

JOB BUNKER'S ELECTRIC KITE.

By W. S. GIDLEY.

"Speakin' about Ben Franklin goin' fishin' fer lightning with a lightning rod fastened to a kite always reminds me of Job Bunker."

"Why, what did Job Bunker do?" inquired Uncle Juggins, as he leaned back in his armchair and gazed contentedly at his feet, which were resting comfortably on the top of the cracker barrel.

"In the first place, p'raps you'll be so obligin' as to tell us who Job Bunker might be. There hain't no Job Bunker around these parts that I know of."

"Didn't say there was," went on Uncle Juggins, impatiently. "If you'd waited a minute you'd found out all about it."

"Job Bunker, as I started to tell you, was one of the most enterprisin' citizens of Basswood flats, an' he was always thinkin' up some scheme fer makin' money, not on a big scale, you understand, but in an easy, jog-trot sort of way. Job was a powerful hand to trade horses an' chickens. He could start out on Monday mornin' with a \$9 nag, trade horses every day an' come back Saturday night with a better job than he had on the start, an' with anywhere from \$25 to \$50 boot money."

"Could he have made a good livin' just a-tradin' horses if he had devoted all his time to it, but he didn't. Horse tradin' was only a sort of side issue with Job. His main business was peddlin' fish, clams, ice, patent traps, an' such like, in the summer, an' huntin' foxes, settin' snares, an' such like for next summer, takin' subscriptions for the magazines an' newspapers, an' every, an' so forth in the winter. Between 'em all, Job managed to keep pretty middlin' busy the most of the time."

"I should imagine he might," commented Wiggins, dryly. "Looks reasonable enough, that does; but what's all them occupations of Job Bunker's got to do with Ben Franklin coavin' lightning down from the clouds on a kitestrin'?"

"That thunder an' lightning goin' together—didn't you finish tellin' what the squire said when you asked him for Mahala?"

"I'm gittin' around to it as fast as I kin," grumbled Uncle Juggins. "Shan't be long to get to the nub of it. I want to show you the sort of a hustler Job was; but before I bring in about his goin' into partnership with the lightning."

"In partnership?"

"Yes, I reckon that's the shortest way to describe it. You see, one day Job got hold of the yarn about Ben Franklin an' his c'd bring down lightning in that way it might be of considerable assistance to him in the fishin' business. You know, a strike of electricity 'bassin' through a body of water will kill all the fish fer rods around, an' Job's idea was to catch the lightning same as Ben did an' lead it down into the lake an' knock over as many fish in three seconds as he c'd yank out with his hooks an' lines in three hours."

"Well, Job built his kite, makin' the frame good an' strong, an' coverin' it with oiled silk, so it'd shed rain; then he rigged up a sharp-pointed wire projectin' out a foot or so beyond the upper end of the kite, an' leadin' down to the kite string, which was a good, stout cord, equal to 'most any strain on it, an' then the next time a thunderstorm come up Job hustled out to the lake with his kite, sent it sailin' up into the lower alk of the air, an' anchorin' the ends of the string out in the water ways, with a big stone tied to it to hold it down."

"Well, Job had hardly got back to the shore when the first streak of lightning come slidin' down that kite string an' zipped into the water, followin' the roof of the sky. A passel of fish, like an' big, come floatin' to the surface all around where the kite string was anchored, an' of course, Job waded out into the water an' begun pickin' up the fish, tossin' 'em ashore, an' 'most as fast as time when Job was workin' away like a natter, scoopin' in the fish, or, rather, scoopin' 'em out, along comes another good-sized streak of lightning, slidin' down that air kite string, an' when it struck the water, Job said Old Nick himself had him by the legs."

"He give a screech, Job did, doubled up like a jack-knife an' rolled over in the water, an' he probably would have been drowned then an' there if the same comin' stable hadn't happened along in the nick of time, an' hauled him out of the water, an' marched him under arrest fer ketchin' fish in a manner contrary to the statutes in the case made an' provided."

"Well, Job was hauled up before a justice of the peace an' fined \$25, an' before he got back to the lake somebody cut the kite string an' let his kite sail away, an' stole all his fish; an' take it altogether, Job was so clean disgusted an' discouraged that he never tried to do any more fishin' by the lightning process method after that."

"Through with yer story?" queried Wiggins, as Uncle Juggins paused and began to show symptoms of starting for home.

"I calculate I am," said Uncle Juggins, rising to his feet. "I set out to tell you about Job Bunker's Ben Franklin kite, an' I reckon I've narrated all there is to it, so I might as well be shufflin' along to ride home."

"BOONE'S SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

The Great Hunter and Explorer Could Turn a Trick.

Like every man of force, Daniel Boone knew how to turn all his gifts to active account; his coolness and self-possession are proverbial, and he also had a sense of humor which gave him fortunate inspirations at times. It is told that he was once resting in the woods with a small number of followers, when a large company of Indians came suddenly upon them and halted until they came in contact. The whites were eating, and the Indians, with the ready tact for which they are famous, sat down with perfect composure and commenced eating, also. It was obvious that the white men and their favorable opportunity for rushing on them. Boone affected a careless inattention; but in an undertone admonished his men to keep their hands upon their rifles. He then stroled toward the Indians, unarmed, and leisurely picking the meat from a bone.

Teacher—Now, children, we all know what the word 'toaster' means, do we not? Pupils—Yes, mam. Teacher—Well then, write a sentence containing the word. (Five minutes later)—Now, Johnnie, you may read poetry that will have to learn this sort of a look. We have a regular snip.

Her Little Brother—Set down in the parlor. Sit'll be here as soon as she gits through givin' her face a swipe with the powder rag. Mr. Simperling—And what did she say when you told her I was here? Her Little Brother—She said she knewed when the window come down on her thumb Monday mornin' that this was goin' to be a unlucky week for her.

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what can I do for you?" asked the groom. "Be quick for I'm awful busy." "P-p-p-p-p," stammered Nellie, "my m-m-muzzler sent me for a p-p-pound of b-but-ter, but if you is a-b-busy drive me a h-half p-p-pound."

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