CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891

It's India.

The New Golcends.

sidered a natural curiosity, an' there ain't

Chivalry.

Tom Dewitt-Won't you allow me to re-

Tom Dewitt-Ah, I am only solicitous for Miss Holder. I never could bear to see

What Kind of a Store Was It?

He walked into a Kearney street dry

lleve you, Miss Holder?

plainly on each face.

overalls in stock."

"No boots, either."

"Got any plug tobacco?"

"Skillets or fryin' pans?"

"Any pipes or tallow candles?"

"Not here; you'll have to go to a hard-

way from Alpine to lay in my supplies, and the first place I strike I run up against

idea that you fellows down here was frauds,

and now I know it. There ain't one of

them things but what I can get in the little store up to home, and here you don't keep 'em. So long!" and he strolled out

with a look of disgust on his face, and dis-

appeared in the throng on the street.-San

then."

"No."

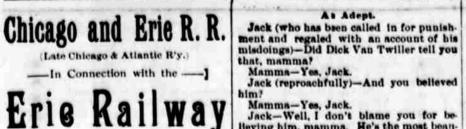
ware store.

der novels?"

Francisco Call.

Miss Held (indignantly)-Sir!

a woman doing a man's work .- Life



Mamma-Yes, Jack. Jack-Well, I don't blame you for be-lieving him, mamma. He's the most beau-

tiful liar in the whole school!-Boston

No Change.

"No, Harry, I am sorry, but I am sure

that we could not be happy together. You

know I always want my own way in every-

Her Tears Were Not for the Cost.

thing.

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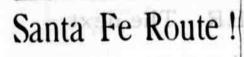
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A TALE OF THE BUBURBS. & Romance That Came to an Abrupt kivered the Golcondy we want to go to. End.

The wind sighed fitfully through the trees that lined the quiet street. The cheerful hum of the suburban mosquito Patsy-Listen ! In India soap is conpervaded the sultry air, the pale yellow moon shone biliously down on a landscape that looked tired, and the voice of Penob-Birdby-We go.-Light. scot Bellamus, the young man from down town, had a fuzzy and precarious sound like an E string getting ready to break at the close of a warm evening devoted to solos from the old masters.

"You do not pretend to misunderstand me, Miss Naggus!" he said appealingly, and moving forward in his chair till be

and moving forward in the chair the set sat on the extreme edge. "Why, Mr. Bellamus," she replied, "I-I am not exactly sure that-that I"---The young man moved forward still further, and dropped on his knees before her

with a mournful thud. "Why do you suppose I have been com-ing to see you all these months?" he ex-claimed. "Kate Naggus, look at me!" "I suppose, Mr. Bellamus, you have had

to go somewhere, you know, and-but, of course, when I see a young man before me on his knees, why, then, I-I"---

"You know he means business, of course," he said, coming promptly and cheerfully to her assistance. "That's what he means!" The high keyed voice of Mr. Penobscot Bellamus suddenly broke, but without a moment's pause he went ahead on the A

"But, my dear girl, you could "go on wanting it-after we were married."-Life. string. "Kate Naggus, the supreme moment of my life has come! On your decision now

rests all my hope of earthly happiness—all my dread of earthly misery. The time has come when I can bear the suspense no A wealthy cabin passenger who landed from the Arizona recently, and who for his wife's sake does not care to have his longer. Bewildered by your glorions beauty, intoxicated by the magic of your smile and the music of your voice, I have let precious time go to waste! Enchantname published, tells the following story: "On a windy night when I turned into my berth I found myself very restless, and at about 2 o'clock on the nefft mornress of my heart, this moment must decide my fate! My whole future, my destiny for ing, being still unable to sleep, I deterweal or woe, is wrapped up in it! If the pure and honest love of a faithful heart, mined to go on deck and take a smoke. I dressed myself, and as it was blowing rather hard I carried with me a well worn the earnest and self sacrificing devotion of a lifetime can move you, dearest, let me light summer overcoat that I had not used offer you"in a long time. As the breeze, though strong, was rather warm, however, I had no need of the coat, so I looked about for

He paused. He seemed to listen a moment. With a look of wild alarm he glanced at his watch, jumped to his feet

less haste, "I have just time to catch the last train in! Good night!"-Chicago Tri-



11.

State Camp Incidents. Here are two stories that float down from the state camp.

Early one morning recently two Sev-enth regiment men had adjoining posts. Instead of walking in the same direction, as they should have done, they were plod ding toward and from each other. Sud-denly the sentry on post No. 5 bawled out as he saw some one approaching from post

No. 6: "Who comes there? Halt!" The response was quickly given, "Get out, you darned idiot, I'm the sentinel." Then a whispered conversation was held, the result being that the matter was to go no further.

night shortly after found a big Ger

CARLSBAD.

Dear Paimer, just a year ago we did the Caris bad cure. Which, though it be exceeding slow. Is as ex-

Which, though it be exceeding slow. Is as ex-ceeding sure: To corpulency you were prone, dyspepsia both-vou tipped the beam at twenty stone and I at ten stone three! The cure, they told us, works both ways: it makes the fat man lean: The thin man, after many days, achieves a Capital,

portly mien: And, though it's true you still are fat, while I

am like a crow-All skin and feathers: what of that? The cure takes time, you know.

- The Cariabad scenery is sublime, that's what the guide books say: We did not think so at that time, nor think I
- so today! The bluffs that squeeze the panting town per-

mit no pleasing views, But weigh the mortal spirits down and give a chap the blues. With nothing to amuse us then or mitigate our

spleen. We rose and went to bed again with three bad

meals between; And constantly we made our moan-ab, no

so drear as we, When you were weighing twenty stone and 1 but ten stone three!

We never scaled the mountain side, for walk-

ing was my bane. And you were much too big to ride the mules

that there obtain; And so we loitered in the shade with Israel out

In force,
Or through the Pupp'sche allee strayed and heard the band discourse.
Bometimes it pleased us to recline upon the Tepl's brink.
Or watch the billous human line file round to

get a drink: Anon the portier's piping tone embittered you and me, When you were weighing twenty stone and I

but ten stone three.

goods store yesterday afternoon and asked And, oh, those awful things to eat! No pudfor a pair of overalls. It was evident that ding, cake or pie, But just a little dab of meat and crust absurdhe had not been long in town, and the clerks eyed him with amusement depicted

ly dry: Then, too, that water twice a day, one swallow was enough To take one's appetite away, the tepid, awful stuff! Tortured by hunger's cruel stings, I'd little "Very sorry, my friend," explained the polite gentleman behind the counter, "but this is a dry goods store and we have no

else to do Than feast my eyes upon the things prescribed "Ain't, ch? Well just give me three of your best flannel shirts, and I won't kick."

and cooked for you; The goodles went to you alone, the husks all fell to me, When you were weighing twenty stone and I weighed ten stone three. "Sorry, but we don't keep them, either." "Show me a pair of long legged boots,

Yet happy days! and rapturous ills! and sweetly dismal date? When, sandwiched in between those hills, we twain bemoaned our fate. The little woes we suffered then like mists

have sped away. And I were glad to share again those fills with

"Well, have you got any blood and thun-

you today-To flounder in those rains of June that flood that Austrian vale; To quaff that tepid Kaiserbrunn and starveon victuals stale!

And often, leagues and leagues away from where we suffered then. With envious yearnings I survey what cannot a snag. I always had a kind of sneaking be again!

And often in my quiet home, through dim and

And often in my quiet home, through dim and misty eyes,
I seem to see that curhaus dome blink at the radiant skies;
I seem to hear that Wiener band above the Tepl's roarTo feel the pressure of your hand and hear your voice once more;
And, better yet, my heart is warm with thoughts of you and yeurs.
For friendship hath a sweeter charm than thrice ten thousand cures!

So I am happy to have known that time acros

Bo I am mappy to have the sea the sea When you were weighing twenty stone and I weighed ten stone three. -Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Their Discussion.



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some place to lay it down until 1 had finand grabbed his hat. "Miss Naggus," he exclaimed in breathished my cigar. Then I noticed how shabby it was, and I held it up by the collar, won-dering whether I had better throw it over-board or keep it until I reached New York bune. and give it to some poor man. A sudden gust of wind decided the question for me. It filled the old coat like a balloon, dragged A Conscientious Copper. L It out of my hand and carried it a quarter "I thought it rather a whimsical incident,

and at breakfast 1 tried to make my wife laugh by telling her about it, but it did not amuse her at all. On the contrary, she was so distressed that she hastily left the table lest any one should see her sorrow, and when I followed her to our stateroom I found her in tears. "I was very much astonished. Between

you and me she is a more than ordinarily sensible woman, and it seemed impossible

that the loss of a wornout overcoat should

"'Oh, James,' she said. 'I am not cry-

ing for the old coat, but (sob) there were \$300 worth of lace that I bought in Belgium

stitched into its lining. I knew you hated smuggling, so I didn't tell you about it. Boo hoo.'"-New York Sun.

Why Fat Men Suffer with Heat.

A well known Detroit society man, who

is somewhat larger in the girth than the

is somewhat larger in the girth than the lines of beauty and the rules of perfect physique call for, is going to Boston this summer to take a few lessons in education. One of the recent hot days he met a girl from that town, and after fanning himself

"I don't see why I get so hot. Other people don't seem to suffer as I do." "Well," she replied, "it is very simple

indeed; fat men"-

of a mile to leeward.

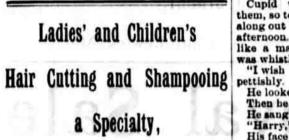
grief.

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beg your pardon," he ughtily. "Excuse me," she twittered, "it is very simple, indeed. Stout men suffer more because gravity is an ethereal force continually streaming from space through every solar or celestial body. If the body is not movable with relation to some larger body this force of gravity becomes that form of molecular motion which we call heat. As gravity depends upon the mass of a body, and as heat is in one sense gravity, it fol-

lows that the larger a body is the hotter it is, hence, Mr." -But she didn't finish the sentence, for Mr. — was in such a state of collapse by the time she had got to that point he had

to be carried out to the hydrant. And he isn't going to see that girl when

he goes to Boston either .- Detroit Free Press.

A Painful Hint.

Cupid was flying irregular between them, so to speak, as they were strolling along out Woodward avenue last Sunday afternoon. He was feeling a good deal like a man going past a graveyard and was whistling.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle," she said ettishly. "It is positively rude."

He looked at her a moment and stopped Then he began to sing softly. He sang for, say, five minutes. "Harry," she said almost tenderly. His face lighted up with hope. "Please whistle," she said so pleadingly that he got on the next car and went home alone. - Detroit Free Press.

An Objection to Matrimony.

Mrs. Bombazine-Mr. Gilbooly, you have been engaged to my daughter Jane for more than two years Why do you not marry her?

Gilbooly-My dear madam, that would never do. It would not be an easy matter to find another such nice sweetheart as Jane.-Texas Siftings.

Hard Lines.

Miss Summit (at the seaside)-What are you beginning that novel over again for? I thought you had nearly finished it. Miss Palisade-So I had But I lost the place.-Life.

Which One Was Kept?

There were two little kittens, a black and a

gray. And grandmamma said, with a frowa, "It will never do to keep them both, The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess. "One kitten's enough to keep; Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late And time you were fast asleep

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet Came little Bess from her nap: The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room

And look in grandma's lap. "Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile, From the rocking chair where she sat: "God has sent you two little sisters. Now, what do you think of that?

Bess looked at the bables a moment. With their wee heads, yellow and brown, And then to grandma soberly said. "Which one are you going to drown?" -Fashion Bazar.

engagement."-Detroit Free Press.



111.

IV.

An Of Week in Journalism.

this week?

scare in Europe, and---

Munsey's Weekly

night.'

Newspaper Proprietor - What in the

Editor-There's been no important news.

Prepared to Open the Campaign.

"Yes, Tom, I agreed to furnish the pow-

"Oh. I see, and you expect to bring on an

der if papa would provide the ball. My

partners must furnish the arms."





man doing sentry duty. The countersign, "Lafayette," was given out. Just after the sounding of "taps" a figure was seen by the German sentry to come out of the darkness and toward the post he was pa-trolling. Then came the cry, not "Who comes there? Halt!" but "Who ish dot dat comes py me? Shtop!'

"Friend," was the reply. "Come on, friendt, und if you don't say 'Lafeet' I von't ledt you pass." The friend passed safely.-New York

Herald.

At the Summer Resort. "Della, I saw you on the porch last night with Mr. Twiddles, of Boston, and tonight you were walking on the beach with Mr. Bungle, of Chicago. I trust you are not flirting, Della." "Oh, no, mamma; I am only making a collection of souvenir spoons." - Detroit

Free Press. Necessary to Economize.

Simpkins - Well, I wonder what the trusts will take hold of next. There is a corner in arnica. Slimkins-By Jinks! I guess I'll sell my bicycle and buy a horse.-Good News.

Musical Criticism.

Mistress (benevolently to maid in anticipation of a compliment)-What would you do if you could play the piano as well as I can? Maid-I should take lessons .- Nebels-

The Baseball Girl.

She's a very swagger maiden, of a figure rather And she doesn't talk like other girls, but only

of baseball. She's pert, and sometimes pretty, when she

speaks about the game, And she thinks to be a pitcher is the highest meed of fame.

She'll clap her tangloved hands in glee to cheer a splendid hit.

palter.

sometimes when her side has won she'll And flirt a little bit; -Life

But if you speak the love that does your foolish heart enthrall. She'll tell you you must join a nine and study

to play ball. world has made our circulation drop off so

She talks of "flys" and "liners" in a manner that is pat: She can tell you in a minute who it is that's at

the bat:

She dotes on Keefe and Connor and raves about Proprietor-No important news, eh? their "curves." How about that terrible railroad accident, And you'd really think she had been constructand the big bank defalcation, and the war

ed without nerves. For she doesn't mind it if a foul comes spinning Editor-Oh, ves, there were a few little

to her side: She catches it and sends it back, and looks things like that, but you see it rained all week and there were no baseball games --

quite gratified. She's up on all the double plays and marks them on her cuff:

But she cannot keep a score card though she makes a splendid bluff

"Why, Cousin Jenny," said Captain Jinks, "what a beautiful complexion you have! You are the belle of the dance to-Beware of the baseball maiden and her fetching little ways: She's deadlier than the summer girl that now in

ambush lays: She comes in with the springtime, and there's

mischief in her eye; And though she doesn't look it she's most intensely fly-

-Kate Masterson.



"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head through the curtains into the recess where Ethel, Mr. Tompkins and little Eva sat

very quietly. "Yes, ipdeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tompkins and I were discussing all our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"

'Yeth, thath what you wath. Mither Tompkinth thaid, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin.'"-Smith & Gray's Monthly.

He Had.

"Poor man!" exclaimed the impulsive, warm hearted lady, "you look as if you had known some great sorrow."

"You are right, mum." answered the battered tramp, gratefully accepting the doughnuts and bowl of fresh milk.

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes, mum," he said, with his mouth ill. "I lost both my parents when I was full. nothin' but a small boy.'

"Had you no friends?" "Yes. mum. I had an uncle. I lived

with him till I was a good sized chunk of a boy, and then he died." "And you had no other friends?"

"Only an aunt, mum; I went to live with her next. I was very happy at my aunt's. till-till"-

"Don't speak of it, my poor man, if it awakens painful memories.

"It breaks me all up, mum; but there's worse to come. My aunt-she"-

"Died?" "No. She was a widow, my aunt was,

you know, and she up and married again. Married a mean, stingy, ornery cuss of a man. He drove me out of the house before he had been there three weeks." "And then?"

"And then. mum," said the dejected traveler, a frightful spasm of pain distorting his face at the recollection, "I had to

go to work!"-Chicago Tribune

Both Sides of the Question.

"You know what my daughter's voice is," said a Third street two fisted woman to the leader of a choir up town, who was

looking for a singer.

"Yes, madam," he said submissively "I should say so."

"Yes, madam, he continued, bracing up, "and I may say that I also know what it isn't."-Detroit Free Press.

Half and Half.

Johnny-Pa, what does the paper mean when it says that Mr. Littlesole has taken Miss Brown as the partner of his joys and sorrows?

Pa-It means, my son, that they are to enter upon life upon the share and share alike principle. He will take all the joys and let her have all the sorrows .- Boston Transcript.





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