

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

Way a Prestidigitator Fooled a Party of Loungers—Something Very Much Like Mind-Reading.

"How much can you influence any one?"

"I will show you the whole extent of my power, or any other man's, in this respect," said the professor, taking a pencil from his pocket. He borrowed a visiting card from one of the party, held it under the table and wrote a figure on it. Then he folded it up until it was like a ball and tossed it across the table to the writer.

"Put that piece of paper in your pocket, please, and button your coat over it. Now I'll tell you what I propose to do. Give me another card. Observe, I write on this card a series of numbers. It doesn't make much difference how many. They are:

5, 1, 3, 6, 2, 4, 7, 9, 8.

"Now, I propose, by an effort of my mind, to make you select the number from this list which is written on the folded card in your pocket, and which you have not seen. Take the pencil and card," tossing them across the table, "and cross out one of those numbers. Look me in the eye for a moment. Now!"

The writer deliberately chose the figure 4, and was about to cross it out when he suddenly resolved to take the 7. He changed his mind again, and abruptly drew the pencil through the figure 2.

"Take the card out of your pocket, please, and open it."

When the card was unfolded the figure 2 was written in the middle.

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"Are you sure?" asked the professor.

"Of course. I know when I put a \$20 bill in my pocket."

"It's a \$1 bill," said the professor, quietly. "The original \$2 bill is in the celery glass."

The man pulled out the bill, found it was \$1, threw it across to the professor, pulled the \$2 out of the celery glass, and gasped:

"Where's that twenty?"

"Here in my hand."

"Well, motion is quicker than sight."

"Wrong again. Motion cannot be quicker than sight. The reason you don't see me substitute one of those bills for another is because I distracted your attention at the instant I made the change. Show us a poker hand if you've got cards with you."

"I haven't any. I left mine at the club."

A pack was procured by the waiter, who regarded the magician with awe, as he said:

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The magician turned up the winning hand a ten high straight flush.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

APPLE CUSTARD.—A nice apple custard is made of one pint of apple sauce, one pint of sweet milk, and three eggs. Flavor and sweeten to taste. To be baked with an under crust.

OATMEAL MUFFINS. One cup oatmeal, one and a half pints flour, one teaspoon of salt, two of baking-powder, one pint of milk, one table-spoon of lard, two eggs. Mix smoothly into a batter rather thinner than for cup cakes. Fill the muffin rings two-thirds full and bake in a hot oven.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda or baking-powder, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven. Hot water can be used in the place of the milk with very good results.

Dead Men's Shoes.

"Dead men's shoes? Yes, sir, several dealers make a specialty of them, and sell large numbers." The speaker was the proprietor of one of the innumerable second-hand stores which line D street from Eighth to Tenth street, and whose presence has christened the thoroughfare the "Chatham street" of Washington.

"How do you get them?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," he replied, with a strong German accent accompanied by an odor of onions. "We have agents. They go about town, and whenever they see a crimp on the door they put down the number and street in their memorandum book. Then, after waiting a reasonable time, until the burial is over, the agent calls again and makes an offer for the dead man's shoes, which is generally accepted. Sometimes the agents buy clothing in the same way, but boots and shoes can always be bought. If they are out of repair we mend them. I guess at least 5,000 pairs are sold on D street every week at an average price of \$1 per pair. Colored men are the best customers." At this point the dealer in pedal coverings of defunct citizens was called inside by the minor clerk, who was trying to force the sale of a large ulster on a very thin man, with the frequent remark that it fit him like the paper on the wall.—*Washington Republican*.

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