are now on the shelves at the great exposition, where the blind wonder contends in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of, and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in all Paris.

**Nice Figuring.**

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Old man!" exclaimed a tough, as he entered a saloon on Champlain street, "I can break you in two in less than a minute!"

"Have a glass of beer at my expense?" smilingly queried the saloonist.

"Well, I don't care if I do. Thanks. You are a gentleman, you are."

"Do you let toughs browbeat and bulldoze you after that fashion?" asked a man who had witnessed the scene. "Why, you are big enough to eat two or three of them up at once."

"Let's figure a minute," replied the other. "I gave him a small glass of beer, costing about a cent and a half. He went away good-natured and satisfied. I could have bounced him, but it would have taken \$5 worth of exertion, to say nothing of a possible arrest and a suit for assault and battery. Did I gain or lose?"

"Well, if you put it in that way, you gained."

"That's the only way to put it. I used to keep grocery. On one occasion I refused to throw off a cent on a dozen eggs, and the family took their trade, amounting to \$800 per year, to another grocer. That was a lesson to me to last forever."

**Gone the Other Way.**

From the New York Sun.

"Look here, Mr. Smith," he said to the president of the street railroad company, "I've got \$5,000 worth of this stock."

"Yes."

"I bought it for 50 cents on the dollar. In other words, you let me in on the ground floor."

"Yes, I did."

"But while I bought on the ground floor at 50, the stock has dropped to 20. How do you explain that?"

"Easily enough, sir. Instead of going up stairs from the ground floor, we have made a mistake and gone down cellar."



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