

Professional Directory.

Office618 } **Dr. Benj. F. Bailey** } Office, Zehring Block } 9 to 10 a m
 Res.671 } } Residence, 1313 C street } 12 to 12:30
 Evenings, by appointment. Sundays 12 to 1 p. m. and by appointment. } 2 to 4 p m

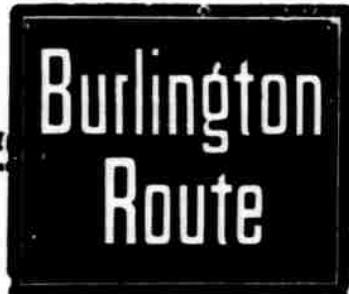
Office, 1035 O street..... } 9 to 12 a. m
 } 1 to 4 p. m.

DENTISTS

Office530. } **Louis N. Wente, D.D.S.** } Office, rooms 26, 27 and }
 1. Brownell Block, 137 }
 so 11th street.

Office633 } **Oliver Johnson, D.D.S.** } Office over Harley's }
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A QUIET HOTEL.

Blewit's wife and children were in Europe. He heard from them by cable, and he sent a return message and wished that he could go with it. But no, he was chained to Boston. After their departure he learned that there was some business that imperatively demanded his attention, and he resigned with a sigh his proposed trip across the water. He wrote Mrs. Blewit a pathetic letter, in which he regretted the escapade which made him miss the boat on which she departed for foreign shores; and he said, in his usual effusive vein, that he had given up all hope of ever seeing the white cliffs of Albion. He had just posted this letter when he met his evil genius, Stagers, who said:

"How do you like keeping bachelor's hall?"

"Not at all," was Blewit's reply; "it's deucedly dull. Nobody in town, and I feel like Robinson Crusoe and his desolate island."

"Minus the animals," suggested Stagers.

"Hardly," was Blewit's response. "I have plenty of homeless cats to keep me company. I have a kind of sympathy for them, because they are in much the same condition that I am myself."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Why don't you open an asylum for abandoned felines? I'll head a subscription list for raising money to support the institution."

"Perhaps if you looked after some of your poor relations it would be more to the purpose," said Blewit, sarcastically, as the thought of Stagers' father bending under a load of debt to support his family, while his son was a rapid man about town, who was always ready to make a big fellow of himself by opening wine for people who laughed at his extravagance behind his back.

"Hang it, don't be personal!" exclaimed Stagers, not at all pleased by Blewit's not too delicate sarcasm. "Come down to the shore with me and I'll show you how to banish the blues. Let care kill the cat. You've got to live, even if Mrs. Blewit and the kids are having a good time in London—foggy London."

Blewit weakly accepted this invitation, and was soon on a train going to a near-by watering place, which was described as an earthly paradise that combined the charms of seashore and country in an eminent degree.

"Ah! this is delightful," said Blewit, after dinner, as he sat on the piazza of the Top Knot House. "The ozone gives me new life, and the odor from the woods is full of healing balm to the lungs that have been filled with the vile smells of city thoroughfares."

"Ozone be blown, you old sentimentalist! Come up stairs and have a little game."

"You don't mean to say that you came down here to play cards. Don't you get enough of that in town?"

"Well, a man must do something. What is the use of sitting here listening to a lot of women gabbling about dress, or abusing their neighbors? You'll hear more scandal here in five minutes than you will upstairs all night. Come along!"

"I suppose I'll have to," replied Blewit, resignedly, as he cast a lingering look at the water where the boats seemed to be nodding to him to stay and enjoy the outdoor beauty of the night. "Let me take a long breath," continued Blewit, "before I go into the tobacco-laden atmosphere where you are bringing me."

"Oh! if you want exhilaration, I'll take you where you can get it," was Stagers' response, as he took his companion into a little closet where about a dozen men were crowded, all intent upon taking what they called "three fingers" from sundry black bottles.

"Ah, Blewit!" squeaked Poppers, a

very large man with a very small, bald head and very weak lungs; "came down to get a little fresh air, did you?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder, "but there doesn't seem to be much of it here?"

"True," interrupted Balmey, a little man with a deep bass voice; "but we've got something that's better."

"Perhaps you have," sneered Blewit, "but is there any necessity for going into the Black Hole of Calcutta to swallow it?"

"Well, the fact is, this is a temperance hotel, and there is no bar. Therefore, we have to come in here to take a nip; but you mustn't give it away, now that we have let you behind the scenes. Our wives don't know that this place exists."

"I should think they would nose it as they go upstairs," said Blewit, with a weak attempt at a pun.

"Mrs. Blewit might," ejaculated Balmey "I've heard she could smell out most anything, but as she isn't in these parts, and you are enjoying a selfish picnic, you needn't be afraid. I'll promise not to write to her, so drink heartily, my boy, the cable won't carry the news to Amanda!"

Blewit couldn't stand chaffing, so he took his poison with as good grace as possible, not only once but several times, and he soon forgot all about the ozone, and was as eager for bluff as anyone, as he followed the party into a room at the top of the house, in the cupola, in fact, which was dimly lighted with kerosene oil lamps. It was even more stuffy than the closet they had just left, and Blewit couldn't help laughing as he remarked:

"So this is what you call coming down to the shore to pass a quiet night with your families?"

"No moralizing," piped up Poppers; "shuffle the cards and play for mum."

How long they had forgotten their cares in the fascination of poker Blewit did not know, but it must have been somewhere about midnight when, through a haze of smoke, he saw a female figure in the doorway. It belonged to a diminutive but determined appearing woman, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Blewit, how dare you keep Mr. Poppers up until this hour? A man of your age ought to be engaged in better business than leading married men astray. I'm not surprised that Mrs. Blewit went off to Europe without you!"

Having delivered this tirade, the mite of a woman led the gigantic but submissive Poppers from the room, as Stagers remarked:

"I say, Blewit, what do you mean by coming down here and upsetting a nice, quiet family hotel?"—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Lady—You say you are a good washer and ironer. How do you tell when your irons are hot?

Servant—By the smell of the burnin' linen, mum.—The Mirror.

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