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#### PRESENT CHRISTMAS



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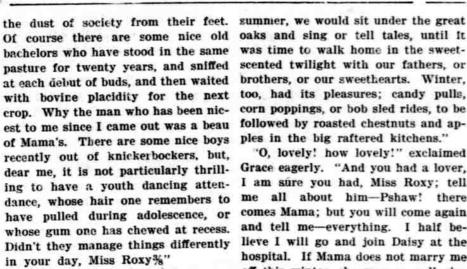
SELECT YOUR PRESENTS





## Lincoln Crockery Company

135 South Twelfth Street.



My day! What excruciating thrusts 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 sne 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

Of course there are some nice old oaks and sing or tell tales, until It bachelors who have stood in the same was time to walk home in the sweetpasture for twenty years, and sniffed scented twilight with our fathers, or at each debut of buds, and then waited brothers, or our sweethearts. Winter, with bovine placidity for the next too, had its pleasures; candy pulls. corn poppings, or bob sled rides, to be est to me since I came out was a beau followed by roasted chestnuts and ap-

"O, lovely! how lovely!" exclaimed Grace eagerly. "And you had a lover, ing to have a youth dancing atten- I am sure you had, Miss Roxy; tell dance, whose hair one remembers to me all about him-Pshaw! there comes Mama; but you will come again and tell me-everything. I half be-Didn't they manage things differently lieve I will go and join Daisy at the hospital. If Mama does not marry me off this winter, she may as well give with cleanliness and thrift. these babies can give. I wonder when me up and center her hopes on Belle. Good-bye, don't forget."

I went slowly down the steps and the sniffles of a spinster?

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 per-

Doily-Is your fiance a talented man? I presume he is.

Poly-Ou, my, yes! You should see him lead a cotiliion.

#### 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

There stood the butcher-fat, rosy, she concluded .- The Bazar. smiling-a reception committee of one to welcome her. My neighbor is turned my face toward the death-bed sponsive woman, and while she selected of the day. How her words recurred a joint for dinner, she confided her to me-"and you had a lover, I am sure grievances to him. He looked interyou did, Miss Roxy." Tears! on my ested, solicitous and thoroughly shocked veil! How ridiculous! Could any- as she unfolded the details proving how thing be more mirth provoking than she had been imposed upon. He sawed the meat merrily to the tune of con-So Grace, pretty, peculiar Grace, is scious virtue, assuring her it would be not satisfied either! Her life, too, is his pleasure to serve her with the best a series of staccato notes with no meat in the market. His indignation connecting thread of melody! Surely waxed into bloodthirstiness as she told the Divine Musician never intended 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 reson. If I should succeed, I will let spect; how he frequently changed her order to suit himself; how he sent an impertinet 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 mest 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,"

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