

# IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT ALWAYS HAPPENS



"Yes, my boy, you wouldn't think a staid old New Jersey suburbanite like myself was once a rollicking cowboy. By George, I'll put on the outfit and show you how it works."



"Of course that isn't a spirited broncho, old fellow, but you can tell how comfortable that old Mexican saddle feels if you just trot him past a little."



"Oh-h p-p-please d-don't t-throw t-that t-thing!"



"Oh, but I can't resist the temptation."



But afterward he wished he had.

## The New Era on the Frontier.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger to the crowd of stern-looking men who stood in front of Grizzly Dan's "Dead Game Palace" in Warwhoop City, "there's been some horse stealing going on around here of late, hasn't there?"

"That's what there hev," answered Broncho Bill.

"A horse has disappeared nearly every night for the past month?"

"That's right."

"Till now there isn't a horse left in the whole town?"

"Not a horse."

"Not a hide nor hoof left in the whole community?"

"Nary hide er hoof."

"Well, gentlemen," said the stranger frankly, "I'm here to say that I'm the man that stole all these horses. I've rushed the last one of them across the divide into the next county, and you'll never lay eyes on them again. I confess to doing the whole thing single-handed, gentlemen. Now what are you going to do with me?"

The crowd was visibly excited. Broncho Bill and Grizzly Dan held a whispered consultation, and then conferred with the others. At last Broncho Bill stepped forward and amid an impressive silence spoke as follows:

"Stranger, you ask what we're a-goin' ter do with you: Wal, thet point hez jest bin under discussion, and it hev been unanimously decided to make you mayor of Warwhoop city!"

Loud cheers interrupted him, but an imperative gesture restored quiet.

"Stranger," Broncho Bill continued, dashing a furtive tear from his eye, "every citizen of this burg feels personally indebted ter you, an' it are my privilege to thank you hyar an' now for the public service that you hev done. Ever since we got our new bikes three months ago we hev bin tryin' ter give them hosses away, and no one would have 'em. We've hed 'em on our hands with no way ter git rid of 'em, with feed a-goin' higher all the time. At this crisis, stranger, you kim along an' without any trouble ter us whatsoever, an' with neatness and despatch, relieve ther community of ther last one of 'em. We think it only fittin' thet ez an evidence of our appreciation we make you mayor of Warwhoop City fer life!"

"Gentlemen," responded the stranger with emotion, "I accept the honor."

And with wild cheers the delighted crowd rushed for Grizzly Dan's bar to drink the new mayor's health.

## His Valuable Accomplishment.

"Those pert soubrettes and wide-mouthed comedians were very fond of scornfully denouncing me the little end of the show," triumphantly soliloquized the prestidigitateur, after the beetle-browed deputy Sheriff had snapped onto the baggage of the vaudeville aggregation which had stranded many weary miles from New York and the flinty-hearted landlord had denied them his hospitality longer, "but here is where I get the laugh on them!"

"I will now deftly draw a rabbit, three eggs and half a peck of potatoes from my silk hat, and dine like a king on my own handiwork. I will then add, in tones suitable for declamatory purposes, that he who laughs last laughs best."

Whereupon he made good his boastful words.

## Fire Proof.

"The Spanish will get left if they ever try to burn my property in Cuba," said the American resident.

"What business are you in?"

"I manufacture a cheap grade of cigars."

## The Cure.

BROWNE—I believe my bicycle is heavier than the dealer represented it.

TOWNE—Well, why don't you give it a weigh?

A backward Spring: gnirp6.

## Amal's Error.

FARMER HORNBEEK (leaning over his neighbor's gate)—What's your son Amal doin' over there?

FARMER DUNK—Wal, he thinks he's diggin' bait an' that he's goin' fishin' pretty soon, but in reality he's spadin' the garden an' is goin' to keep it up all the afternoon.

## The Important Point.

JUDGE (to witness)—You say you have known the prisoner all your life?

WITNESS—Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE—Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?

WITNESS—How much was it?

## Who Was the Thief?

"I am ready for your story, Mr. Kimberley," said Hemlock Jones, leaning back and closing his eyes. "I hope there is a little mystery in it, anyhow. All the cases I have had for the last month have been so stupidly simple."

"Well," replied the jeweller, "this business is a great mystery to me, and I fancy you will not find it easy to lay your hands on the thief. The facts are these: About two months ago I discovered that a diamond brooch worth \$200 had been stolen. I had no reason to suspect any of my clerks, so I concluded that the thief was on the outside. Ten days later a diamond ring disappeared under circumstances that left no doubt that it was taken by somebody in my employ. I said nothing, but watched my clerks closely. Three weeks ago I missed a diamond-studded watch, and the next day a valuable bracelet. Not caring to destroy every chance of catching the thief by calling in the police, I did detective work myself, following my clerks to their homes, shadowing them at night, and making inquiries about them; but my efforts were fruitless. Yesterday another brooch was stolen, and something else may be missing this evening. All I know for certain is that the jewels were stolen by one of three clerks—Edward Blair, James Sutton and John Higgins. Nobody else could have had the opportunity to steal them."

"Tell me something about these men," said Hemlock Jones.

"They have all been in my employ for several years," replied Mr. Kimberley, "and I am sorry to be obliged to suspect any of them. Blair is a rather lively young fellow. I discovered that he is very fond of the theatre, and is often seen at the stage door. That is against him, but it is no proof of his guilt. Sutton is about to get married, and it struck me that the need of money might have tempted him to steal. Still, he is a fine young fellow, and I hate to suspect him. As for Higgins, he is above suspicion. He is a young married man who spends all his evenings at home. He is studying law in his spare hours, and I found out that he often sits up all night poring over his books. It seems—"

"That will do," interrupted Hemlock Jones, looking disgusted. "No mystery after all. I know who the thief is, and I will come to your store at 10 a. m. to-morrow and make him confess."

The astonished jeweller started to ask several questions, but Hemlock Jones's only reply was: "Ten a. m. to-morrow," and Mr. Kimberley had to go away unsatisfied.

At the time appointed Hemlock Jones entered the jewelry store and, calling the proprietor aside, said: "Take me to your private office and I will get the confession at once. Send me—"

"Blair and Sutton?" cried the jeweller.

"No, I want Higgins," was the calm reply.

Ten minutes later Hemlock Jones came out and handed Mr. Kimberley the written confession of Higgins, at the same time calling on the other clerks to guard the thief.

The jeweller was dumfounded. For several minutes he stared at the writing without saying a word. Finally he exclaimed: "I can hardly believe it yet. Why did you suspect Higgins, and how did you secure the confession?"

"It was the easiest kind of a job," answered Hemlock Jones, looking bored. "When you told me that Higgins sat up all night reading I was satisfied that he was the thief. I knew that a man who burned gas all night in New York City and had a salary of only \$40 a week must steal in order to pay his gas bills. Starting out with this deduction, I went to the gas office, where I am pretty well known, and obtained duplicates of Higgins's bills for the last year. The figures on them convinced me that my deduction was right. When I accused Higgins of the thefts he at first made a stout denial. But when I flashed the gas bills on him and asked him where he got the money to pay them he broke down and confessed."



THE COUNT—Santa Maria! Zey ask me to play and I forgetta myself and reaches for de cranks. I musta dissemble!

## Heard But Half.

"I object to the decision," said the defendant's lawyer, "because one of the jurymen didn't hear both sides."

"Please explain," said the Judge.

"May it please Your Honor," he is deaf in one ear."

## A Reversal.

GOTLEFT—The only way I can get square on old Monleigh is to sue him for big money.

PITLEFT—For what? Throwing you down the stoop?

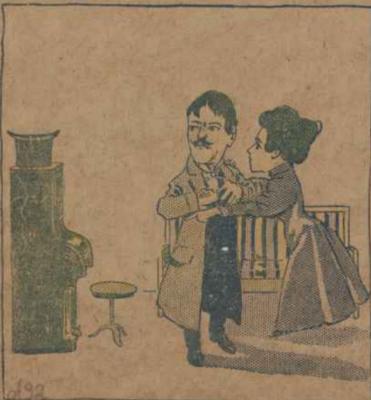
GOTLEFT—No, for alienating his daughter's affection.

## Not in History.

INQUIRING BOY—Paw, how do you suppose a buffalo got that funny name?

LEARNED PARENT—Very naturally, my son. In the early days of the country those animals were very numerous around Buffalo, N. Y., hence the name given to them.

# LOVE WILL FIND A WAY



1. MABEL—Papa has bought me this new piano, and insists that I must play it every moment while on are here, so that we wont have time to make love.



2. ARTHUR—Let me see, dear. Hurrah! Your father does not know it, but this piano has a self-playing attachment!



3. Yum! yum! sm-sm-sm-smack!!



4. THE OLD PEOPLE—Ah, we've got the best of the young turtle doves!



5. And so every one was taddy.