

The Duke had listened to me with a confused, bewildered expression on his aristocratic features. "Really," he replied, "I have hardly been able to follow you. You will pardon, I trust, my ignorance of foreign idioms. Am I to understand that you propose that I should sell some land for building purposes? If so, I fear you labor under a misapprehension. I have no land in this neighborhood available."

"What is your Dukeness givin' us? Don't you own all this vacant land right here?" said I, pointing out of the window.

"That, sir! That is my ancestral park! It has been in our family for centuries! I never was so insulted in my life! Such audacious unparalleled insolence! Leave my house instantly, sir! John, show this person to the door."

"So long, Duke," I said. "I see you don't know enough to go in when it rains. All right. The bailiffs may sell you out for all I care."

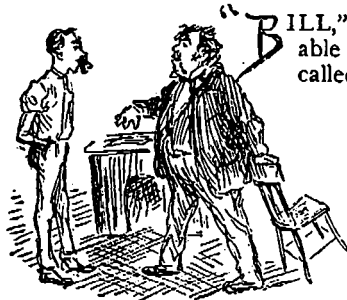
I declare it's heart breaking to see splendid chances of making a pile fooled away like that.

Yours despondently,

THE FAKIR.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

NO. IV.—"FOOLED ON FLATTERY."



"BILL," said the editor to the able foreman—and when he called him by this curt diminutive, William knew that his chief was more than commonly perturbed in spirit, not to say disturbed by spirits—"Bill, 'm a nin'n'rl (hic) jackass!"

William smiled acquiescence in a subdued manner.

"Bu' you needn't shay sho, 'f I do 'mit it m'shelf (hic) 'F I shay sho (hic) I'm t' be un'stlood ash sh'llil'quis-hin—not 'dressin' public aujence. Man'll call 'shelf a fool (hic) 'n yet won't l'ennybody (hic) shecond mo'sh'n (hic) b' hish wife—(hic), shee, Bill?"

William put on a becoming look, as though the extreme gravity of the situation had fully dawned on him and he felt too full for utterance.

"Now (hic) t' bishness, Bill! Y' know ol' flier (hic) I ain't 'versh to th' taffy (hic) deal. Don' I lesh you write 'p all localsh 'n give 'em—give ever' body—(hic) shof shoap? Don' you puff, 'n puff, 'n puff (hic) th' hull com-(hic) mun'ty, till you make me shicker 'n a cow? Yesh, I do (hic), cosh why? Cosh 'm a darn (hic) chump! Fac'! Been shinkin' 't wash a good (hic) move. Make money by 't. Make folksh (hic) b'lieve I wash ra'l'n good flier.

"Pshaw! W'ash (hic) all 'mount to (hic) an' way? 'W'ash ush me try'n 't on too? (hic) "N't I lash' week shay (hic) Col. Jonesh wash mosh prom't man 'n villagsh? (hic) Wha' d' do t'day? Shtop's paper, cosh I charged (hic) charged 'm dollar 'n 'alf year when (hic) he didn't pay 'n 'vansh. Shez (hic) 'yer darnol' ragsh no good 'nyway! Only l' in housh fur char'ty!" 'N me (hic) me puffin' 'm 'n puffin' 'm, ri' shtraight 'long fur yearsh 'n yearsh—doin' more (hic) t' bringsh ol' carcash (hic) 'nto not'it'y 'n 'f he wash m' own brother!

"Wha' d' I shay 'bout Dr. Doshem? Shaid he wash mosh sk'l'l practish (hic) tish'ner 'n thish dis'trict, 'n well earned (hic) high 'pinion all knew 'm!



THE ENQUIRING MIND.

BOBBY.—"What's the matter with the baby, Ma?"

MOTHER.—"I've just been nursing him, Bobby, and he choked a little."

BOBBY.—"Did he get a bone in his throat, Ma?"

"Wha' d' he shay t' me yesh'day? Shaid' f I didn't quit writin' ed'tor'l rot—calish m' articles rot—'n give people shome newsh—shome *newsh* (hic) min' you!—he'd go work 'n take hish card out! (hic) Blash picture! 'Ve good min' shtudy up m'shelf 'n shart op- (hic) op'shish'n doctor shop!

"Wha' d' I shay 'bout our member (hic) t'her day? Big article—gr't shtashm'n—doin' gran' shervish country—be in cab'net shome day—loved 'n r'shp'ct'd b' ali's consh- (hic) shtit'nts!

"Wha' d' he shay t' me t'day? Tol' me fur party man 'n ed'tor he didn't shee 'ow I shp'cted pop'lar'ty fur th' paper (hic) when I didn't know wha' shide I wash (hic) wash on! Geewhit (hic) iker! How (hic) I've worked fur th' party, day 'n night (hic), shtump'd, canvassh'd, wrote articl'sh, paid m' own 'shp'nsh's, walked, (hic) rode, driv'n, (hic) hooray'd, fought, (hic) bled 'n dide! Now 'm tol' 'm no good!

"Look (hic) 't all peoplsh we bring out 'bscur'ty (hic) into th' noon-tide glare fame 'n for- (hic) for'shun! We poor, 'bused coun'ry ed't'rs do more good 'n world 'n any o'r classh human beings! An' yet we shtom' more (hic) more gol-darn ingrat'tude 'n con- (hic) cont'mp' (hic) 'n cussed meannish frum fei'sh we—(hic) yesh, we really make zhan 'f we were (hic) lot darn shlavsh, by grash!

"'M goin' quit, Bill! Right on shpot! 'F ever I cash you (hic) gettin' in a puff (hic) unlesh ash paid 'vert'shment, Bill—I'll (hic) shack you, Bill—by grash's, Bill, (hic) I'll fire you dead out (hic) shure'sh yer namsh wha' tish.

"Nex' week, Bill (hic) make room fur two col'mn article (hic) writ'n in col' blood 'n ntit'l'd 'Fooled on Flattery!'

"Now g' out 'n get two bottlish beer 'n we'll prosheed t' noggerate new polshy (hic)."

WHAT is the difference between a beaver and a bank president? One banks a run, and the other runs a bank.

IN what way does a colt resemble a cocoanut? Each must be broken before you can get any good out of it.