

The Lackey Who Changed Places With His Former Master.

Some years ago a remarkable occurrence transpired at Nice, which is very near to Monte Carlo. A notorious habitue of the casino, who had made his money principally there, had set up an English vehicle, a pair of horses, "tiger" and all, and cut quite a swell driving in the neighborhood, says illustration. One day he was riding in the environs of the town when his servant, sitting upon the raised box behind, who had been feeling somewhat uneasy at not receiving his wages for some time, seeing his master quite alone, ventured to ask him through the back window if he would not make it convenient to pay him. The master was in a good humor and asked:

"How much is it, La Fleur?" "One hundred and twenty-five livres, may it please you, monsieur."

"Very well; here it is," said the master, spreading the sum in paper currency upon the seat of the vehicle. "Now, La Fleur, have you a pack of cards with you?"

"Certainly," answered the obsequious lackey. "I always carry them, monsieur," producing the cards at once. "That is well. Now, I will be banker, and you shall play against me. I will take the front seat, the back one shall serve for our table, and you can look through this back window."

The lackey assented to this, amused at his master's condescension. Luck was rather on the master's side, but both men became quite eager in the game, thinking of that, and that only. Little by little the footman's money went until all that was left of his wages was 5 livres. He began to feel anxious, when suddenly his luck turned, and he won the whole sum back, with every sou his master had about him.

Piqued at his loss, the master wagered a horse, which the lackey won; then its mate, next the harness and lastly the carriage itself. Luck ran all one way, and the servant, La Fleur, won everything. The master took out his watch and put it down against a given sum. The cards were shuffled, and the lackey won.

"I have nothing more, La Fleur. You have cleaned me out," said the half-desperate gambler.

The servant was in high spirits at his strange run of luck. "Here are a hundred livres, monsieur. I will stake them against your position. If you win they are yours. If you lose we change seats."

"Agreed!"

The cards were shuffled, La Fleur won, and the vehicle returned to Nice with its former master occupying the servant's box behind and La Fleur sitting inside!

The Last Speaker of Cornish.

In the little village of St. Paul, near Penzance, there is a monument erected to the memory of Doll, or Dolly, Pentreath, who attained the age of 102 and was the last woman who spoke the Cornish tongue. This is the inscription: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest times till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garnett, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1800. 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee' (Exodus xx, 12).—London News.

The Youngster Hushed.

When the great French chemist Chevreul attained his hundredth birthday he was entertained at a public dinner, at which his son, a high official in the department of justice, sixty-seven years old, was also present. The old man made a speech and in telling an anecdote made a slight slip, which his son corrected. Old Chevreul turned around quickly and said in a sharp tone, "Hush, youngster, when I am talking," and the "youngster" held his tongue.

An Odd Perquisite.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with English coronations is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the heir apparent on the night preceding the coronation. In olden times this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly embroidered coverlets of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold.

Criminal.

"She-I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if six months hence I feel as I do now I will be yours. Ardent, Adorer-I could never wait that long, darling. Besides, the courts have decided that dealing in futures without the actual delivery of the goods is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

The One to Blame.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer. "Well," said a woman of thirty, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Popularity.

"Are you popular with the Kasha girls?" "Dashed if I know. Each one always introduces me as a friend of her sister."—Cleveland Leader.

A PRECOCCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed For Joseph Jefferson.

There is a story that is told of Joseph Jefferson and the boys that had to do with the training of dogs. It appears that there was a gentleman in New Iberia who owned a very intelligent animal, and he was most anxious for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of his prowess. Accordingly he brought him to the island one day and put him through his various tricks, which were remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr. Jefferson expressed his appreciation and wonder at what the dog had done, but added that he had an animal that was even more remarkable. As the gentleman seemed to be in some doubt as to the truth of this statement the dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast, was produced, and Mr. Jefferson ordered him to go into his room and bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the house to presently reappear with the shoe in his mouth. Taking it from him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon the head and told him to return to his room and bring him the slipper for his left foot.

"And, mind you, bring the left one," he cautioned as the animal trotted away.

When he returned in a moment with the left slipper the gentleman could hardly express his astonishment, but Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indifferently aside.

"It is nothing," said he. "However, we will now try something a little more difficult." Then, turning to the dog, he spoke to him very slowly and carefully. "Now go into the library," said he, "look upon the bottom shelf on the right hand side of the room and you will see a set of Dickens. Bring me the second volume. Remember, now, the second volume; not the first or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few moments with the second volume in his mouth the gentleman retired in the utmost confusion, declaring that in comparison with such a prodigy his own much vaunted animal was little better than an imbecile.

And I may add that Mr. Jefferson enjoyed the joke fully as much as did the boys, who, according to a prearranged plan, had placed each successive article in the prodigy's mouth. As to the prodigy, his one accomplishment consisted of trotting into the house and trotting out of it again.—Nevill G. Henshaw in Bohemian.

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent is Table mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.

The Slow One.

"Would you," he said after they had been sitting in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken she replied: "Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how other young men who had started far in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

A Chronic Grumbler.

Charles Lamb tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at what because he had so few trumps. By some artifice his companions managed to fix the cards so that when he dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping to extort some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever as he examined his hand. "Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough this time?" "Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her length, breadth and thickness about right, the woman heaved a sigh of relief. "No 'burth dimension in mine, if you please!" she exclaimed, with unmistakable feeling.

Some aver that the feminine mind is not attracted by metaphysics anyway!—Puck.

Precedent.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the matter-familias. "He always has gone."—Washington Herald.

A Good Guess.

"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive stranger. "I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't look up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

A Useless Rule.

He (teaching her bridge)—When in doubt it's a good rule to play trumps. She—But that's just it; when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trump is.—Philadelphia Record.

Even when a woman thinks she is worth her weight in gold she would hate to get too stout.—Philadelphia Record.

The Long Bamboo.

An Englishman was once rallying a native of India upon his faculty in lying. The native at once replied: "Why, sahib, we are all more or less liars in my country, and if one tells a story another immediately caps it. There were two young men of my country who had a boasting match, and one said, 'My father is so rich and has so many horses that his stable is of such extent as to take a horse eleven months to go from one end stall to the other.' 'Shabash, brother,' replied the second boaster, 'that is very good. My father has a bamboo so long that he can sweep the clouds away with it when they obscure the sun in harvest time.' 'Hi, hi!' exclaimed the first. 'That is very wonderful, but, pray, brother, where does your father keep such a long bamboo?' 'Why, you stupid,' was the answer, 'in your father's stable, to be sure!'"

Can't Beat 'Em.

As usual, he was monopolizing the newspaper. "Please let me have the woman's page," she said. He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full page advertisement of a millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own little joke.

Still, she was revengeful. She went to the opening, and he paid the bill.—Chicago Post.

An Ample Test.

The Insurance Agent—Sure your heart isn't weak? The Insured One—Oh, yes, yes. The Agent—Ever test it? The Insured—Yes, indeed. I watched a fifteen inning ball game with the score 1 to 1.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Open Confession.

Aunt—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunt, I didn't see that one!—London Punch.

The Reason.

Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now. The Husband—That's why.—Illustrated Bits.

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The Word "Bald."

It is believed by at least one writer that it is because baldness in women has nearly always been studiously concealed that no gentle way of evading the blunt word "bald" has been evolved in contrast with the many ways of dodging "fat." "Stout" (which really means sturdy), "portly," "comfortable" and "embonpoint" are instances of this evasion. But "bald" always remains "bald."—Chicago News.

Badly Expressed.

She (effusively)—How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Burlington. He—Major now. That was ten years ago, you know. She (still more effusively)—How time flies! Well, congratulations and goodby. I hope you'll be a general when next we meet.—Punch.

He Knew Better.

Farmer Hultrooth—This here paper sez that a man in Chicago unloaded 50,000 bushels of corn one day last week. Now, Marier, you know as well as I do that there ain't nny man in the hull state could do that much work in one day.—Exchange.

Incontestable.

Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife. Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet? Mary—No, but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

Suffragette Vote Lost.

He—Not going out to vote! Why not? She—I haven't a thing to wear.—Life.

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