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TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Rector, The Rev. Joseph Pitts; Assistant, Rev. Albert R. Walker. Holy Communion, at morning service on the 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Fridays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2.30 A. M.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, EASTON POINT—Under charge of the Cathedral. Services, 4th Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

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UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, Easton—Rev. [illegible] Taylor, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Epworth League meeting at 6.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 P. M. Lesson Sermon on the International Sunday School lesson will be delivered.

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CALVARY CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. J. W. Trout. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursdays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

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Meetings are held at their Meeting House, near Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays at 11 A. M.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN MISSION

Holds services at Red Men's Hall alternate Sundays at 11 A. M., under the charge of Rev. J. E. Smith.

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COATS LODGE, NO. 102, A. F. & A. M.—Meets 1st, 3d and 5th Thursdays in Masonic Temple. Master, W. H. Thompson; Sec'y, S. R. Whitman.

TALBOT R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 22—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays in Masonic Temple. H. Priest, E. K. Tripp; Sec'y, S. T. Martin.

MILLER LODGE, NO. 15, I. O. O. F.—Meets Tuesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. Noble Grand, W. H. Withgott; Sec'y, C. E. Nicols.

MILLER ENCAMPMENT, NO. 38, I. O. O. F.—Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on 1st and 3d Wednesday nights. Patriarch, W. J. Golt; Scribe, C. E. Nicols.

TRED AVON LODGE, NO. 1546, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Knights of Honor Hall (above J. T. Kelbell's shoe store. Dictator, Dr. Lewis Buffett; Reporter, Wm. J. Benny.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, NO. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets Wednesday nights in Masonic Temple. M. W., C. E. Nicols; Recorder, John T. Kelbell.

GUARDIAN COUNCIL, NO. 510, R. A.—Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Masonic Temple. Regent, W. A. Pratt; Sec'y, S. R. Whitman.

GRIFFIN COUNCIL, NO. 612, A. L. of H.—Meets alternate Tuesday nights in Masonic Temple. Comm., I. N. Elston; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

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MATAPEAKE TRIBE, NO. 76, IMP'D O. R. M.—Meets Thursday nights in Red Men's Hall. Sachem, S. H. Willey; C. of R., C. E. Morris.

STAR OF THE EAST LODGE, NO. 106, K. of P.—Meets Tuesday nights in Pythian Castle. C. C., S. Harry Shannahan; K. of R. & S., Wm. J. Benny.

TALBOT LODGE, NO. 264, O. of T.—Meets 1st and 3d Monday nights in Red Men's Hall. Prest., G. H. Parks; Sec'y, J. C. Davis.

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AN ARMY PORTIA

By Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A.,

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dust," "Trooper Ross," "Two Soldiers."

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[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with a picture of garrison life at Fort Ryan, on the plains. Corp. Brent, a bright and popular young soldier, is found senseless from a blow received while in the line of duty from some person unknown. Miss Marshall is a witness to some of the circumstances attending the injury. Private Goss, of the cavalry troop, is suspected of being the assailant, and is placed in arrest. Suspicion also points to Private Welsh, a chum of Goss, and a disreputable soldier and chronic "shirk."

CHAPTER 2.—Explains some of the domestic history of the Lanes and of Miss Marshall. The latter is a brave young girl, who has seen trouble, and is invited to the post by Mrs. Lane for a change of scene and "to marry in the regiment."

CHAPTER 3.—Explains some of the domestic history of the Lanes and of Miss Marshall. The latter is a brave young girl, who has seen trouble, and is invited to the post by Mrs. Lane for a change of scene and "to marry in the regiment."

CHAPTER 4.—Shylock appears in the person of Levi Schonberg, a neighboring trader. The Jew is attended by another Israelite, Mr. Abraham, of Chicago, and the pair, who are interlopers on the reservation, are ordered away by Lieut Hearn for tampering with Welsh. In a moment of excitement Hearn lays his hands violently upon Welsh for gross insubordination and the Jews witness the affair.

CHAPTER 5 AND 6.—Explain how Lieut. Hearn is an alleged debtor to Schonberg for a considerable sum of money, and important evidence in the case has mysteriously disappeared from the lieutenant's quarters. Corp. Brent's situation is dangerous, and Goss, the suspected assailant, breaks the guard house and disappears.

CHAPTER VI.

"My God! those papers are gone."

"Fred, what did Maj. Kenyon mean by his reference to Mr. Hearn and some story about him?" asked Mrs. Lane that evening as the captain was looking up after their guests had departed. Miss Marshall, who was glancing over a photograph album, closed it and rose as though to leave the parlor.

"No, don't go," said Capt. Lane promptly. "I was sorry that Kenyon made any reference to the matter, but since he did I want you both—indeed I think Hearn told me because he wanted you both—to know all about the affair. He had never mentioned it to me, nor to any one, I fancy, before, because there was no need. It was all settled some time ago, but of course he felt sensitive about it. He was a green young lieutenant when he joined here six years ago. This Jew Schonberg was clerk at the sutler's. The officers dealt very largely with him then, for town was not as accessible as it is now.

"The former post trader was a jovial, kindly sort of fellow, who was much liked by everybody, but he left his books and his business in the hands of Schonberg. I have often heard how open handed he was with his money, and how officers, and men too, never had to go to any banker or scalper if they needed money for an emergency. Anything a friend of his wanted was at his service. Hearn began as a good many boys of his genial temperament are apt to do at a big and expensive post—got in debt, for everybody wants to give credit to young officers just starting, and then the bills come in all at one swoop afterward. 'Old Cheery,' as they used to call Braine, saw Hearn's trouble, and insisted on lending him money out of his own pocket. It wasn't a store matter at all; it wasn't entered on Hearn's account. He paid it back in installments to the old man himself, or was doing it when he received his promotion and had to make the long and expensive journey to Arizona.

"Except cadets when first joining, officers are not paid advance mileage. They must raise the money as best they can, and it is mighty hard on a young lieutenant. 'Old Cheery,' of course, advanced Hearn another two hundred dollars. The first was paid, all but fifty of it, and he told the boy when he left that he had taken a big liking to him, and that he could just return that at his convenience; but Hearn never lost a day after getting to his new post and obtaining his mileage, but bought a draft for two hundred dollars and sent it to the old man at once, and said in his letter that he would remit the balance of the account and his store bill just as soon as possible. 'Old Cheery' was a man who never wrote letters, but Hearn got a line from his wife saying that Mr. Braine had received his pleasant letter with its inclosure, and sent his best wishes.

"A few months afterward the old man suddenly died; the widow moved to town; a new trader came and took the store, and when Hearn sent his next remittance of fifty dollars to the widow he was surprised in the course of a few months afterward to receive what purported to be a statement of his account with the estate of Thomas Braine, deceased—a store bill amounting to over a hundred dollars, and no less than five hundred dollars in borrowed money. He wrote instantly to a friend at Fort Ryan to see the widow and have things straightened out. He protested that his store bill could not be more than forty or fifty dollars; that old Braine had lent him two hundred dollars at one time, which he had paid back to him all but fifty, and two hundred more when he went to Arizona, which he had instantly repaid, so that the total amount of his indebtedness could not exceed one hundred dollars. But the widow said she didn't know anything about it.

"Mr. Schonberg had kindly taken charge of all her affairs, and he had the books and everything and all the correspondence and knew all about it. Hearn, of course, refused to pay anything but the hundred dollars. Then they threatened him with legal proceedings, and next they imprisoned him through the war department, which, just as old Kenyon says, believed the black-guard and called on Hearn for proofs. Hearn was proud and penniless. He couldn't bear to think of the publicity and scandal. He had never given Braine any receipt for the money obtained from him; never had asked any for the money repaid. He was too honorable to deny the fact of having borrowed the money, yet had nothing to show, the old man being dead, for the money that he had returned. I had heard something of his trouble, but was ordered east on recruiting service just then, and began to get into troubles of my own, for it was there I met this young woman." And the captain, with eyes that belied his words, turned fondly to his wife.

"The next thing I heard of Hearn the matter had all been most fortunately settled—thanks to one of our old captains, who, it seems, had known both Schonberg and the widow Braine. He took the matter up and the Jew was glad to drop it. Even Hearn does not know what hold he had on them, but it was settled then and there. Hearn paid a hundred dollars, and Schonberg, I am told, had to pay the lawyer whom he had employed. I often think, though, how hard would have been the young fellow's fate if there had been no one to come to the rescue. There isn't a better or braver officer in the Eleventh today than Hearn, and he is just as steady as a rock; but soldiers as good as he have been driven out of the army for lack of some such friend as came to him in his extremity."

"You would have helped him, Fred dear," said Mrs. Lane, fondly, crossing over to the captain and stroking the grizzled stubble about his brows as though it were the loveliest hair in the world. Lane possessed himself of the soft white hand and threw his arm about her shapely waist.

"I would certainly had I known, but nine out of ten do not happen to be able to help, even when our inclinations would lead. And then, however much we believed in Hearn's story and Schonberg's rascality, who could prove it?"

"Who did prove it?" asked Miss Marshall, after a pause.

"Well, no one that I know of. All we know is that Schonberg was glad to drop the matter three years ago when Capt. [illegible] says he has never alluded to it from that time to this until the fellow's language today; but that was only some vague drunken threat."

"But if, on the contrary, it should prove that he meant to make more trouble for Mr. Hearn," asked Miss Marshall, "is Capt. Rawlins here?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain, starting suddenly to his feet, his face growing as suddenly grave and sad, "that possibly explains the letter that came to me yesterday morning. I was reading it as you came down to breakfast—a low, anonymous thing, and I burned it. Now I wish I had kept that."

"About Mr. Hearn, was it?" asked Mrs. Lane anxiously.

"Yes; and now I can begin to understand it, too. Miss Marshall," said he, turning impressively toward her, "your question goes to the very bottom of this case. The friend who blocked their game three years ago is gone; Rawlins was killed in the last campaign in Arizona."

"Oh, Fred!" cried Mrs. Lane. "And was there no one else who had helped Mr. Hearn?"

"No one but our old Rawlins, Mabel; and of all men to help him now he would have been the most valuable here with our new colonel, for he and Morris had been devoted and intimate friends in war days, and I am told the colonel was deeply cut up by the news of Rawlins' death. There was something romantic about their early friendship. Capt. Rawlins was a widower whose wife had died within a few years of her marriage, and I have heard that both he and Morris when young officers were in love with her, but that she had chosen Rawlins."

"But, Capt. Lane," said Miss Marshall, whose thoughts seemed less fixed upon the romantic than upon the practical side of the case, "surely Mr. Hearn has receipts in full for this amount?"

"I so understood him, Miss Marshall; and yet I do not know the nature of the papers to which he refers. I think he said that he had her letter; but that is of less value now."

"And why?" asked Miss Marshall.

"Because the widow married Schonberg."

"Then must the Jew be merciful," quoted Miss Marshall.

And for a few moments not another word was spoken. It was that young lady herself who broke the silence:

"Perhaps you think me unduly apprehensive, Capt. Lane. That man's face made a powerful impression upon me when I saw him today, and perhaps Mabel has told you something of my own experience in trying to retrieve my father's fallen fortunes when he was too old and broken to do anything for himself. I learned then the worthlessness of spoken words, and that nothing but written contracts and receipts were binding."

She had hardly ceased speaking when the gate was heard to swing on its rusty hinges, a resolute step creaked across the piazza, and somebody was fumbling at the bell knob.

"Who can that be at this hour of the night?" asked Mrs. Lane, as the captain went to the door. The bolts were drawn back and a rush of cold night wind swept in, causing the lamps to suddenly flare and smoke.

"Please, sir, is the doctor here?" a voice was heard to ask.

"No," answered Lane. "What's wanted? He left here about twenty minutes ago. Have you been to his quarters?"

"Yes, sir; and they told me he was here, at Capt. Lane's. Corp. Brent is took worse, sir, and the steward thinks the doctor ought to see him. He's wild like and raving."

"Mabel dear, I'll be back in a moment," said Lane, reassuring as the parlor door. "Don't wait for me! I'm going to see if the doctor is at Hearn's. They went away together. Corp. Brent is reported worse."

Throwing his cavalry "circular" over his shoulders Lane stepped forth into the night. It was moonless and pitchy [illegible] Brent is delirious."

[illegible] forth. "Have you been to see how Brent is?"

"Delirious, I'm told. Only the doctor and steward are with him. I was just waiting for 12 o'clock to go down and stir up the sentries. There ought to be none but calvalry officers of the day at this post, by Jove! so that they could ride around among those outside sentries. It's too far for a Christian to walk twice in twenty-four hours. Thank God, there's the call now."

At the first words from the lips of the sentry at the guard house the lamps at the two western gates were promptly extinguished, and then the forms of two men could be discerned flitting from post to post, extinguishing each lamp in turn. Soon the entire quadrangle was wrapped in total darkness, and the silent stars gleamed all the more brilliantly in the unclouded sky. Far over to the westward the reflection of the electric lights, a pallid, sickly glare upon the heavens, suddenly faded into nothingness.

"That's the first time the town clock and ours have been so close together since my coming to the garrison. Where did we get this custom of dousing the glim at midnight?" asked Lane.

"The —th started that when they were here. Got it from town perhaps. Listen a moment," answered Brodie. "I want to hear the sentries down toward the bridge."

Faint and far, though borne on the wings of the soft night wind, the call of No. 7 had just sounded. It was now the turn of the farthest sentry, No. 8, whose post was down the winding road at the haystacks and wood yard. A rich, musical Irish voice, softened by distance, began its soldier troll.

"N-umber 8. Tw-el-ve o'clock—and a-a-all's— Who goes there? Halt! Halt! Corp'l the gu-a-ard—Number 8!" Bang!

Hearn was the first of the four officers to reach the southwest gate. He could hear the footfalls of the officer of the guard running down the road past the stables, and without hesitation followed full tilt. The guard was hurriedly turning out and forming. It was the sergeant who faced it to the front and made the customary report to Capt. Brodie, as the officer of the day came panting to the spot:

"All quiet, sir, except Number 8. Prisoners secure."

An audible snicker in the prison room followed these words. A corporal file closer stepped back into the guard room and gruffly ordered silence among the prisoners, which only evoked more tittering and whispering. A sudden thought occurred to the officer of the day.

"Bring your lantern here," he said, as he strode through the guard room into the narrow passage beyond. On one side was the prison room whence the noise proceeded, on the other were the cells.

"Open these doors," he ordered.

"There's only one cell occupied, sir; the third."

"Open that, then."

The heavy door creaked on its hinges. A gust of cool night air blew through the cell. The window was wide open. The iron slats were sawed away. The bird had flown. Private Goss, the assailant of Corp. Brent, was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Prophecy.

A Pittsburg student, while reading the book of the Vision of Nahum, the Elkeshite, came across a passage that seemed to him to be a prophecy of the discovery of the use of electricity as a motive power in the electric railways of the present day. The passage is from Nahum ii, 4, and reads as follows: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."—Boston Transcript.

His Idea of Fame.

"Ambition is my life," said the enthusiastic youth as he sketched out a marvelous future for himself. "I intend to live only for success, power. But how best to achieve that? Shall I command arms, dictate to senates, or wield the mighty pen?"

"Do none of these things," said his father with the wisdom of years; "the secret is this: discover a new bacillus."—St. Joseph News.

Comforts of Travel.

Professional Guide (to palace car porter)—I have an English lord in charge, and I want him to get a good impression of the comforts of travel in this country. Here's five dollars.

Porter—Yes, sah. Do you want me to gib him extra attention, sah?

Guide—Great Scott, no! I want you to keep away from him.—New York Weekly.

Capt. Charles King, the novelist, does the greater part of his writing with his left hand. His brightest thoughts are evolved, he thinks, when the right lobe of his brain calls for the use of the motor muscles of his left side and vice versa.

Woolen cloth was first made in England in the year 1331, though it was known in oriental countries since time out of memory. It was neither dyed nor dressed in England until the year 1667.

No man is so good that he could not be better, and none are so bad that they could not be worse.

It is no longer proper to call old jokes chestnuts. The wittiest boy in Easton says the proper name is walnuts. Let the local humorists make a note of this.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy
Was his sallow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
Of the human race.
Now he's brimmed with sunshine
o'er,
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he uses Clover;
Ask you the reason why?

Wark has wrought the transformation! Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this dilapidated individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

What May Be Patented.

It may be of interest to readers to know what may be patented. A United States patent will be granted to any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this or any other country, before his discovery or invention thereof, and not in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to his application, unless the same is proved to have been abandoned.

In this connection the word "art" means the process or method of producing an old or new result. If a method or device employing chemical one or more elements or ingredients produces a result or effect which is a result or effect of a process, that process is an art. The word "manufacture" means any article or thing by means of which a mechanical result may be produced, such as a pin, a churn, or a locomotive.

The word "manufacture" means a made up article, such as furniture, clothing, harness, and the thousands of things which are offered for sale.

"Composition of matter" means a chemical compound of ingredients, such as hard rubber, liquid glue, medicine, etc.

Patents may also be obtained for designs for manufactures and works of art, for three, seven and ten years.

Trademarks may be registered for any arbitrary sign or symbol which is not descriptive; the government fee is $35. Such marks are the exclusive property of the registrar for thirty years, and the time may be extended.

A "label" is any descriptive tag, print or impression to be placed upon any article or its case, and it may be registered for twenty-eight years. The government fee for a "label" is $6; but if it contains any special mark or symbol the office decides it to be a trademark instead of a label.—Youth's Companion.

Malleable Glass.

One of the lost arts, provided it ever existed, was the malleable glass of the ancients. The Egyptians and the Phoenicians made glass—for many early specimens remain—fully 2,000 years B. C. In the reign of Tiberius a person appeared in Rome who claimed that he had invented inflexible glass. The story tells that he produced a glass vase, which he cast on the marble floor with vehemence, so as to bend it, but restored its shape with a few blows from a hammer, and that, at the solicitation of a mob of artificers, who feared that the new process might supersede the use of their vessels of metals, the emperor retained the glass vase, but ordered the ingenious artist to be put to death.

Since then two or three other persons claimed the discovery of a process for making malleable glass, but nothing came of it. The art, however, is scarcely "lost," for in the glass houses of Murano, close to Venice, they make glass plates which can be bent and thrown about without breaking, but will not bear to be hammered. Every one almost has seen what is called spun glass, which you can twist around your finger as if it were silk, but which can be converted by any process into a vessel to hold water. Malleable glass is not a lost, because it has never been a found, art.—Thomas J. Bowditch in Troy Times.

About Displayed Goods.

There is an old English law, I am told, whereby a "shopkeeper" can be compelled to take from his show window and sell at the price marked any article a customer points out. Several comparatively recent arrivals in this country have cited this to me, and kicked with both feet because of refusals to spoil a show window display by taking a pair of shoes of a brand and size of which there are hundreds in stock. As far as I can learn the enactment was intended to prevent the manufacture of samples for windows and the palming off on persons attracted thereby of "something equally as good."

However true it may be that the old English common law regards the price on an article in a window as a contract between the store owner and any passer-by who tenders the money, there is no such ordinance or law here. Often people insist on having something from the window, and decline to accept its exact duplicate. In that case, if the article is an expensive one, we strain the point and get it down; but if it is something low priced we give the customer the alternative of taking a duplicate or nothing.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Professor Lane's Famous Ability.

Among men of letters the most prominent ambidexter is probably Professor George Martin Lane, pope professor of Latin in Harvard. It is his habit to stand facing the middle of the blackboard. He begins to write a sentence with his left hand, and runs along until he reaches a point in line with his face. Then he shifts the chalk from his left hand to his right, and continues writing until he reaches the end of the blackboard. When calling the roll the students know by the motion of the professor's hands just the mark he intends to make.

He writes with his right hand until he comes to a scholar who answers "not prepared." The pen is instantly changed from the right to the left hand. Everybody knows that means a goose egg. Professor Lane is noted for being one of the finest Greek and Latin scholars in America. His most famous contribution to contemporaneous literature, however, is a little out of the line. He is the author of that phenomenal epic, "The Lone Fishball."

The story started in Boston that this "We don't give balls with our fishballs" —New York World.

New Magnetic Telephone.

A new magnetic telephone given position or being largely used in England. The invention consists of an improvement for combining a magnet with a magnetic purpose with a vibrating bell such as is ordinarily used with the telephone and the special merit is that in the first place it may be fitted without interfering with any of the existing arrangements or requiring a skilled workman to be sent to adjust it. A similar telephone being fitted, say in the kitchen, a bell is used in the usual way to call the servant's attention, and upon her taking up the telephone the order is transmitted without rendering it necessary for her to enter the room. The telephones being magnetic instruments no battery is required at all, and the possibility of future trouble and cost of maintenance is avoided.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Self Locking Envelopes.

Doctors have inveighed against the dangerous gum which is used on some envelopes, and mishaps have been frequent as the result of damping the gum on envelopes with the tongue. All possibility of such accidents is removed by the automatic lock envelopes which have been patented. On the flap of the envelope are two projecting flanges, and all that is necessary to do to close the envelope is to fold these flanges by ready stamped lines, and insert the flap thus narrowed in a slot provided, whereupon the folded flanges automatically lock themselves in the slot, and the envelope cannot be opened without tearing it. The operation sounds much more complicated than it really is in practice, for one of these new envelopes can be closed as readily as the better known gummed envelopes.—New York Telegram

Another New Gas Lamp.

A new type of gas lamp that has been introduced abroad consists primarily of an argand burner inclosed in a globe, with the air for supporting combustion admitted both above and below the flame. The lower supply of air passes through the center of the burner, while the upper supply enters from above the burner into the globe, which incloses besides the burner a metallic deflector upon which the flame impinges and is conducted to a porcelain bell mouthed exit above. The supply of air entering from above is thus highly heated in its passage. The result of the well balanced proportions of gas and air admitted to the globe, which practically becomes the combustion chamber, results in a brilliant bulb shaped light of high illuminating power.—New York Telegram.

Talked Too Much.

A farmer always had a reputation for being a man of few words. On one occasion the hired man's patience gave out. "Mr. F——," said he, "you'd be an awful bad man ter die. You'd have so many last words that the undertaker's bill would come in before yer was dead."—Christian Union.

Kept In.

Servant—Mr. Maccay wants his breakfast served in bed this morning.

Landlady—What is the matter? Is he ill?

Servant—No, ma'am. But the tailor came a little while ago to crease his trousers.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Lots of Thieves.

Easterner—Have you any horse thieves in your section?

Westerner—Lots of 'em.

"Lots?"

"Yes. Cemetery lots."—Good News.

Whisky will produce a headache, but a headache will not produce whisky.

"The Indian," observed Rivers, "is a picture of discontent." "Yes," said Brooks, "and he is in a bad frame of mind."

Magistrate—You should be ashamed of yourself, sir; this is the fifth time within a few weeks that you've been drunk. Prisoner—Don't be so rude, Judge; you are here on our account, not we on yours.

"Charlie, dear," said a E—— bride, tenderly, "did you really mean it when you said you were willing to give up all for me?"

"Yes, my birdie, of course I did," protested the bridegroom.

"Then suppose you put all your property in my name."

Tobogganing down on a slippery slide
Is the
blissfullest
kind of
bliss;
But it isn't so funny when you strike a
stone, and land
on
your
head
like
this!

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Easton Wilkes,
SIRED BY
ETHAN WILKES 5417, SON OF GEORGE WILKES 519.
ETHAN WILKES is Sire of EDGAR WILKES 2.24¾, VINETTA 2.29.
1st Dam Daughter of BELMONT, Sire of 37 in 150—16 Daughters produced 16 trotters, 2 pacers.
2d Dam Daughter of BOSTON (HERES).
3d Dam Daughter of COUM DE LEON.
EASTON WILKES is yet entirely untried to be a great producer, he is individually a better horse than either sire or dam, much money and decidedly better breeding, sire has produced his grandsire is illustrious in this respect, and the sire of his dam is one of the greatest the country has ever seen. EASTON WILKES is but 8 years old and this his first season. He will stand at Easton, Md., under the management solely of Charles Henville, 30 to insure, $25 season. Standard bred Morrell Barn, $5.
CHARLES HENVILLE, Manager. WM. HOPPS, Owner.
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