

A Mean Trick.

Probably the meanest trick that was ever played on a white man was played last week in this city, and the fact that there is no vigilance committee here is the only reason the perpetrators of the trick are alive. A business man had just purchased a new stiff hat, and went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat to his head. They all took beer, and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bar-tender and had a thin slice of Limberg cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through beer glasses, this wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat leather of the hat, and the man put it on his head and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people, who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he said he believed he did. A clerk said it was evident that somebody's feet needed washing. The man turned pale, and said he guessed he would go home.

He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the other end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the new hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there, and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met him and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff, as he took off his hat, and said she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man, "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me, and I shall not live." She told him if any disease that

smelled like that had got hold of him, and was going to be chronic, she felt as though he would be a burden to himself if he lived very long. She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was laying on the centre table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it, and look at each other with reproachful glances, and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher wagon to the pest house. The wife sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. Then the doctor and the wife held a post-mortem examination on the hat, and found the slice of Limberg. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but that he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and had tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a misdeal some way, and he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of stock.

Then the doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat leather and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him that he was as well as any man in the city. The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on his way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bar-tender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Biddy O'Flannigan — "Shure, now, Mrs. Driscoll, lave your washin' an' come out. Mr. Maguire, the landlord, has passed, rinnin' away, bedad; Pat, his tinant, has passed, rinnin' after him, goin' to cut his dirty throat; the bailiffs have passed, rinnin' after Pat for the rint, wid revolvers in their hands; the 'skull threshers' have passed, rinnin' after the bailiffs, to corpse 'em, an' all the darlint boys an' girls are rinnin' after the lot, jist to see the fun, be jabers."