

THE SCRAP BOOK

His Four Kings Were Very Good.

"POOR Pat Sheedy," said a sporting editor, "used to entertain me when I visited his art shop, with gambling tales.

"There was one tale about a sandwich which I rather liked. It seems, according to this tale, that a bartender in Tombstone, or Dead Cat, or some such town, connived with three sharpers and heaven help a tenderfoot that ever ventured to sit in a little poker game among that crew.

"One night the tenderest tenderfoot imaginable after half a dozen drinks in the saloon, agreed to take a hand in a dollar-limit game.

"Things went along in the usual way for a while; then an amazing series of nods and winks began to pass about. The bartender had signalled that the tenderfoot held four kings on the draw. There were more nods and winks and betting began.

"In the midst of the betting a waiter brought some sandwiches and whiskey, in order to distract the tenderfoot, and while the poor dupe was tossing off his drink the sharper next him slipped a sixth card into his hand, thus, of course, nullifying it.

"The unconscious tenderfoot took up a huge sandwich, bit off a large mouthful, and began to bet again. Right and left, of course, they raised him. He ate on and bet away calmly. An enormous sum lay on the table.

"Then suddenly the bartender resumed his nods and winks. He was terribly excited. Something was wrong. The sharpers, a little anxious, called the tenderfoot.

"The tenderfoot finished the last bite of his sandwich, took a long drink of whiskey and laid down his original five cards. Then, in silence he gathered in his huge pile of winnings and with a cool nod took his departure.

"After his departure there was a terrible time.

"What the dickens did he do with that sixth card?" the sharpers cried.

"Didn't you see? Didn't you see?" cried the bartender, dancing up and down with rage. "He ate it with his sandwich!"—*Washington Post*.

A Thoughtful Maid.

"GOOD-BY forever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlour scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

A Hard Heart.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, of the famous Denver Juvenile Court, said in the course of a recent address on charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy.

"An itinerant preacher preached to a cowboy audience on the 'Prodigal Son.' He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his husk-eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing, and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very

hard. He thought he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally, he said from the pulpit:

"My dear friend, what would you have done if you had a prodigal son returning home like that?"

"Me?" said the cowboy, promptly and fiercely. 'I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf.'—*Detroit Free Press*.

Compliments of Lady Spencer.

DURING his first Viceroyalty, from 1868 to 1874, Lord Spencer and his wife, who was then at the zenith of her beauty, were popular even in quarters where British officials are not as a rule looked upon with favour. The Earl was nicknamed the Red Cross Knight and the Lady-Lieutenant came to be known as Spencer's Faerie Queene. Lord Spencer's last public appearance before leaving Ireland in 1874 was at a school where his wife was distributing prizes. The speaker called upon to return a vote of thanks to the distinguished guests concluded his remarks by saying to the Lord-Lieutenant: "We all hope to see you back again—you and the work of art that sits by your side." The remark was meant as a compliment to Lady Spencer, but might certainly have been more happily worded.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A Bright Idea.

THE head of a certain manufacturing concern is an old gentleman who built up his business from nothing by his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago, however, he decided that he was getting along in years, and that he was entitled to a rest. Calling his son in to the library, he said:

"Tom, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done very well, so I have decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

The young man pondered the situation gravely. Then a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"I say, dad," he suggested, "how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

Uncertain of His Steps.

A VERY small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

What He Wished.

WIFE (reproachfully)—You forget how you once breathed your love in my ear and promised that my every wish should be gratified.

Hub—No, I don't, but I wish how I'd followed the hygienic rule of keeping my mouth shut while breathing.—*Boston Transcript*.

His Grief.

FAMILY friend (after the funeral): Dearie me, Silas, how you do take on!

Obscure relative (yearning for distinction): Huh! this ain't nothin'! orter seen me at the grave!



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