DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUT.

The Surprise Which Struck an English Pugilist In Chicago.

He was a lightweight—at least he said he could fight at 133 pounds, although he looked as heavy and clumsy as a Sussex pig. He hadn't been over the water very long, and his h's were omitted and inserted on a system that left no doubt of his origin and ancestry.

The fighting game wasn't very good in Chicago when he arrived, and he had to cool his heels in idleness until his eyes had a keen, inquiring look and some of the surplus beef began to disappear from around his waist band.

One night he managed to hypnotize a saloon keeper who frequently brings off little affairs of the kind the Englishman wanted, and the boniface agreed to "get him a go." It seemed quite a long time to the Briton, but a match was finally arranged. He and a French Canadian gentleman of some little fame were to furnish the "wind up" at the next Monday night's carnival of the Cormorant club.

The hours never went so slowly as they did during the week that the Englishman waited for the night that was to bring him glory and a settlement of his board bill. At last the fateful evening came, and the man from across the sea hied him to the saloon where in a big back room the mill was to be decided.

He stood up in the center of the ring and bowed gracefully as a seasick elephant. The master of ceremonies bellowed, "Mr. Bill Lambkin of Birmingham, England," and then, "Mr. Henri Pijette of Montreal." Somebody hit a gong, and the carnival was under way.

The Englishman swung his right aloft, but it never landed. There was a duck, a swirling fist flying upward. The man from Birmingham sprang straight up into the air as if lifted by a dynamite explosion. Then he fell and lay very quiet on the padded floor.

"Lovely uppercut," said as alderman. "Shortest knockout I ever saw," said a building inspector. "Eight, nine, ten—out!" said the referee.

They took him back to the dressing room and sat him on a chair. His eyes opened, and he rose to his feet.

"Hi say, hisn't hit time Hi was goin to th' ring?" he queried.

There was a snicker.

"No, you're through for the night," grinned his second.

"W'at? 'Ave Hi been boxin?"

"No, you —— cockney! T'other mug's been boxin."

"W'y? W'at's 'appened? W'at 'ave Hi been doin?"

"Ah, g'wan! You've been doin a clog dance an some ground an lofty tumblin," growled his second. The Englishman looked around him in a dazed, uncertain way and mechanically took the money—the loser's end—which was handed to him. Then he dressed and went out into the night, shaking his head and thinking many things.—Chicago News.

Duchess and Fishwife.

An old fishwife, one of the order that was more frequently seen a dozen years ago than today, and who runs about barelegged in a very brief tartan petticoat, with a creel of fish upon her shoulders, had been often promised by an ally in the servants' hall that she should some time see the young duchess in her own home. She was therefore posted one day in a distant corner of the hall, from which she looked out in obvious discontent as the lady and her guests filed in to dinner. When [illegible] room door had [illegible] the dining [illegible] closed behind them, she was asked what she thought of the duchess.

"The duchess!" she repeated in the shrill tones of supreme disdain. "Dinna ye try for to make me believe my ain leddy was there. I saw a muckle braw wives tricked out in shining stones and feathers, each with her mon by her side, but my bonnie duchess wasna' wi' them. Na, na, dinna ye try for to mak me believe that."

It then transpired that she was looking out for a tall, willowy form, clad in simple homespun, with a sailor hat poised lightly on a dainty head, such as she saw when she trudged to the rear of the castle with her creel, and that she would not have the tiara and satin train at any cost.—Madame.

Trick In Making Change.

A curious incident occurred in a Paris restaurant the other day. A high official, happening to be in the Montmartre district about dinner time, walked into a restaurant frequented much by foreigners, and took his dinner there, his bill amounting to 8 francs. When calling the waiter to pay for his meal, he handed him a 20 franc goldpiece, which the waiter put into his mouth, as is the custom of the Paris waiters. Making change, he only gave him 2 francs. The gentleman looked up and said: "Beg your pardon, I want 12 francs and not 2 francs." "Excuse me, sir," said the waiter. "You gave me a 10 franc piece. See?" And therewith he took from between his lips a smaller gold coin, showing it to the gentleman. The official, considerably wrought up for being taken for a fool, without any warning gave the waiter such a slap in the face that the 20 franc piece given him fell out of his mouth and rolled across the room. The gentleman got his change, and purposely forgot to tip the waiter, who had received quite a setback by the "striking" argument of the guest.—Paris Letter.

Finding a Verdict.

A Texas paper says that in one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas the 12 gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: "We hab looked ever'whar, judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doahs, but it ain't nowhar in dat blessed room."

THE BORE WAS SHOCKED.

A Blunt Letter That Reached Him From the Interior Department.

The following anecdote is related of Judge Cox, who was once secretary of the interior: There is a class of people, and a large one, who find pleasure in corresponding with the departments on trivial subjects and prolong the correspondence indefinitely. A gentleman, let us call him Mr. Jones, was one of these persistent specimens who wrote to the interior department. Although replies were made to his inquiries, he always returned to the front with another unimportant question. His case became a subject of conversation among the clerks, and at lunchtime one day some one referred to Mr. Jones' ability as a letter writer.

"If I had my way," said a clerk, "I'd soon put an end to his nonsense."

"How would you do it?"

"Why, I'd write him a letter like this," and he wrote as follows:

DEAR MR. JONES—Yours of the 9th inst. received. In reply I would say that your intellectual capacities are rather inferior to those of a boneless codfish. I am tired of you. Hoping you will not write again, I remain, yours respectfully, ——.

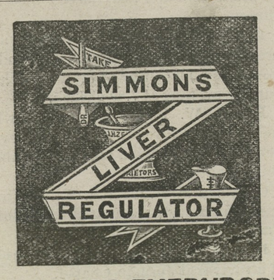
The letter was passed around and read and finally carelessly thrown aside on a desk. It remained there until evening, when it was collected, with others, by the messenger whose duty it was to carry letters from the several divisions to the secretary for his signature. It chanced to be among some letters relating to routine matters, and Secretary Cox affixed his signature without reading it. Then it went through the mail to Mr. Jones. The following day the secretary received a communication from Mr. Jones. He was shocked and grieved; he was fearful that the government was tottering to its fall. When a cabinet officer descended to penning such sentences, he said, he feared for the welfare of the country. Mr. Jones' wounded feelings were soothed by a personal letter from the secretary, and to show that there was no hard feeling on his part Mr. Jones at once renewed his correspondence with the department.—Washington Post.

NEWS OF LINCOLN'S DEATH.

An Illustration of the Improvement In the Means of Communication.

Writing upon the subject of "The Romance of Our News Supply," Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald tells a story about the death of President Lincoln which strikingly illustrates the improvement effected in our means of communication during the last 30 years. In those days there were no Atlantic cables working, and news of the shooting of the president and his subsequent death had to come by steamer. All night after Wilkes Booth's fatal shot had been fired Reuter's agent at Washington waited for the announcement of Lincoln's death, which was known to be imminent.

The president passed away at 7:30 the next morning at the very moment a great steamer was leaving for England. The energetic agent hired a fast tug and pursued the departing steamer until he was near enough to cast on her deck a tin canister containing the mournful tidings. This was the only intimation of Lincoln's death received in England by the mail. It was the custom in those days for swift yachts to meet the incoming Atlantic liners off the coast of Ireland. Tin cans of special construction were thrown overboard by the offi[illegible] the steamer and picked [illegible] cers of after which th[illegible] up by the yachts, w[illegible] the messages were conveyed with all possible expedition to the nearest telegraph office.—London News.



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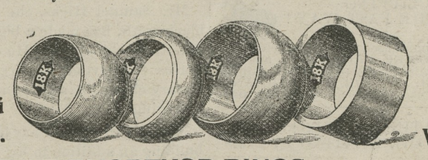

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