John Henry Gets a Shock

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Bunch and I went into a restaurant and found Signor Petroskinski, who was looking for us.

His right name was Jeff Mulligan, but Petroskinski sounded more foreign, and he fell for it.

I introduced Skinski to Bunch, and in five minutes all the business details of a scheme I sprung were settled.

Skinski needed about $900 to pay for a couple of new illusions which were being built for him, and Bunch was appointed a committee to go down to Sixth avenue and disburse the funds.

"I think we've got the real graft, don't you, Skinski?" I said, after the luncheon had been ordered.

"It's a pipe!" Skinski replied in pure United States, much to Bunch's surprise. From the name and the make-up I suppose Bunch expected Skinski to yelp in Bulgarian or throw out signals in Graeco-Roman.

Skinski was a warm member with the gab thing.

He got his start traveling with a medicine wagon in the west and what he didn't know about the show business wasn't necessary.

"Say, people!" our star went on, "I've a couple of new card tricks up my sleeve that will leave the Reubens gasping for air. And when I pull my new illusion, entitled, 'Keno, or the Curious Cage,' on the public it will be a case of counting easy coin. Say! did I ever tell you about that gold mine I won in the west many moons ago?"

"Nix on the dream work, Skinski," I cut in. "We've put up our good money to start you, so let's get down to the programme."

"Oh! very well," said Skinski; "but I was down to see my brokers today in Wall street and there are doings. I've got a plantation full of gold out near the Blue hills, and—"

"Please don't smoke, there are ladies present!" admonished Bunch.

"Oh, very well!" said Skinski, and forthwith he launched into a description of his various tricks.

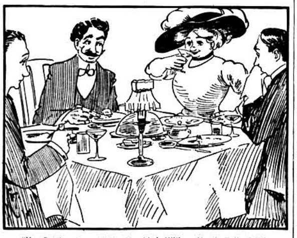
The waiter had just brought our luncheon when a large blondined shadow fell across the festive board and Skinski jumped to his feet, followed by Bunch and yours surprisedly.

"Permit me!" Skinski said; "our new backers, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. John Henry! this is Mademoiselle Dodo, the human Guessworks. She's my assistant in the mind-reading tests, and she's all to the elegant. Will you feed the face, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" Dodo replied, as she splashed into the chair provided by the waiter, while I glanced at Bunch sideways and found him on the verge of a fainting fit.

"I've told Dodey all about you two glad boys," Skinski went on, "and she's for you, ain't you, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" Dodo chimed in, with a hungry glance at the cooked stuff.



"You Betcher Sweet!" She Mumbled, With a Mouth Full of Wine.

"I told her we had a business meet on here, but if she wanted to squeeze in she wouldn't be in anybody's way," Skinski continued. "Dodey's an awful clever girl, and she wouldn't be in this biz eight hours if that gold mine—"

"Sure, I know!" I interrupted; "possibly Mademoiselle is thirsty—a little wine, eh?"

"You betcher sweet!" the stout person replied, with a celerity that made Bunch sit up and look about the room to see if anyone suspected him.

"Dodey is always for the suds thing," Skinski chipped in. "But never to excess, never to excess. I never see Dodey lit up but once, and that was in Dayton, Ohio, the night we played to the janitor of the hall and his four children. When we came to the place where Dodey is blindfolded and does the decimal fractions stunt on the blackboard the janitor's oldest child fooled Dodey into doing all next week's lessons in arithmetic and Dodey fretted over it, didn't you, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" the leading lady replied, with both eyes following the efforts of the waiter, who was opening a bottle of Green Seal.

Bunch was beginning to get uneasy and I had a bad attack of fidgets.

"Say, Dodey!" our bright and shining light went on, "I want you to make a fuss over these two young gents, because they are the only nearly silk on the counter. They've put up their good cash to send me on tour without ever dragging me before a police justice to swear that I'm on the level, and if ever that gold mine—"

"Tush!" I interrupted. "I saw you work, Skinski, and you're a wonder; that's good enough for my money."

"Yes, but you never once put a sleuth over the back trail to throw the spot light on my past life," Skinski babbled on. "You're the first white man that ever took a chance with me without lashing me to the medicine ball, and I'll make good for you, all right, won't I, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" she mumbled, with a mouth full of wine.

"Say!" said Skinski to me, after we had ordered some breadstuff for the leading lady, "you're not such a late train with the sleight-of-hand gag yourself, Mr. Manager!"

"Oh! I'm only a piker at it," I replied, modestly. "I can do a few motheaten tricks with the cards and I've studied out a few of the illusions, enough to know how to do them without breaking an ankle, but I'm not cute enough to be on the stage."

Skinski laughed, and Dodo looked over another glass of Green Seal long enough to say, "You betcher sweet!"

"Well," said Skinski, leading a bevy of French-fried potatoes up to his mustache, "you'll know enough about it after I rehearse you to go on and do the show when we hit a fried-egg burg, where there's only a Mr. and Mrs. Audience to greet our earnest endeavors. Say, boys, you'll get a lot of fricasseed experience trailing with this troupe, believe me!"

"I'm only going to be with you for a few days," I answered. "Mr. Jefferson will be your permanent manager."

"The devil I will!" spluttered Bunch. Then he got red in the face, glared at Dodo, and grouched out a "beg pardon!"

"You betcher sweet!" she replied, patting the Green Seal.

"Say, John, you know well enough I can't leave New York for more than two or three days just at this time without having a good excuse to give Alice," Bunch growled, while Skinski and the Circassian lady put the knives to the chicken livers en brochette.

"How about me!" I snapped back. "I can't go out of town at all, except in the daytime. I'll have to duck back to Ruraldene after the show every evening or lose my card in the Happy Husbands' union. It's different with you, Bunch; you're not married yet."

"It isn't different at all," Bunch whipsawed me. "And you haven't any business to expect me to hike over the country with this outfit while you stay at home and read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"I won't read that at all," I countered; "I'll read nothing but the ship news to see if you are stranded."

"Well, I won't do it!" snorted Bunch.

"You'll have to do it if you want to win out that wedding money," I retorted. "Is this the way you thank me for what I've done for you?"

"Done for me nothing!" Bunch bit back. "I put up as much coin as you did, and now you want me to do all the work!"

"Work!" I echoed; "what work is it to count money, eh, Skinski?"

"Counting money is a hot pastime, isn't it, Dodey?" he answered.

"You betcher sweet!" responded the fair lady, gazing dreamily at the empty flagon.

"Well, take my word for it," snarled Bunch, "I don't hanker for that sort of amusement. If there's any train-hopping to be done it's up to you, John. It's your game, not mine."

"Say, are you going to welsh on me now that we've passed over our contract to Skinski?" I asked hotly.

"No, I'm not going to welsh," Bunch came right back, "but I'm only a silent partner in this concern, so you for the Bad Lands to do the barking for the show."

"Why didn't you flash this stingy talk before we got started?" I wanted to know. "It's a shine play to wait till you get me all tied up with these artists here!"

Skinski and Dodo both took a bow.

"I didn't," Bunch cackled. "You framed up the whole thing, and now you're sore because I won't leave home and friends to plug your game."

"It's as much your game as mine!"

"It isn't!"

"It is!"

"Rats!"

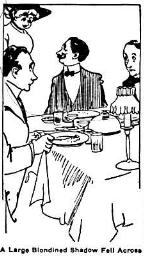
"Make it twice on the Rats!"

In two seconds more I suppose we would have come to blows, but just then a well-known voice behind us gurgled, "Hayo, John! why, I hadn't any idea you were here! And Bunch, too! I'm glad to see you!"

It was Peaches, and behind her, smiling sweet approval, stood Aunt Martha.

Heart failure for mine as I stumbled to my feet and caught the interested expressions on the faces of Skinski and Dodo.

"Aunt Martha and I have been shopping, and we dropped in here for luncheon," my wife rattled on, while I was slowly recovering.



A Large Blondined Shadow Fell Across the Festive Board.

"Of course we don't wish to be de trop," she added, glancing curiously at the famous Skinski and his assistant in the mind-reading tests.

"No, no, Peaches; certainly not!" I spluttered; "hadn't the faintest idea you were coming in town today. Let me present Bunch's Uncle Cornelius McGowan and his Aunt Flora from Springfield—my wife and my mother-in-law!"

Skinski and Dodo were wise in a minute, and they never batted an eye, but Bunch took the full count.

Of course he couldn't deny the relationship without giving himself away, so he simply stood there and looked foolish.

"Have you been in the city very long?" my wife said most pleasantly to Signor Petroskinski.

"No, madam," he answered, with a courtier-like bow; "we only broke away from the cars this morning and we bumped into nephew quite by chance, didn't we, nephew?"

Bunch growled something that wouldn't sound well on the graphophone.

"Do you like New York?" Aunt Martha asked the other half of the sketch in an effort to be pleasant.

"You betcher sweet!" said Dodo, whereupon Aunt Martha fell back two paces to the rear and looked pityingly at Bunch.

"If you'll excuse us, Uncle Cornelius and Aunt Flora, I'll take my wife and her mother to the train," I said nervously.

"Not at all, not at all," piped Skinski. "Dodey—I mean Flo—and I don't mind a bit, do we, Flo?"

"You betcher sweet!" she answered, and I saw Peaches glance questioningly at Bunch, who was giving a brilliant imitation of the last rose of summer.

"But, John, I'm so hungry," Peaches pleaded.

"I know, my dear, but you see Bunch has an awful lot of family happenings to discuss with his relatives," I said; "and we must give him a chance to get acquainted with Uncle Cornelius and Aunt Flora."

Whereupon I grabbed my hat and ducked for another eat shop without ever glancing at Bunch.

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Bird Sticks to Old Ways.

As indicative of the conservative nature of birds a writer calls attention to the habit of the gray wagtail, which offers a striking example of the undeviating flight of certain species. This bird passes its winters in the heart of Africa and in summer it is seen everywhere in Europe, in Asia and even in Greenland. It has never been known to travel to North America from Greenland. It goes to Greenland by way of England, the Faroe islands and Iceland. The bird does not know and will not know any itinerary that has not been laid out by the birds of its species in the past.

MULES ARE MOST NEGLECTED AND ABUSED OF FARM ANIMALS

In First Place it Should be of Good Stock, Not From Scrubby Mare, but Dam of Blood Breeding Qualities—by Proper Treatment and Attention it Can be Made in First Year—Good Feeding Essential.

Prize Winning Jack.

Mules, much abused and neglected animals, are not generally understood by farmers. A mule in the first place must be of good stock, not an offspring of some scrubby mare, but a mare with good breeding qualities, writes Ed McLaughlin in the Rural New Yorker. A mule of the mammoth stock is supposed to be the best mule under all conditions. Mules are cheaper than colts, for the service fee is not generally as high. Many people make a mistake in working the mare too soon after foaling. Never work a mare under ten days, then she can do light work, but the mule must be left in the barn.

When the mare is brought in from work never allow the mule to suck as long as the mare is warm. After a mule is two or three weeks old turn it out in a lot away from the mare, especially at night, for a mule is very hard on a mare, much more than colts. When the mule is about two months old he may be allowed to eat a few oats, about a pint in the beginning. Increase as he grows older, or the same amount of bran along with a little hay, alfalfa is preferred. At the age of nine months a mule should be weaned, not gradually, but all at once. Take it away from the mare and never let it suck afterwards. He should be put by himself or tied up. At this time you can give an ear of corn at a meal and a small amount of hay. The mule should be turned out in fair weather and not left to stand in the stable.

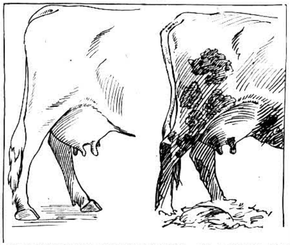
A mule should be made before he is a year old. This can be done by good breeding and the proper care. It is not necessary to give a great quantity of food to him during the winter, but it must be of the kind to keep him growing, such as alfalfa hay, silage, some corn fodder, some corn and chopped food occasionally. Oats are very good, but very expensive food. In spring he may be turned out on pasture during the day and fed some hay at night and morning, because grass at this time is very washy. As the grass gets older leave on pasture, but be sure to have plenty of shade and water. A mule should not be broken until he is three years old, although many are broken before they are near that age.

With the proper handling he will be found to be easier to manage than horse colts. I always work them beside a good steady horse. Do not work mules together until thoroughly broken, or you may have some trouble. After this time he may be found to do more and better work than a horse colt at the same age, that is you can work him harder. When at this time you may say that a mule is easier raised and at less cost than horse colts, in that they do not require as much care and less food to keep them in good condition. Mule colts will bring more money than an average horse colt, even though he may be blemished in some way. He will sell when a blemished horse colt would not sell.

Feed for Hens.

In the laying pens we give warm mash in the morning, feeding very carefully, just enough to warm the birds; then we give greens, roots like turnips and sugar beets and alfalfa hay. For the main meal, at four in the afternoon, we give a good supply of mixed grain, chiefly wheat in the litter, and then we always give them more than they can eat so they will have some left over for the next morning.

DIRT THAT POISONS THE MILK



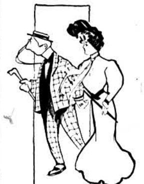
The difference between a clean cow and a dirty one is strikingly shown in the picture. The cow on the right had been running on pasture ten days, sleeping out at night, when the photograph was taken. Naturally a great deal of the filth she had accumulated in a vile stable had been rubbed off and washed off by the rains, but enough remains to show that her milk would carry poison to hundreds of gallons when added to that of other cows in the dairy. At the Illinois station it was found that the milk from the average, unwashed, unbrushed cow contained many times as much dirt as that from a perfectly clean cow. This is not guess work, as a glazed dish equal in size to a pail was held under a cow's udder 4½ minutes, the average time consumed in milking, while motions similar to milking were made. The dirt caught in the dish was then carefully weighed. It was then found that milk from soiled and muddy udders similar to that shown by the cow on the right contained from 20 to 24 times as much dirt as from that from a clean cow.

Short Pasture.

The man who turns to pasture too early usually has much to say about short pasture all summer.

To Get
Its Beneficial Effects,
Always Buy the Genuine
SYRUP of FIGS
and
ELIXIR of SENNA
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
Sold by all leading
Druggists
One Size Only, 50¢ a Bottle

HADN'T SEEN IT SINCE.



She—You ought to see that man in evening clothes.

He—I'd like to; he borrowed my dress suit three months ago.

Thackeray's Kindness of Heart.

Thackeray was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points. But even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly misknown.

Why He Quit.

"Haven't I the privilege of making suggestions to the man fixing the lawn?" she asked, with tears in her voice.

"Why, certainly," he assured her.

"Well, just because I made a suggestion to him he threw all his tools in the wheelbarrow in an angry manner and went away without saying a word."

"Why, what had you said to make him act like that?"

"I just asked him to plant a few nice dandelions in the lawn."

Some Aviation Records.

Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the first crowned head who has made an aeroplane flight. The aviator who took him up is the first man who ever was knighted in midair. Prince Henry of Prussia is the first professional aviator of royal rank. Mr. Roosevelt is the first prominent statesman to have made an ascension in an aeroplane. Arthur J. Balfour is the second.

HEART RIGHT.

When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble.

The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes:

"I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings.

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum I began its use.

"The change in my condition was remarkable. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the Life Insurance Co. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek., Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.