

### HOW JOBSON WAS CAUGHT

He Was Seeking to Teach His Wife a Lesson.

But Somehow a Cog Slipped and Jobson Was the Individual Who Received Instruction.

From Saturday's Daily. Some months ago Mr. Jobson received, in the morning mail delivered at his house, a letter addressed to him in a dainty feminine hand. Mrs. Jobson had gone to the basement door to get the letters from the postman, and she was somewhat puzzled as to who Mr. Jobson's feminine correspondent could be. She did not know the handwriting. It was that of none of her female relatives nor of his. However, she handed the letter to him at the breakfast table, simply asking, not in any particularly curious way:

"Who is it from?" "I'll know better as to that after I've opened it and seen the signature," replied Mr. Jobson choppily.

Mrs. Jobson ran over her own letters while Mr. Jobson was reading the missive addressed to him in the feminine handwriting, and when she looked up and across the table at her spouse he was apparently suffused in blushes, and there was quite an amount of self-satisfied complacency in his manner.

"Anything important?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Jobson, leaning at himself in the sideboard mirror and twiddling with his fork.

"Is it from anybody I know?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"I think not," replied Mr. Jobson, adjusting his cravat and pulling down his cuffs in a truly Lothario-like manner.

"Business matter?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

"Well, hardly that," answered Mr. Jobson, with another quite killing look at himself in the sideboard glass.

"Anything I'd be interested in?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, not with any particular indication of excitement nor any evidence of pique.

"I wouldn't undertake to say as to that," replied Mr. Jobson, rubbing the hair over on the bald spot on the top of his head, and smiling mysteriously to himself.

When Mr. Jobson was at the dessert stage of his dinner that evening, he looked up at Mrs. Jobson and said:

"Come near going out of your mind from jealousy this morning, didn't you?"

"Jealousy?" replied Mrs. Jobson, trying to look as completely mystified as possible. "Jealous of who? On account of what? What do you?"

"Oh, I saw your eyes flash, and I thought you were going to have an attack of apoplexy," said Mr. Jobson.

"Jealousy is a sorry business, Mrs. Jobson—it's a feeling that men are incapable of experiencing—their natures are so much larger and broader, you know. Now, I don't want you to go on suffering acute misery over the communication I received, addressed in a feminine hand, this morning, and so I'll show it to you on condition—"

"I have not the least desire in life to see it," said Mrs. Jobson. She had, in fact, already read it—when Mr. Jobson had changed his coat for his smoking jacket on coming home from the office, before he had thought to shift the letter to his smoking jacket pocket.

Mr. Jobson insisted upon her reading it, however, and for the second time she read over a begging letter, written by the female secretary of the Society for the Raising of a Sponge Cake Fund for Indigent Infants, or something of that sort.

When the postman delivered the first mail on Tuesday morning last, there was a letter for her addressed—in a strong masculine hand. Mr. Jobson was right behind her, and she made an ineffectual effort to hide the letter beneath her house jacket. But Mr. Jobson's eagle eye had caught her in the attempt.

"Who's that one from, Mrs. Jobson?" he asked her in a sharp voice.

"Which one?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, a succession of well defined blushes crossing her face.

"That letter addressed in a man's handwriting that you just stuck under your waist," said Mr. Jobson severely.

"Let's just have a look at that after you've read it, if you please."

"But it's from"—Mrs. Jobson started to say, looking quite extraordinarily guilty, however, and faltering her speech.

"I'll just take the trouble to ascertain myself who it's from, madam," said

Mr. Jobson, "as soon as you've looked over it. Pretty mysterious business, I should say. Why, of all the nerve that I ever heard of, this is!"

And Mr. Jobson jammed his hands into his trousers pockets, ruffled up his hair and clomped up and down the dining room.

Mrs. Jobson broke open the envelope, hastily read the letter, returned it to the envelope and looked greatly confused. She started to tear the missive up, but Mr. Jobson was within two feet of her in a stride.

"Ah ha!" said he, his eyes blazing. "You'd tear it up, would you? You'd hide the evidence of—madam, I'll trouble you to hand me that letter, and at once."

Mrs. Jobson drew back. "But I'd much rather not, and"—she started to say.

"That letter instantly, Mrs. Jobson! Why, of all the outrageous!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to surrender it," said Mrs. Jobson shrinkingly, and then she handed over the letter to Mr. Jobson. It was from the correspondence clerk of a Washington male tailor, and it read—

"Madam—That skirt which you left with us to be made over and relined is finished, and we beg to request that you call at your convenience and try same on, in order that we may be sure that it fits satisfactorily."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobson, mopping his forehead. "That's what it is, is it?"

"Men are incapable of experiencing such a feeling as jealousy, aren't they?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, sweetly.

"Jealousy, nothing," said Mr. Jobson. "Who was jealous? I thought it was another procrastinating letter from that dummy of a lawyer of yours about the sale of that lot."—Washington Star.

**A Tonic Needed.**

Mrs. Hohmboddie—John, dear, while you're down town I wish you'd just call and pay the milliner—\$17 the bill is, but if you give her \$10—

Mr. Hohmboddie—I'd rather settle it in full.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you the pattern—and that will take the other \$7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings, that will be about \$3 more, and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want. You've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget?

Mr. Hohmboddie—No, I'll remember;—and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Your tonic? Why, that costs \$1.50! It seems just like throwing money in the street to pay for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

**The Editor Was Alive.**

"The queerest newspaper shop I ever saw in my life," said an old reporter, "was the office of a weekly in a town out in Kansas, which I chanced to visit while writing up the resources of the state for an eastern trade journal. There was a red-hot county campaign in progress at the time, and this paper had displayed so much enterprise in showing up the private history of the opposition candidates and their supporters that half the men in town were laying for the editor with guns.

"He was pretty handy at that game himself, however, and had fitted up the premises with a special view to avoiding surprises from the enemy. His sanctum sanctorium, as he called it, could only be reached through a short hall, in which two looking glasses were hung in such a manner as to reflect anybody who entered the outer door, the second glass being in sight of the editor's desk. In that way he knew who was coming some seconds before the visitor got into direct view and could also see whether any warlike preparation were being made in the hallway. But that was not all. Concealed under a table was a double barreled 'sawed off' shotgun, fastened to cleats and trained on the office door, each barrel containing about a quart of buckshot. This horrible machine was kept at full cock and a string attached to the triggers was looped over a nail on the editor's desk, next to the copy hook.

"On the occasion of my first and only visit, I had just crossed the outer threshold when I heard a squaky voice exclaim:

"Please raise your chin a trifle, stranger!"

"I obeyed mechanically, and, passing on through the outer door, found the editor sitting at his desk with a string in one hand and a pen in the other. As soon as I entered he dropped the string and gave me a cordial greeting. Then he explained his masked battery scheme.

"It's a very neat idea," he said proudly, "and saves lots of time. When anybody comes in at the front door,

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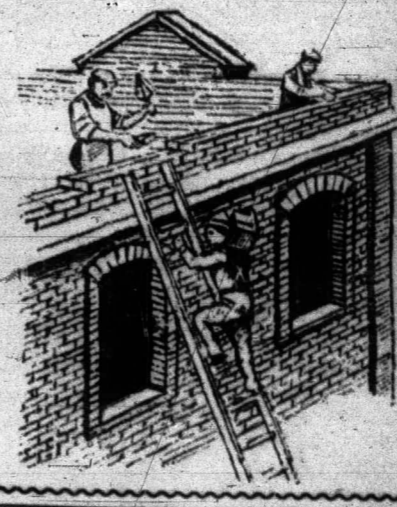
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I simply glance at the mirror and know exactly what to expect, and if it's some fellow looking for trouble a slight tug on this string will give him all he requires. It's a little dark today," he added apologetically, "and when you came in with your head down I mistook you for one of the McLaughlins. I thought, though, that I'd better be sure first, and that's why I called to you in the abrupt way I did. No offense, I hope."

"I assured him it was all right and also remarked that I had just remembered an important engagement. As I passed through the door my hair stood straight up on end, and it gives me palpitation even now just to think about it. The last I heard of the editor he was still holding the fort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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**Notice.**

H. J. Miller, call at Nugget office: important. p21

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