

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

**The Ways of the Country.**  
In the morning Mr. Thomas brought out and saddled his mule, cleaned and loaded his shotgun and was about to ride away when I asked him if he were going on a journey.  
"Only just over to Scottsville," he replied.  
"I was thinking of going over there myself, so see if I had any mail. Haven't you got another mule around the place?"  
"I've got the mule all right," he replied, scratching his head and looking around, "but you'd better just wait till tomorrow. Bein' you're a stranger, you'd don't know the ways of the kentry and might git inter trouble."  
"What sort of trouble?"  
"Well, stranger, let me sorter explain things to you. That ar mule has got a gal on him, and I'm goin' over to Scottsville to ride him in a race ag'in Dan Carter's mule."  
"Then I should certainly like to go over. I don't remember that I ever saw a race between mules."  
"What I'm sayin' to you, stranger, is that you don't know the ways of the kentry and had best stick right here till tomorrow. In the first place, me'n Dan Carter ain't any too friendly. He's a great hand to blow around, and if he gets to blowin' too much that'll be a foot and so mule race. The foot will start between me'n Dan, but he'll be through all the crowd will mix in. If you was there, you'd probably git hurt. Is that plain?"  
"Yes."  
"If Dan don't git to blowin', mebbe I will," he continued, "I ain't much of a hand to blow, but I can't allow hold myself down. If I blow, it will be the same as if he blowed—a foot and me'n has shootin', and nobody kin tell how many will be hurt. Can't you understand that?"  
"I think I do."  
"Well, mebbe that won't be any

blowin' tall, and me'n Dan will hev a drink together. Arter awhile we'll git these mules out for the race, and Dan he'll want to work things so that his mule will git about ten feet to start. Dan's party ain't on foot things, but when it comes to a mule race he'll beat his own father. If I see that he's workin' ag'in me, I'll git mad, and that'll be a foot, and just who'll be killed and who'll git away nobody can't say. Wouldn't like to git shot, I reckon."  
"No, of course not."  
"Mebbe Dan won't work ag'in me," continued me'n Dan, "but if he don't I may work ag'in him. Ten feet is a pretty good start in a mule race, and I want to git it. If Dan sees I'm tryin' to git it, that'll be a foot and a lot of shootin', and I can't allow see no call for you to mix in."  
"It seems to me that you ought to pull off a race without any judge," I said, feeling anxious to go along.  
"Yes, mebbe it does," he replied as he mounted his mule, "but that's kase you don't know the ways of the kentry. Just take my advice and stay to hum, and if I cum back alive I'll tell you all about it this evenin'."  
He came back alive, but he had a bullet in his shoulder and had been ambled twice, and as I assisted Mrs. Thomas to bind up his wounds he explained:  
"That was a foot, just as I said that would be, and me'n Dan or I even me'n Dan and I did. Just as well you wasn't there, stranger. You don't know the ways of the kentry, and three or four writers was axin' arter you to blow yer head off!"



MR. THOMAS WAS ABOUT TO RIDE AWAY.

**He Wanted to Know.**  
The burglar noticeably opened the door of the bedroom and glided in. After flashing his bullseye lantern around the room he placed it on the dresser and coolly proceeded to collect everything valuable. He had been at work perhaps two minutes when the occupant of the bed awoke and said, "I say, Mr. Buglar— But the gentleman addressed promptly covered the speaker with his revolver and remarked huskily: "If yer say anudder word er make a move yer'll be latelty deceased. See?"  
"I beg your pardon," said the other, whose name was Wheeler. "I don't intend to make an angel out of myself just yet. I only wanted to know where I can buy a bicycle lamp like yours. It's the best I ever saw."—Truth.

**Financial.**  
He doubled his money.  
Within a fraction of a second he doubled it again. Then he repeated the operation.  
He doubled it again and put it in his watch pocket. "Perhaps my wife will not find that dollar bill," he said.—New York Journal.

**Her Choice.**  
"What! You cannot mean to tell me you found the professor stupid? Why, he knows everything."  
"I know he does," said the sweet young thing, "but I'd rather talk with some one who knows everybody."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Out of It.**  
"Madam, any honor expecting to carry off any honors at college this year?"  
"No, poor fellow. He injured his kneecap in the first game of the season."—Detroit Free Press.

**Current Items.**  
"Our whist club is going to play all summer."  
"That's good. Now we shall not miss any neighborhood news."—Chicago Record.

**A Sure Sign.**  
Freshman—What makes you think these eggs were stolen?  
Clabamate—You can see yourself they've been poached.—Princeton Tiger.

**A Boston Belle.**  
She mastered all the points of etiquette with great facility.  
In learning to play what she showed remarkable ability.  
She understands the harp and plays the violin delightfully.  
A discord—if it's not the Wagner kind—annoys her frightfully.  
She sings and paints and rides to hounds and dances very prettily.  
She speaks the French of Paris, and she talks in German wittily.  
All modern ways to charm young men, to get, have been displayed to her.  
But she can't handle a pot of beans, so no one has proposed to her.—Somerville Journal.

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## FOOLED THE MANAGER.

How J. W. Kelly, "The Rolling Mill Man," Made the Hit of His Life.  
A theatrical manager tells this story regarding the late J. W. Kelly:  
In his earlier days Kelly was appearing at a variety hall in San Francisco. The proprietor and manager of the place was a German, who had a great admiration for the "rolling mill man." While Kelly was appearing at the theater the German arranged to put on the stage a series of tableaux depicting the heroism of the members of the San Francisco fire department. Kelly was to stand at one side of the stage and recite some original verses describing such picture or tableau as it was shown on the stage. The German was wildly anxious that his tribute to the firemen should make a hit on the opening night.  
"Oh, Chou," he said, "do your best, and you will make it hit of your life!"  
On the day of the opening Kelly remained at home, so as to be in the best possible trim for the show. Soon after 8 o'clock he started for the theater.  
Just before going into the hall it occurred to him that he could have some fun with the German; so he turned up his coat collar, mussed his hair and went reeling into the variety hall.  
There was a sound of crashing glassware. The German had dropped a tray full of beer glasses.  
"Oh, Chou," he moaned, waving his hands in the air, "you had wounded all to tapelot! Vat is to good of haffing Irishman to work for you?"  
"Thash all right," mumbled Kelly, staggering up to him.  
"Go way," shouted the manager. "You hef kveered to show."  
With that the manager rushed for the stage and arranged that a sobrette should announce the tableaux. Then he went out in front and waited, all in a tremble, to see if she could get through with it. In the meantime Kelly went around on the stage, and just as the sobrette walked on the stage Kelly followed her and said, "I'll take care of this."  
The German saw him come on the stage, and with a cry of mortal terror ran for the front door. He knew that Kelly would spoil everything. He stood in the street, mopping his brow and moaning in agony, when he began to hear loud applause inside the theater. He could hardly believe his senses.  
Every few seconds there would be a roar of laughter and handclapping. He timidly went back into the hall, and there was Kelly, sober as a judge and "straight as a string," making the hit of his life. After that all the German could do was to sit down at a table to weep and order beer for everybody around.

In telling the story Kelly used to say modestly to finish the story. "I saw him when that wheel really did have a number aboard, but he only laughed and said, 'No, Chou, you can't fool me.'"—Chicago Record.

## A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

**Incident of a Reporter's Visit to a Fire Engine House.**  
A reporter who had sought at a fire engine house information on a point concerning which the driver could best inform him stood talking with the driver by the stall of one of the horses. The horse was secured by a strap commonly used in the department. One end of the strap is made fast by a staple driven into the side of the stall, while the other end is passed through the throat latch of the horse's bridle and held on a pin that rises in a little recess in the side of the stall. By means of a simple mechanical contrivance the pin is pulled down at the first stroke of the gong when an alarm is sounded, the strap is released, and the horse is set free. As the driver and the reporter talked, the horse, in a friendly sort of way, bent his head down toward the driver.  
Suddenly an alarm was sounded, and the horse was transformed, and likewise the driver. The horse's head went up, and he was alert in every fiber. At the first stroke the pin had dropped, and the horse was free. With a single bound he cleared the stall and made for his place by the engine, while the driver beside him. The other two horses of the team—this was a three horse team—were rattling forward at the same moment. At the front of the house men were sliding down poles like lightning.  
There were a few sharp, quick, snapping sounds, as the men already there snapped the collars together around the horses' necks, and over it all the booming of the gong.  
In all the newer firehouses of the city the stalls of the horses are placed as nearly as possible abreast of the engine, so that the horses shall have the shortest possible distance to go. In some of the older houses, in which there is less room, the stalls are at the rear. That is where they were in this house.  
Surprised a little, the reporter had left a second or two in getting to the front. When he got there, he saw the driver in his seat holding the lines over the team ready to drive out and waiting only for the last stroke of the gong.  
All fire teams are hooked up on every alarm. On first alarm they go out only to free within their own district. This alarm was for a fire outside the district. Unhooked, the horses trotted back to their stalls. Descending from his seat, the driver took up the interrupted conversation just as if nothing had happened.—New York Sun.

**Embroidered Suspender.**  
"There's no dandy business about it," he said. "It's just plain, hard sense. Since the new woman has made herself so distressingly apparent I have had to have my initials put on nearly everything I wear, so that there would be no excuse for my wife thinking it's hers."—Chicago Post.

**See Trial.**  
"I am not going to give him up without a trial," said the woman as she interrupted proceedings for a divorce.—Grand Dispatch.

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## MONTE MEN IN LONDON

A QUAINT NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH CARD SHARPS.

Way Back in 1855 the Three Card Trick Was Played—The Now Well Known Method of Searing a Victim—The Familiar Trick of Turning Up a Camo.

Three card monte is not a recent invention of the card player by any means. Back in the early times it evidently flourished in the English capital, as the following letter to the Brooklyn Eagle suggests. The communication comes from William Day, who had an experience with card sharps in London in 1855. After slumbering for many a long year the details come with a flavor of the old days in their quaint narration:  
"One day in the year 1855 I was standing at the corner of Great Holland street and Blackfriars' road, London. I had not even a single acquaintance in the city and very little money, and as I was thinking where I could go next so it would cost nothing a plainly dressed man spoke to me. He said: 'Can you tell me the way to St. James' park? I am a stranger in London. In fact, I was left some money down in Hertsfordshire, and as I intend to go to Australia I thought I would like to see something of London on my way there.' I said: 'I have nothing to do. I'll show you the way to St. James' park.' He appeared quite grateful. I said, 'We must go along the new cut,' certainly one of the poorest streets in London, though it appears to be always full of people. So we went along, but I noticed when there was a crowd he went ahead and pushed through the crowd. I thought to myself, 'You are not like the country men that stand aside waiting for the crowd to go by.'  
When we got to the corner of the Waterloo Bridge road, he asked me to take a glass of bitter. So we entered the gin palace, and there we met a well dressed young lady. She said she would prefer gin. We took ale. I noticed she had a well filled satchel, and when she opened it to take her handkerchief I noticed it was bulged out with rolls of old newspapers. We then went out and walked to the Westminster Bridge road. I said to him: 'Here we are now. Go over this bridge, pass the houses of parliament and Westminster abbey, turn to the right up Parliament street and there you are at the Horse Guards entrance to the park.' He said: 'I am much obliged to you for your trouble. Take a glass before you leave.'  
While we were drinking he said: 'I have a friend here, but I have lost him in this great city. He is stopping opposite to some large theater, but I cannot think of his name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name.' I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned 'Victoria' he cried, 'Why, that is it.' I said: 'We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you there.'  
I took the man around to the theater. He said, 'There is the very place where he is stopping.' Taking me across the road, he said, 'Wait one moment.' Then he ran up the stairs, bringing his friend back with him, and they insisted that I must go up. So we all three went upstairs into a room. I remember the room well; half a dozen chairs and two tables. The friend ordered ale, and while we were sitting talking an old man, a peddler, came in the room and, taking some things out of his basket, said, 'Gentlemen, I would like to sell you a pair of razors cheap—only two bob and a tanner.' The friend cried: 'I never saw such a place as London is for peddlers. Gentlemen cannot hold a private conversation but they are intruded on by some one to sell something.'  
The old peddler answered: 'I am a poor man trying to make an honest living. Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I will do. We will play for the razors. I'll put up the pair of razors against your two and six. Here are the cards.' He said: 'Here are three cards, one court and two plain cards. Now, can any gentleman show me where the court card is?' The two friends argued about it and then decided, after playing a few times and passing sovereigns or yellow boys between them. The peddler set the cards out once more. Then the peddler dropped a dirty handkerchief on the floor, and in trying to find it put his head below the table. One of the friends instantly found the court card, showed it to me, turned up the corner and laid it back in its place, after winking at me. Just then the peddler lifted his head above the table and said, 'Can any gentleman tell where the court card is?'  
The two friends argued it and at last appealed to me. One said it was one card, and the other said it was another. I said, 'Gentlemen, I am not betting, but I think I know the court card,' for certainly there the court card lay, with the corner turned up. The friend said, 'I will bet you a sovereign you cannot pick it up.' I said, 'I tell you I do not bet.' The other friend said, 'I don't believe the fellow has a nag.' The other one said to me, 'You have not got a sovereign, and I don't think you have a tob.'  
I found it was getting warm, and, as I sat near the door, I arose and said, 'Gentlemen, I must be going.' Then I went down the stairs, trading loudly. Then I crept up, opened the door about an inch and saw all three with their heads together and in deep conversation. I cried, 'Gentlemen, that is not the first time I have seen three card monte.'

## A Fireman's Fall.

An incident that happened in a large cotton fire in the lower part of New York some years ago had its comic side and was the means of the firemen discovering the main body of the fire, which for some time they had been endeavoring in vain to locate.

The smoke was pouring out of nearly every part of the building, and although several entrances had been made it had been impossible to find the seat of the fire. The chief in charge ordered some windows on the third floor to be "opened up," and a ladder was accordingly raised and a fireman ascended. With the aid of a hook he pried open the iron shutters, and, lamp in hand, stepped in—and disappeared. His companion upon the ladder, wondering why he had so suddenly vanished from sight, peered in, and found that he had stepped into the elevator shaft that was directly under this window and had fallen through to the basement. Hastily descending, he alarmed the others, and they way to the cellar. Here they found their comrade in a sitting position upon a bale of cotton, partly stunned and dazed from the shock of the fall, but otherwise uninjured. In his hand he still held the wire handle of his lamp—all that remained of it—while in front of him, farther in the basement, blazing merrily, was the fire they had been endeavoring to find. His fall had led him directly to it. On afterward examining the balcony, or shaft, through which he had fallen, they found that it had bars running diagonally across at each floor, and in some marvelous way he had escaped each one in his downward flight.—Charles E. Hill in St. Nicholas.

## How Indeed?

"If it wasn't for me, my class in school wouldn't have any standing at all," said Hubert.

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Your mother says you are the foot of it."  
"I am," said Hubert. "How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?"—Philadelphia Times.

**Little Mary's Logic.**  
Little Mary was sent to the store one day to have some string sent up for the table.  
"Does your mother want refined string?" asked the merchant.  
"I think she does," answered Mary. "She is a very nice lady."—Youth's Companion.

**One Good Reason.**  
Bettie Wileless—Why does that little boy always go barefooted?  
Sallie Knowall—Why, because he has more feet than shoes.—Harper's Round Table.



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