The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1885. | VOL. XX.—NO. 30.

Lumber Business.

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Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

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In the STEWART BUILDING, adjoining Masonic Temple,

Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions. Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging

Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

J. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
C. F. Eastman, J. R. Jarrell, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio DePasquale.

I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "23 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 25, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,

HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders which, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The above remedies can be had at the Easton and all other drug stores in Maryland.

TUTT'S
PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine.

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects a change of feeling so decided as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously, and is perfect. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

POETRY.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

BY MAC CRAIG.

How strangely in this world of ours
Are we together thrown—
Yesterday strangers, far apart,
Unthought of and unknown:
Today we meet, and links are formed
That bind us henceforth heart to heart,
Or else tomorrow, having met
As strangers, strangers still we part.

We, who are wandering here and there,
Are ever meeting, parting so,
Sometimes to meet, again sometimes
To meet on earth no more.
Chance throws us in each other's way.
We meet, and then we say good-bye
And go along our separate ways;
And thus it is with you and I.

I never saw your face before;
And mine you'd never looked upon
Till chance our widely severed paths
A little while merged into one.
And there was that in your clear eyes,
And in the manner of your speech
That tho' I knew you soon would be
Far, far beyond my sight and reach;

And knew also that, tho' we were
Right then together, side by side,
No time, no distance ever could
More widely you and I divide
Than we then divided were,
Made me, and even keeps me yet,
Within my quiet woman's heart
Most glad that you and I had met.

But ever in my heart will live
A kindly memory of you
Whose hopeful, cheery spirit made
Us take of life a brighter view;
Whose bright, unselfish mirth beguiled
The hours of a weary day
For those who were not aught to you,
Who ne'er again might cross your way.

And even when my lot is cast
'Mid stranger crowds in places new
Instinctively, with kindly thoughts,
My woman's mind reverts to you;
And if a merry face I see,
A clear, light-hearted voice I hear
I look with closely-searching eyes,
And list with quick, attentive ear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DIAMOND RING.

(CONCLUDED.)

I had paper and pencil in my pocket, and had just copied the address, when the door opened and an elderly lady entered the room. Even at my first glance she impressed me as the loveliest and most winning woman of her age that I had ever seen.

Her hair was snow-white, but her black eyes were as brilliant as at seventeen; her complexion was still fair and smooth, and her small figure was erect as a dart. She was such a dignified looking little dame that I might have been afraid of her but for that pathetic smile and for the melody of the low voice with which she now greeted me so graciously.

We talked for a few moments, then she said:

"I had cut out your advertisement while in the country. I remembered it yesterday, having been disappointed in several quarters. I am rather a solitary woman, and I wish a companion. I like young people; I am passionately fond of music; I am insatiable, too, in the matter of having French novels and Italian poetry read to me. I want the society of a lady of whom I can really make a companion. I don't keep a poodle, and I'm not very bad tempered," with a pleasant laugh, "so I'm not like an old woman in a novel."

Presently I was seated at the piano to exhibit my skill, and I speedily forgot everything in the entrancing delights which playing Chopin's music always caused me. I must add that I had been able to keep in practice through the kindness of an old musical professor, who occupied a room in Mrs. Lawrence's house, and had allowed me the use of his instrument.

Mrs. Morley was pleased. I saw by her criticism that she understood what she was talking about. I read to her in French and Italian, both of which languages had been as familiar to me from childhood as my own.

But in spite of her encomium I had no hope when she came to ask for a reference, for I had none at hand to give. I said abruptly:

"I can only give you a written reference—that of Mr. Basil Howard. He is now on the Continent; you probably don't know him."

"Ah, but I do know him," she answered, sitting down on the sofa beside me and taking my hand in hers. "I want to ask you a question: Are you from Manchester?"

The crisis had come; there could be only one ending. When she heard my father's name our interview would close as all others at that announcement had closed.

"I am Edwin Forbes' daughter," I said, trying to draw my hand away as I spoke.

But she kept it held fast, and said gently:

"I was sure of it. I used to know your father slightly—you remind me of him. My dear, I always believed him to be a very unfortunate, deeply injured man. Will you come and live with me?"

I could not cry, though I would have given worlds to do it. She held my hand and talked on. She wanted me to come to her that very day.

I tried to speak, to tell her about the ring, but I could not. Much as I longed to, the words would not frame themselves; I only sat still, with my lips moving in a vain attempt to articulate, shaking like a leaf from head to foot.

She detained me till past noon, doing most of the talking, though she managed very delicately to lead me to relate some details of the past year.

But I did not want to weary her. All the while I was yearning to tell her my wretched secret, and I could not. The money! I must have the money to redeem the ring. How could I ask? What could I say?"

"I don't know what you will think," I burst out at last, "I've a debt to settle, and I must have ten pounds, if possible, this very day. Oh! I don't know what—"

She checked me by laying her finger on my lips, then went out of the room, and when she returned handed me a sealed envelope, saying:

"Put that in your pocket, my dear. I'm such a forgetful mortal that if I don't hand you the first quarter's salary now and here I might not remember it at all."

"Even my thanks sounded so stiff that I blushed with shame. I stammered something about the state of my wardrobe.

"Easily remedied—very easily," she said, pleasantly. "Now I shall let you go, in order that I may the sooner have you back. Can you be here by four o'clock? That's right! I want you to take a carriage home; you look tired. Tell the man to come back for you a little before four, remember."

I would not let her send for a carriage however, and got up to take my leave. Suddenly my icy apathy broke up. I sobbed like a child. She soothed me into quiet, but I went away without telling my secret—it would not be uttered.

I still had the pawnbroker's ticket in my pocket-book. I went to the place at once. Mr. Lindon himself received me. He was perfectly uninquisitive and indifferent. I opened the envelop to take out the money—and found twenty-five pounds, to my surprise, instead of ten.

With the ring in my possession I hurried to Mrs. Lawrence's, told her everything that had happened, and received her warm congratulations.

"I am not a bit surprised," she said. "I told you it was borne in upon me that you'd got to the end of your troubles."

I packed my slender wardrobe, and meantime consulted with Mrs. Lawrence as to how I should get the ring to the place designated in the advertisement. We decided that Willie should run for a cab, and before going to Mrs. Morley's house I should drive to Mr. Stuart's office. Willie was to accompany me as far as there and leave the package. I put the ring in the box and sealed it up, and the plan was easily carried into execution.

That night I slept as if I had suddenly been transplanted to a new world. It was not until the cheerful evening had ended and I was alone in the luxurious nest provided for me that I even remembered how strange it was for a woman of Mrs. Morley's age and experience, no matter how good hearted, to take one so entirely on trust as she had me.

In spite of possessing Mr. Howard's letter I might easily have been an impostor—have disappeared with her money. The next few days, however, brought a reaction. I felt singularly languid and disinclined to exertion.

I slept badly and had little appetite; mentally and bodily I was wretched. I did not complain. Of course Mrs. Morley could not know that this was not my ordinary manner. At last I was forced to give in and go to bed and allow a doctor to be sent for. He said at once that my attack was in a measure malarial, but that I was suffering also from the reaction after prolonged mental worry and anxiety.

"Slight wonder," he added, when he heard my story, "after all you have lived through."

I have no words to describe Mrs. Morley's kindness and that of the faithful old servant of her household. If I had been her daughter I could not have received more attention or been more petted.

She spent a great deal of her time in my room while I was confined in bed; but luckily that lasted only a little while, though I was too weak to do more, even after I got better, than dress and move about the chamber. I saw no one; but I heard about visitors, and her grandson Basil, who was evidently the joy and pride of her heart. He had been to Liverpool, she told me, and was preparing to go on the Continent on business, which would detain him for several months.

Mrs. Morley was very sorry I could not see him, and he used to send me pleasant messages by her. She talked so much about him that I felt I almost knew him. He sailed finally before I was able to get down stairs. My dear protectress was sorely grieved at his departure, though she was good enough to say that my society would be a great comfort to her during his absence.

When I had recovered I tried my best to fulfill my duties, to show my gratitude and appreciation of the kindness I had received. But always there lay at my heart the load of that wretched secret, and always I regretted bitterly I had not told it frankly the first morning I entered the house.

Soon after my recovery I received a note from Mrs. Lawrence. She had been aided by kind friends to procure another house, and she was really prospering, of which I was glad indeed.

The life I led was uneventful, but oh, so quiet and happy, save for that one care.

We drove out daily, walked when it was pleasant, went to the theatres and the opera, and had pleasant parties at home. All of Mrs. Morley's visitors treated me as she did; that is, as if I was her youthful relative.

I had been under that hospitable roof for nearly three months and had gradually lulled my conscience into a sort of a compromise, which left me something more like peace.

I did not intend always to conceal my sin from my friend. I determined that some time I would make a full confession to her; but I still put it off.

One day she had gone to visit her lawyer at his office. She did not need me, and as I had a slight cold she would not hear of my leaving the house.

I occupied myself in writing some letters for her, among them one to her grandson, as had happened very frequently. Indeed, he had written and thanked me personally for my care and attention to his grandmother, and had begged me to keep him informed of the exact state of her health.

His letters were always charming. I tried to render mine as interesting as possible in return, and Mrs. Morley used to pay me a great many compliments on them, and would often read to me Basil Howard's commendation of them till I told her that I should become as vain as a peacock very soon.

Well, as I sat writing in the library the butler brought me a note from Mrs. Morley. The messenger was waiting for the reply—the servant said Mrs. Morley had forgotten some papers. I was to open her toilette table drawer, in which I would find the key to her escritoire, and in the pigeon holes of the escritoire lay the documents she had need of.

For once the orderly old lady was mistaken. The papers were not where she thought. I discovered them, however, at length in a drawer, and beneath them lay a box, which I recognized at a glance.

Could I believe my eyes?

I opened the box and saw what I had feared. There was the diamond ring which I had picked up in the street, and which had been the cause of all my past three month's troubles.

I closed the escritoire and despatched the messenger with the paper.

Then my conscience and I waged a sore battle. It was near dinner time when Mrs. Morley returned.

Up to the moment when we met I thought that I should have the courage to tell her. But I went to bed with my secret unuttered.

Two weeks elapsed. The secret was still lying like a leaden weight upon my conscience.

News had come to Mrs. Morley, meantime, that she might expect her grandson in another week.

Days before the time appointed, however, he arrived. He had purposely misled her, so that she need not worry over his voyage. I had been out in the carriage to do some shopping for her and to visit a hospital in which she was interested. On my return I went directly up to her dressing-room, and heard her call, in answer to my knock:

"Don't stand there, tapping like Poe's raven, my precious child, but come in—come in."

I opened the door. As I crossed the threshold I caught sight of a gentleman sitting by her.

"Here is Basil!" she cried. "Who shall say that surprises are not delightful things? Helen, come and shake hands with my boy; you don't need to have him introduced."

Indeed, I did not. He rose, and moved towards me with extended hands, saying cordially:

"I am so glad to meet you at last, Miss Forbes, and I won't be treated as a stranger, for your letters make me feel that I know you well already."

I was looking full in the face of the man who had taken the ring from me in the pawnbroker's shop; yet there was no more sign of recognition in his countenance than if we had never met.

I don't know what I said. I know I talked and laughed, then got out of the room on the plea of dressing for dinner—my brain was in a whirl.

Even in my own chamber I dared not give way. I remembered that my veil had been partly over my face while I was in the shop. It was evident that he had not recognized me.

But by what chance had he been there at all?

Reader, two months elapsed and still I kept my secret, and always its burden grew heavier. The time came when I learned that my heart had gone out toward Basil as it had never done toward any man, and this consciousness added to my trouble.

How good he was to me—how gentle and kind! The dear old lady never seemed so happy as when we were together.

I suppose that my manner changed when I learned whither the charm of his society had led me, and I grew cold and stiff in manner. But he was not the man to endure that in silence. He came suddenly upon me one evening as I sat alone in the twilight, and said abruptly:

"Helen—Miss Forbes—have I offended you?"

"No—no," I exclaimed, frightened and ready to cry. "Why should you think so? What have I done?"

"Avoided me the past few days," he answered. "Hurt me cruelly, for I love you with all my heart and soul."

He was on his knees beside me kissing my hands and pouring out wild words that I shall not record here.

I was near fainting. I pushed him away—summoned my remaining strength and cried out:

"I am not fit. I am deceitful, untruthful cowardly. Oh, it was I who found the ring—it was I who pawned it. Ah, I wonder that I am not dead of shame at deceiving Mrs. Morley so long."

"My darling!"

I tried to rise. I wanted to get out of his sight; but he held my hands fast, and amid the whirl in my brain I heard him softly say:

"My darling, you were not in the least bound to tell. Any way, it was not necessary, for we knew it all from the first. Mr. Lindon had written to grandmother, asking her to aid you. We tried vainly to find you. When you gave your name that was enough. I followed you; saw Mrs. Lawrence while you had gone about the advertisement, then we sent the note. You see how easy it all was to manage—and what a mercy you found the ring."

I believe I did lose my senses for a little while. But his kisses soon brought them back. He explained to me how he chanced to be in the shop on behalf of a friend whose jewels he wished to redeem.

Lindon had been called out, and he went in to say that the pawnbroker would be back soon; but before he could speak I had stated my business and told my name.

And when I had recovered my strength he took me, trembling and frightened, to Mrs. Morley's room, calling out as we entered:

"Grandmother, look here!"

She gave a glance at us, standing there arm-in-arm, and then went nearer into hysterics than I ever saw her before or after—clapped her hands, hugged us both, and cried out between tears and laughter:

"At last! at last! My darling girl, I thought that stupid boy never would find courage to speak. He rode off on some bobby that you loved an unknown friend, and that it was this which made you so often restless and melancholy. Men are such geese."

As I write the diamond ring is on my hand. I have been a happy, happy wife for a decade, and Basil spoils me more and more.

He says that grandma spoils our two little children so terribly that he is obliged to do it in order to keep the balance even.

When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretive organs, their natural healthy action should be restored by the use of Ayer's Pills, and inflammatory material thereby removed from the system. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by thus promptly correcting those slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled disease.

On moonlight nights Cubans have a curious custom of betaking themselves to sheltered balconies and carrying umbrellas. They are all more afraid of the rays of the moon than of sunstroke.

Clock pendulums were invented in 1641.

A TALKING DOG.

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and asked for the bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively, "gimme some ox-tail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter gazed at the animal with amazement, mingled with horror.

The solemn man continued:

"Then I think you can give me a sirloin steak, very rare, with fried potatoes."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup of coffee, plenty o' milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and turning, fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man:

"It must a been a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind. I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with a squint was a proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

Her Mistake.

Woman in Madison street car, Chicago, with a lapful of bundles.

Young man by her side with specs on, buried in a book.

Bell rings and car stops.

Woman gathers up her bundles, and, by some incomprehensible process beyond the grapple of man, manages to get them all in the embrace of her left arm, while, with her right, she swoops around and grabs for the caboose of her dress, gives a step forward and comes to a halt. She gives a spiteful jerk, and tries it again. No go.

With a look that would retard the flow of molasses on a warm day, she bends her gaze on that young man, and if her will could petrify, he would turn to stone at once.

"Get off my dress, you fool!" comes in tones devoid of caloric.

"Do me the kindness, madam, to relax your grip on my coat tail; I have further need of it," replies the bookish youth, in accents soft as jingling silver, while everybody in the car breaks out in a cruel titter.

She stands not upon the order of her going, but "gits" without stopping to take a new hold.

A Clean Set Back.

A gentlemanly merchant traveler on a train met a lady, and politely rendered her such assistance that she reciprocated by permitting him to talk to her. He became quite friendly and desired to know where she lived, and who she was.

"O," she replied, "I'm only an ordinary little woman, but my friends persist in trying to make me somebody!"

"Ah," was the gallant answer, "I am sure they act quite wisely and in good taste."

"You flatter me sir, and yet I have no doubt a band will meet me at the station when I arrive in Cincinnati."

"Indeed!" he replied, in open-eyed astonishment.

"Yes, and the same band is always ready to meet me. Isn't that flattering?"

"Very, my dear miss; but may I ask what band it is that is always so honored!"

"Oh, yes; certainly! It is a husband."

He caught on the arm of a seat for a minute, and then went into the next car and bumped his head on the wood-box.

One Other Qualification.

"I believe I'll get married and settle down. I wish you would look around and pick me out a wife," said John Brigham, a Dallas dude, to Mrs. Morris.

"What sort of a wife do you want?" asked Mrs. Morris, who is a very sensible woman.

"In the first place she must be beautiful."

"What else?"

"She must be modest."

"What else?"

"She must be musical and well educated."

"Anything else?"

"She must be worth $250,000 in her own right."

"If that sort of a lady marries a fellow like you, she will have one other qualification," said Mrs. Morris.

"What's that?"

"She will have to be crazy."

A New Effect of the Rollers.

"You're a pretty man, you are."

"Wha'z matter, m'dear?"

"Ain't you ashamed to come home reeling-drunk?"

"W'y, blesh me, m'dear, d'you zink I'm dr(hic)unk?"

"Of course, you're drunk, you brute. You can't walk a step without reeling all over the room."

"Tha's sh' m'dear, but I ain't drunk. Y' see I been down t'th roller skatin' rink, m' dear, an' I sin't got over the motion yet Tha's all."

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