

trouble. These eminent researchers have no snap about them. They give us no end of talk, but they don't get up and hustle. Now if I had a few hundred dollars I'll bet I'd find them Ten Tribes."

"How would you do it?"

"How? I'd advertise 'em, sir. What does a man do if he loses a horse or a cow? Advertise for it and offer a reward. Has anybody ever advertised for the Lost Ten Tribes? No, sir! Nobody ever took that much practical interest in the subject. Now there's been enough talk about this Lost Tribe affair, and it's time to git right down to business. I'm gitting up a fund of \$500 an' I want every man that is interested in the case and wants to see the prophecies fulfilled to subscribe. It'll cost that much to put a 'Lost' advertisement in all the leading papers in the different languages. Now then put up or shut up."

"Certainly. I shut up."

"Then you won't help this great scheme for the solution of a question that has perplexed the greatest intellects for centuries?"

"Not with money. But we don't mind giving you a free insertion of your ad., if that will help you out any."

"Thanks, Col. I knowed that a feller of your littersy style would ketch on. Now, if you just shove that there ad. in for a month I reckon it'll give the thing a start an' I can git the other papers to take holt."



#### FOLLOWING HIS OWN TRAIL.

GUEST—"Have you sheen (*hic*) anyshing my fren' Bozworsh lately?"

HOTEL CLERK—"He was here half an hour ago."

GUEST—"Well, wuz 'e, 'lone, er wuz I wiz 'im?"

And he fished out a crumpled manuscript, which on being smoothed out read as follows:

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN. — From Assyria, or somewhere around that section, about the year 538 B.C. ten tribes of Jews or Israelites. Any one sending information which will lead to their discovery to Joshua P. Shaddock, Dixie P.O., Peel Co., will be suitably rewarded. Any person detaining same after publication of this notice will be prosecuted.

Assyrian, Persian, Arabian, Indian and Chinese papers please copy.

"There," said the seedy philosopher triumphantly. "I reckon that'll settle the question for good and all. If that don't bring 'em why these here parsons an' lecturers an' commentators that's been talking Lost Ten Tribes for ages an' never had the sand to git a move on to find 'em had better quit. Got a chew about ye? Thanks. Now I'll tackle the *Globe* and the *Christian Guardian*, and I reckon they can't decently refuse after the send-off you gin me. So long."

And he walked out with the triumphant manner of one who has achieved the purpose of his life.

#### ALWAYS ON TAP.

THOUGH I've seen men so scarce of pence  
That none would do them reverence—  
I will not see as long's I live  
One who's too poor advice to give.

#### ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

MRS. QUIDNUNC—"What is all this row in Hawaii about, Lionel?"

MR. QUIDNUNC—"About over now."