

Rusticus At The Hotel.

A dusty, sun-browned stranger stalked into one of our principal hotels early one evening, laid a big black valise, which had perhaps made quite a smart appearance in its youth, carefully beside him, and, with a hand unaccustomed to public writing, scrawled with great exertion the name of Lorenzo Smith upon the register.

"Will you have some supper, Mr. Smith?" asked the clerk.

"Wall, no, I guess not," returned the rustic gentleman.—"The folks at home put up a good bit of grub, and thar's enough left in this yere carpet bag for a supper, I reckon."

The clerk smiled, and the countryman and his corpulent carpet-bag were shown to their room.—Country was somewhat dazed at its magnificence, but he was hungry, and, placing the satchel on the centre-table, he drew forth a large chunk of boiled ham, numerous pieces of cold chicken, several enormous doughnuts, and half-a-dozen hard-boiled eggs.—He was about to absorb the meager repast into his starving system, when his eyes caught sight of the "rules for guests" tacked upon the door. He got up and read them aloud. He came to the last one, and read, "Meals in room charge extra." He read it again, this time slowly. "Wall, I be danged," he ejaculated, and, turning to the table, in an instant he had removed the ham, doughnuts, eggs, and all into the omnivorous carpet-sack and in another instant he was down in the office, where he accosted the clerk with, "I see, stranger, yer sign up thar in my room says meals in rooms charged extra."

"Yes," responded the clerk, who recognized the customer of a few minutes ago, and could scarcely repress his risibles.—"One dollar extra."

"Wall, I'll be consarned," screamed the verdant, "I guess the expense of a hot meal won't be much more," and beckoning to a bell-boy, he called out, "Hy'ar, boy, show me the way to yer kitchen;" and in a moment later he was in the hands of the waiters.

The following tender missive was picked up in the ladies' sitting-room of the railroad depot at Fondra: "Dear Charles, do you love me as much as you did at a quarter to 12 last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me spirit to go down and tackle them cold beans left from yesterday." Charles' answer will undoubtedly run somewhat in this wise: "Dear Susan, I do. Tackle them beans."

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—The St. Louis Democrat relates the following:

"During the progress of the trial of the case of Widow Matthews against the Elevator Company, in the Circuit Court a few days ago, Col. Slayback, counsel for defendant, conceived the idea that one Murphy, a witness for the plaintiff, was a suitor for the hand of the widow, and on the eve of leading her to the altar. Getting Murphy on the stand, the lawyer endeavored to bring this fact before the jury, and this was the upshot of the examination:

"Mr. Murphy, are you any relation of the plaintiff?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"Don't you expect to be?"

"Such a thing might happen."

"Now, are you not going to marry her?"

"I'm afraid not."

"You are afraid you won't eh? Well now, don't you expect to marry her?"

"If my wife should die, and the widow remain single till then, such a thing might happen."

The jurors and spectators burst into a roar of laughter, and Murphy chuckled at the cunning manner in which he had drawn the lawyer on. The Colonel had nothing more to say on the matrimonial question.

GOING BACK ON IT.—A short time ago, a colored man entered the office of the clerk of a county court out in the West, and advancing to the table where the deputy clerk was busily engaged, produced a marriage license, for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before. "Boss," said he, "de lady declines dis document, and I jes fetch it in to get my money back." It was a little consoling to the darkey to be told that some men had even went farther and had fared worse; but when assured that his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly, and muttered as he made his exit, "Eberybody's gone back on dis document."

See what pluck and enterprise will do. An indolent sort of a chap in a neighboring county, who had the reputation of never having earned a cent in his life, went in to the poultry business the other day and raised fifty fine chickens during one night. There were more on the roost, but some got away.

Lawyer.—"How do you identify this handkerchief?"

Witness.—"By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it."

Lawyer.—"That's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket."

Witness.—"I don't doubt that. I had more than one of the same sort stolen."

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