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HIS DAUGHTER.

My daughter paint? Well, I should smile! She's at it mostly all the while.
You'd ought to see her plaques and jars,
With roses, dragons, nymphs and stars
All floatin' round, promiseuous like, As if they's "Unions" on a strike. They say she's got the "artist touch;" What she can't paint up isn't much.

Play," did you say? Well, now, see here: spend cool hundreds every year or lessons on the violincourse you know that that's come in And that piano playin's out!
My daughter's arm is middlin' stout, With taper wrist, and that, you know, Looks mighty pretty at the bow,

"Drive?" I believe you. At the beach Not one her style can ever reach.
The way she gathers up a line Above her tandem team is fine "Dance?" You just watch a german through; There's never any "favors" new That she doesn't get; she dances prime, And gets took out, sir, every time.

"Cook," do you say? Why, bless you, man, The dainty hand that waves that fan Ain't never held a rollin' pin. I don't want my child to begin Where me and ma did years ago-'Twas' way down, pretty middlin' low. Why, what's my money good for, sir, If not to spread around for her?

You thought you'd like a wife that knew Bout keeping house a thing or two?
Well, Maudie'd like the house first rate,
And I had kind o' hoped you'd mate;
For I have always liked your style,
Though knowin' you a longish while.
But I'm a'raid'twont be a "go"— Why, man, you're fifty years too slow. -Aristine Anderson, in Detroit Free Press.

JOE AND CAPTAIN JIM.

There's More Than One Way of Collecting a Bill.

"I have collected bills in many ways and in many places; I have begged for payment, bribed for payment, stormed for payment; I have wheedled, implored, flattered and abused; I have waked the heavens lated the gory details of a little affray of above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, but I never collected a claim as Joe Smith once did-and I don't believe I'd ever care to."

stretched himself out in a big easy chair in a Broadway hotel, filled as to body by the comfort of an excellent dinner, and as to dent in which the knife figured most prommind by the consciousness of a good day's work well done. His trip to New York for goods promised well, his stay in the city was nearly ended and he had one or two encouraging letters from the South. Naturally he was cheerful, and just as naturally his talk drifted back to old days, when he was a deal younger than he is now, and when things in Georgia were very different from what they are now.

"Joe came to us from Connecticut five years before the war broke out," said the but two homicides. Joe was beginning anold gentleman, getting a fresh light for his eigar and a fresh grip on his story at the same time. "We were ex-Nutherns ourselves, and we were glad to get him. He was a big, sinewy fellow, not pretty, by any means, but about as tough physically as any thing ever turned out by a diet of pie and a landscape of rocks. He wasn't a boy even in those days; he must have been well on coward thirty, and his tace was so seamed that he looked older. He looked strong, and if a stranger ever doubted his powers Joe's voice settled it. It was one of those big, deep voices that made you think of a bass drum and calculate that the owner must be a mighty hefty chap. Well, we liked Joe, but it was very hard to get work to suit him. He could sell goods sometimes, but he was apt to frighten the women with that voice of his. Then, too, he was too quiet to get along with some of the young bloods among our customers, who always liked to talk cock-fights or shooting or horses when they came in to buy a bill of goods. Joe was willing to please 'em, but he couldn't. He'd roll out something in that thunder voice of his, but what he said never seemed appropriate. Then we sent him North on a trip, but even there he didn't shine as a buyer. So finally we put him on making collections in the hope that he would prove a good hand at that, but while he was a worker through and through he never got the knack of wheedling people

out of their dollars. when Joe came in from one of his collect- in the next county, and then departed, after ing trips about as empty handed as usual. leaving this envelope for me.' While it was, of course, a good while before the beginning of the hostilities, we had money enough to meet our claim in full. found that among some of our customers there was growing up a feeling against us, not so much because we were creditors Carolina, we told him as he bought a bill of as because we were known to be from the North. We were, of course, getting a little anxious over the look of things, and a few asked, in a thoughtful way. days before had got a piece of news which increased our forebodings. It was that a certain Captain Jim, who owed us a considerable amount, was preaching among and whispered in my ear: 'There's one his neighbors the doctrine that there was thing been bothering my memory lately. no need of settling up the accounts we held and that he didn't mean to do so ifornia?" N V Times Now, as he was the cock of the wall his district, a big, burly fellow, with

assurance, and had the reputati fighting man, his stand did us of harm. Many of his fri owed us money, and they delayed ferring to see how we v tain Jim. Just how w him was the qu' We had written the the stuff you do not eat?" morning had received an . That," was the reply, "is something of a Captain, and

better call on the Captain.

"Now, as he had never seen the Captain, was, we tried to persuade Joe not to go. horse pistols, a long double-barreled gun and an axe. I noticed that in choosing his tools all he appeared to care for was size. doubt if he knew how to charge the gun. Long before starting he took care to send by one of the Captain's neighbors who price chanced to come to town news that he was tain lived, and that about Friday morning had ever seen if the Captain wasn't ready to settle. The Creek was a good two days' ride distant and I couldn't understand why Joe should take such precious care to let his enemy know he was coming.

""Well,' Joe explained, 'look here. If he hears I'm coming he'll never wait for me. He's too fond of fight for that. He'll simply start out to meet me and I'll get him expense is great."

where I'd have no chance in the world. He will have just about time to get to the tavern at the Forks Thursday night and I guess we'll kinder compose our little difficulty there where he won't have so much show to use

"It happened that I had business not far from the Forks on Thursday, and, by hard riding, managed to reach the tavern late that night. The people about the house were full of excitement, and I soon learne that Joe and the Captain were both on the ground. They had ridden up from opposite directions about the same time an hour earlier, and their armaments, for the Captain's equipment duplicated Joe's, barring the axe, had created a sensation. Every body knew the Captain, of course, but it so happened that nobody had ever seen Joe before. Neither man would talk of his errand, and all the loungers could agree upon was that there were two mighty bad men in the house and that the next day was likely to see some fun somewhere thereabout. Looking into the main room of the inn I saw the champions, each sitting near a glass and surrounded by his weapons. But it was clear in an instant that if their relations were formal they were not unfriendly, and that the Captain had not discovered Joe's identity. In fact, we afterwards learned, he took the collector for a sheriff of one of the lower counties who had a more than local reputation, gained in a desperate battle with a desperado with axes as weapons. I took care not to show myself until the men went to bed, and then imagine my surprise when I learned that the landlord had assigned them not only to the same room, but to the same couch. Luckily I was given a share in the room next theirs; my companion was sleepy, and there were cracks in the partition, so that I had no difficulty in finding out what was going on next door. The moonlight streamed in, showing both men in bed. By the head of each was a stack of deadly weapons, but the roommates were evidently getting acquainted amicably enough. The Captain was telling some story illustrative of his prowess with a bowie. Then Joe took his turn, and rehonor settled with axes and a funeral.

"'I allers prefers axes, sir,' I heard Joe say. 'They never misses. Now, you can hit a man with a knife and a button may turn So said a Georgia merchant as he the point, but axes, sir, did you ever hear of a button turning an axe, sir?

"But the Captain was ready with an inciinently, and then branched off into an account of a journey of his into Louisiana, which had been attended with considerable miscellaneous slaughter. Joe countered with a tale of an enjoyable visit he had had to California, where he had in one day shot a gambler, gouged the eyes out of a miner and broken the neck of a tenderfoot with a blow. Of course the Captain responded in kind, but he was perceptibly weakening, and the difficulty he described had led to other novelette which promised well, when he interrupted himself by suddenly rising up in bed, pulling his trousers from a chair, and fumbling in one of the pockets. Then he began to bewail his luck. It was his invariable custom, he explained, to dig out the bullets from the bodies of such victims as he shot and keep them in a certain pocket. This should now contain eight, but as he could find only seven one had evidently been lost. However, he was somewhat comforted by the remembrance that the morrow promised to replace his treasure, as he had promised some mercantile friends of his to either collect a little debt or make their claim one against an estate.

"What! gasped the Captain, 'aint you

"'No, sir,' quoth Joe, 'I'm going to call on a party, sir, they call Captain Jim. They say he loves sport, sir, and if you'll come with me you'll see some fun. By the way, if you know this 'ere Captain, just tell me what kind of a lookin' chap he is, will you?'

"I did not hear the reply, for just then the landlord rushed in to tell me that my horse had hurt himself in the parn and was in a bad way. Half an hou: passed before I returned, and then all was quiet in the next room, while both its occupants were apparently Joe by my bedside, with the broadest of lasses of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to persmiles on his face.

"But the Captain? I asked. "'Oh, he's all right. He slipped out of bed about four o'clock this morning, woke "It was about a year before the war the landlord to tell him that he had business

"Joe handed me the envelope. It contained "The next time I saw the Captain ne called at our store. Joe was then in South "'But he's coming back?' the visitor

"'Oh, yes, he'll be here next month."

"'I may as well pay cash,' the Captain remarked, and as he did so he drew me aside

ABOUT HOTEL "CHIPS."

at deal That Is the Name Given to Food That Is Left Over.

Jing up, pre- The steward of a big up-town hotel was deal with Cap- chatting with a reporter a few days ago, regoing to handle says the New York Times, when the latter we were discussing innocently inquired: "What do you do with

nim that if we wanted the professional secret, but I know of no reason d have to send somebody to take Why it should remain so. The truth is, the 'chips,' as we term them, constitute a very well, said Toe, coolly enough, 'I guess considerable part of the hotel's income. There is not one of these big places in town where the proprietors manage to figure so and didn't realize what a tough customer he closely that there are not several hundreds of pounds of perfectly good food left over. But go he would, for he seemed to feel that The result is that every hotel has a crowd he ought to prove his usefulness in some of persons who may be called camp-followway. He equipped himself with the big. ers, for they answer quite the same descripgest knife he could find, a brace of huge tion as the great originals. Three times a week they come to me-as a rule on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays-and buy up the cooked meats that we have left over Neither of the pistols were loaded, and I and which will not answer for pastry, stews, hashes, soups and the like. These they purchase for a quarter of the original

"Then, some of the second-rate restaurgoing to go up to the Creek where the Cap- ants and some of the various eating-places along the Bowery stock-up and sell the food there'd be about the prettiest fight Georgia purchased in this way, and which is, by the way, perfectly wholesome, for prices within the reach of almost every one. Then, the waiters are allowed to carry home their suppers, which, by the way, often serve them for breakfast as well. The result of this trade in the 'chips' is that the hotel rarely throws any thing away save when it is absolutely worthless, and the saving in



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