

waal, it'll take 'im about two minutes ter make up 'is mind that we cain't be improved on none whatever. He'll see ter once that we're already too good, an' he'll sling us a tribute o' praise thet'd bring tears ter the eyes on a bull purp."

Three-Fingered Steve had nothing more to say, and seemed inclined to hang back as the crowd marched with heavy tread across the street and surged into the dance hall, with their eyes twinkling in anticipation of the sport ahead.

They took their seats with mock solemnity and waited patiently for their victim to appear.

Presently he came in and took his stand behind a dry goods box that did duty as a pulpit, and the bad men of War Whoop noted with some surprise that he did not tremble and turn pale when he looked them over. He was tall and muscular, and as Three-Fingered Steve had said, "he seemed ter kinder know nis business."

"I've come to this suburb of Hades," the preacher began in a loud voice, "to save the souls of the human wrecks that I see about me. I don't suppose there is a man here who has drawn a sober, honest breath in ten years. You are a lot of miserable gophers, and rum-soaked renegades from decent society, and as I look you over now I can say with truth that I never saw such a pusillanimous looking lot of jack rabbits in my life."

The crowd gasped and seemed to grow limp with amazement. All the "gospel sharps" they had ever seen had been meek and lowly of spirit, and this one—well, he fairly "knocked 'em silly," as War Whoop William afterwards expressed it. The preacher talked about in the same strain for ten minutes, and concluded by commanding all those who were going to try to be a little more decent to stand up. "The duffer that doesn't stand up," he added, "will have to account to me personally, and his funeral will be preached in this place immediately following the services."

Every man present stood up.

"Good enough!" said the preacher, with satisfaction. "You're not quite so hopelessly lost to all sense of shame as I thought you were. Now, I'll take up the collection, and don't forget, a preacher's got to live as well as you lopsided loafers. Nothing less than a dollar goes, and I'll shoot a hole through the man that doesn't chip in."

He passed the hat with one hand and held a large six-shooter in the other. The audience contributed liberally to a man.

"There'll be a meeting here every Sunday for the next month," the preacher said in conclusion, and if any of you tin-horn toughs backslide you'll have to settle with me. Don't do any shooting till you get outside the church."—*N. Y. Journal*.



Mamma—Why, of course, Tommy, you can't take your body to heaven.
Tommy—But—but, mamma, how shall I be able to keep up my pants?

Bobby—Is oxygen what the oxen breathe all day?

Daddy—Of course, and what everything else breathes.

Bobby—And is nitrogen what everyone breathes at night?

Daddy gives it up.

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