

MOVING IF NOT TOUCHING TALE.—A large crowd gathered, recently, in Fourth Street, Sacramento, Cal., in front of the Court House, attracted by the moving through the streets of one of the buildings from John Taylor's lot. The building was about fifty feet long, and had been mounted on four wooden truck wheels with a pair of wagon wheels in front, to which a team of six stout mules was hitched. After many tugs the old house started, the driver yelling and the mud flying all over the sidewalk. After an hour's time they dragged the building about 150 feet. Within a few feet of the crossing from the Recorder's office to Evan's store, they stuck fast, owing to a slight rise in the street made by the crossing. The driver cursed himself hoarse, the six big mules floundered in the mud, but not an inch could they budge the old building. The crowd increased, and bets were made that they would never start it again.

The teamster from the redwoods, with four mustangs, had stopped to watch the performance, a broad-faced, athletic young fellow. He said nothing until, roused, perhaps, by a splash of mud, he walked to the front wiping his face on his sleeve and said:

"I ain't got but \$3, but I'll bet every d—n cent that my four mustangs will start that rookery of there."

There was a derisive laugh from the crowd, and a dozen takers.

"Put up the money," said the teamster. "If I had more or knew where to borrow any, I'd see the last one of you."

The bet was taken, Jerry Farmer held the stakes, six mules were taken off, and the four mustangs whined on. Meanwhile the interest of the crowd increased, and bets were freely made with big odds against the teamster.

When ready to start, the excitement was at a high pitch. The little mustangs bent to their work, but the house did not move. He started again; no go. Nothing daunted, the teamster, in answer to the crowd, who were chaffing him in all quarters, said: "If Jim Shaw was here to get the money and bet fifty dollars that I could start it. I ain't got 'em warned up yet."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars against one of your ses," said a well-known livery man, "that you can't pull it five feet."

"It's a whack," said the teamster; "put up the money." The money was handed to Jerry Farmer, stakeholder.

Another tug. The little mustangs seemed to help themselves, but it was no go. "I'll bet you fifty agin that mare's mate you can't do," said the livery man, eagerly. "Done," said the teamster; "I'll bet the last hoof of 'em on it, you may swing me to one of them oaks in the yard if they can't do it."

By this time the excitement was running high among the lookers on, and side bets were numerous.

One offered to bet \$100 he could not do it, the teamster got a friend to take the bet for him.

Those who had watched the teamster closely saw a change in his manner, a smile on his countenance. He walked up to each horse successively, tapped him on the rump with the butt of his black snake, and said to each: "Stand there now in your harness."

For the first time he mounted the near wheel, tied a single rein, turned his team off "haw," and pulling them back "gee," cracked his whip, gave a yell, and, as they straightened, the unwieldy load

rose over the obstruction like an old hulk over a swell at sea, greeted by a burst of applause from the bystanders. The mustangs pulled for about twenty-five feet and he stopped them.

"You see, boys," said the teamster, as he got down, "I'm with them all the time and know just what they can do, and"—with a child-like smile—"just when to make them do it." As he dropped the stakes into his overalls pocket, he said: "I'd give \$50 out of that ar stake if Jim Shaw had been here to see that team pull. Jerry, I'm dry; let's go over to Buck Williamson's and take a drink."

A RARE PIECE OF PROPERTY.—Young Toddleby was a true-hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Loffer. It so happened that Toddleby became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned, he asked Mr. Loffer to recommend him to the father, Loffer being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed, and performed his mission; but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Loffer said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength, and a determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well," said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see: What will you take for your right leg? I will give you twenty thousand dollars for it."

Of course Toddleby refused.

The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father, he said,—

"I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered, and has refused, twenty thousand dollars."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end he had reason to be proud of his son-in-law; though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property upon the strength of which he had consented to the match, "If it could not take wings, it was liable at any time to walk off."

A DEADLY DRINK.—A good story is told, which we do not think has yet found its way into print, of the evils of temperance from a bibulous point of view. Two old soakers, steadying themselves against the bar, were taking their usual beverage.

"Herwayer, Jim; whadger goin' ter take this mornin'?"

"Guess I'll hev er brandy cocktail; wha' yer goin' to tak' yerself?"

"Little old rye in mine."

"Eny news 'smornin'?"

"No, nothin' 'cept papers sez Vice-Pres'n't Wilson's dead."

"Yes, I heard o' that; an' they say he never took nothin' but water."

"No, yer don't say so (drinks), ah-h-h?"

"Never drank nothin'—here's to you (drinks), ah-h-h. Yes, he never took nothin' but water."

"Well, well, that's what fetches 'em after a while, isn't it, ole feller?"