

had come in. I'd like to make a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."

"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy. "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hain't five pounds out of his guess."

"Ain't he? Raised hogs, have you? Ever raised any money?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?"

"Perhaps."

"Have you got \$20 as says he goes 200?"

"I have—fifty—a hundred!"

"Then let's chalk. Anybody can blow."

It was a chance to make a dollar and the citizens improved it. The man in the buggy was an accommodating chap, and somehow or other the farmer boy managed to fish up about a hundred dollars from the hind pocket of his overalls. The citizens stuck by the drover, having abundant proofs of his judgment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one, had bet, the hog was driven to the scales and weighed.

"Gentlemen," said the drover, just before the weighing, "I was never deceived in my life. This hog won't go to 190 pounds."

"I'll take even bets that he goes over 200," replied the man in the buggy.

This bluff raked out the last nickel in the crowd, and the hog was driven upon the scales. The record was 211 pounds. He was weighed and re-weighed, but the figures stood.

"Well, it's my first error in a hog," said the drover, and all bets were at once handed over. The farmer boy slipped out, the two men drove off in the buggy; and half an hour had elapsed before a church deacon, who had laid his ten with the drover and lost, suddenly declared that it was a put-up job to skin the town.

"Durn my buttons, if it hain't!" yelled two hundred men in chorus, but it was too late. The town had been skinned, and the trio had escaped. All the mob could do was to turn loose and wreck an old vinegar factory and pass a resolution to the effect that liberty was a sham and a delusion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Character Sketch.

Arnold undertook to guide him to the police station, and the two set out together.

"You take no notes?" said Arnold, more for the sake of saying something than because he was interested.

"Well, as a matter of fact, sir," responded Mr. Prickett, "a man in my line has got to spend his time in taking notes, but I don't find as I need to trouble to write 'em down."

"Don't you find that your memory betrays you sometimes?"

"No," said Prickett reflectively. "I don't think it ever did, sir."

The major part of people ruin their memories with reading novels, and songs, and trash. There's a chap at the yard as can recite by the

hour. I should think as he knows Lord Byron from beginning to end, but his head's that full of that kind of talk there's no room in it for anything else. You tell him what time a train starts, tell him what complexion a man's got, tell him what height he is, show him the plan of a building. If he don't write down what you tell him he'll be in a fog about it in twenty minutes. Maury's the time I've told him, "If you'd leave the wheels inside your head-piece free to act, you'd make a first-rate officer, but you clogs 'em up with all them treacy verses, and what d'ye expect?"

"Do you never read at all, then?" asked Arnold, beginning to be interested.

"Criminal cases," responded Mr. Prickett. "Law reports. Takes a look at the advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* sometimes. Ye see, sir," he continued, growing suddenly warm and confidential, and laying a gloved forefinger lightly on his companion's arm, "all day long the inside of a man's head is like a piece of machinery in motion. It's bound to go, and it must have something to work at. Now, when I went into the force, sir, I made up my mind as I wasn't going to stop on the bottom round of the ladder all my life, and I says to myself, 'Now, what's the first thing wanted to make a tip-top officer?' I wasn't long in making up my mind. He's got to be notice-taking more than any other man alive, and he's never got to forget any person or anything as he's once set eyes on. When I was on duty in the Strand—I was there for the best part of three years—I used to practice myself watching faces in the street. I spotted a man only yesterday that I see go by me seven years ago. I never see him before or since, till yesterday, and I could ha' picked him out among a million. You tell that to some folks and they'd think it was a lie, but it's true as gospel. Leave books alone, keep your head clear and your eyes open, and when you look at a thing, look at it. That's the secret, if there is one."

"Don't you think, sir," continued Mr. Prickett, who had evidently mounted his favorite hobby—"Don't you think I'm such a fool as to despise book learning. If I should live to be aged, and can afford the time, I mean to have a real burst at it, but just now I've got my way to make and I can't afford it."

"I suppose," said Arnold, "that you don't mean to say that you never forget anything you have seen?"

"Well, no sir," returned the theorist, "I don't say that of course. But I never forget anything I've looked at. You'll notice, sir, that most people see things without taking the trouble to look at 'em, and so they don't rightly remember the things as ought to be the most familiar. Now for instance, sir, you ought to know that room we've been sitting in a good deal better than I do. I'm not bragging, but I'll bet you don't."

"Well," said Arnold, "let us see."

"Carpet," said Prickett, as if he were dictating an inventory to a

shorthand clerk. "Brussels, whitish ground, sprinkled with largish roses. Wall paper same shade as carpet, diamond pattern in dull gold. Facing door, water color; girl crossing stream on stepping-stone, making signs to little chap on bank. Over door, water color; old gentleman, knee breeches, reading book in wood. Twelve chairs, various—four easy, three spider legged, in gold. Little round-topped table near window, microscope on it, and a bracket full o'books; Tennyson's poems, green and gold, seven volumes; Imitation of Christ, white vellum, gold letters; foreign book in a yellow cover—don't know the name; 'Leaders from the *Times*, two volumes, name of Phillips. Little cabinet in the corner, seven drawers, key in the middle drawer, basket of flowers and lady's photo. on top. Chimney ornaments Dresden china, stag with antlers caught in a tree, left antler broke—"

"I will not dispute with you, Mr. Prickett," said Arnold.

The sun had fallen behind the hill by this time, and the whole landscape before them lay in a gentle and equable light which was reflected from the eastern skies.—*D. C. Murray and H. Murray in "A Dangerous Calypso."*

Chinese Murderers.

Sue Yum, a ticket seller at the Chinese theatre on Washington Street, was shot twice at 4 p.m. yesterday at the corner of Dupont and Jackson Streets, by a Chinaman who, after firing three shots, turned and ran up Dupont Street.

The third shot did not hit Yum but struck Daniel Callahan, who was walking a few feet in advance of him. The bullet struck Mr. Callahan in the back, below the left shoulder blade, passed through the lung and came out near the left nipple. Mr. Callahan is 61 years old and unmarried. He boarded at the Lindell House, on Howard Street near Sixth, and on account of his age, together with the serious nature of the wound, his recovery is considered doubtful.

Sue Yum's wounds are also considered fatal. The first shot passed through his right breast piercing the lung, and came out near the bottom of the right shoulder blade. The second bullet entered the right hip and lodged in the intestines of the groin. Both men were taken to the receiving hospital, and while the Celestial says with firm determination that he will live, Mr. Callahan has lost hope and fears that he will die.

Mr. Callahan did not see the man who shot him. "I was walking along leisurely," he said, "when I heard the shots, but before I had time to turn I was shot down."

Officers Hall and Burgess were the first to arrive at the scene of the shooting. A large crowd collected. Later Officers Parrotte and Cummings arrived and assisted in removing the wounded man to the hospital.

A few moments after the shooting Sergeant Wittman and his Chinatown squad arrested Chong Hong and Ah Hong. They were dashing