

meet here to-morrow evening in a convivial capacity; afterwards we can make final arrangements about rent, etc." "All right, sir," said the landlord.

The next evening *Hollis and about a score of dead beats* met in "the club room" and caroused till a late hour. Then the landlord was called and asked for the bill, (which was a pretty long one.) Hollis pulled out a purse well stuffed with paper and said: "Gentlemen, allow me the honor of paying the shot." "No! no! no!" from several voices, "we will not allow you *all* the honor." After much parleying Hollis proposed a plan, saying: "Gentlemen, when boys we all played *the game of 'blind-man's buff'*; suppose we renew the old game to-night by muffling the landlord's eyes, and whoever he catches pays the bill." A general laugh ensued, in which Mr. Hogan joined, and all agreed. The *president* then proceeded to bandage the proprietor, and while doing so and "leading him round" the schemers quietly moved out one after another till Hollis and the landlord were the only occupants, presently Hollis skipped out also.

The landlady, seeing the company leave in such a suspicious way, came up to see what it meant. On hearing her footsteps the blind-folded husband caught her in his arms, saying: "*You pay the reckoning.*" She tore the bandage off his eyes and we need scarcely say what followed.

We have introduced this and other anecdotes connected with the drinking custom not to cause a laugh, as we do not endorse mean and dishonorable actions even in the liquor traffic (where the value received is questionable), but to expose the low cunning of unprincipled ones, who lost to all sense of honor and decency, stoop to dishonesty for the purpose of gratifying *a craving appetite for strong drink*.

BARNEY CAMPBELL AND HIS OLD NAG.*

The subject of this sketch might be truly called *a crank of the cranks*. In personal appearance he was repulsive, being short in stature, quick tempered, with a squint in both eyes and having an unruly tongue, a lame leg and a crutch, which was often used as a "knock-down argument" when he got into a temper, which he frequently did through his ill temper and abusive tongue.

He was a carter by profession and owned the worst horse and cart in town. To Barney whiskey was the "elixir of life," a panacea for all its ills, and although it led him into many scrapes and privations he ceased to tipple only when time and means did not acquiesce.

* If we mistake not the old horse was a "white one" and may have been the progenitor of "Dinans" of Chicago celebrity.