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OUR MR. JENKINS.

BY JOHN BERWICK.

I was fortunate in my uncle. To every body thought, Mr. Uncle Drathwaite was as wealthy and thriving a manufacturer as any in Lambeth...

walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of a side street, was a house, over the door of which, in great gold letters, gleamed the words "Luncheon Bar."

"Mr. Jenkins!" I called out, but he evidently did not hear me, and passed on.

wreck of a man. He asked for his master, and Mr. Drathwaite being absent, he prayed to see Miss Lucy. To her, in the doctor's presence, the dying man gasped out some inarticulate confession, clearing you from all blame but that a credulity, pardonable at your age, and implicating a more seriously another person.

"Your Mr. Jenkins, if you will, please to the ancient formula," assented the lawyer, with twinkling eyes.

Knowing the cause for every effect, a Chronicle reporter sought an interview with Coroner Livingston. Said the man of death: During the past year there were seventy suicides in this city, of which number only nine were women, showing a proportion of about seven and a half men to one woman.

"Now, my friend," I said to him, in a frank, pleasant way, "my advice to you is, for your own good, to make a clean breast of it at once."

Here is an old anecdote, very familiar many years ago, and old enough to be new to many of this generation, which was a regular Thanksgiving night stand-by.

There was a young man who had been on a three days' detached wander into the reading-room of a hotel where he was well known, and down and snored moodily into the street.

The first sensation in descending is the sudden, bursting roar in the ears, caused by the air driven into the helmet from the air pump.

Well, let us talk about Him a little. To begin with, we all believe there is nothing the Lord couldn't do if He wanted to—we all believe that, don't we? At this point a green-looking countryman, who had been watching the smiling speaker with close interest, started him by saying: "Waal, now, I dunno 'bout that. I think I know one 'bout the Lord couldn't do."

"I tell you," said Col. Holcombe, "that smoking is the worst habit that a man can contract. You know I lean very affectionately toward Her Majesty, and that I write sketches occasionally. Several days ago I received an order from a literary paper for a story, I was flattered by the compliment and immediately began work."

"Well," remarked one of the company when the Colonel had stopped, "I should like to hear of it. Who's got a match?"

A sailor, roughly dressed, was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition, through recent rains, and under a leaden sky.

"That pretty little foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of the lane. Wait a moment, only, and I will make a path for you."

As for myself, I am afraid that my poor merits, if I had any, were quite eclipsed by those of the commercial comet, Jenkins. Indeed, I know of no reason, except my blood relationship to our principal, head of the house of Drathwaite, Perry & Co., for any comparison between that veteran of the desk and my inexperienced self.

Yet I stuck to my work, young as I was, and did my best not to be undervalued of the prospective partnership, and somehow I got a vague impression in my head that, instead of my being jealous of Jenkins, Jenkins was jealous of me.

One day there was a big check to be changed—nearly to three thousand pounds in fact—and it was my task, an unusual one, to present the draft at Peabody & Sons. In a house like ours, where the furnaces were always glowing, and tall chimneys always smoking, the outgoing for wages, horse-keep, and fuel were, I need hardly say, very large.

One day—how well I remember it!—I was in exceptionally high spirits. I had been talking with dear Lucy, and though her father, who said that we should not need to be in a hurry, would never consent to an approximate day for our wedding, still there was a vague prospect of connubial bliss next Spring. It was fine, bright weather, and on Tuesday there was to be a garden party at some Richmond villa, to which we were all to go. Altogether I was in excellent spirits, and as far as any man could be from dreaming of the evil that was to come.

"How will you take it?" asked the bank cashier. "Should I answered, with a sort of leishy pride in my newly-acquired familiarity with business phrases, and with my gold and notes I left the bank.

"Take Jenkins for your model!" or "Cyril, led, it will be one while before you'll be settled in business with Chauvinist Pills, of Bordeaux; and how cleverly he evaded the heavy loss of that shipment when Krakow and Kinderhook of Hamburg were going to Sueda."

Then came a terrible three months—it was that or more—a time of depression, of crushed spirits, a half-brained heart for me. That I was wrongfully suspected gave me cold comfort. I was innocent, but Lucy was lost to me; my prospects were blighted, no one would give work to me, and I was poor, and sinking fast into the deepest depths of want.

"Wherefore, by the help of a forged character, he got this fellow Clint into your uncle's service, put him up to the trick which he had played on you—Clint had been a low comedian, mountebank, and thimble-rigger in his time—and received from Clint himself, at the door of the city public house, the morocco pocketbook containing the gold and notes which you in the burr and excitement of the moment had given him."

"I had an indistinct recollection of having seen and heard of such a person in my uncle's household, and I said so, wondering how there could be anything in Enoch Clint to concern me.

"You are ill!" I inquired, and perhaps a stranger to London. Nigh climaxed in this blessed London of yours, paved my golden guineas, as our old parson says up in Craven, mistreated the countryman in the same thin, ready voice, "paved my traps, says I, and curse for it, since all that grandfather stored up, whether for Bees and Bell or for me—and then he would have fallen but for my assistance. Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. We had

"The revelation, when this slippery villain was at length brought to make up—he did not know, you see, Mr. Cyril, how much his colleague had confessed—a tolerable complete one. He had, it seemed, an esoteric malice against yourself, as the Kinsman and future partner and heir of the employer when it had been the business of his life to dupe by a show of zeal and a display of mock honesty—I say, rascal, because, probably, when the books come to be overhauled, it will be found that this was not the first time of a betrayal of trust. And Mr. Jenkins thought, that young as you were, you did not share Mr. Drathwaite's high opinion of him, and might one day set troublesome questions."

"The analysis shows that the extreme poor class furnish the greater percentage of suicides, owing probably to the trials and disappointments of their hard life. The middle classes furnish a very small percent, and only in rare instances is there a suicide among the people of wealth. Not having acquainted with the world, pride of position, and a desire to further revel in the luxuries that wealth can purchase, even for the miserable, is the cause of their suicide."

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As old toper was locked in a police cell at Dallas, Texas. In the night he yelled for help, declaring that a monkey was in the room. A policeman thought he had the delirium tremens, and assured him that he saw nothing. After that he became more frantic, and in the morning he was found dead. The monkey was no delusion, however, but had got into the cell after escaping from its owner, an incarcerated organ-grinder.

A young man who had been on a three days' detached wander into the reading-room of a hotel where he was well known, and down and snored moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about 10 years came in and looked familiarly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy.

A wild man of fierce and peculiar shape has been discovered by travelers in a forest sixty miles west of Oknapopkys. The trunk of his body terminates in a single leg, which is more than twice the thickness of an ordinary leg.

The Willamette Farmer says: "Mr. W. S. Ladd is engaged in opening a model dairy farm upon his farm at Redville, which will eclipse anything of the kind on the Pacific slope. His herd will consist of seventy cows of the Jersey and Holstein breeds, forty of which are already in milk."

A clergyman met a rustic, and thinking it a good opportunity to make a religious impression asked: "John, if Satan were to suddenly appear which of us two would he take?" The rustic thought a moment and then replied: "Me, sir. And why?" "Well, sir, because it might be his only chance to get me, while he's pretty sure of you, sir, all the time."

Will you suffer with Druggers' and Liver Complaints? Sillio's Pills is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Jap. R. Miller, Dallas.

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