

FALSTAFF TO THE BARTENDER.

Fal.—Bardolph, I say! Bard.—Here, sir. Fal.—Give me a quart of sack, thou dost. Bard.—With an egg, sir. Fal.—Ay, with a good egg. Bard.—And strong? Fal.—Strong as a man's stomach-peller. With alcohol, red pepper and gun cotton, and with nitro glycerine, thou mayest one! Make it rise up and seize a man. By the throat like a fierce Numidian lion! Have I lived to be carried in a basket? And thrown into a furnace, to be roasted if I served such another trick? I'll have my brains let out! And replaced with apple sass. The rogues slighted me in to the river. The 'nknows' removed at Salisbury. Had I run with the machine in port. I should have drowned but that the shore was shelvy and I'm tallest when I'm down, and it's a death to do abhor. For, you know, I'm taller than so; And what a David David I would be; If I were swelled!

—Petroleum World.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

"Yes, they had a hard time of it there," says a short, sallow, keen-eyed man, glancing over the illustrated newspaper which contains an engraving of Mr. Augustus Van Clee's fine monument to the "unknown" dead at Salisbury, North Carolina. "I guess I ought to know something of the Southern prisons were during the late war, for I had five months of it in Andersonville myself." In a Pennsylvania train, among men of whom not a few have taken part in the great struggle themselves, and who have had at least one relative engaged in it, such an announcement is quite sufficient to command general attention.

"No, did you, though?" "I suppose you tell us the story, mister; there's time enough 'fore New York, I reckon." "All right, if you care to hear it. You see, when I first came over from England the war was just about beginning, and as there didn't seem anything for me to do I thought I'd better come to this country, and so I went and listed right away. I wasn't long in finding out that soldiering and starving might sometimes mean pretty much the same thing, for rations were pretty scarce with us once or twice, when we got down on the Mississippi. I felt pretty miserable, with nothing to eat and only marsh water to drink, it was just like a breath of life to me to hear the alarm sounded and know that we'd be at the enemy in a few minutes more."

At this moment a pale-faced man, who was going from seat to seat with a basket of newspapers and magazines, passed for a moment to listen, with a look of such evident appreciation that it hardly required the testimony of his empty coat sleeve to show that he, too, had been a soldier in his time.

"We had plenty of hard fighting down there," pursued the narrator as the newspaper man passed on, "but most of it was just the sort I didn't like—skirmishing about your woods, where all you count on is a stream that has the smoke of his pipe on the left, and you, where lots of our fellows were shot down without ever knowing who hurt 'em. I had a pretty narrow escape myself that way one night. I was standing sentry at the outposts when a rebel left slat at me from the thickets, and just crawled across the check here; you see the scar. I got behind a tree as quick as winking, and there I stuffed my jacket with grass and set it up against a tree, with a stick through it and my hat on top, to look as if I was peering around for a shot; and there I dropped down and crawled away into the bushes. Presently I heard the crack of the reb's piece again, and, looking out, just caught sight of his arm and shoulder, and brought him down with one shot."

"Well, not very long after that, I and some more got picked up by the Southern Cavalry, and it wasn't a great while before we found ourselves hard and fast in Andersonville, and there we did have a time, sure enough.

"The place has been described so often that I dare say you have a pretty good idea of what it was like. It was a great, wide, swampy field, with a stockade around it, inside of which thousands of us were cooped up like cattle in a pen. If a man happened to have a blanket and two or three bits of sticks, so he could rig up a shelter, and about eight or ten, all the better for him; if he hadn't he only took his chances, and I can tell you there were mighty few blankets among us, and many of us had little enough clothing, either."

"All day long the sun kept roasting us alive, and at night the damp air, chill as it was, got into our bones and set us shivering till our teeth rattled again. As to food, many a time I have gone all day upon a couple of biscuits, and small ones at that, and so as to water, all we had was from a stream that ran through a cypress swamp, and you may think what kind of stuff that was."

"You must have been powerful hungry, I reckon," remarked a sympathetic bystander.

"Hungry? Well, I'll tell you something about that. One day a young fellow, the son of the general who had us in charge, came into the pen to look around, with his little poodle-dog following him. He had hardly turned his back when that dog was chopped up and eaten bodily; and when his master came back to look for him there was nothing left but a bit of skin about so big. They stopped our food for a whole day because we wouldn't say who did it; but we told no tales—not we."

"Now, I should tell you that to make more of our not 'scaping they'd run a wire all around inside, about eight or ten feet from the stockade; and that eighteen feet was the 'dead line,' because if a prisoner only put his head over that line he got a bullet in him the next minute from one of the sentries."

Well, one night late in the fall I'd got as close as I could to the dead line, so as the stockade might shelter me a bit from the cold wind. (Ugh! how it did bite through me on that night!) I was just wondering if I could live through till morning, when I suddenly catching whistler I did not, when a sentry just outside gave a 'P' that made me look up.

"Say, Yank," he whispered, "I guess you'll want a blanket to-night. Catch hold of this." And he rolled up his own and chucked it to me. "I can get along without it."

"And did you never hear no more of that fellow, 'g' yer the blanket?" asked one of the audience with undistinguished interest.

"Never, worse luck; and I don't suppose I shall ever now, for it's fifteen years since it happened, and I've never been south since."

On an English Railway.

Bells are scarcely needed, for all crossings are guarded by gates and attended by gatemen, who close them at least ten minutes before the passage of a train is expected. Cowcatchers are also as unnecessary as bells, for the locomotive can catch a cow just as well without them. Although the guard has practically the control of the train, yet the engine-driver is responsible for keeping time. If time is lost on one part of the journey it must be made up, if possible, at another. If there is no reason for losing time the engine-driver is docked sixpence for every minute lost. Under these circumstances it is safe to say that no time is lost that cannot be accounted for. Trains are often pushed to a reckless speed to avoid the fine. "Fire, Tom," is heard more frequently from the engine as he presses his nose against the circular pane of glass and peers ahead.

I remember being on the locomotive with an engineer one day, who was trying to make up time, and you train being the mid day express. He did not push up the rate of speed until it was fully a mile a minute, when, on turning a sharp curve to enter upon a bridge which crossed a small river, a horse was observed on the track not more than a hundred yards ahead.

"Too late to slack up," muttered the engineer as he opened the throttle valve wider, accelerating if possible the speed of the train. The horse was standing with its tail toward the approaching locomotive. A moment and the bumper of the engine struck the animal a good way abaft the beam and knocked him completely off the bridge into the river. The train scarcely felt the jar the shock was so sudden and the removal of the obstruction so rapid. Imagine our surprise on turning around to see the horse rise to the surface and swim for the shore. Whether he ever reached it or not, or what damage he sustained I cannot say, for we passed on like a whirlwind.

When the driver completes his journey he steps from his engine and examines it with a critical eye to see that it has sustained no damage either to its machinery or ornamental parts during the journey. Then he gives his fireman such instructions as he may deem necessary, and taking his jacket under his arm, hurries to the refreshment room of the station hotel to solace himself with a glass. The passenger on the driver's seldom a total abstainer. He is a sort of dashing, reckless fellow, qualities he seems to acquire from the nature of his occupation. I have known a great many of them and they were nearly all alike in this respect.

Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue, to wet it, just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when lead pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example into the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of 50 persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or church notice, 49 wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to loan his pencil scores of times every day. And often after it had been wet until it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lead. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whiskey. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a week-old young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for lost braces. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best pencils Faber catered, but he was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and degrees of cleanliness and uncleanness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a lead pencil.—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Small Fruits."

The following is from the Burlington Hawkeye: "I just rolled out here from the grocery," said the little green apple, as it patted on the sidewalk for a moment's rest with the banana peel. "I am waiting for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, "but a great big boy—a great, hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy fifteen-year-old; and little as I am, you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wail and howl."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my own size. Now there comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is large and strong, but not very easily frightened. And just then a South Hill merchant, who weighs about 281 pounds when he feels right good, came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the sewing post, turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattened it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show window. And then, while the fallen merchant gathered himself from various quarters of the globe—his son from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree box, his cane from the show window, and one of his shoes from the eaves trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrank a little out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world." But the banana peel comforted it, and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a 200 pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and if you do your part by the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face, and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night, an old father, who takes the position of wheel horse quite cheerfully while her younger sisters make themselves beautiful and entertaining, and one after another, find "one true heart" apiece to love them, and leave the maiden to grow old a maid. However willing or sacrificial, it is not the banana peel, but the devoted love and gratitude of the households whose fires she has helped to kindle will reward her for what she has given.

The Armless Violinist.

There is a young man in Germany, by the name of Hermann Unthan, without arms, who is said to be an admirable violinist. He is the son of a poor village schoolmaster at Sommerfeld, near Elbing. The violin lies upon a kind of footstool, which he himself designed. The young violinist sits before it on an ordinary chair. In tuning the instrument he turns the screws with the toes of the right foot, while all the neighbors on that side of the street will feel his foot press the strings, while he grasps the bow lightly and tenderly with the toes on the left foot. Gliding over the four strings with a soft touch, he produced a pure trill with his two toes as quickly and with as much precision as the best violinist with two fingers. He can play an entire lute of chords in value time. He has in his power all the shades of expression, from the pianissimo to the modern forte.

Fool Friends.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly as fool friends. A fool friend is the sewer of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant things. A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party. He always knows where your party is losing, and the other is making large gains. He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had. He implicitly believes every story against you, and kindly suspects your defence. A fool friend is always full of a kind of stupid candor. He is so candid that he always believes the statements of an enemy. He never suspects anything on your side. Nothing pleases him like being shocked by terrible news concerning some good man. He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor. He is always finding fault with his party and is content of begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

Cold Cabbage.

George Abraham was extravagantly fond of cold cabbage, and, one day, seeing that quite a dishful was left after dinner, asked his wife if she would save it for his salad at night. About midnight George came home laboring under a stress of heavy weather. Feeling angry, and thinking of his favorite cabbage, he asked where it was. His wife replied: "In the pantry, on the second shelf. Down he went, found the cabbage, got out the oil, mustard and vinegar, cut up the cabbage, dressed it to the queen's taste, and ate it all. In the morning his wife noticed the plate of cabbage where she had placed it the night before, and, turning to her "dear George," innocently asked him why he did not eat the cabbage. "How did you like it?" "Oh, not very well; it was tough and stringy."

"But here is the cabbage; where did you find any more?" "On the second shelf, where you told me." "A quick glance at the shelf by the wife, and then a cry of agony. "Why, George, you have eaten \$20 worth of lace collars and cuffs that I had put in starch; stringy cabbage, indeed."

M. Guizot, while on a visit to Lord Aberdeen, in Scotland, was walking in the park one day about the English system of election, when his host stopped before a cottage. "This little house," he said, "recalls to me a shameful deed in my political life." "What! an act of violence?" "You shall hear. I had as tenant here an independent fellow, who annoyed me horribly. In every election he strenuously opposed me. I made up my mind to be rid of him." "But you carried him out?" "No, I refused his rent by a guinea, and destroyed his qualification. A mean trick, and I've always been ashamed of it."

The Wheel Horse.

There is a wheel horse in every family; some one who takes the load on all occasions. It may be the older daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother, who has discussed the subject of a heavy increase of the burden she is always carrying. Even summer vacations bring rest and recreation to her than to others of the family. The city house must be put up in order to leave; the clothing for herself and the children, which country life has demanded, seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the heart of the young people are not wholly a delight to the "provider." I once heard a husband say, "My wife takes her sewing-machine into the country, and very easily finds a spot for the fall sewing. At the time I did not fully appreciate the enormity of the thing; but it has rankled in my memory, and appears to me now an outrage. How would it be for the merchant to take his books into the country with him to go over his accounts for a little amusement? He would be very easily found a spot for extra sermons, and the teacher carries a Hebrew grammar and perfects himself in a new language, ready for the opening of school in the fall?"

Woman's work is never done. She who never has a good time doing up to father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing and training her children—no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times. Every night the heavy truck is turned over to the miter, writes up the stable, and labor and care are dismissed until the morrow. The thills of the household van cannot be turned up at night, and the tired housemother cannot go into a quiet stall for repose. She goes to sleep to-night, with the pressure of to-morrow. She must have had "an eye" over all until everyone was in bed, and must keep an eye ready to open at any moment to answer the need of children, and open both eyes bright and early to see the machinery well started for a new day.

There is never any time that seems convenient for the mother of little children to leave home even for a day; but with a little kindly help from her husband, and a little resolution in herself, she may go, and be so much the better for it. The benefits will overflow from her into the whole household. She will bring home some new idea and will work with the enthusiasm that comes from a fresh start.

One word for the older sister; who makes the salad for lunch and the dessert for dinner, who takes the position of wheel horse quite cheerfully while her younger sisters make themselves beautiful and entertaining, and one after another, find "one true heart" apiece to love them, and leave the maiden to grow old a maid. However willing or sacrificial, it is not the banana peel, but the devoted love and gratitude of the households whose fires she has helped to kindle will reward her for what she has given.

Lecture on Ticket Agents and Hotel Clerks.

Colonel Forney, in the Progress reads a letter to ticket agents which should be appreciated and endorsed by the public. He says: Nearly all of us have growled at what we consider downright impudence of ticket sellers at railroad stations, in theater box offices and hotel clerks. These ladies and gentlemen—for occasionally nowadays you find a woman selling railroad tickets and doing similar duty—frequently are peevish and short in answer, all of which is exactly what they ought not to be. They are paid for their work; much or little, it matters nothing; when they accept the office they agree to the pay, and a very important part of that work is to treat the customers of their employers with studied politeness. That the public has a right to expect of them. But is nothing required of the public in return? Reference is not intended now to those stupid creatures who ask silly questions, and who wear away alike patience and time. Nothing will ever change them; their ignorance is too deep-seated ever to be dug out. But there is the man who addresses the hotel clerk as if he were his special lackey, who bangs at the windows of the theaters as if the gentlemen inside the office were there only to be bullied. The man knows better; he was fully aware he was doing something out of the common, but he does it to attract attention to himself, and succeeds at the cost of being set down as a ruffian. He presumes on the position of the person he insults; he would not dare to act so toward him were he to meet him away from his duty. He is therefore a cowardly, mean fellow.

STUART'S ANTIBIOTIC TREATMENT OF THE EYE. Stuart, the painter, once cut the portrait of a lady in New York who was fussy, critical, over-exacting and nice to a degree that tried in the extreme his rather excitable temperament. The portrait was changed again and again; the shade of the hair, the color of the eyes, the expression of the mouth, the pose of the head, the arrangement of the drapery, etc., were repeatedly altered at the suggestion of the lady. One day madame came in with several friends to see the portrait; and, as usual, she began to wrangle, and said: "It do not think, Mr. Stuart, you have given the eyes the right expression." The patience of the artist was exhausted; he could stand no more. Walking up to the portrait, and drawing back his fist, he thrust it through the canvas, and exclaimed in blunt, but vigorous Anglo-Saxon: "Madame, your eyes!" throwing the canvas aside—the portrait was finished. He had given it the last touch.

LOVED ANOTHER.—Fanny Fuld was one of the beauties of Baltimore. She married Eli Elias, a wealthy young merchant, and the wedding was a great social event in that city. A few months ago, after six months of seeming happiness, she was seen in a public place, imploring letters to him, but he would not see her. At last she has committed suicide.

A TELEPHONIC DIALOGUE.—The following telephonic dialogue occurred the other day between one of the bright boys in an Exchange Place insurance agency and a Mr. Adams, who was known by one of the late frogs: "Hullo, Mr. R.—" "Hullo." "We shall have to get out those papers to-day." "All right; shall I have to swear to them?" "Yes." "Can't I swear by the telephone?" "The conversation was interrupted by the sharp voice of a female operator of the line, who said, "No, you can't swear by telephone or use any bad language at all." And then an audible grin went over the line from either end.

The Flight of the Hawk.

We had the good fortune to see a peregrine falcon wheeling round some low lands on the right of the road to York in slow, wide and majestic circles, and the curious discussed the object of such a singular flight, which seems to be common to the hawk tribe in all parts of the world. Often have we seen them on American marshes hovering with expanded, motionless wings, and with a slight flutter at the end of each circle, which they gradually increase in size. Some old-fashioned works on natural history speak of these circles as intended to dismay the prey that hawks wish to capture, and say that they lessen them until they find them within their reach; but against this it must be said that, with the exceeding fleetness and keen sight of a hawk, all prey he wishes for is very much within his reach the moment he sees it; and, as my very intelligent companion said, a hawk when after his prey generally flies low and with something the motion of an owl. He usually keeps along hedge-rows or the side of a wood, and very easily finds a spot per. I was pleased to hear a theory I had formed in America confirmed, for when waiting for wild ducks we used to see these birds of prey soaring around in great sweeps, and it seemed most probable that they were only taking an airing; indeed, they appeared to be almost in a dreamy state, for even after hearing a shot they would circle round very probably within easy reach of a gun. My game-keeper friend quite confirmed this; and, as the passage in Maebeth occurred to me at the moment, I quoted the words: "On Tuesday last A falcon towering in her pride of place Was by a moulted owl hawked and killed."

He said that he could well believe this was an actual scene, as when owls are hungry they will take birds in the air, and he might have mistaken the falcon easily for a more dainty meal. In the course of our conversation I learned that two years previously a bastard had been shot in these parts of Yorkshire, and two more had been seen. Now, of course, such birds are regarded as extinct, though at the same time not fewer than five had been seen on Salisbury Plain, and one in the hands of the bird-stuffer. It is a great pity that such noble birds should be allowed to die out, or, rather, to be exterminated; and we should do well to imitate the Americans in their generous protection of a native bird, and even stop shooting for a season what the gunner threatens to exterminate any particular species.

A Tramp's Revenge.

A few days since one of the seediest sort of tramps, seemingly about 50 years old, attached himself to a free lunch saloon on Monroe Avenue, and soon felt perfectly at home. When ordered out, he went out, but the trouble was he wouldn't stay out. As a last resort he was kicked out, but in ten minutes after he had returned he was humbly and forgiving that the proprietor didn't like to give him any more cowhides. After a day or two a different plan was tried. The "vag" had several times referred to a pain in the chest, and the bar-keeper mixed him up cure. In ten minutes after another look turned with him until he had put in about four hours in the country at least five miles to make his cure certain. He took the case very coolly, never protesting a word, and as he started for the green fields it was supposed the saloon-keeper was humbly and forgiving. Nevertheless, he returned in about four hours, lame in the left leg, covered with dust, and apparently almost exhausted. He said that he had walked in vain. Finding that death had determined to claim him, he returned to his room, and fell to the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead. A pint of good brandy was wasted in rubbing him; the saloon closed for an hour in the face of a big business, and an undertaker and coroner called before the old chap lay one day on the floor, breaking the back of a chair and upsetting a table, and after a few kicks he was dead.