

one had something to say about his military experiences, with the exception of one determined-looking fellow of about forty, who bore a scar on his forehead.

"And where were you wounded, Billison?"

"Um—that's tellin'," said the party addressed. "I can show my honorable discharge from the Seventeenth—aint that enough?"

"Oh, but we'd like to know where you got your wound—you seen some service, I bet."

"Well—no—that is not regular service. It was a pretty smart fight, all the same though, an' a mighty narrer squeak fur me."

"Well, where was it—Egypt?"

"No, it warn't Egypt nor Zululand, nor Afghanistan—an' I guess I'd better say nothin' about it."

But after some further pressing, Billison yielded. "Well, seein' as how I'm among pals—feller professnals, so to say, I don't mind. But don't none of you give me away now. As I was saying, I never seen no service—

was in garrison in different towns in England all the time, and took my honorable discharge when my service was up, an' come out to Ameriky. Fust thing when I landed, I got on a sprce, and blowed in every bloomin' copper. Managed to get out to Chicago lookin' for work, an' seein' as how I couldn't find none to suit, I—I went on the cross lay. Got in with a pretty tough gang, I did, an' was up to pretty much anything. One night two of us was layin' for suckers, when a swell cove come along with considerable of a jag on. We tried the confidence racket at first, but, loaded as he was, he was onto us, and we couldn't work it. However, we followed him up, and when we come to a lonely part of the street I collared him, an' says: 'No foolin' now, old man! Hand over yer watch an' boodle, an' we won't hurt yer.' He wan't quite so far gone as I'd reckoned, an' in a second he shook me off an' drawed on me. He blazed away, an' the first shot caught me on the side of the head an' glanced off. I run in an' give him the knife afore he could fire again—an' a few days after there was a high-toned funeral in one of the first Chicago families. My pals stuck to me like good fellers—hid me for a month till the rumpus was over, an' then give me the scads to git away."

Here Billison was interrupted by loud exclamations of horror and indignation. "What!" said the hero of Tel-el-Kebir, "have we got a thief and murderer among us?"

"Put him out! Expel him!" cried the others.

Billison looked round with apparent astonishment, "Well, you're a nice lot to talk in that style! What's the matter with you? As for bein' a murderer, I fought a square fight for my life with a feller that was a darned



FOUND THEM AT LAST.

[Three conceited wits passing along a country road meet old farmer.]

FIRST WIT—"Good morrow, father Abraham."

SECOND WIT—"Good morrow, father Isaac."

THIRD WIT—"Good morrow, father Jacob."

OLD FARMER—"I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses; and lo! here I have found them."

sight better heeled nor I was, while you boast of having slaughtered poor devils of half-armed, half-starved Zulus and Arabs. And as for thievin', all I wanted was a few dollars, while blessed if you didn't help to steal the whole bloomin' country from them that owned it!"

This insolent and illogical speech, of course, added fuel to the flames, and Billison was unceremoniously ejected, and his name struck off the books.

And, strange to say, he persists in regarding himself as having been very unjustly dealt with by his fellow-veterans. This man's state of mind is a singular instance of how a course of crime can pervert the reasoning faculties and destroy man's moral perceptions.

A SAD CASE.

STOHN BROOS—"Did yeh hear that Shorty had started to work?"

WHOLE SOCK (*horrified*)—"No. Wot came over him?"

STOHN BROOS—"He wuz driven to it by drink."

WHOLE SOCK—"How's that?"

STOHN BROOS—"He had teh earn money or do with out his rye."

WHOLE SOCK—"Too bad to see a fellow fall so low, isn't it? Jest think of it—wur-r-rkin!"

AN OBVIOUS REASON.

DONNOW—"Why a lady's evening dress is called a full dress I cannot understand."

DETROW—"It is because the dress is filled to overflowing with its wearer, of course."