

THEY HAD MET BEFORE.

A Railroad Man and the Acquaintance That Resulted Therefrom.

Not long ago a well-known young Indianapolis man was in the land of the ladies, back a ways up the Cincinnati, White & Morgan railroad to Benton Harbor, Mich., on the Indianapolis North-West line.

"Certainly," she said, in a voice as sweet as maple molasses. And as she spoke she moved over, and the young man from Indianapolis crowded into the seat beside her.

"Your husband bought you a seal-skin saque with his winnings at poker. I wonder how you can wear it?" "Oh, that's all right. I'm going to wear it to church, you know, and that will be fighting the devil with his own weapons."

"How is Vickars? Good pay?" "O, he is good enough, if you only give him time. His grocery bill, for instance, usually runs so long that he has to pay 15 or 20 cents extra for the ink used in setting down the items."

"It's such a poky old town, you know," she said, "that I would not stay there at all if papa did not insist. Poor papa is getting old and we have to humor him a great deal. But next summer I am going to Europe. Brother Charlie is over there, and his wife is just the loveliest little woman on earth."

"I am not necessary to tire the reader with a recital of all they said, but the young man was badly smitten with the supposed heiress, and she seemed to think 'right smart of him,' as they say down in Brown county. When she left the train at Benton Harbor it was not until they had agreed to write to each other. Their parting was so protracted that he missed his train, and under the protecting wing of Conductor 'Dud' Olney went to a hotel. He had happy dreams that night, and wondered when he would see his fair sharmer again. He had an early breakfast. His head was lowered over the table and his eyes were glued on the pages of a Chicago paper. A soft step at his side, a rustle of garments, and then a low, sweet voice murmured: 'Beefsteak, smothered in onions, pork cutlets, ham and eggs, baked potatoes, fried potatoes, fish, vegetables, wheat bread, rye bread, rolls, corn cakes, tea, coffee, and milk.'

With a start he raised his head. That voice had a familiar sound. His eyes sought her eyes. 'Twas she—his companion of the evening before on the train. Around her lips was the least bit of a smile, and a blush slowly mantled her cheek. Straining every nerve he stared at her in a cold, general-manager kind of a style, and gasped: 'Gimme some beefsteak and plenty of onions.'

SHE WAITED FOR HER GRANDMA. A Pathetic Little Story About the Childhood of a Well-Known Woman.

You remember Emeline Torrey of Boston, who established the public cooking schools in Pittsburg and Milwaukee, and who is now carrying on the same great work in California? You know what a jolly, merry little girl she is. She was born in Australia, where she lived until she was 6 years old. Then her mother died, and the little girl was sent to relatives in this country.

Her mother's mother brought her over, and saw her safely located with her father's family in Boston. The grandmother remained in this country but three days, and then returned to Australia.

It was not thought best to tell Emeline that the last link between her and the old life was to be broken, and when the grandmother came in cloaked and bonneted, to say good-by to the child imagined that she was merely starting out for the afternoon. Even that made her feel lonely, little stranger that she was in a strange land so she went to the window and watched the familiar form out of sight.

Then it occurred to her that it would be a good idea to remain there and be the first to greet grandma when she came back. She drew up a little rocking-chair and waited. Somebody came in the room with a great bunch of grapes. Half of them Emeline ate; the rest she held in her hand very carefully, to keep for her grandmother.

The afternoon wore on slowly, it seemed to her. She sat looking out of the window and the more she saw of the unfamiliar faces in the new country the heavier her little heart grew and the more she longed for the face she knew and loved.

Twilight fell and still she waited. The family supposed she was playing with the other children. She seemed to be forgotten.

It was quite dark when the servant came in to light the gas and found her there. The light showed the patient little figure, bravely keeping back the tears that threatened to come. But there was a traitorous break in the baby voice that said to the maid: 'Sense me, Anna, but do you 'speak my name soon?' 'N. Y. Herald'

WIT AND HUMOR.

See—"Will you write to me on your return to college?" He—"Why—er— you know I can't write." She—"O, I don't expect you to write brilliantly or amusingly; just write as you talk."—Princeton Times.

Purchaser—"Are those corsets warranted?" The clerk (politely)—"She had once been a typewriter girl in the office of a boiler-factory."—Warren's to stand a pressure of 4,000 pounds its machine."—Times.

Lucille—"Do you know, young Mr. De Hopper said to me that I was the loveliest girl at the ball last night!" E-telle—"Gracious! Why didn't you know that young Mr. De Hopper drank?"—Somerville Journal.

"So they sent your poem back?" "Yes, but the editor gave me a very favorable criticism." "What did he say?" "He said he was glad to see that I had at last learned to write only on one side of the paper."—Washington Star.

"Your husband bought you a seal-skin saque with his winnings at poker. I wonder how you can wear it?" "Oh, that's all right. I'm going to wear it to church, you know, and that will be fighting the devil with his own weapons."—N. Y. Press.

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Bullfinch—"What's the matter, my dear Wooden? You look heated." Wooden—"Heated? Well, I should think I might. I just stepped into old Gotrox's office to ask for his daughter, and I hadn't spoken three words before I was fired."—Boston Courier.

Bullfinch—"Miss Smilax has simply a wonderful memory." Wooden—"Why, what proof has she given of it?" Bullfinch—"Way, I met her at a supper last night and she not only remembered our being engaged, but she also gave me a number of names."—Boston Courier.

"I'm such a poky old town, you know," she said, "that I would not stay there at all if papa did not insist. Poor papa is getting old and we have to humor him a great deal. But next summer I am going to Europe. Brother Charlie is over there, and his wife is just the loveliest little woman on earth. She is related to the royalty of Spain, but that does not make her the least bit proud. Where did I understand you to say you were going? Oh, Pauck's tavern. That's a nice place. I am over there once in a while when I am at home. It relieves the monotony, you know."

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Wife—"Harry, I never thought you could change so. You used to say that you might search the world over, and you never could find a woman equal to me, and now you are scarcely ever at home." Husband—"O, that's all right, dear; I'm simply making the search now, to prove the correctness of my assertion."—Boston Transcript.

"You didn't sell a copy of 'How to Make Home Attractive' to that woman, did you?" "Yes, I did. When she came into the parlor I rose and said that I had this book, but I saw that she did not need anything to tell her how to make home attractive, and begged her pardon for coming and started to leave. She bought two copies."—N. Y. Sun.

Deacon Wright (to divorce lawyer)—"I can not understand how you can square your professional labors with your conscience. Excuse me for saying it, but I look upon you as the foe of matrimony." Divorce lawyer—"Nothing of the sort. There's no man who is a more thorough believer in marriage than I am. Great heavens, man! If people didn't marry what would become of my business?"—Boston Transcript.

A Chinese Country House. A Chinese farm house is a curious looking abode, says the Jewish Messenger. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathered bamboo and thick, spreading banyans. The walls are of clay and wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping rooms. There is a sliding window in the roof made out of oyster shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters.

The floor is bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands of robbers, the house is strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for firearms, and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine and a well under his roof, the farmer and his men might hold out against a year's siege.

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HE WAS COUNSEL FOR BOTH SIDES

How Roscius W. Judson, Barrister, Paid a Bill and Made a Fee.

Gen. Roscius W. Judson, a relic of the war of 1812, died not long ago in Ogdenburg, a pretty little city on the St. Lawrence river in New York state. The general knew everybody and everybody knew the general. During the last years of his life he was haunted by the ghost of many a good whisky which he had seen and conquered, and the weight of these many victories bowed his shoulders.

By profession Gen. Judson was a lawyer. The old man drew a pension every quarter, and when it was gone he got "trumped." The "trust" reached such proportions that the government bounty for two centuries would just about wipe it out. Most of his creditors rather liked the old man, and, knowing that the accounts would be reopened long before he was to be re-opened, continued to trust, but Nathan Boyd, who had a bill for \$3, made life a burden to the general, who was a gentleman, but always just a little short of cash. Nate would present that bill and change his luck when he was fishing off the dock, or would dun him when looking at the bottle in a grocery store.

One day the general met Boyd on the street and before the well-worn bill could be found said: "Nate, there's just one way that bill can be collected, for I've decided not to pay it unless I have to."

"How's that?" asked the Scotchman. "Do you really want to know?" "Yes." "Well, you sue me. I always pay a judgment against me."

Boyd within the hour found a justice of the peace and brought suit for his \$3. The summons was served and the old warrior came to court, his arms laden with dust covered volumes. Boyd stated his case and showed his bill.

"Do you acknowledge this?" asked the justice. "Yes, sir."

"Then why should not a judgment be given against you?" "Because I have a bill against Mr. Boyd."

Boyd was surprised and declared that he owed nothing. "I have a bill for professional services, a bill for \$5."

"I don't owe it," said Boyd. "Didn't you ask me how to collect this bill against myself?" "Yes."

"And didn't I tell you to sue me and didn't you follow my advice? I came here, sir, as your lawyer to collect that bill and charge you \$5 for advice and counsel. A barrister, sir, doesn't give his opinion for nothing, and Judson presented a written statement of the account. The general left the court-room with \$2 in his pocket for suit brought against himself."—Kansas City Star.

A Cunning Tramp. He knocked hesitatingly at the kitchen door and the lady of the house opened it, says the Detroit Free Press. "You don't get anything to eat here," she exclaimed hastily. "Did I ask for anything to eat, madame?" he replied in tones of reproach. "No, but that's what you want."

"On the contrary, madame," he pleaded, "I don't. Your next-door neighbor told me a few minutes ago, while I was lurching sumptuously there, that unless I wished my digestion ruined forever, my night filled with dreams of horror, and my days surcharged with internal strife and dissension, I had better not touch anything in your house of an edible character. She informed me particularly not to do so now, as you were doing your own cooking, and that because of it your husband had temporarily left home and was taking his meals in a cheap restaurant. I am—"

"Did that woman over there tell you that?" she interrupted angrily. "Do I look like a person who would tell a malicious lie, madame?" he asked with dignity and a pained look. "I don't know, but I do know that horrid thing next door would say anything about me. Come in here," she went on boldly and in apparent forgetfulness of his statement that he had but recently appeased his appetite, "and I'll show you just how mean one woman can talk about another." And the tramp went in. "I've only been married a year," she apologized as she waited on him, "but that's no sign I can't cook."

"I should say not," observed the tramp encouragingly between bites. UPPER CRUST GIRLS. An English Tourist Who Couldn't Understand Their Slang. One of the greatest social puzzles to European strangers in San Francisco is to classify our women by their looks and dress says a writer in the Freeman. The average globe trotter fails utterly to distinguish the 490 from the 400,000.

A startling case of this inability of the European tourist was related the other night in a prominent club by a swell visitor from across the herring pond. "Decidedly queer girls you have in San Francisco," said the loyal subject of Victoria. "How so?" "I was out in the park this morning, you know, and I saw two deucedly pretty and modest-looking girls riding bicycles up a hill, you know, and they looked so jolly and innocent that I couldn't help remarking, 'Very hawd work, ladies,' and what do you think was the reply?" "What?" "Yes, bloody hard work, cully, and poor pay."

"Do you think they were respectable girls?" asked the puzzled tourist. "Oh, certainly. No doubt of it. Regular upper crust. In fact, the style that takes the whole bakery as you might say, when they go out." The observant globe-trotter made a note of the incident, and it will doubtless appear in due time in book form under the heading, "Eccentricities of the San Francisco Aristocracy."

Safe and Reliable. "In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co."

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Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

A Fatal Mistake. Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, drowsy, etc. His Restorative Nerve cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House. J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be with out Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe" when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cocksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

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Starting Facts. The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonse Hampling, of Butler, Penn, swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerve cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valparai and J. D. Taolner, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastuir Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much headach, dizziness, lockach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

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