

SUPPLEMENT.

THE OBSERVER'S COLUMN.

"In his brain
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With information, which he vents
In mangled forms."

POIN'S STRUGGLES WITH THE DIFFICULTIES
OF OUR MODERN SLANG—REFLECTS UPON
THE VANITY OF GAMBLING—AND MAKES
SOME COMPARISON BETWEEN THE WOMEN
OF HIS DAY AND OURS—REACHING A
SURE CONCLUSION.

"I prithee, good Benvolio," said Poin's
to me one morning not many days ago,
"unfold to me some portion of the mystery
of your modern language. Is there
not a new-coined word which terms a
man of certain tastes and habits, a sport?"

"There is a class whose members are
denominated sports," said I.

The hour was about 6:30 a. m. I had
just awakened, but had not yet arisen
from my couch. The morning was cold
and dreary, and a glance through my
window showed anything but an inviting
prospect. I felt deliciously warm
and comfortable where I was, and, revelling
in the luxury we all feel in a few
minutes spent in bed beyond the time
we know we should be up, was postponing
the unpleasant contact with the outer
air and the icy water I knew I
should find in the bath, as long as possible.

Points was dexterously balanced on
the foot of the bed, gazing at me in a half
envious manner, and bearing in his garb
and aspect no indication of having seen a
bed for twenty-four hours at least.

"Poin's," I said, in accents of severe
reproach, "you've been up all night."

"Ay, Benvolio, I've been both up and
down." In a tone of thoughtful recollection
he continued: "At one time, to use the
current phrase of the day, I was
about forty dollars winner. But that
time was short."

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"Did you just get in?"

"I am but now returned from a tavern
hard by," responded he, "and I have
been gaming. There is a device for such
diversion which was strange and of interest
to me last night. But now," he added,
"it is familiar, and its recollection
brings no pleasure withal."

"What do you mean?" I asked becomingly
interested.

"In a holstery some short distance
hence," he replied, "into which I strayed
for refreshment after an excursion through
your city, I met some men of such witty
and pleasing discourse, (albeit it was
strange to my ear, and often awkward
and uncouth to my judgment,) that I became
much interested in their conversations.
Their speech, as yours often is to
my ear, was strange, though in the occurring
and loud, and every-

thing. And
as I
was
played by as many as like upon one side
of a table, and but one man upon the other.
And therein lies a most conclusive argument
against your modern ideas concerning
majestries being powerful.
For though there were many upon one
side of this curious table, and but one
upon the other, the one man in space of
time but short became possessor of all
money staked by others and I was told
by men to whom the game is as their
morning cocktail, a familiar thing,
that the one man, whom they
call the "Banker," in the
end was always winner. And that word
"cocktail" It is a pleasing beverage,
compounded of a mixture of most de-
lightful liquors, but why its name? Surely
there is nothing of the foul about it,
unless it be that portion of the mixture
they term whisky. But then it is
most acceptable, I am told, at the tail
end of a debauch, so there may be some
reason in its appellation."

"So you don't like the game of faro?" I
asked.

"Not over much," he replied. "It hath
a power of excitement that is pleasing,
but the aftermath is of too depressing and
melancholy vein to please my taste."

Much to my astonishment and amusement,
Poin's at this point extracted from
a pocket of the suit of modern cut with
which I had seen him fitted as soon as he
took up his abode with me, a cigarette
and a match, and applying the one to the
other in the most approved manner, com-
menced to smoke, with much outward
evidence of inward satisfaction.

"So you've added that to your list of
accomplishments?" I queried. "How do
you like it?"

"At first but little, he answered. But
custom lends its charm, and now it likes
me much. What you call your cigars
are something strong, but having begun
with these small substitutes I hope in
time to become a finished smoker. For I
am told it is necessary to smoke among
other things, to be a sport. And I am
determined to be worthy that title, and
wear ere long with full reason, the dis-
tinguished name of sport."

"Your ambition is easily attained," I
answered. "It takes but little to be one
—in this town, at least."

My companion then remarked that he
was weary, and withdrew to sleep. He
possesses the enviable faculty of being
able to sleep when he pleases and just as
long as suits him. He expressed his in-
tention of arising at three in the after-
noon, saying something about an engage-
ment at four. I was not much astonished,
then, to meet him, about five in the after-
noon, walking in a street somewhat re-
moved from the center of town, with a
very pretty young lady. He showed
some embarrassment when I met him, and
looked as if he were caught in an exhibi-
tion of weakness he would rather have
kept from my knowledge. So, when I
met him in the evening, I rallied him a
little upon his devotion to the fair sex.
After some light conversation, in which
his confusion became so painful as to
arouse my pity, I asked him how he
thought the women of our day compared
with those of his.

"Never was I much of a gallant," he
answered. "I had but little time for the
other sex. But from such limited com-
parison as I can draw, they have changed
but little. There is among your women
more of independence, and perhaps,

more of learning. But never did man
see the occasion when a woman could
not hold her own, or when she did not
know enough, granting her youth and
beauty, to have her own sweet way.
Always has she ruled the world, and as
long as men are men, and not stones or
demi-gods, she will rule. She is
willing that the man should wear the
crown, empty ornament, but always she
will sway the sceptre, emblem of despotic
dominion."

"Why, you are quite a philosopher," I
cried.

"Nay, something of an observer—no
more. When one has seen bad fortune
ever follow good, and pain ever come in
pleasure's train one learns to think a lit-
tle." BENVOLIO.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

Mixed in Wise and Highly Exhilarating
Proportions.

Inez (telling of her yachting "rip")—And
all the way home we just hung the shore.

Young Saphead—Aw, do you know I
would have been very glad to have been
the shore.

Inez—Thanks, but the shore has lots of
rocks; quite an attraction, nowadays, as
you are aware.—[Kearney Enterprise.

Citizen (to lawyer)—I want your ad-
vice in a suit I am about—

Lawyer—Excuse me, but a fee of \$20
will be necessary before discussing legal
matters.

Citizen—Certainly; there you are. My
suit is against Smith. He agreed to—

Lawyer (pocketing the money)—I am
sorry, sir, but you are a little too late. I
have been retained by Smith.—[Harper's
Bazar.

Miss Crimble (to clerk of the Snake
Creek House)—Will you please send a
porter to our room, Mr. Bigstud?

Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Anything wrong?

Miss Crimble—Papa just shot a mos-
quito and we would like Patrick to carry
it out.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Boston man—Well, my boy, how is
real estate in the West, active?

Drummer (just returned from Kansas)—
Active? Well, I should say so. A cy-
clone carried a 160-acre farm forty miles
the other day. It's a little too active for
me.—[Kearney Enterprise.

Lecturer—All statistics prove that the
blonde women are more difficult to get
along with than the brunettes.

Astonished man in the audience (start-
ing up)—Are you certain of that?

Professor—It is a fact.

Astonished man—Then I believe my
wife's black hair is dyed.—[Wasp.

TRUE TO NATURE.



Dear children: The above is a picture
of a scene in our Great National Museum
at Washington. It was drawn by Our
Artist in Great Expense. The figures are
stuffed. They were made by a Great
Scientist, who draws a large salary
from the Government to enable him to
study Nature. He didn't study Nature
in a Chicago Divorce Court. Oh, no! He
went to South America, and in the
Umbrageous Tropical Forests, he saw
the hairy there whisky. But then it is
most acceptable, I am told, at the tail
end of a debauch, so there may be some
reason in its appellation."

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asked.

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parison as I can draw, they have changed
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Dried Chicken Gizzards.

There is a new clerk at a certain Broad
street store. The other day his colleagues
tricked him in this way: They made a
new label for the mace bottle, and placed
it over the old one. This is what was on
the new label, "Dried Chicken Gizzards."
Then one of them wrote an order and
stepped up the street and sent it down.
It was of course delivered to the afore-
said new clerk. He had never before
heard of this food, but did not want to
acknowledge that he was green, and be-
gan to take down bottle after bottle. At
length he came to one bearing the right
label. The "dried chicken gizzards" was
weighed, and charged to the party whose
name was attached to the order. This
morning the bookeeper came out rearing
about charging "dried chicken gizzards,"
and the young man carried him to the
bottle to prove that there was such a
thing—but it was gone. He is ready
now to fight the perpetrator of the joke.
—[Athens Chronicle.

The Feminine Way.

Housemaid—There is a gentleman
down stairs, ma'am, who is almost pulling
the bell out, and says he wants the key
to the fire alarm box.

Mistress (rushing to the mirror)—Ask
him to send up his card, and tell him I
will be down in a few minutes.

Hard to Believe.

"Pa," said a lad to his father. "I have
often read of people poor but honest.
Why don't they some times say, 'rich but
honest'?"

"Tut, tut, my son; nobody would believe
them," answered the father.—[Liverpool Post.

The Feminine Way.

A TRAMP CLIENT'S FEE.

Originally a Barrel of Bourbon Whisky.
It Developed Into \$1,000,000 Cash.

"Undoubtedly the most valuable barrel of whisky ever distilled," said a well-known Steuben county lawyer, "was owned some years ago in Steuben county. If there was ever a barrel of whisky more valuable I would like to hear of it, for two gallons of this particular one brought its owner over \$500,000 a gallon. There is a story connected with that whisky that is worth telling, and worth placing on the record, too."

"Some years before the war a young man named Henry M. Sherwood was admitted to the bar of Steuben county. He was a bright young fellow, and belonged in the town of Woodhull. Soon after he was admitted to the bar, and before he had had his first client, a tramp was arrested and put in jail at Corning. He had been guilty of some serious breach of the peace at Corning, and his general appearance was that of a gentle man. He tried to engage a lawyer to defend him when his case came up for hearing, but as he had no money no one cared to take his case in hand. At last he inquired whether there wasn't some young lawyer in the place who hadn't had much of an opportunity to distinguish himself as yet, and who would likely be willing to undertake the management of the prisoner's case for the chance of getting some glory out of it. He was told that young Hank Sherwood might consent to appear under these conditions, and the stranger sent for the briefless lawyer. Sherwood went to the jail and saw the prisoner.

"It looks as if I was in a pretty bad
scrape," said the tramp to Hank, "but I
believe that a lawyer can get me through all right. Now, I'm from Kentucky, and I haven't got a cent. I'm going back to Kentucky if I get out of this
scrape, but I'll have to beg or beat my way
to get there. My father is a big
distiller, but I've been a trifle wild, and
he and I are not on the best terms. He
wouldn't send me a cent even if I should
send word to him of the fix I am in, here. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will
take charge of my case and work it for
all it's worth, and get me clear, I'll sneak
out of the old man's stock, when I get home,
a barrel of the best old Kentucky
whisky there is in the Bourbon country,
and have it shipped to you. I can do it
easily. What do you say?"

"Young Sherwood didn't take a bit of
stock in the man's story, but he made
up his mind to see what he could do in
the management of the case, just to begin
getting his hand in, and he accepted
the tramp as his client. I don't remember
the details of the case, but Hank succeeded
in clearing the tramp and the latter
went away feeling good. Time passed
along and Sherwood had forgotten all
about his client and the promised fee,
when one day the station agent at Addison,
where the young lawyer lived, met him
and said:

"Say, Hank, there's a barrel in the
freight house for you. It's been there a
day or two, and came from Kentucky.
More than that its markings declare that
it contains fine old Kentucky bourbon."

"The tramp had paid his lawyer's fee,
sure enough. Sherwood had the barrel
taken home and placed in his cellar. He
wasn't much of a tamper with whisky,
and the barrel lay in the cellar five years
without being disturbed. The late Con-
stant Cook was then Judge of Steuben
county. He was holding court at Corning
one term, and, as was custom in
those days, a number of lawyers and
others gathered in the judge's room at
the hotel in the evening and passed an
hour or so in a social game of euchre.
The judge enjoyed an occasional glass of
good whisky, too. On the occasion I
speak of, Hank Sherwood was one of the
judge's euchre party. The judge was
very bitter in his denunciation of the
whisky they sold in Corning, and said
he would be grateful for a glass of whisky
that was fit to drink. That reminded
Sherwood of his barrel of old Kentucky
bourbon, that had been living so long in
his cellar. He told Judge Cook that he
had some whisky at home that he knew
was good, and that he would fetch some
down next day. He had his barrel tapped
that night, and filling a two-gallon
jug from it brought it to Corning and
presented it to Judge Cook. The judge
tasted the whisky, and with all his ex-
perience he had never met with its equal.

"Young man," said he to Sherwood, "I
won't forget you for fetching me this
rare stuff. If ever I see a chance to give
you a lift, I'll do it."

"And the check is for five thousand?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Look here," said Reid, "there are
half a dozen writs against the broker,
and he has only given you this check
knowing it would not be paid in order
to gain time. He will draw this money
himself before the day is out, and probably
bolt you from his creditors."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the
merchant, in blank despair.

"Just this," said Reid, as cool as a cucumber: "take a pencil and a piece of
paper, and write in a hurried scrawl as
I dictate: 'To the Secretary of the
Bank. Dear Sir: I have just accidentally
discovered that I have drawn a cheque in
favor of—and that my credit at the
bank falls short by Rs. 200. I have sent
this sum per bearer to prevent, dis-
appointment should the check be presented
during the day.' Now," said Reid as the
merchant finished the note, "the broker's
initials."

The merchant looked up in astonish-
ment.

"Never mind," said the officer, "it's no
offense to pay money into the bank to a
man's credit, though it would be to draw
money out under a forged document."

This advice overcame the merchant's
scruples, and the broker's initials were
duly attached to the letter and the money
despatched to the bank. It was paid in
without a question being asked. The
check was afterward presented, and paid
in full. On going down the stairs the
merchant met his friend the broker com-
ing up