

A Little Mixed.

MR. TUCKER'S STORY.

He came into the editorial room of *The Argus* and sliding up to the reporter's table, he took a seat, nudged up close, and said:

"Just take it down, and I'll give you a good item. Ready?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Well, this morning, Mrs. Tucker, my wife, you know, and her daughter, Bessie, were driving out a bay mare named Kitty, along the river road, to see her aunt."

"Where aunt?"

"Mrs. Tucker's aunt, to see her. A little after they passed Stapleton place she threw one of her shoes."

"Bessie did?"

"No; Kitty, the mare. And Bessie said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Tucker was?"

"The mare, and she felt so weary that she had half a notion to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare or of Bessie?"

"I mean Bessie, of course. But she kept on limping and going kinder uneven until they were down by the gasworks, when she laid back her ears and—"

"You don't mean Bessie's ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on, then. Mrs. Tucker laid back her ears—"

"The mare's ears. And just as they got on the bridge over the creek, the mare gave a tilt to one side, and Mrs. Tucker screamed; she let drive with both her hind legs at the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Tucker or the —"

"Kitty, the mare; and snapped both shafts off short. The next moment, before Mrs. Tucker or Bessie could save themselves, she went over the side, turning a complete somersault."

"You are speaking of the mare?"

"Yes, the mare turned a complete somersault into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken, and of course as Kitty went over, she dragged the carriage after her, and Mrs. Tucker and Bessie went floundering into the creek. The mare at once struck out for shore, and Bessie, fortunately, had presence of mind enough to grasp her by the tail. She had blind staggers, but it had passed off."

"Not Bessie?"

"No, the mare; and as she was being towed past Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Tucker caught hold of her dress."

"The mare's dress, of course; and it seemed for a minute or two that the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Tucker's hold on the mare's tail loosened somehow, and —"

"You said Bessie had hold of the mare's tail."

"Did I? Well so it was; and Mrs. Tucker had hold of her dress."

"The mare's dress?"

"Didn't I say Bessie's dress? Well, then, somehow Mrs. Tucker's hold loosened, and —"

"Her hold on what?"

"Her hold of the mare's—no I must be mistaken. Bessie had hold of the mare's tail, while the mare was swimming, and the mare had—that is to say—Mrs. Tucker had hold of—well anyhow she let go—"

"Mrs. Tucker let go?"

"Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go, and she went to the bottom like a stone."

"If I am to follow your meaning, I am to suppose that it was the mare who went to the bottom."

"My goodness, man, can't you understand? It wasn't the mare, the mare swam ashore."

"What did you say she went to the bottom for, then?"

"I didn't; it was Bessie."

"Bessie never said a word about it."

"You know what I mean; Bessie went to the bottom."

"And Mrs. Tucker swam ashore?"

"No, she didn't."

"Mrs. Tucker flew up in the air?"

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

"Well, go on with your story; we'll discuss that afterward. What did Bessie say when she got to the bottom?"

"I've a good mind to wallop you."

"What did she say that for?"

"You mud-headed idiot," said Mr. Tucker, rising, "give me any more of your insolence and I'll flay you alive. I was going to give you an item about that mare and about what Mrs. Tucker said about turning somersaults all the way home, but now I'll see you hanged first."

The reporter got behind the desk, lifted up a chair to ward off a missile, and then said calmly:

"What was Mrs. Tucker's object in turning somersaults all the way home?"

Those who saw Tucker emerge from the *The Argus* office said he looked as if he had seen a ghost, he was so white. And *The Argus* lost a subscriber.—*Max Adler.*

SHORT AND SHARP.

A pretty girl won a musket in a lottery. When they gave it to her she asked:

"Don't they give a soldier with it?"

A little girl, who was spending a few days with a farmer uncle, visited the barn-yard, and while looking at the well-fed cows, remarked:

"Why, uncle, just see! all the cows are chewing gum, aren't they?"

"Whatever shall I do with such a bad, bad boy," said a loving mother, as she strove to impress on the mind of her six-year-old tow-head his manifold troublesomeness. "Oh, you let me alone; I ain't half as bad as I can be."

"Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, as he leaned back in his seat at the theatre, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking comedian had produced. "Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion, "it's one of her sister's old ones made over." His jaw dropped into his lap, as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose personnel his partner had been studying.

She wept, the poor laundress, on returning five shirts, when her patron had entrusted her with six, and confessed that she had burned a big hole in the sixth while ironing.

"Never mind," kindly says her customer; "Christmas comes but once a year, and that'll be all right. How much do I owe you?"

"Six shirts at 12½ cents each—75 cents."

"But, I say, you burned one of 'em up."

"Well, suppose I did. Hadn't I washed it before I burned it? Go along wid ye; trying to chate a poor dissolute widow."

Little Nellie was looking at "Wolf's Wild Animals" when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures.

"That's a wild boar," said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied:

"It don't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?"

"I hope not," responded the guest.

"Why?"

"Because, said the artless innocent, "mamma said when your card was sent up, 'There's that old bore Jorkins again.'"

And it was a full minute before mamma's frozen lips thawed sufficiently to inform the nurse it was Nellie's bedtime.

Madame C—, dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing girls. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes; but I can no longer see any meaton my plate at dinner."

Madame C— understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of meat.

"What happiness exclaimed our Miss. "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever."

"How is that, Mademoiselle?"

"Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

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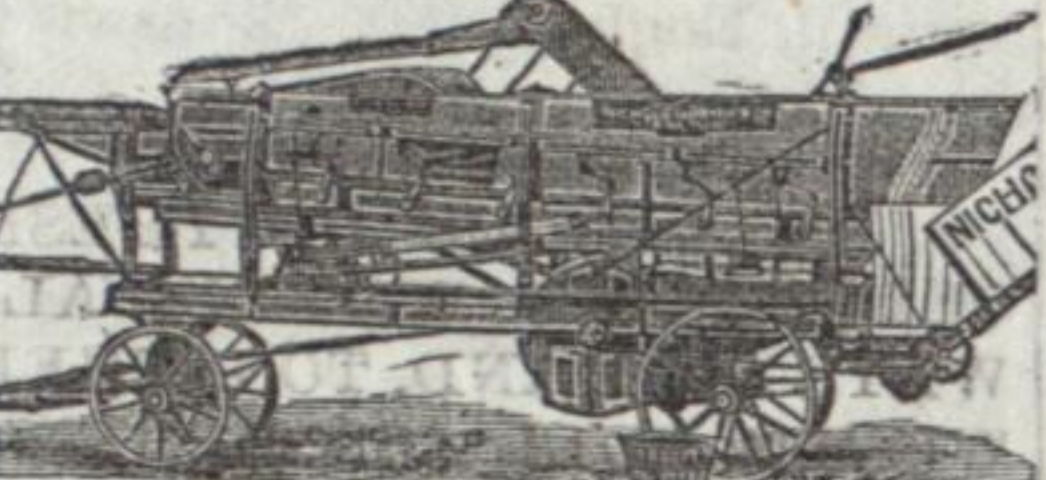
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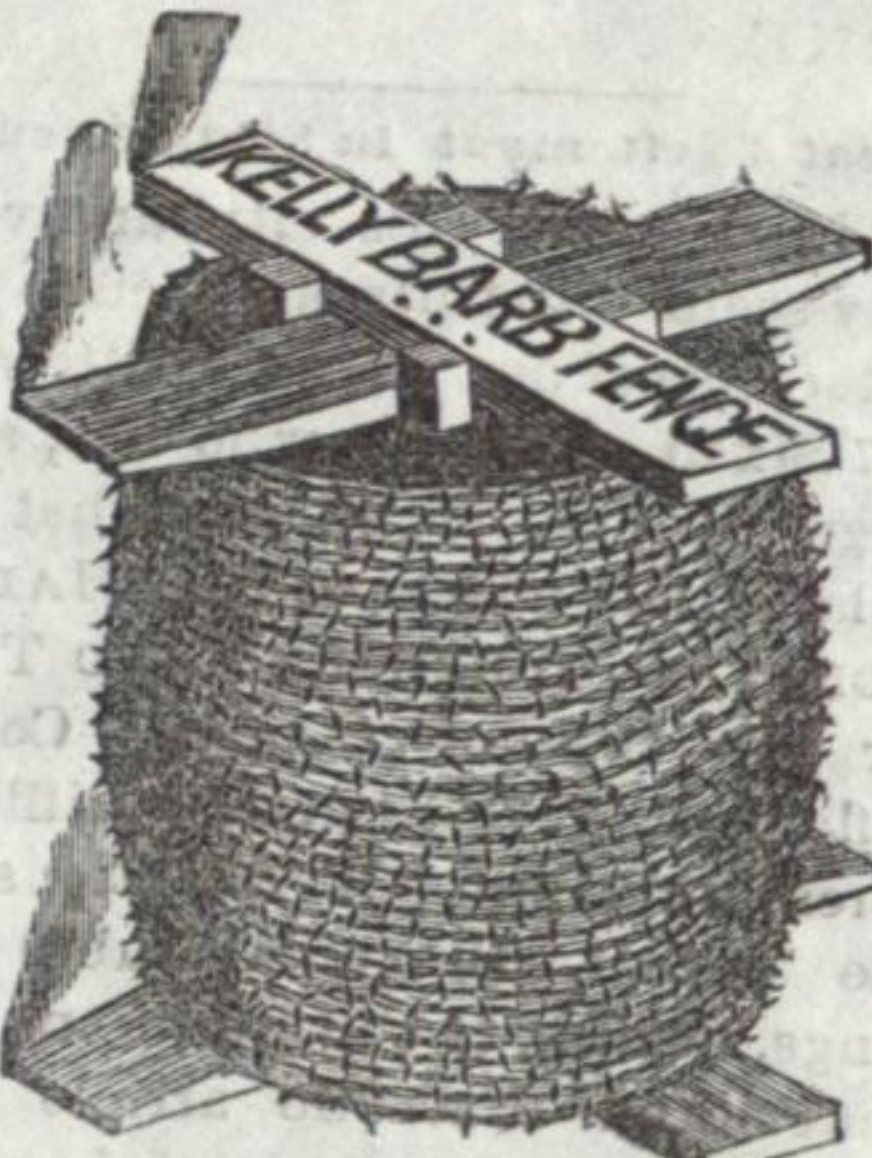
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