

Couldn't Fool the Squire.

Young Stokes had succeeded in mashing the heart of old Squire Gubbins, daughter Mollie, and the two had put up a job on the old Squire by which they hoped to be able to have an evening together occasionally in her parlor.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me this morning?" "Begging your pardon for the intrusion, sir, I came to say that I am a music teacher, and should like to get your daughter (I believe you have a daughter, sir) as one of my pupils, sir."

"When could you give her her lessons?" "Almost any time, say Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week."

"Could you come here to the house, or would she have to go to your studio?"

"O, yes, sir, I—I could come here, sir, in fact I rather prefer to do so."

(Old Squire on to their little racket):

"Well, sir, you may consider yourself engaged. You will find the mask here in the library."

"I don't understand you sir. What mask?"

"Why the base ball mask, you idiot. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to let you spend two whole evenings each week with my daughter, unless you are masked, do you? You will come in here each evening before giving the lesson, and I will put the mask on you. It has a time-lock attachment, and I alone hold the combination. I put the mask on you. It stays there one hour, which is long enough for any music lesson. If it remains five minutes over that time, it rings a bell in my library which starts a No. 10 boot into the music room, and kicks you out of the front door and over the line fence, lands you in the mud in the middle of the street, and forbids you ever setting foot in the house again, under penalty of being kicked out before the lesson instead of after."

The would-be Mendelssohn thought the matter over carefully, and concluded that he already had as large a class in music as he could do justice to, and that Mollie would have to run her chances of getting another teacher.—Dausville Breeze.

Keene's Fortune.

Jim Keene owed his fortune to a woman. The impoverished widow of an old friend of his came to him once with \$800 worth of diamonds, all she had left, eagerly begging him to buy that amount of a certain stock. "But why?" She had been employed as a seamstress at the homes of Flood, Fair and O'Brien, all former friends of her husband's. At one of these houses she had overheard an account of a wonderful bonanza just then discovered near Virginia City. Keene took the diamonds, a wedding gift to this poor little woman from her mother. He invested their value in the stock desired. On the announcement of the new discoveries the stock jumped from \$28 to \$60, then rose to \$100, \$160, up to \$285. At that point she asked him to sell. She thought herself worth about \$25,000. She was in a fever of excitement. Keene, slim and tall was as cool as a cucumber.

"See how much Mrs. has with us," he told his cashier. The answer came, "Mrs. ash \$570,000, less commissions, making \$562,870." Keene asked if she would have a check for the amount then, but, receiving no answer, found she had fainted. He had made \$10,000,000 himself in the deal, all of which has he since lost in the American Monte Carlo—Wall street. The little woman whom he enriched now dazes people with her diamonds, keeping her mother's gift as a talisman.—America.

A Gambler's Obituary.

An amusing article on Frontier Journalism, by Captain Jack Crawford, was recently printed in The Journalists, from which we extract the following:

Some of the scintillations from the prolific brain of the border editor, when he "gets a good move on himself," are exceedingly brilliant, though clothed in the roughest orthographical garb. What could be more slangily pathetic than the following written by an Arizona editor on the death of a highly esteemed gambler:

"Again has the death angel made a play in our camp. He swooped down last night and immediately lit out again, bearing the immortal spirit of as square a man as ever turned a card or copped a bet.

"Jim Evans was one of nature's noblemen, and we feel that nothing can ever take us again after such a great loss. In the game of life he always played his bets wide open, and if the cards run agin him he never bected. He just took things as they come, and now that he has been compelled to jump the game, our hearts are sore and our tears spatter in mournful unison on the bar as we stand and drink silently to his memory.

"Jim's manhood and true nobility of soul cropped out in his every act. He would never pick up a tenderfoot and play him for a sucker and pull his leg for all his dust, but would take him in hand and teach him how to act at a bar and how to play at the different games, and do all he could to elevate him and make a man of him. It seemed to be his constant aim to get hold of the innocent and unexperienced, and by his wise teachings and careful training make them nobler and better. After Jim had taken hold of a tenderfoot who had always drunk cocktails and other fancy drinks, and had trained him for a while, the look of pleasure and proud satisfaction which would light down and camp on his face when he would see his pupil walk up to the bar and call for straight whiskey, must have drawn forth hearty applause from the angels up yonder. But now he is gone!

"Death loves a shining mark, and she hit a dandy when she turned loose on Jim. He never played a short card nor overlooked a bet, a fact that is recorded on the unsullied pages of the Book of Life above. He was square and open in all his dealings, and never weakened on a bluff as long as he had a chip to back it up.

"Our camp is in mourning today, the sombre emblems of death being displayed on every hand. All is black and gloomy, and nearly all the boys drink black port wine in honor of his memory. We have sent in to the railroad to get a nigger to come out and black our boots during the usual thirty days' period of mourning. Deck Davis, who got a pair of black eyes at the grand opening of Slattery's gin bazaar last week, is the proudest man in the camp.

"Alas, poor Jim! But why should we mourn, for he is happier now. Away up beyond yonder shining, star studded battlements of glory, Jim is standing today with his breeches in his boots, listening to the music and trying to catch on to the points of the game. We lost and heaven took down the bet, and why should we kick? If the cards run agin us, it isn't on account of any funny business of the dealer's.

"Dear Jim, thou art gone from our midst and thy loss we sincerely mourn—No one lived more square than thou didst.

And hence our hot tear-drops are pour'd. We laid thee to rest 'neath the sod, And grievously bade thee adieu, And we know that the merciful God Hain't no squarer angel than you.

"Good-bye, old boy, and may your last sleep be as quiet and peaceful as the noonday snooze of a babe. And when the last horn shakes up the earthly echoes and Gabriel calls court up above, may you go through the cross-examination without making a bad break. Requi 'scat in peace!"

Siftings.

"Why am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Wittyman triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say, "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she responded: "Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you, and because two hundred of you put up in a bundle wouldn't be worth 10 cts."

Somerville Journal.

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