CAPITAL CITY COURIER, SATURDAY JUNE II. 1892

HE HAD ENOUGH

He Said "Out" to Everything, but It

Cured Him.

white haired man as he smoked his eigar

after dinner in an up town restaurant; "you can't make any one believe for any

length of sime that you are better than you really are or that you know more than

you really do. You may be able to de-

ceive a few persons for a short time, but

you are the one who will suffer in the end

every time, or at least ninety-nine times

out of every hundred. Like everything

else, no one will believe this until he has

"It was when I was a young man and I was paying my first visit to the French

capital. Soon after I arrived in Paris I went to a barber shop to get shaved. I sat

down in the chair and the barber began his

work. When, as I supposed, he had about

finished the job he said something in French. Now at the time I thought, as

most young men of twenty do, that I knew

about all there was to be known. Of

French I knew exactly one word-'Oui.' I was determined that I would not show my

ignorance to this French barber, however,

so every time he said anything to me I an

perhaps, and every time he made a re

mark he opened a fresh bottle of some sort

of perfume or other, and applied a portion

of it to some part of my head. Finally he

tles and gave them to me with my check.

which was for a sum equal in our money

"The condition of affairs flashed across

me and I realized that I was paying for

all the fresh bottles of perfume which the barber had opened, but I didn't say a word.

I took the package and went my way, after

paying the bill, But it was a lesson to me

which I shall never forget, and since that

time I have never tried to make any one

your ignorance sometimes, but it is not

half so hard to do this a dozen times as it

is to be caught once in assuming to know

more than you really do know."-New

"Well, as I say, after I supposed that the

swered, 'Oui.'

to five dollars.

York Tribune.

"There is no use of talking," said the



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"Are you his wife?" "He's my husband," she replied. I laughed and her face softened somewhat. "Can I see him?" I proceeded. "Not right now. You can light and wait if you want to. You ought to been here before the other one come."

Didn't Know.

from the backwoods yesterday, Solic itor Long asked, "When was the house

erected?"

In the course of examining a witne-

"Which other one?" I inquired in surprise.

"The other agent." "I'm no agent," I said emphatically. "Oh, ain't you? You kinder looked it. You ought to 'a' seen the fun anyhow." "What was it?"

"Sewin machine agent wanted to sell Thornt a machine," she said in an odd, jerky sort of a way. "Thornt didn't want They had words and the agent called Thornt a liar, and Thornt got down his gun.

"What for?" I inquired, as she stopped a moment in doubt.

"What any man 'round here gits his gun down fer when another man calls him a liar. Didn't think he got it down to trade for a machine, did you?"

I said I had not so thought. "Well, he didn't," she asserted with a vigor that impelled any and all doubt.

"Did he get the agent?" "No, the agent got out. Got him spang through the calf of the laig." "Did the agent skip and leave his wagon out there?" I asked.

"Narry time," she said with a smile. "What became of him?" I asked, this

time really concerned for the safety of the traveler from civilization. He-Let me help you, Miss Hawkins. "He's in thar talkin sewin machine to She-No; I guess we have light enough Thornt harder'n a mule kin kick, an I

THE SUMMER HOTEL CLERK.

The summer breezes soon will blow across the yell w sands. And down upon the rocks near by the lover-

will hold hands; Upon the crested wave we'll see the white winged pleasure boat. And George will show dear Susan how to swim

"Don't know," he replied. "Now, sir," said Mr. Long, "do you have no idea when the house was built?" The fellow brightened up and said and how to float.

and over all the summer throng-where Cupid does not shirk-Will gleam the glad effulgence of the summer

hotel clerk.

He smiles upon you with a smile suavity itself. And when you register your name he takes from you your pelf;

Oh, hard carned dollars that you've saved through weary days now past, You take one lingering look at them ere in the had the experience, and 1 remember quite distinctly the time that I paid for mine.

safe they're east. You think how slow those dollars came and

how they made you work. And then you bow a number to the summer

hotel clerk.

He wears a suit of latest cut, and as you meet

hiseye He condescends to tell you how to the your

summer fie: He notes with careful eyes your clothes and to

what girls you speak, And regulates his bearing by the price you pay each week.

From condescending smile right down the scale to humble smirk We note the plastic features of the summer

hotel clerk

Oh, for some still, secluded spot, away from job was finished the barber kept saying something to me occasionally, and I kept baunts of men, With rustling trees and gladsome birds-a answering 'oui' for ten or fifteen minutes.

maiden now and then; A shady glen, a quiet nook, a simple bill of

fare, Where one can while away the time entirely

free from care.

A hidden path, a singing stream, where fishes love to lurk, finished and took away the towels and aprons. Then he wrapped up a lot of bot-And where there is no vestige of the summer

hotel clerk. -Tom Masson in Truth.

Necessary.

Mother Simpson had sent to Boston and bought a new "set of china." There it was, in its glory of white and gold, nobody knows how many pieces; enough apparent ly to set a table for "all the king's men." "But don't it seem a sinful waste, sis-

ter?" asked her brother's wife, who was still using her "mulberry pattern." "You're It may be enharmassing to acknowledge gettin along in years, an you won't need no chiny long."

"I may not need it long, but I need it now, an I have needed it for forty years," returned Mother Simpson stoutly. "You don't know how I've been cramped, La-

viny!" "Well, I don't jestly see how," said La-viny. "You've al'ays set your table an cat off on't, an that's all any on us do."

have I? I've been invited out over'n over parted with his wife on a pleasure trip agin an now I can retaliate!"-Youth's across the continent. Affairs went smooth Companion.

The House Well Protected. A West Fifty second street man retired from business a few weeks ago, and, after "Set my table! Yes, but have 1 ever summoning a maiden sister from Connecti give a tea party? Now, Laviny Edwards, cut to keep house for his bachelor son, de summoning a maiden sister from Connecti

ly in West Fifty-second street, until, re turning with his aunt from a concert one evening, the young lord of the household discovered that the maid, whose duty it was to remain at home, had been out also. leaving the cook in sole possession of the

house. "It is scandalous," indignantly remarked the proprietor pro tem. to his Connecticut relative, "to leave this big house unpro-tected, or what is the same thing, in charge of one lone woman. I shall call up Mar-garet in the morning and warn her." "You know, William," suggested the

Connecticut relative mildly, "that these are your mother's servants, and they are not accustomed to have you interfere." "Nonsense!" rejoined the other briefly, and in the morning the maid was sum

moned. "Margaret, I believe you were out last evening, when you should have stayed at home," remarked the dignified proprietor. COUNTERS AND WALL CASES. "An that I was Mr. William I wouldn'

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reckon I'll have a machine before he gits Thornt's laig tied up an fixed comfortib-

About twenty minutes afterward the agent came out of the room and asked na to help him carry the machine in the wagon into the house.-Detroit Free Press.

The Penitent Conductor.

Railway Official-Mr. Beetus, you are the oldest conductor on the road and 1 am sorry to have to say that you are more than suspected of knocking down fares. The evidence against you is con-clusive. After next Monday you will be out of a job and I trust this will be a lesson

to you as long as you live. Conductor—Yes, sir. You have always been very kind to me, Mr. Overus. May 1 ask one favor before I go-just one?

"Then I wish you'd tell me where I can buy a hundred shares of stock in this blooming road. I've got a heap of money that ain't earning anything."-Chicago Tribune.

Just the Place.

Cleverton-1 called on Miss Penfield last night, and she is so popular with the men that I declare there wasn't a place to hang your overcoat. Dashaway (thoughtfully)-That would be a good place for me to call, wouldn't it! Cleverton-I don't see why. You would

not see much of her. Dashaway-No. But I need a new overoat.-Clothier and Furnisher.

Very Likely.

A self important schoolmaster felt his dignity hurt by a chubby faced boy (one of his scholars) who was passing him without moving his hat.

"Do you know who I am, sir, that you pass me in that unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think, sir." "Whew! maybe it is so, master, for you teach me, but I feeds myself."-Boston

A Mystery.

"Paw, how wide is the Mississippi river?" "In some places, my son, it is now ten or twenty miles wide." "And how wide is a railroad track.

paw?" "Four or five feet. Why do you ask?" "'Cause the fellers that made this X ... Y. and Z. railroad map have got it just the other way."--Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Cure.

Day-I bought a negligee shirt this morning, and when I put it on it was four sizes too big: but the dealer wouldn't take it back. Weeks-Why not?

Day-He said it would all come out in the wash.-Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Up to the Times.

"How old is your coat of arms?" asked Mrs. Dimling of Mrs. Freshrox. "Old?" replied Mrs. Freshrox, with some feeling. "Why, we had that coat of arms made to order."—Harper's Bazer.

Sad. Of all sad things by tongue or pen.

How sad it is to find When you have paid a two hours' call That tie was up behind! --Clothier and Furnisher.

He-Your smile would make it bright have went out, sor, only me cousin is after anywhere.

She-Yes; but perhaps I'm not going to smile.-Harper's Bazar.

Would Not Listen to Family Secrets. A family up town had some theater tick ets which, not being able to use, they turned over to a green servant girl, who said she had never been to a theater. After receiving directions the girl started out. About 9 o'clock the family was surprised to see the girl back, and called her in the

room to see what the trouble was. "Why, Mary, didn't you find the place?" was asked.

"Indade, I did, and it was a foine place. and a gentleman showed me a sate near the front.

"And why didn't you stay? What did you do!"

"Well, ivery whan were a looking at a foine picture up front, and the place was full of foine ladies and gentlemen, and after a bit they took the pictur up, and some people come out and began talking family matters, and so 1 thought I better come home."-New York Tribune.

Innocent Soul!

English Traveler (at Garfield park)-Is t possible there will be any races on this muddy track today?

Native-Of course there will. We don't postpone races here on account of the

veather. Look at the crowd that's wait-English Traveler (with enthusiasm)-The devotion of your people to manly outdoor sports and recreations is amazing, sir -simply amazing. I never saw anything like it'-Chicage Tribune.

A Great Scheme.

Briggs-1 was just wondering whether I had better change my winter underwear or not. What do you think? Griggs-If you have been wearing it all winter, I should think it an excellent idea to change it.-Clothier and Furnisher.

> One of the Sensible Sort. She can peel and boil potatoes,

Make a salad of tomatoes, But she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek:

And so well she cooks a chicken That your appetite 'twould quicken, But she cannot tell what's modern from an-

tique She knows how to set a table And make order out of Babel, But she doesn't know Euripida from Kant. Once at making ples I caught her. A real expert must have taught her,

But she cannot tell true eloquence from rant. She has quite a firm conviction She ought only to read fiction, And the doesn't care for science, not a bit. She likes a plot that thickens, And she's very fond of Dickens, From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses Till a feilow fair confesses That there's not another maiden half so sweet; She's immersed in home completely, Where she keeps all things so neatly, But from Browning not a line can she repeat. (Thank goodness!)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden That whatever she's arrayed in Makes her lack just like the heroine of a play: "Twould be foolish to have tarried. So tomorrow we'll be married. And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the day -Yaukee Blade

sailin for Ireland on the Germanic next Wednesday, and me mother's brother, over on the east side, gave him a farewell party. You left the cook alone, Margaret."

"Sor?" asked the girl, looking surprised. "You left the cook alone, I say, and bur glars might have entered the house. One woman alone on the fourth floor and in bed, too, was no protection at all, and, in fact, I am surprised she was willing to stay alone.

"Divil a bit was she in bed, sor," an CANON, swered the maid, apparently scandalized "Well, she was alone anyway."

"Nor alone, nayther, sir; sure and Mrs. Mulcahy pours tay for her friends on Friday evenins in April and May, and there was five called last evenin, an it's a bould burglar that 'ud break into a house full of gintlemen, and tree of 'em in driss suits a Chat."-Chicago Tribune.

Out of the Race.

Mr. Standardoil-Is it my daughter you vant or is it her money? Tobias Howens (amateur champion, hundred yards)-Mr. Standardoil, you surprise me. You know very well that I'm an

amateur athlete. Mr. Standardoil-What's that got to do

with it? Tobias Howens-A great deal, sir. It

debars me from taking part in any event for money.-London Tit-Bits.

Gave It Up.

"So you have tramped all the way from New York?" "Yes, sir."

"Couldn't you get employment there?" "No. I came pretty near having a place in a Bowery restaurant." "What prevented you?" "I couldn't learn the language."-Wash

ington Star.

A Shining Example.

Judge (who is baldheaded)-If half what the witnesses testify against you is true. your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner-If a man's conscience is regu-

What use has a comet for Banks-Perhaps it was fly time when it started out.-Chicago Tribune.

Food for Reflection.

Mamma-For pity's sake, Rarus, what have you been doing now? Little Rarus-Boo hoo! I have been eat ing some thistles and they h-h-hurt. Mamma-Well, you did make an ass of vourself. -! ate.



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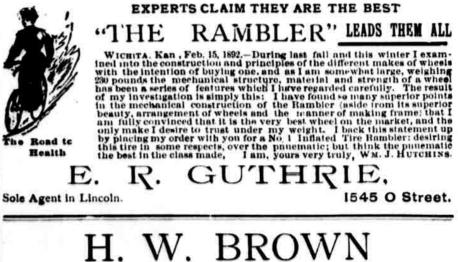
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This Explains It.

Rivers-This new comet, it seems, has eight tails.

eight tails?

lated by his bair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.-Pick-Me Up.