## Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa.

THE BOY SAVES HIS PA'S LIFE.—THE OLD MAN MASHES THE WRONG GIRL ON THE CARS.

"Your pa got over being scared out of his boots?" said the groceryman to the bad boy as he took up a handful of hickory nuts and began cracking them between a couple of five pound weights on the counter.

"What do you mean? Who told you pa had been scared?" asked the boy as he put his thumb in his mouth, after knocking the nail off with a weight. "I didn't know as anybody knew anything about it but me and the girl."

"O, a brakeman that runs on the Chicago train was in here this morning and he told me your pa came up on the train last night, and along there about Kenosha he went through the train as though he had been kicked, and got into the postal car and crawled under a lot of mail sacks and rode all the way to Milwaukee, sweating like a butcher, and as pale as a ghost. What was it all about? You haven't been playing another trick on him, have you?" and the groceryman picked up the hickory nuts the boy had left and threw them in the basket, while the boy wrapped a handkerchief around his thumb and looked mad.

"No, I didn't play anything on him, but I saved his life. He is an old smarty, and got himself into a scrape. You see pa and me went down to Chicago on a pass pa got somehow in politics. We took in the battle of Gettysburg, where a fellow can see all about war without getting shot in the back. We came back on the five o'clock train, and of course pa couldn't set with me, but had to go and sit down in the seat with a girl that was alone. Pa hasn't got any more sense than a cow about such things. A girl don't want an old duffer to sit with her. What she wants is a young feller, that has got bear's oil on his hair, and smells sort of drug-store like. But pa thinks he is just as entertaining as when he was young, and if he went into a car where all the seats but one was vacant, and that one had a girl in it, he would go up to her in his insinuating way, and take off his plug hat and show his bald head and say, 'Miss, is this seat engaged?' and before she had time to say anything he would sit down with her and begin talking about something she didn't care any more about than she would about the process of embalming Egyptian mummies. Well, pa sat down by a girl who was knitting, and he began to talk sweet. He said he was a traveling man, getting six thousand dollars a year and a share of the profits. He found fault with the railroads, the cars, the hotels, and everything, and to hear him talk you would think he was reared in a palace, always traveled on special cars, and was worth eleven million dollars. I sat behind him, and heard what he said, and it was all I could do to keep from asking him if he thought ma would be expecting us home to-night, but I have had experience enough with pa to know that when he is engaged in business that causes his brain to expand and throb, that the safest way is to keep still. He told the girl she was purty, and asked her all about herself, and if she was going far, and he put his arm on the back of the seat, and acted as though he was going to hug her, but he didn't, cause just as his arm began to get real near to the girl's small of her back, I imitated the brakeman and shouted, 'Lake Forrest,' and pa thought the brakeman was right behind him, and he drawed his arm away so quick he hit the funny bone of his elbow on the back of the seat, and it hurt him like everything. The girl laffed, and pa blushed, and in a little while he had his arm there again. The conductor and the brakeman watched pa, and just as he got close to the girl, and was whispering to her, the conductor touched him on his shoulder and asked him what the number of his pass was. Pa had to take his arm away to get his pass, and then he put it back again, and was commencing where he left off, to give the girl some taffy, when the brakeman touched pa on the shoulder, and asked him if it was his dog in the baggage car, chewing the hinges off the trunks. Pa said he didn't have no dog, and the brakeman went away. The girl was real disgusted with pa, and I could see she wanted to have a rest. Just before the train got to Waukegan the girl said she wanted to send a dispatch to Racine, and pa gave her some paper and she wrote a message and asked pa to send it for her. Pa didn't want to leave his seat, so he said to me, 'Here, little boy, you get off at Waukegan and send this message for the beautiful young lady,' and he gave me the dispatch and a dollar. I went out at Waukegan, and read the message and didn't send it. It read like this, 'Father, come down to the depot with a horse whip. There is an old drunkard on the train who has made himself very obnoxious to me, and I want you to maul him within an inch of his life.' Well I wouldn't contribute to pa's being mauled, so I kept it, and after the train left Waukegan I called pa into the other end of the car and told him I didn't think it was best to send that dispatch, so I kept it. He was mad in a minute and told me I had no right to think anything. When I was told to do a thing it was my business to do it, and ask no questions. He said he was ashamed of me, and told me when the train got to Kenosha to go right out and send it quick. He was going to start back to talk with the girl some more when I handed him the dispatch, and told him to read it, and then if he wanted me to send it I would. He read it, and his face got as white as chalk, and the few hairs on his head raised right up so they were stiff enough to tack down a carpet with, and big drops of perspiration stood out all over his face, and his collar just wilted right down, and he was not half as tall as before. 'Don't say anything about this,' he said in a whisper. 'I know the clerk in the mail car, and he has often wanted me to ride with him, and I guess I will go in there. There is not air enough in this car.' Pa went forward about as sudden as you often see an old man go while a train is in motion, and I went and sat down behind the girl. I said to her, 'The old party who sat with you has gone out to ride on the cowcatcher to get cooled off.' She said she wished he would fall off and get left. I asked her if the old man was her pa, and she said he was an old fool, and I agreed with her and we had quite a nice visit. I think if old people would keep out of the way, and not be so fresh, young people could have more fun. I sat down in the seat with her, and got real well acquainted, and when she got off at Racine, I helped her off, and I could imagine pa in the postal car just a sweating. Well, pa didn't show up till we got to Milwaukee, and then he came out of the side door of the postal car all mussed up, and smelling mildewed like old sacks. He asked me if I noticed any unusual commotion at Racine, and I told him there was nothing special, only there was an old prize fighter on the depot steps with a blacksnake whip, and lots of people seeming to expect a row, and I guessed the girl sent another dispatch. Pa shivered and said, 'Let this be a warning to you, my boy, not to ever allow any female strangers to get acquainted with you, and become familiar.' I told pa I didn't see any harm in it, cause I rode all the way with that girl, after he left, and she seemed to like it, and never once thought of having me horse-whipped. Pa is getting calm again, but it will be a long time before his hair lays down smooth again, the way it did before he got scared."

"Well, your pa is a la-la," said the groceryman, "and ought to be kept locked up as a monk in a monkery, somewhere." The bad boy agreed that a monkery was about the prescription his pa needed, and he went out and caught on behind a cutter and was tipped off in the slush, and went home to run himself through a clothes wringer.—*Peck's Sun.*

## Gabriel's Blast.

Some years ago, in Georgia, that band of Christians known as Ascensionists were having a grand revival. One day when the meeting was in full force a storm came up, and a young gentleman who was out hunting with his servant took refuge in the church door. Being curious to see the service, the two hunters crept up into the gallery, and there hid in a place where they could observe without being observed.

"Come, Lord, come; our robes are ready. Come, Lord come," cried the preacher, while all present gave a loud "Amen."

"Marse Gabe," whispered Cuffy, lifting his hunting horn to his mouth, "let me gib dem just one toot."

"Put that horn down, or I'll break your head," replied the master in a whisper.

The horn dropped by Cuffy's side, and again the minister cried: "Come, Lord, come; we are all ready for Thy coming. Come, Lord, come."

"Do, Marse Gabe—do jist lemme gib 'em jist one little toot," pleaded Cuffy, wetting his lips and raising the horn.

"If you don't drop that horn, Cuffy, I'll whip you within an inch of your life," whispered the exasperated master.

"Blow, Gabriel, blow; we are ready for His coming. Blow, Gabriel, blow," pleaded the minister.

Cuffy could no longer resist the temptation, and sent a wild peal ringing from end to end of the church; but long before its last echo died away his master and himself were the only occupants of the building.

"I's ready fur de licking, Marse Gabe," said Cuffy, showing every tooth in his head, "for I 'clare to gracious it's worf two lickings to see de way common farm cattle kin git ober de ground wid skeared 'Scensionists behind dem."

"I NOTICE, George, that you always get back to the office early after going to dinner. What is the reason?" "Oh, that's easily explained. I take my meals in a boarding-house."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Do you believe in laying on hand?" asked a parishioner of the clergyman. "Certainly I do," he replied, "but if your child is very bad I would advise you to try a shingle."—*N. Y. Journal.*

WE heard of a man the other day who was said to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

## How She Escaped.

A PROFESSIONAL MASHER WHO GOT BADLY LEFT.

She was a handsome young woman. This was remarked by a dozen different people as she entered the union depot. She was going east. This was remarked by a conceited young snip of a fellow who looked "mashed" from the crown of his hat to the heels of his gaiters. She had no sooner purchased her ticket and taken a seat than he began to circle around. She saw him and read his character, and beckoning him to approach, she asked:

"Are you going to Buffalo?"

"Yes—ah—certainly."

"I am glad to hear it. Will you do me a favor?"

"With all my heart. Command me?"

"I'm afraid my trunk was left at the hotel. Could I ask you to run up and see about it?"

"Of course—certainly—only too happy."

It was twenty minutes to train time. He was back in sixteen, his face flushed, his ears red and his breathing spasmodic. He had done some tall running. The trunk was not there.

"Oh, dear, but would you be so kind as to look into the baggage room?"

He would. He did. He ended a score of trunks around, made a dozen inquiries for a Saratoga with an "E" on the ends, and finally returned to the waiting room to say:

But she wasn't there! The train was also gone! A man who had a sore throat and felt mad at the whole world informed him that he had no sooner started for the baggage room than she picked up her reticule and boarded the train, her face wearing a happy smile and her rosebud mouth gently puckered up as she hummed "The chap I left behind me."

"And it looks to me," added the ill-natured invalid, "as if it was a put-up job to choke off your society."

"Hanged if it wasn't!" gasped the other, as he sat down to rest his knees.—*Telegram.*

"IS THE gentleman of the house in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; he air."

"Can I see him a moment?"

"No, sir, you can't see a hide nor hair of 'im!"

"Why can't I, madam?" I would like to speak to him on business."

"If you was a dyin' an' Jim was the only doctor in Dakoty, you couldn't sot an eye on him till he gives in an' talks decent. At dinner a while ago he told me to pass 'im the apple soss, an' I told him it wasn't soss, but sass, an' he said he knowed better, it was soss, an' I told him that w'en he tuk a notion that a little apple sass'd feel soothin' to his stomack to say so, an' he said he'd have that soss er die, when I tol' him I'd defend that sass Tith my life, an' made a break for the shot-gun, an' he made a break up through the scuttle inter the loft. W'en his senses come to him an' he gives in that sass is sass he kin cum down, but if he makes a break afore that, off goes the top of his head. Thar sets the sass, stranger, an' thar's Jim up in the loft, an' that's the way the matter stands jist now, an' I reckon you'd better mosey along an' not get mixed inter this row!"

As the the gentleman moved away he heard her voice saying:

"Jim, w'en you get tired o' yer durn foolin' an' want this sass, jes' squeal out!"

And a gruff voice from the darksome garret responded:

"Soss!"

LITERARY conversation at a fashionable reception. Mr. Spidloe, having been introduced to Miss Zagwell, says:

"Very fine assemblage."

"Very, and quite literary, too."

"Very. You are fond of literature, I presume?"

"Ah, very. I dote on it."

"You like Shakespeare I dare say."

"Ah, very much. Do you?"

"Very fond of him; I like Burns, too."

"So do I, very much indeed."

"Do you like Goldsmith?"

"Very, very much. Do you like Byron?"

"Think he's grand. Do you like Pope?"

"Oh, very much. Do you like Shelley?"

"Oh, yes, he's good. Tell you a good writer."

"Who?"

"Milton."

"Yes, he is very good, indeed."

Afterwards, Mr. Spidloe, in speaking of the young lady, says that she is wonderfully well read, and she, in speaking of him, says: "Oh, he's just read everything."—*Texas Siftings.*

A PITTSBURGH darkey was struck a terrific blow upon the head with a whole brick yesterday. The stricken one didn't say a word until he had carefully gathered into his hat every fragment of the unfortunate brick, when he calmly remarked to his assailant, "Dese yer fragments is each wuff a day fur you in de workhouse. You can't 'sult my feelin's wid infumity, I can tell yer, boss!"

AN exchange asks: "What are our young men doing?" We can't answer for the rest of the country, but around here they are engaged mainly in trying to lead a nine-dollar existence on a seven-dollar salary.—*Hot Springs News.*

## A New Version.

"Darling," said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of little lamb fame?"

"No, I cannot, dear Harry," blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken cold weather.

"Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked her golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so."

"And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?"

"No, dear; why am I?"

"Because," said she, glancing nervously towards the door, "because you are sure to go. I hear papa coming down stairs, and you know—"

## Where the Difficulty Was.

"Then you love me truly, Elvira?"

"Yes, yes, my darling; truly, most truly."

"And in spite of poverty?"

"What matters mere wealth, when compared to the bliss of your noble love?"

"Thanks, thanks, my beloved, you have rendered me unspeakably happy."

"I would rather be your wife and live in a cottage than dwell in the palace of a prince!"

"Bless you, bless you, my own—but"—

"But what?"

"But I haven't the cottage!"—*Ex.*

A TRAMP printer visited *The Boomerang* office Monday, in search of work; got none, but received some money. Later in the day a tramp watchmaker took in the jewelry stores about the city in search of work; got none, but received some money. Toward evening a tramp shoemaker made the round of the cobblers in search of work; got none, but received some money. Last night a tramp—drunk as he could well be—occupied a chair in a down town grog shop. It was the printer, the watchmaker and the cobbler.—*Boomerang.*

A CONDUCTOR on the "Branch," who was collecting fare, came to a lady and repeated, mechanically:

"Miss, your fare!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady, somewhat confused.

"I say your fare!"

"Well, that's what the young men say in Atchison; but coming from a stranger, I—"

"Oh, ah! I mean your ticket," said Finkbine, more confused than the young lady.

"OH, Chawles," sighed the poetical Miss Ravelle, "I yearn for the balmy spring, when I can hie me to the verdant lawn and bathe in the mellow rays of the setting sun!" "I would bathe in something more substantial, and not make it quite so public!" said the posaic young man.

"THIS apple-butter is working," said a boarder to his landlady.

"Well, if it is, sor, that's more'n ye are doin', and the sooner ye be workin' an' pays me up some of yer back board the better it'll be fur me."

A NEWPORT small boy while climbing up to the top shelf of the cupboard to hook some cake fell down and broke his left arm. Moral—Mothers who hide cake from their young ones should keep a step-ladder near by.

THE man who is most strenuously opposed to horizontal reduction is the young fellow in the new trousers, who slipped down in the middle of the seal-brown icy street just as he was about tipping his hat to a two-hundred-thousand-dollar heiress.

IT isn't always to be taken for granted that a young man is extra devotional because his trousers bag at the knees, any more than it is to be assumed that a woman's piety can be gauged by the amount of gilt upon her prayer-book.

A GIRL baby with four feet has been born in a Georgia town. If she lives and her pedal extremities should prove to be of the frigid brand, some poor, prattling boy infant of to-day has a dark future ahead of him.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

INDUSTRY.—"You come begging around here every day. Why don't you go to work?" "I do work sometimes." "Where did you work last?" "Down at the hotel this morning. The cook gave me some cold sausage and I made short work of it."

A BUSINESS MAN.—"Do you know Blinks?" "Yes." "Well, what do you think of him?" "Not much; he attends to everybody's business but his own." "He's lazy, too, isn't he?" "Yes, he's so slow that he cannot even catch a cold."

A POSTED BOY.—"Johnny," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No," replied the youngster, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second-class male matter."

"CAN you tell me," asked a Sunday school teacher of a little girl, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't gold enough to make a cow," was the reply.

NOW that Lent is here the codfish ball has replaced the diamond pin as an article of fashion.