

me, but *one*! gentlemen. Where's my commission to come from? Who says *two*?

"Oh, this won't do. You must really bid up, gentlemen, or I withdraw the property in my own interest. Come, double the last bid, anyway. Any advance? Any at all? Have you all done? Don't let me be drawn into any alliterative quotations regarding pearls and pork, but bid up. What! no advance on one dollar? Well, then, my first duty is to myself, *Going!* GOING! GONE! and SOLD FOR A DOLLAR!"

BASIL SYM.

REV. E. A. STAFFORD.

BORN 1839; DIED 1891.

A LITTLE span of half a hundred years
He walked the earth; yet so benign that walk
He still will live, when half a hundred more
Have come and gone.
Not that his fame was known in many lands,
To be re-echoed from the trump of Time,
But that within the sphere in which he moved—
The narrower bounds of this, his native land,
We knew his worth, and will not let him die.
From sire to son that noble memory—
A Sabbath sunlight round the tall, lithe form
Which shined a soul wide as the human race,
That looked abroad with sad and gentle eyes,
Anon with humor kindling, yet which flashed
The lightning of a righteous wrath at times;
And spoke, through lips that wore a genial smile,
The homely phrase that sent an old, old truth
Upon its errand looking almost new;
And hid itself beneath the unschooled pose,
The nervous attitude, the quaint, slow voice,
That seldom rose to real eloquence—
Unless real eloquence is simple speech
That holds the mind and captivates the heart—
That noble memory from sire to son
Will surely pass, to bless and to inspire.
Bereaved Methodism kneels and weeps
At Stafford's tomb, but not in solitude,
Beside her all the sister Churches bend;
Creeds count for naught; this plain dead preacher here
Was great enough to love and reverence each,
And so is mourned by all.

J. W. B.

THE FAKIR'S BRILLIANT SCHEME.

"I AM going down to New York next week," said the Fakir, as he threw his cigar into the waste basket and seated himself on a batch of fifty-cent jokes on the edge of the editor's desk. "I'm dead broke. Shall have to put my watch in hock to raise my railroad fare. But I'm going to come back in a few days with a thousand dollars in good greenbacks. Yes, sir—not a cent less. Bet you I'll make some of them millionaires give up just as easy!"

"What is your scheme this time?" asked the poetry editor.

"Something entirely new and bound to succeed. I'm just going to ask for the boodle and get it handed right over. Threaten them with dynamite? Not much. What yer take me for? I'm not such a chump. D'yer s'pose I want to be sent up for ten years? Threaten nothing—just ask for it and get it."

"But you don't think the New York millionaires are the kind of men who give a stranger a thousand dollars for the asking?" said the editor of the Mule and Goat Department.

"Well, no, not as a general thing," replied the Fakir. "But you see circumstances alter cases. Just now the millionaires feel kind of rattled over this Russell Sage



THINGS THAT SLIP OUT WHEN WE'RE WARMED UP.

CANDIDATE—"Gentlemen, my opponent is acting in a mean, contemptible, low-down way, but let me warn him that two can play at *that* game."

business. They're getting mighty scared for fear some crank might blow them up. Well, I mean to work 'em for all I'm worth on that racket."

"I thought you said you weren't going to threaten them with dynamite?"

"Why, no. I won't give myself away as easy as that. Here's my scheme. I'll go into the office with my washing done up in a neat little parcel under my arm. Get to see Jay Gould or Depew or any of them fellers. Then I kind of look wild and say in an excited tone of voice, 'I'm just going to get my washing done. It's in this parcel. I want \$1,000 quick. Hurry up, now, and hand it over, or I might let this fall.' Well, if he's afraid he will probably put up the money and then I walk out. Where the feller that tried to blow up old man Sage missed it was in asking for a million. If he'd said a thousand he'd have got it."

"But suppose the millionaire doesn't weaken, but grabs hold of you and calls in the police?" asked the political editor.

"Ah, that's where the beauty of my scheme comes in. 'Officer, arrest this man; he's a dynamiter!' says the millionaire. I smile and say nothing. The peeler collars me and grabs my bundle. 'Ah, what have we here? Dynamite?' 'Nothing but my washing,' says I. He feels of it and by and by gets courage to open it; finds nothing but a soiled shirt and some collars and socks. 'Didn't I tell you so?' says I, with an air of injured innocence. 'Did this man make any threats?' 'Well—no—can't say he exactly did,' says Mr. Millionaire. 'Said he might let the parcel drop.' 'Well, ain't any man liable to let a parcel drop when he's tired carrying it round all day?' says I. 'There's no use arresting this man,' says