

BUDGET OF FUN.

John Scranton's Hat. The other day (writes "Ziska" from Salt Lake City to the New York Sun) I ran against Mr. Charles Yeomans, an old Californian, who is keeping a restaurant here. After listening to his stories of the early days of San Francisco, I said: "Mr. Yeomans, do you ever remember of meeting a man named John K. Hackett in San Francisco?"

"John K. Hackett" repeated Mr. Yeomans. "Oh yes, I recollect Hackett, and George Barnard, and George Wilkes, and George Butler, and John Scranton of New Haven, and that whole crowd. They were mighty lively fellows, all of them. Lem-me-see (in a musing way) Lem-me-see? Why Hackett is a Judge or something of that kind, in New York now. I seen a fellow about six months ago that told me he made a first rate Judge—50 per cent. gold 40 per cent. silver, and 10 per cent. copper. Hackett was a wonderful shot—wonderful! I've seen him drive tacks in a door post at thirty feet, and never miss a tack. All the boys took off their hats to him. He could shoot the toes off a fly. That was a great crowd—that crowd in California in those days."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves, and mixed a cocktail for Major Gordon and Capt. Dinsdale, of Camp Douglas. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued: "In those days, you see I used to keep a place just outside of San Francisco, called the Ocean House. I had a partner. His name was Barnard—not the Judge. It was—lem-me-see—it must have been, yes it was, in 1857. All the boys used to ride out and see us, and the thing, first and last, panned out a good deal of coin. It used to be a great place for the high-toned sports to come out and shoot pigeon-matches and eat these big California shrimp, and play a little draw, drink wine, and such things."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves, and mixed a cocktail for Major Wheeler and the Hon. Sam Merritt, ex-delegate to congress from Idaho. After the cocktails had disappeared he continued: "Well, the Ocean House used to be a great place of resort for the boys. They were always playing practical jokes on each other and having a good time generally. I remember one morning there was Cook and Schenck, the great marksman, Ward Eaton, and Ira Eaton in the afternoon and having a high old time, laughing, drinking, and telling stories. Ira Eaton had one of these here tancy double barreled shot guns under his arm, and was bragging about the game he was going to shoot before night, when who should come in but John Hackett and John Scranton. You oughter have knowed Scranton, for he was one of the best fellows that ever scratched gravel."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves and mixed cocktails for the Hon. Oscar G. Sawyer, Mr. Sloan, the five-eyed editor of the Salt Lake Herald, and Major Howell of Camp Douglas. After the cocktails had disappeared he continued: "Well, Ira Eaton had on a bran new beaver hat that was as glossy as ebony. He had just given \$15 for it, got himself shaved and his clothes brushed and looked as neat as a mountain quail. Hackett was as handsome as a game rooster. The first thing I knew Ira Eaton stood his shot gun in the corner, and went out doors, saying that he would be back in a few minutes. After he was gone Schenck looked at the gun and said, 'By George, it's loaded.' So Hackett and the rest of them they got around and looked at the gun, and sure enough she was loaded. Then Ward Eaton said, 'Let's put up a draw deck on Ira while he's gone. We can draw the charges from his gun, and then bet him a basket of wine that he can't hit John Scranton's hat at forty yards.' The joke took immensely. Schenck drew the charges out of the gun, and they all stood around the bar chuckling and waiting for Ira to come back."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves and mixed a cocktail for George A. Smith and Bishop Stenhouse. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued: "Well you see, in about five minutes Ira he came back. They all began talking and Ira began bragging about the game he was going to shoot. Hackett stepped up to the counter and picked up Ira's gun. He turned her over and sighted her two or three times, and then asked Ira what kind of a gun she was. Ira said that she was a pretty good 'shooter, that he had used her a half dozen times, and that he didn't have any fault to find with her. 'What did you pay for her?' said Hackett, still turning her over. 'Well,' Ira said, 'she cost me a hundred and seventy-five dollars.' At this Hackett laughed, and began to rifle Ira, telling him that the gun wasn't worth a dose of tansy and bitters, and that a man could buy a cart load of such guns in New York for two bits. Of course, Ira was mighty indignant. He told Hackett that he talked like an infernal fool, and advised him to go to a gun shop and learn something about a gun before making an ass of himself."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves and mixed a cocktail for Judge Henningway, of Kansas, and Judge Jeter Clinton, of Salt Lake. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued: "Well, just as Ira and Hackett got to quizzing one another, John Scranton he stepped up and scuffled himself into the row. Of course he took Hackett's side, declared the gun to be nothing more than a pop gun, and wondered that a man of Ira's sporting reputation would carry such a gun. Ira was wild. He had no suspicion but what the boys were in earnest. There was a jolly row. It lasted two or three minutes. Then John Scranton asked Ira if the gun was loaded. Ira said, 'Then,' said John, winking at the boys, 'I'll bet you a basket of wine that you can't hit my hat on top of that barrel,' pointing to a barrel about forty yards distant. At this Ira hesitated. He looked at Scranton's new beaver, and said that it would be a cussed shame to ruin such a hat as that. If some one would put up an old hat, he'd take the bet. But John Scranton insisted upon putting up his hat, and accused Ira of trying to crawl out of it because he knew that there were no old hats on the premises. That fired Ira up again. 'Put up your hat,' he said, 'I'll take a pop at it for a basket of wine.'"

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his shirt sleeves and mixed cocktails for Bishop Farr, of Ogden, and Col. Woolley, of Cheyenne. They were large cocktails. After they had disappeared (the cocktails not the Bishop and Colonel) he continued: "So John Scranton went out and put up his fifteen-dollar hat on the barrel. When he came back he was high bursting with laughter. All the boys were mingling each other and had as much as they could do to hold in. Ira he raised the gun, took good aim, and plumped away with both barrels. The hat jumped into the air about ten feet, and then fell to the ground perfectly riddled with shot. Everybody roared but John Scranton and John Hackett."

Here Mr. Yeomans showed up his sleeve and mixed cocktails for Warren Hussey and your correspondent. They were small ones (the cocktails, not the men). After they had disappeared, he continued: "You see it was a job put up on Scranton and Hackett before they came in. There were four charges in the gun, and Schenck only drew out two of them. Scranton simply said, 'Holy smoke!' and ordered the wine."

What is the difference between a temptation and eternity? One is a while of the devil and the other is a devil of a while.

At the Post-Office Window. [From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.] At the window for the delivery of advertised letters special vigilance is requisite on the part of the clerks to guard against the delivery of advertised letters to unlawful and mistaken claimants. They sometimes have a difficult task, however, in persuading an applicant that the letter he inquires for is not for him, but for another individual of similar name. One of them had such a task not long since, when a daintily dressed and perfumed gentleman presented himself at the window and asked for a letter advertised as remaining unclaimed for and addressed to "Edward Jackson."

The clerk soon found the missive inquired for, but, after reading the superscription, said in a decided tone: "This letter is not for you, sir." "Not for me! Isn't it for Edward Jackson?" "Yes, sir; but it isn't for you." "My name is Edward Jackson." "I don't doubt it, sir; but, nevertheless, I am sure this letter is not for you."

"How can you know that, sir?" said the exquisite, now becoming indignant (it is astonishing, by the way, on what slight provocation post-office clerks let their angry passions rise). "If you don't give me that letter at once, I'll report you to Mr. James." The clerk, knowing that Mr. James, while he would not tolerate impertinence, but talking back would be sure to sustain him if he were in the right, coolly answered: "I can't give you the letter unless you answer the description in the address." "Isn't my name Edward Jackson, and isn't the letter addressed to him? Don't I answer the description?" "Yes, sir, so far. But that isn't enough. The letter (reading from the address) is for Edward Jackson, colored, cook on the schooner Dirty Jane. If you answer to that description here's your letter."

But Mr. Jackson didn't take it, and vanished—leaving behind him the odor of Jockey Club perfume and muttering maledictions on the custom of advertising letters and on the head of the culinary artist of the gallant Dirty Jane.

"Let Loose that Rope!" The Bay City Chronicle says of one of its illustrious citizens, Mr. Wopples was born to command—there is no doubt of it. He can no more help giving orders whenever he sees another man at work than a woman pass a mirror without trying to catch a glimpse of her back hair. Mr. Wopples was coming along the street the other day where some men were hoisting some melted tar to the top of a building for the roofers. One man was pulling at the hoisting rope and another was holding the bucket away from the wall by means of a cord. The bucket had just passed the wide cornice when Wopples came upon the scene. He comprehended the situation at a glance and saw that the man who was holding the bucket out from the building by the cord must slacken it, so as to let the bucket swing over on the roof. "Let go that rope!" shouted Mr. Wopples. The man pulling on the hoisting rope recognized the voice of authority and, with a dim impression that something had burst, he dropped his rope and ran to the middle of the street. The bucket came down so as to just hit the edge of the cornice, which upset it and the smoking, sticky contents descended in a black flood upon Mr. Wopples. During the next two weeks Mrs. Wopples devoted her leisure hours to scraping the tar off Wopples' skin, varying this amusement by the delivery of free lectures to Wopples upon what she calls his habit of "eternally meddling."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impudent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman in positive terms that he could never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added "I have experienced that change, and now feel my purity." "And have you been born again?" said his companion, musingly. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you to be born once more."

A runner for a Milwaukee house was a few days ago, in La Crosse, anxious to get across the river on the ice, but was told it was dangerous, so he got on his hands and knees and crawled across, having a skill on the ice to get into in case the ice broke. After he had crawled about half way across, and was all tired and discouraged, he heard a noise behind him, and, thinking the ice was breaking, he got on his knees, just as a load of wood came up behind him, and, just as a load of wood, thick and some other runners had plaid it on him. He was searching for the fellow who told him the ice was thin.

A resident on Buchanan street, Indianapolis, has the following conspicuously posted up in French: "NO YOUNG MAN ALLOWED TO COME AND COURTE MY DAUGHTER UNLESS HE HAS \$25000 TO PAY DOWN ON A HOUSE AND 1000 BALANCE IN 12 & 3 WEEKS FOR SALE BY ME. WITNESS."

A clergyman accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man who was half seas over. "All, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much corn on your hat that I did not see the cob."

A negro preacher holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the command of God, says, "Brethren, whatever God tells me to do in His book (holding up the Bible) I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump thro' a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going thro' 'longs to God, jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

A New England youth who "went West" in search of fortune, writes back that he has joined three churches of different denominations; he is satisfied that that is the way not only to secure patronage, but also to "have a hand in all the fun going on."

Not long ago a Western minister told the young ladies of his congregation that the first step to ruin was an ostrich feather and a yard of grey-colored ribbon. One of his hearers having occasion the next day to use some ribbon, asked the clerk for "three more steps to ruin."

Senator Scott was talking to a Pennsylvania Sunday school, a Sunday or two ago, and asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison. One of the teachers quietly prompted a boy to say that it was for a hostage, and the youth not quite catching the words, piped out: "He was detained for postage."

Two neighbors had a long and venomous litigation about a spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making such a fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both millmen!"

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces wonderful changes. Here I am, for instance, in ten short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

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