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the dust of society from their feet. Of course there are some nice old bachelors who have stood in the same pasture for twenty years, and sniffed at each debut of buds, and then waited with bovine placidity for the next crop. Why the man who has been nicest to me since I came out was a beau of Mama's. There are some nice boys recently out of knickerbockers, but, dear me, it is not particularly thrilling to have a youth dancing attendance, whose hair one remembers to have pulled during adolescence, or whose gum one has chewed at recess. Didn't they manage things differently in your day, Miss Roxy?"

My day! What excruciating thrusts these babies can give. I wonder when she thinks my day was? She probably believes I attended continental teas, and would not look at all incredulous if I boasted of, having stepped off a minuet with the Father of my country. A woman cannot realize what an octogenarian she seems to the daughter of her friend. She meant nothing, but my ghosts were leering at me again, and I said hastily—

"Society was different when I was a girl, Grace; less complicated, simpler in every way. The candy was never chosen simply to match the candelabra shades, and they never excluded God's sunshine in the afternoon. The women went early, took their work, and our fathers and brothers and sweethearts came to supper; and such a supper as it was likely to be—fried chicken, wonderful rolls and fragrant coffee in generous cups—not these thimble affairs one is in danger of swallowing, and putting her hostess to the trouble of obtaining a writ of replevin. Then afterwards, if it were

summer, we would sit under the great oaks and sing or tell tales, until it was time to walk home in the sweet-scented twilight with our fathers, or brothers, or our sweethearts. Winter, too, had its pleasures; candy pulls, corn poppings, or bob sled rides, to be followed by roasted chestnuts and apples in the big raftered kitchens."

"O, lovely! how lovely!" exclaimed Grace eagerly. "And you had a lover, I am sure you had, Miss Roxy; tell me all about him—Pshaw! there comes Mama; but you will come again and tell me—everything. I half believe I will go and join Daisy at the hospital. If Mama does not marry me off this winter, she may as well give me up and center her hopes on Belle. Good-bye, don't forget."

I went slowly down the steps and turned my face toward the death-bed of the day. How her words recurred to me—"and you had a lover, I am sure you did, Miss Roxy." Tears! on my veil! How ridiculous! Could anything be more mirth provoking than the sniffles of a spinster?

So Grace, pretty, peculiar Grace, is not satisfied either! Her life, too, is a series of staccato notes with no connecting thread of melody! Surely the Divine Musician never intended the harmony even of this world should be so interrupted.

Socrates took his lantern and sought an honest man. I shall go out with my spectacles to find a contented person. If I should succeed, I will let you know.

Dolly—Is your fiance a talented man? I presume he is.

Foly—Oh, my, yee! You should see him lead a coltison.

CHANGING BUTCHERS.

My neighbor tells me an interesting story about his butcher. He was a very unsatisfactory butcher, and yet, on the whole, he was obliging, too. Did he not send an emissary daily to take her order? But the head of the house frowned at her regularly at dinner, and she finally decided to make a daily pilgrimage to the market herself. Now it happened that she was not familiar with the location of the shop from which came the daily bone of contention, and so sallying forth in search of a new butcher, the fates directed her footsteps to a shop having a faultless exterior, all gleaming with cleanliness and thrift.

There stood the butcher—fat, rosy, smiling—a reception committee of one to welcome her. My neighbor is a responsive woman, and while she selected a joint for dinner, she confided her grievances to him. He looked interested, solicitous and thoroughly shocked as she unfolded the details proving how she had been imposed upon. He sawed the meat merrily to the tune of conscientious virtue, assuring her it would be his pleasure to serve her with the best meat in the market. His indignation waxed into bloodthirstiness as she told him about the butcher who had been serving her, how he had given her meat that was all bone, gristle, fat and fibre; how he had overcharged her for the meat; how he gave her short weight; how inferior the meat was in every respect; how he frequently changed her order to suit himself; how he sent an impertinent boy to take the order; how the boy came in without rapping, seated himself familiarly without being invited to do so; how he never removed his hat, and even on one occasion had danced a jig in the kitchen. At this juncture, the butcher, who had been

listening sympathetically, nearly choked with rage, and flourished his hatchet over the meat block like a bloodthirsty Bluebeard.

Finally the meat was prepared and the narration of woe concluded.

"Where shall I send your order, madam?" inquired the new butcher in a bland voice.

She named the address and as she did so the butcher looked thoughtful, but he was silent. But the delivery-boy spoke up and said he knew where she lived, because he delivered goods there every day. "Then I ran home like a guilty thing, and grinning to myself, but glad to get away before he should pulverize me with the meat-hammer," she concluded.—The Bazar.

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