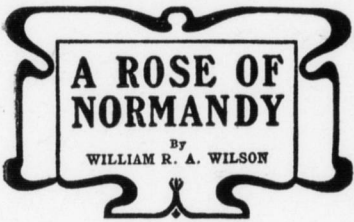




FORTUNE'S LITTLE JOKE.

When Fortune throws a gift at me I look at it suspiciously, But not because it's apt to be E. lected injudiciously. I look upon her with distrust Whatever she may bring. For, when I stoop, to my disgust She always jerks the string.



CHAPTER IV.

SHOWS HOW MINE HOST OF "THE STRIPED ASS" TREATED HIS GUESTS, AND HOW HIS PUNISHMENT WAS MADE TO FIT HIS CRIME.

It wanted but a few minutes to eight the same evening when the figure of Tontil might have been observed riding slowly along near the bank of the Seine. He walked his horse as though he were in no hurry and his ride was without an object.



CAME AMBLING ALONG.

he passed unchallenged, the guards laughing heartily at the figure he cut. Tontil waited until he had gotten a couple of minutes' start of him, and then turned into the road and passed likewise through the gate without hindrance.

A shout of laughter from Tontil greeted this speech. "Peste! Pompon, if I do not get you a place in the Horse Guards. You sit your animal like a sack of meal."

With these words, he hastily brushed off a bench, motioned Tontil to be seated, and was gone. Tontil looked about him carefully. "It must be the place," he murmured to himself.

The innkeeper quickly seized it, bit it, and after testing its ring, pocketed it with alacrity, his suspicious vanished. "Draw near the fire," he exclaimed, as he busily stirred the logs.

Presently he heard the innkeeper returning, and he reappeared bearing the remains of a huge goose-pie in one arm and a dusty, musty, cobwebbed bottle of wine in the other.

He was about to compliment the landlord standing before him upon the excellence of his providing when he heard the voice of singing in the street outside the inn and close at hand.

They placed the money on the table, and swung the stone back to its normal position. Pompon then handed the bags to Tontil, and urged him to go ahead of him to the place where their animals had been left.

Tontil did as suggested, leaving Pompon in the room. No sooner had he gone than Pompon approached the slumbering landlord, and, turning his face toward the light, examined it closely.

It came home to her heart with great significance, for she acknowledged to herself that "the company voice" was entirely too often put on when in the presence of those outside the home circle.

"My dear, I have a great compliment for you," said the Boston man to his New York niece, who was paying a month's visit and attending many serious entertainments.

"Oh, said the young man, disdainfully, 'I'm not going to try to go to Heaven. There's more trying now than'll ever get in.'"

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Balcom & Lloyd advertisement with decorative border. Includes text: 'WE have the best stocked general store in the county...', 'LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT LABAR'S', and a list of furniture prices.