

#### THE GALLANT COWBOY.

Oh, it was a gallant cowboy  
Who had traveled from afar  
On the sombre, explore  
On the high and cold road,  
Just to be a bold road-agent,  
As in books road-agents are.  
  
He'd a second-hand revolver  
And a six-shooter, pack-knife, too,  
And he wore but one suspender,  
And a hat with holes jabbed through,  
And he bought a story-paper,  
Just to tell him what to do.  
  
Then he made a call of business  
On a leading tenderfoot,  
And observed, "My gentle pardner,  
'I'll relieve you of your loot,  
So elevate your digits,  
Or I'll be obliged to shoot."  
  
But arose with ire malignant  
That ungentle tenderfoot,  
And impaled the gallant cowboy,  
On his pated box-boot,  
And he rolled through the gloaming  
Like a whirling toot.  
—New York Morning Journal.

#### THREE-FINGERED JACK.

On the Saturday of a certain Houghton meeting, in a year not far removed from the present period of grace, a party of somewhat disconsolate spirits were gathered around my, I trust, not inhospitable hearth. It had been a disastrous week. Fortune had, from the beginning to the end, steadily set her face against that portion of the racing community which sporting writers delight—I presume in irony—to allude to as "the talent;" and, though I had sought to beguile them of their melancholy with such delicacies as the establishment of a bachelor, whose means were limited and whose credit had seen better days, could at a short notice provide, the hearts of my guests were still heavy. When the dinner had come to an end—and I must say that misfortune did not appear to have materially affected my friends' appetites—various proposals were submitted for the lightening of the hours that had still to be got rid of before custom, or fashion, would permit of the universal refuge of bed. But my chair and my tobacco were felt to be present pleasures which no wise man—and in theory my friends were among the wisest of their kind—would be willing to exchange, while change could be deferred, for the uncertainties of the future. A deaf ear was therefore turned to the eloquent appeals of the youngest of the company in favor of a new star, lately arisen in the murky firmament of the music hall—a young person liberally gifted alike in lung and limb, who was then nightly delighting the intellect of our gilded youth with a ballad of abnormal dullness and impropriety. Cards, too, had been interdicted on the rational grounds that, with the prospect of a "black Monday" already imminent, to woe still further the promiscuous smiles of fortune would be the vainest invention of the most foolish mind.

But though cards, as a pastime, were prohibited, they were found to furnish an agreeable and salutary subject of conversation. For some little time we instructed each other with various tales of our triumphs and reverses, with marvelous histories of fortunes that should have been won and might have been lost, of audacity that would have become a D'Artagnan, or impossibility that would not have disgraced an Athos.

It was in one of the pauses of this intellectual talk that a youth, familiarly known in society of greater or less politeness as Tommy—the same who had pleaded the cause of the music hall—was observed to be in labor of an idea. The process was watched with some curiosity, as one with which familiarity had not yet bred contempt. Since the rejection of his original proposition he had, indeed, maintained an unbroken silence, which might, however, have been dictated as much by petulance as discretion. At length he spoke.

"This conversation has been particularly entertaining and instructive to one of my small experience and limited intelligence; and I'll tell you what I'll do in return, if you'll let me. I will tell you a story. I don't know that it will prove very amusing; but I do know it to be true. It won't be very long, I think; but if so, I dare say one of you will be so obliging as to tell me when you've had enough."

Assuring him of our unalterable determination to abide by this generous proposal, we settled ourselves to our tobacco, and our friend began:

The scene of my story is laid at Oxford, and the time toward the close of the first year of the not very arduous course of study I pursued at that distinguished seat of learning. I was still, according to undergraduate law, a freshman, but, of course, panting to be quit of that ignominious, if theoretical, state of bondage. We were rather a lively lot at St. Dunstan's in those days, and not, perhaps, over sensible. Cards were much in fashion among many other practices not included in the written law of a university education; and, though at that time I knew no more of cards than a hedgehog knows of the binomial theorem, I had, I fancy, some ridiculous idea that a constant attendance on the changes and chances of "unlimited loo," even though your humble servant, Nor was I in any wise restrained by scruples of conscience arising from a promise given to a venerable uncle that I would engage in no games of chance when money was on the board; the said promise having been given under pressure of a fearful picture of the gambler's fate, drawn by my esteemed relative, as I have since had reason to believe, from the fertile sources of his imagination, and not, as he then asserted, from his own experiences of the Cocoa Tree and Crookfords. For my father, he contented himself with making, not extorting, a promise to the effect that any losses I might incur in my pursuit of the blind goddess would have to be made good, not out of his pocket, but my own. A statement which impressed me greatly at the time, but to which subsequent reflection induced me to attribute more sound than sense, for reasons which, on maturer consideration, would probably

have commended themselves no less forcibly to my parent.

There was at that time perpetually to be seen about Oxford a fellow known to the general public as "Three-fingered Jack," by which name alone he shall, for reasons which will shortly be obvious, figure in my story; and, indeed, there was more foundation for it than for most of the terms of endearment, or otherwise, which the undergraduate wits delighted to coin. For this gentleman's right hand was adorned with no more than three fingers, though how he became shorn of his proper complement, or whether, like Topsy, he "grew so," I never knew. He had himself been a member of the university, though some time before I went up; but his stay had been neither long nor glorious, nor had he, I believe, earned very good opinions from any class of men. What brought him, under the conditions, to Oxford, I neither knew nor cared to know. But there, at any rate, he always was, loitering about the inns we delighted to honor, and enjoying a casual acquaintance with those who were careless what company they kept, or glad enough to tell him what to do.

He had made a call of business  
On a leading tenderfoot,  
And observed, "My gentle pardner,  
'I'll relieve you of your loot,  
So elevate your digits,  
Or I'll be obliged to shoot."

But arose with ire malignant  
That ungentle tenderfoot,  
And impaled the gallant cowboy,  
On his pated box-boot,  
And he rolled through the gloaming  
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—New York Morning Journal.

that exhilarating liquid stood at each man's elbow when we took up the cards again. True, I hardly put my lips to mine, for my fall had shaken me a good deal, and I didn't feel much in the frame for immoderate cups. The stranger, too, as I observed, used his glass but sparingly; but Russell and the freshman drank like fishes, and devilish thirsty ones to boot. Before long, as you may guess, the play began to grow unpleasantly high, and our host, from being generously convivial, began to become a little short in his temper, as well as a little thick in his speech. The freshman contented himself with smiling fatuously and spilling about as much wine as he drank. But he had lost nearly £50, and I had shrewd doubts whether his exchequer contained at that particular time an equal number of shillings. You will hardly want to be told that our speculations were being carried on through the medium of "paper." Russell, too, who had hitherto been the largest winner, began to experience reverses, and to obtrude them freely. My luck had been fluctuating all the evening, but with a strong tendency to sink. Altogether, the aspect of affairs was far from pleasing, but our host would not hear of making an end, and kept losing more money, and opening more champagne, with a persistency worthy of a better cause. Finally, to crown the folly of the whole business, he proposed that the stranger deal for the whole party, pleading his duties as host—an impudent plea enough, considering that he was by this time the only drinker, and the incompetency of the freshman, which was certainly obvious to the meanest capacity. I ventured on a slight remonstrance; but really it was difficult to object with a good grace, and the stranger had a pair of confoundedly broad shoulders.

"You must have been very fresh, Tommy," observed one of the audience. "Not at all. I tell you the man was as big and as broad as a church, and I carried one of my arms in a sling; and even had I been fully armed, he could have polished me off as easily as you have been disposing of our friend's claret here. However, to go on with my story, such as it is."

Sitting idly then at the table my exercise being confined to frequently putting pieces of paper in the pool and less frequently taking pieces out, my eyes became irresistably attracted to the dealer. He certainly, despite his untried hand, contrived to deal with wonderful precision and rapidity. I noticed, too, that as Russell and the freshman continued to nurse their insatiate thirst, and, as the hands of the clock drew nearer and nearer to midnight, by which hour all strangers were bound, under pain of heavy penalties to their too liberal hosts, to be outside the college gates, that fortune, in the matter of aces, seemed determined to mark him for her own. At first this fact aroused no particular feeling in my breast beyond a vague one of envy; but, as I still watched him, there flashed across me in an instant of thought the doubt whether fortune had, perhaps, so much to do with the business as I supposed. In a moment a preternatural coolness and sagacity took hold of me; the fumes of Russell's champagne and of Russell's tobacco passed away from my brain, and my eyes assumed an abnormal eagleness of vision. A couple more deals satisfied me. The man was not playing fair.

And what the dence to do now was the question. Though I was as morally certain we were being cheated as I ever was of anything in my life, I could no more specify the manner of the trick than I could give you, if you wanted it, a list of the Archbishops of Canterbury in chronological order. The table we were seated at was a pretty large one, and the dealer played his little game on the opposite side to me. I couldn't stretch across it to arrest his fraudulent hand, even could I have nicked the precise moment to do so; and, beside, as I have already told you, he could have turned me over on the floor as easily as he turned the aces over on to the table. The others were far too much bemused with champagne and their losses to comprehend the nature of the case, or to be of any assistance if they could. It certainly was as awkward a predicament as an innocent and well-conditioned young gentleman need wish to be placed in.

Fortunately, at that moment the three-quarters struck, and the time for a safe deal came round. Here was a chance.

"I mustn't get you into trouble, Russell; perhaps we'd better stop now the game has gone. There's a good deal of paper about." So said the dealer, but fingering the cards wistfully, and obviously hoping a refusal.

"Certainly," I said, rising from my chair with alacrity, "we had better stop now."

"Stop," said Russell; "stop be d—d, I've lost £100. Sit down, Tommy, and have some more champagne. And you, Jack, go on with the deal."

The stranger paused.

"No," was my answer. "No, thank you, Russell; no more champagne for me, and no cards. I am going to bed, and, if you'll take my advice" (this to the freshman), "you'll come too. You, Russell, and your friend can do as you please, of course; but I'm off."

"That's deuced generous of you, certainly," said Russell, rather savagely.

"However, if you won't, you won't; so let's sort the paper. But I'm hanged if you play loo with us any more."

"I don't think I shall," I replied, as quietly as I could, and began to collect the various autographs that strewed the table in hideous profusion.

Fortune had been kind to me lately, and I was delighted to find no scrap of my hand-writing in the possession of the stranger. Altogether, I was a winner of some £20, divided pretty equally between my two friends. Russell had lost about £100 to his guest, and the freshman about £60 to the same favored individual.

"—!" was Russell's not unreason-

able comment, as I announced the result of my investigation. "But, hello, what the deuce are you about, Tom-

my?"

"Tearing up these silly bits of pa-

pers," was my answer, which, indeed, I

was doing as unconcernedly as I could, though feeling, let me tell you, anything but comfortable.

"But that will never do," said he; "I don't know about your young friend opposite, but I'm afraid I'm hardly prepared to liquidate on the spot."

"I don't think that will be necessary, do you?" was my reply, looking for the first time full in the stranger's face. It was not a pleasant one, but as I looked at it I felt somehow that he had no intention of showing fight.

He did not answer at once, but stood looking anxiously about the room, anywhere but at me. At last he spoke, with an uncomfortable attempt at a laugh.

"Do as you please. They say every one has his own rules for loo, and if these are yours here, why, I suppose I must agree to them."

"Precisely so," was my reply.

"Every one has his own rules; we have ours, as you see; and you, as I think I have seen, have yours. To-morrow, if you like, we'll discuss the difference (how fervently I hoped we should do nothing of the sort); but now, I think, bed will be the best place for us all.

Russell will see you to the gates, I am sure; and I'll look after this young gentleman, who doesn't seem very capable of performing that operation for himself." For the freshman, after one final and ferocious draught from a tumbler that had happily been empty for the last ten minutes, had fallen asleep in his chair, with an expression of more hopeless idiocy than I should have supposed the human countenance capable of assuming.

Still the man stood there, stealing a glance now and again at the others, but never at me, and drumming on the table with his cursed fingers.

At last I had rent the last evidence of our folly in fragments.

"Come," said I, turning to Russell, on whose flushed face was slowly dawning the idea of an unpleasantness somewhere, "it is on the stroke of 12—had we not better be moving?"

At length he rose. "Take that drunken fool off to bed," said he, nodding savagely at the slumbering idiot in the chair. "And you," to the stranger, "come along; we must be quick, if we are to clear the gate. You will find us here to-morrow, if you want us."

The stranger took his hat and stick and followed Russell to the door. As he reached it turned and said to me, still without looking at me, "We'll have a little settlement of this to-morrow."

"Certainly," I answered, "if you wish it. It won't be a very big one, I dare say."

"Then he went out and I never felt more relieved in all my life than when I heard their footsteps in the quadrangle, and turned to wake the booby in the chair. And there's my story for you, and I'll thank some of you for something to drink."

"And what became of your three-fingered friend?" asked one of the company.

"Heaven knows," said Tommy. "All I know is that he left his inn, and a pretty long bill into the bargain, by the first train next morning, and never showed his ugly face in Oxford again as long as I was there."

"Which wasn't very long, I fancy, was it?"

"No, it wasn't," was the short reply, "if you want to know, though I don't see what that has to do with it."

"And Russell—what became of him?"

"Well, he disappeared, too, before long; up like a rocket, down like a stick. He is writing for a newspaper somewhere, I think, poor devil."

"And the freshman?"

"Oh, took him off to bed, and there we may leave him. What beggars you are to ask questions."

"You must have been a nice young lot at St. Dunstan's," said one of the party, who had sat silent through these interrogations. "I should like to have been there with you; it would have been more remunerative, I fancy, than Newmarket." —London World.

#### The Mango.

Editor Haskell, of the Boston Herald, has been eating the mango in Mexico. He says that this delicious fruit is apt at first to embarrass and perplex a stranger to no small degree. In shape it resembles a pear with the stem at the wrong end, flattened, however, like a bean, and with the small end turned over to one side, something like a figure common on cashmere shawls. "Inside

it is a very large seed, which forms a considerable impediment to the enjoyment of the inexperienced." Mr. Haskell relates, "for the pulp is joined to this in a stringy way, and it is difficult to handle the slippery thing. A thoroughly-ripe mango has a kind of combination of muskmelon and baked custard aspect and texture to its deep-yellow pulp, and its rich flavor is indescribable, except that when eaten for the first time it seems to have a slight trace of turpentine, which disappears on acquaintance. The large yellow variety seemed to me to have a very slight and delicate flavor of peanut candy. The person who eats a mango for the first time generally covers himself with confusion and his face with mango pulp and juice, which is very sticky and yellow, so that he looks as if somebody had been feeding him with soft-boiled eggs in the dark. It will not do to eat a mango as one would an ordinary fruit, the correct way being to use a mango fork, which has but one tine, and therefore is really not a fork at all, but a spit. With this the fruit is impaled at one end and the point thrust firmly in the seed, which may thus be stripped of its last pulp without soiling the fingers."

#### A Good Worker.

A gentleman from "the farm" was recently praising up the abilities of his young wife. In his ecstasies he observed:

"She's a worker and a perfect tanner around the house, and is not yet 17."

"Good gracious, you must not let her work so hard, she will undermine her constitution," observed his friend.

"Why that girl will stand as much work as a four-horse team and a dog under the wagon, and so long as her by-law disposition is all right, her constitutional amendments will never be dug out from under, you bet." —Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

#### Why We're Dyspeptic in Hot Weather.

"As a rule," said Dr. J. A. Oldshue,

"the American lunch is responsible for American dyspepsia. The prevailing custom of perching on high stools where elbow room is at a premium, and shoveling down hot dishes is barbaric and only fit for Hottentots. Most of the lunch-rooms in the lower part of the city are fixed up in this way. The American breakfast, with its steak, potatoes, hot coffee and ice water, taken at an early hour in the morning, is hard enough on the digestive functions;

but the repetition of this thing at noon or 1 o'clock is even worse, swallowed as it is with precipitation and want of care.

"Lunch should be a small, quiet meal. It should not be heavy

enough to fill the stomach, but just light enough to stay the cravings until the heavier meal in the evening.

"In this weather lunch should be a cold meal. Nothing is better than a slice of cold spring lamb with mint sauce and salad dressed in the French style. A leg or a wing of cold green goose, or a bit of cold broiled gosling, is dainty and palatable. The heavy meats, such as beef and veal, ought to be avoided. They overburden the stomach, and render a man practically unfit for the afternoon work. Beer and ale ought not to be indulged in except by those who have heavy manual labor to do, and who can, therefore, throw off the somnolent effect.

"A good glass of cold claret, not iced, is refreshing and sustaining, but champagne, Burgundy and Hungarian wines are anything but good. They heat the blood and deaden the brain, and should be reserved for the dinner hour, when there is sufficient time to properly absorb them. But champagne, unless very dry, is not a fit thing to accompany eating. It clogs the internal functions and is conductive of dyspepsia.

"If any hot dish is eaten for lunch, it should be at the most a slice of fish.

"Nothing is more delicious than a piece of cold salmon or blue-fish, with either mayonnaise or plain salad dressing." —Pietsburgh Gazette.

#### The Virtue in a Texas Norther.

The fact that the climate of Texas is poor, temperate and remarkably salubrious is generally understood, but little is known by the generality of readers of the important bearing which the Texas northerners exercise in the development of organized existence. We find the cause of these winter visitors, which have given Texas a climate sui generis, in the absence of mountains or forests on a line due north between the coast of Western Texas and the Arctic regions, the consequence of which is that the uninterrupted polar currents of air southward take their course, proceeding with a velocity gradually accelerated by a more rarified atmosphere, until, with the rising temperature, an equilibrium becomes established in the tropics. The great value of the northerners consists in the recuperation under their influences of the vital forces, which, in similar latitudes, are seriously weakened by the enervating effects of an eternal summer. Close observation of the phenomena of nutritive growth, shows that a sensibly cold season is a necessary condition of active life, and this theory is supported by the facts that lazzaroni are indigenous to tropical countries, and that vegetable life in such countries suffer for a period of rest. These drawbacks are prevalent in Texas by the northerners, which in other ways prove an important factor in relation to the wants and labors of man, making the State a separate province for a higher order of animal and vegetable distribution. —Texas Sifters.

—Somerville Journal.

#### THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Only the leaf of a rosebud