

## IT WAS A BAD BILL.

But the Bloods Might as Well Have Given the Simpleton a Good One.

In an English town there used to live a dalt kind of fellow, called "Dicky Pudding," who earned his living chiefly by doing odd jobs and running messages for the local sporting fraternity. Occasionally his masters played practical jokes on their unsuspecting victim, and once they sent him, for a supposed stake of five pounds, to run against another man—who, they said, was to run another route, but who, of course, never started at all—for about a dozen miles on a drenching wet day.

Dicky, quite exhausted, reached the goal after his long run and the "sports" were all there to declare that he had won. One of them had somehow got hold of a bad five-pound note, and this was given to the winner, the donors thinking that, when the joke was over, they could get the "flash" note back for a couple of shillings or half-a-crown.

But Dicky managed to get away, and soon reappeared in a suit of the latest style, with hat, tie, boots, and even gloves to make the thing complete. The sporting clique were fairly floored at the man's appearance, and shouted in unison, "Hallo, old chap, what have you been up to?"

"Well, kind gentlemen," said Dicky, in his dalt way, "I took that beautiful five you gave me to Mr. Dash, the outfitter, and I told the gentleman that had changed the five that you had given it to me."

It was like a bombshell in the camp, for the whole lot felt that there would be trouble about the note. So in the end they had to tell the story to the clothier, and substitute a genuine note. It was many days before they could be persuaded that Dicky was as soft as he seemed.

The Earl Was Cool.

The Marquis de Fontenoy tells in her European gossip a story of the Earl of Rosse, who is a mechanical engineer of no mean order. It seems that the other day he entered the engine room of a large manufactory and gazed in a rather careless manner at the working of the machinery. Suddenly he was seen to shake his head, pull his watch out and to look first at the engine and then at the timepiece. The engineer's attention had been attracted by this somewhat odd behavior of the stranger, and he apostrophized him in a rude and aggressive manner, with a "Well, what's up now; what is it that you've got to find fault with, anyhow?"

"Oh," replied Lord Rosse, "it's all the same to me; I've no fault to find. I'm just waiting till the boiler explodes. The boiler explodes! Why, you are crazy, man!" exclaimed the engineer angrily, preparing to turn the peer out as a dangerous crank.

"Well," retorted the earl, "if you work ten minutes longer with that loose screw there the boiler will certainly explode."

The engineer, gazing in the direction indicated by Lord Rosse, paused and jumped to stop the engine.

"Why the devil didn't you say so sooner?" he blurted out.

"Why should I? I have never yet had the opportunity of seeing a boiler explode."

"Billy" Was William IV.

Here is an announcement—recorded by Lady Elvey—of the death of King William the Fourth, which is probably a unique delivery by one of the men to whose lot it has fallen "to tell sad stories of the death of kings": Roach, the belly keeper of "Old Windsor," seems to have received a broad hint that the king was near his end, and waited until he received the news that "all was over," when with haste he repaired to the deanery, arousing the inmates by loudly ringing the bell at the cloister entrance. It was useless for the butler to ask him, "What do you want at this time of night?" His business was with the Dean alone. This distinguished personage, aroused from his slumbers, and clad, not in his surplice, but in another white garment, called from the top of the stairs—"What is the matter, Roach?"

"Billy be dead. Be I to ring the bell?"

"What 'Billy'?"

"The king, to be sure."

"Oh! Yes, Roach; you may toll the bell."

Thus was the news spread that the king was dead, and the young Princess Victoria Queen.

Cherries on the House Tops.

A correspondent writes to a London paper: On the wedding of the Duke of York with the Princess May last year, a party of sightseers sat on the roof of a house in Ludgate-hill, London, and while waiting to see the procession pass, they beguiled the time by eating cherries. A few days ago it was discovered that the gutter of this house was choked, and the man sent up to clear it found four or five lusty young cherry trees growing from the cherry stones idly thrown away last year. The fact opens up vast possibilities. In his next discourse on fruit culture Mr. Gladstone will doubtless include a section on the advantages of London house-tops as miniature orchards. And how the errand boys will enjoy their dinner hour when they retire to the roof to regale themselves with whitehearts!

Should Fight Shy of France.

It is remarkable that all those princes who have sat on the throne of England, and have espoused the princesses of France, have not only been unpopular with their subjects, but have come to an untimely end: for example, Edward II. married to Isabel, daughter of Philip V. of France, murdered in Berkeley Castle; Richard II., married to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. of France, murdered in Pontefract Castle; Henry VI., married to Margaret, daughter of Rene, Duke of Anjou, murdered by Richard III.; Charles I., married to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, suffered death on the scaffold.

It Was Art.

Female friend (examining picture critically, to girl-artist who is an "Impressionist"): "And what is the subject?" The Artist: "Cows in a meadow." Friend: "Nothing like cows." Artist (severely): "This is not photography; it is art!"

Mission Work in Africa.

From the report of a missionary to Africa: "My congregation refuse to give up cannibalism, but I have succeeded so far in improving their tastes that they now eat with knives and forks."



## A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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## REPORTING A MURDER.

How Julian Ralph Was Taken for the Murderer.

Once, when I was investigating the horrible and even yet mysterious murder of a young girl in a New Jersey village, I was taken for the murderer by her relatives, whom I could not blame, for they were ignorant of every stranger who came upon the scene. The girl had been buxom and pretty, and yet it must have been a stranger who slew her, they thought, for none who knew her could find it in his heart or in his nature to attempt to wrong her. In the course of a search of the neighborhood I visited the home of the afflicted family more than once, and on the last occasion was invited to see the body. As I could not judge what manner of girl she had been without seeing her, I went in. Her three grown up brothers were there, and as I stood beside the coffin one returned to the door of the room, closed it and put his back against it. The others then attempted to carry out a project they had cherished, but concealed, which was to have me touch the body in order that they might see whether blood flowed from the wounds, according as an old superstition holds that such dumb mouths will accuse a murderer. At the moment I would not have done as they wished for a fortune.

"Put your hand on her," said one.

"I will not."

"Touch her with your hand. You must, I tell you," said another.

"You cannot get away. Touch her." They were terribly in earnest.

"I will do nothing of the sort," I said, and then I made a very short, but very earnest speech, in which I explained who I was and how easily they could satisfy themselves about me. "And now," said I, advancing to the door, "stand aside and end this folly—quick!"

He obeyed, and in an instant the air of outdoors tasted almost as sweet as anything that I ever drew down my throat.

The Yacht in Romance.

Many wonder why it is that men support expensive steam yachts and go on cruises from place to place the whole season.

Very often there are reasons which nobody suspects. The case is known of a wife who encouraged her husband to buy a yacht and took him away, because in that way only could she keep him near her and away from others, if he kept "half seas over" nobody was the wiser.

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## Coughing

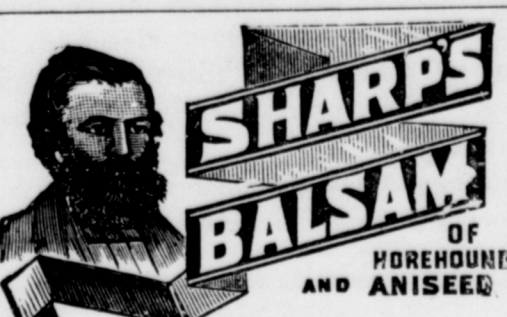
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