

## A MARDI-GRAS INCIDENT.

### Skinner Plays "Big Injun" and Loses His Scalp.

The Mardi-gras procession on Tuesday was witnessed by large crowds, and the ludicrous impersonations of character will live long in the memories of the masses, who laughed until their sides ached. Among the motley host who perambulated the streets in the procession, was a long, cadaverous-looking fellow, representing a Comanche Indian. His face was painted red, his suit was well made up. Upon his ponderous feet were a pair of new moccasins, and hanging from the beaded girt that encircled his body were half a dozen "hoss pistols" and as many scalps. Inside this belt stuck a cheese-knife and a sythe blade. His long black hair was banded with a brass hoop, from which stuck about a dozen of turkey and goose feathers, and in his right hand he held with an iron grasp a tomahawk, red with some victim's blood. Any one who had ever read or heard of the famous Indian warrior, Bloody Nose, would have said he had arisen from the dead and joined that procession. But it was not the blood-thirsty rover of the forest. It was Skinner, who personated him, and he did it to perfection. His appearance was a terror to women and children, while his war whoop, and the revolutions of that bloody tomahawk were certain death to "de culled population." Everybody saw the wild Indian, but nobody knew it was Skinner.

While the procession moved through the various streets, Skinner would get dry, and break ranks by dodging into bar-rooms and taking in his usual dose of "fire water." By the time Skinner had "war-whooped" ten or fifteen blocks, and hid about half a keg of "fire-water" about his person, he was in "fine trim" to play Comanche, and began to think he was "Bloody Nose" sure enough, for he tried to "scalp" no less than a dozen darkies that fell into his hands.

The procession passed within a square or two of Skinner's house. Skinner has a wife, and she is the mother of five little male and four female Skinnners. Skinner's wife does her own work; in fact, she's "boss" of Skinner's house, and, instead of her rushing off with a string of little Skinnners after her to see the procession, she kept the little ones at home, and stayed in the kitchen attending to cleaning the pots, kettles and pans after dinner.

A new idea struck Skinner. He would go home and scare Mrs. Skinner and all the little Skinnners. He cut loose from the procession, took another dose of "fire water," and by the time he reached his front gate, he was the most reckless-looking Comanche the world ever beheld. Picking up new courage he rushed into the front room where the little Skinnners were "playing circus." His appearance was accompanied by wild yells and fancy dancing, while he made that tomahawk fly around the room over the children's heads as if he meant business, the little Skinnners shouting, "O! Mr. Injun, don't!" "mother!" "murder!" "fire!" and there were such screams as would have made any "sure enough" Indian run.

Skinner was just in the middle of his fun, when the screams of the children and the war-whoops of the Comanche brought Mrs. Skinner to the scene, armed with an iron skillet. She slipped up behind the "playful Indian," drew a bead on his nose, and landed that skillet with the force of a sledge hammer and the rapidity of lightning against it. The hand let go the tomahawk, the feathers flew, the belt bursted, and the scalps, pistols and knives fell to the floor. There was a flesh-and-blood spot in the middle of his face where that nose was a moment before the skillet mashed it. It now looked like a bursted tomato spread all over his face. There was a groan, a fall, a somersault or two, and all was quiet. That Comanche had found the "happy hunting grounds."

Instead of Mrs. Skinner sending for the doctor and bathing his face, she looked down into his mutilated face, and, shaking the skillet over him with her right hand, exclaimed: "I'll war-whoop you. You thought you'd scare somebody, you derned old fool; but I know'd you, soon as I seed your feet, and smelt your breath."

P. S.—Skinner has an Indian masquerade suit for sale cheap. He won't be able to be out until he gets done breathing through his ears. The doctor says his nose may grow out again by the time the next Mardi Gras takes place. We advise Skinner to get a brass nose and "go West."

### MINE FAMILY.

Dimbled scheeks mit eyes off blue,  
Mout' like it vas moist mit dew,  
Und leetle teeth shust peekin' droo—  
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed, und full of glee,  
Drowzers all out at der knee—  
He vos been blayn horse, you see—  
Dot's leetle Otto.

Von hundred-seexty in der shade  
Der oder day ven she vas veighed—  
She beets me soon I vas avraid—  
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und poety stound,  
Mit crooked legs dot vill bend out,  
Fond of his beer und sater kraut—  
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,  
Von leetle pright-eyed roguish son,  
Von frau to greet ven yerk vas done—  
Dot's mine family.

—[C. P. Adams in the Free Press.]

## BRASSER'S SON CLAUDIUS.

The Fun He Made for a Neighbor's Boy—Disturbing the Old Folks—A Good Shot—Smashing Glass and Arousing a Policeman.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Brassier, who lives on Ninth avenue, has a son about twelve years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down stairs in the sitting-room, and the boys were put into a room directly above. When they went up to bed Claudius had the clothes line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys and then jump into bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brassier boy remarked:

"You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten acre lot!"

From a closet they brought out a cast-off suit of Brassier's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window the other was tying the clothes-line around the "man." The image was lowered down in front of the sitting-room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brassier was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

"Great bottles! but it's a robber!" and he jumped into bed.

"Theodorus Brassier, are you a fool!" screamed the wife as he monopolized all the bed-clothes to cover up his head.

"Be quiet, you old jade, you!" he whispered; "perhaps he'll go away!"

"Don't you call me a jade!" she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair.

"Git up and git the gun and blow his head off!"

"Oh! you do it!"

"Git up, you old coward," she snapped. "I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!"

Brassier turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

"Is that you, boys?"

"Mercy on me! git up!" yelled the wife as the straw man was knocking against the window.

"I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!" said Brassier in a loud voice as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

"Now, then, for blood!" he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brassier jumped back with a cry of alarm.

"Kill him! Shoot him down, you old noodle-head!" screamed the wife.

"I will, by thunder! I will!" replied Brassier, and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower sash.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brassier jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and he made a leap at Brassier.

"He's coming in!—perlice!—boys!—hol perlice!" roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brassier to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled,

"Theodorus, I'm going to faint!"

"Paint and be darned! Boys!—perlice!" he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with the poker.

"Don't you dare talk that way to me!" shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

"Po-leece! Po-leece!" now came from the boys up-stairs, and while one continued to shout the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb and secreted the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brassier:

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"That's so!" chorused the indignant neighbors as they departed.

As Mr. Brassier hung a quilt before the shattered window he remarked to his wife:

"Now see what an old cundurango you made of yourself!"

"Don't fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you!" she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chucked each other in the ribs, and cried:

"I'd rather be a boy than be President!"

## Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—

Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,

Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
Somebody's Darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,  
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;

Cross his hands on his bosom now—  
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;

One bright curl from its fair mates take—  
They were somebody's pride, you know.

Somebody's hand hath rested there—  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;

Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;

And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,  
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

## Der Shmall Young Baby.

So help me gracious! efery day  
I laugh me wild to see der vay  
My shmall young baby dry to play—  
Dot funny leetle baby!

When I look on dhem leetle toes,  
Und saw dot funny leetle nose!  
Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,  
I shmile like I vas grazy!

Und when I heard der real nice vay  
Dhem beoples to my wife they say:  
"More like his father\* efery day!"  
I vas so proud like blazes!

Sometimes dhere comes a little shquall—  
Dot's when der vindy vind vill crawl!  
Righd in its leetle shtomach shmall—  
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so shweet,  
Und gareboric he must eat,  
Und I must chumb shbyr on my feet,  
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und kicks my hair,  
Und grawls me offer eferywhere,  
Und shlobbers me—but what I care!  
Dot vas my shmall young baby!

Around my head dot leetle arm  
Vas shqueezing me so nice and varm;—  
Oh! may dhere never coom some harm  
To dot shmall leetle baby!