

# Varieties.

## JOE CLINTON AND HIS PRANKS.

Joe Clinton was the captain and leader at school. He was at the head of all the delivry and mischief going on. He was one that gloried in a clever trick done by whatever means, and at whatever expense or risk. Such a character all reprobate when absent, and yet join with him when present. The following is a fair sample of his numerous exploits.

During the holidays he took his gun and was found by the keeper of Sir Andrew Bagnal, shooting at that worthy Baronet's grounds.

"Young gentlemen," said the keeper, "I would be glad to see your certificate."

"I don't happen to have it along with me."

"Very well," said Joe, "I will." They went up to the Hall, and the keeper advanced to a side door, but Joe walked coolly up to the front door and rang the bell.

"Come away, I tell you," cried the keeper in amazement; "this is the door of the justice room, and I wonder at your impudence."

"Wonder as much as you please," said Joe.

The keeper approached to take him away, when the servant at the same time opened the door.

"Is your master in?" asked Joe.

"Yes, sir," said the servant.

"Then give Joseph Clinton's respects to him."

An immediate invitation to enter was brought. He found the old baronet in his easy chair, who, unable from his infirmities to rise, yet shook him heartily by the hand, mistaking him for his father, whose name too was Joseph.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Clinton, very glad, indeed. And how is Mrs. Clinton?"

"Why not very well, I thank you," said Joe, "and I was thinking a rabbit or a leveret would do her good, and I knew I had only to mention it to you—"

"O, you do me great honor, Mr. Clinton, great honor. I heartily thank you. Whatever game Mrs. Clinton likes, only let me know and she shall have it—poor dear lady. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed. And how many children have you Mr. Clinton?"

"There are seven," said Joe.

"Seven children! Why you look very young, indeed, to have seven children!"

"Sir Andrew rang the bell," "Call John," said he, and the keeper came.

"John, go with Mr. Clinton and kill whatever he likes, and carry it home for him."

The keeper made a profound bow, and Joe shaking hands very heartily with Sir Andrew gave him his best thanks, and set out with the keeper, who went along cheerily and inwardly most terribly chagrined. Joe took a good round, and when out for most of the day, and laughed in his sleeve as he saw the poor fellow laboring after him, under the load of hares, rabbits and pheasants, to his father's house.

Some can scent a dun at any distance, and can do him off effectively. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience, becomes expert, the dunned stands a slim chance of escape.

We heard a story the other day of old Dr. G. of Portsmouth, which is to the point, as regards amateur dunning; for there was a wide difference between the amateur and the professional.

Dr. G. was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square, exacting everything that was his own and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for some considerable amount, and wherever he met him the Doctor was ready to hand for the payment of an installment. It became last, an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at the time when troubled with a disease known in the financial parlance as "shots." But whenever he met him the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by his debtor's movement for his pocket book, and frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all. He knew that the Doctor was honest and that it would be all right, and several payments were thus made by mail.

A great dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he passed through the town his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread and avoid him if possible. He succeeded for awhile, and out generated the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the Doctor from a distant position, saw his victim's horse to a post and entered a store. He made all the horse could, and entered the store just as his debtor dashed by him a nice check.

"Didn't I see Mr. —— come in here?" asked the Doctor.

"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but he has gone somewhere now."

The Doctor said he was not in a hurry, and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door and thought he would take back before long. The man remained hid, and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out. Shortly after Mr. —— himself went out, and was just stepping into his wagon when the doctor started at him from a doorway.

"Well Mr. ——" said he, "you needn't dodge me any more. That note has been paid up these six months, and I have been trying to see you that I might pay you back twenty dollars that you over paid me."

"The late Lord Gardiner, himself a valaturian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had attested marvelous cures, and found that more than two thirds of the number died shortly after they had been cured. Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolinbroke and Wilmington were killed by cure means."

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