

Schaefer's witness

E. J. Washburn

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 Eastern Division... Judge H. L. Benson  
 Prosecuting Att'y... C. B. Watson  
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Regular meetings of city council held in council chambers in city hall on the evening of the first Monday in each month.

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## THE FARMER WON.

**But Schaefer Considers It the Shortest Game of His Life.**

"Some years ago," said a sporting man, "when Schaefer kept a billiard room in this city, he was always ready to play all comers who desired a game. Many strangers and people unknown to Schaefer naturally strolled in; many, too, who probably did not know him. But it made no difference to Schaefer. Sometimes strangers would desire to play for money, but this Schaefer would never do. To all such propositions he would say: 'No, I won't play for money, but I'll tell you what I will do—I will play a game, the loser to treat the house.'"

"One day an old farmer entered the place, and after wandering about looking at the pictures on the walls and examining the tables he asked if there was any one present who would like to play him a game of billiards. Schaefer, as usual, said that he would play the stranger.

"How much shall we play for?" asked the farmer.  
 "I never play for money," replied Schaefer, "but I will play you for the drinks for the house."

"All right," said the farmer. "How many points shall we play?"

"Oh," replied Schaefer demurely in all the consciousness of his superior powers, "we'll just play until you are satisfied, and we will call that a game."

"The crowd smiled as the players prepared for the contest. The balls were placed on the table, and Schaefer brought out his favorite cue, and it fell to his lot to open the game.

"The opening shot in a billiard game is a somewhat difficult one, and the players know, and Schaefer, probably through indifference, missed it. He not only missed it, but left the balls close together near one of the cushions. It was what is termed in billiard parlance a 'set up.'"

"The old farmer carefully chalked his cue, and after deliberation made the shot. He then gazed at the balls a moment, laid down his cue and exclaimed: 'I am satisfied.'"

"The score was then 1 to 0 in favor of the old farmer, but as Schaefer had agreed to make the game as long or short as the farmer desired he had to be satisfied. Schaefer of course had to invite all present, including his conqueror, to partake of the hospitality of the house. As the crowd laughed and drank Schaefer remarked that the game was the shortest he had ever played, and probably the shortest on record."

## Cucumbers For the Skin.

"A fine skin?" said a girl to a New York Times reporter complacently. "Well, I do think my skin has improved a little, and I am using only a natural cosmetic. What do you think? Cucumbers? Oh, yes, I eat plenty of them, and I believe they are healthful in hot weather, but besides that I take the thick peelings, if I am at home, and rub them on my face, and also on the backs of my hands. It is the cucumber juice which is so whitening, and which is also an astringent and keeps the pores from becoming coarse. It is used in the best face creams. If I am at home, I use the cucumber peelings, but away it is no trouble to take a few slices of cucumber, before the dressing has been put on, from the table. It is a good thing. Just try it if you don't think so."

## The Fit of a Shoe.

It is an exploded idea that corns are caused by tight shoes only. An ill fitting boot, be it tight or loose, will work harm. A shoe must fit closely and smoothly without being so tight as to pinch at any point and yet not so loose as to work up and down and rub the tender flesh. Low shoes, when new, often blister the heels by slipping just a little as the wearer walks. To prevent this it is well to rub the inside of the shoe at the heel with soap before putting it on.

## Faithful Unto Death.

On the point of courage we have not yet seen in print a very notable instance that is current in service circles. It relates to one of the numerous heroic but useless struggles on the northwest frontier of India when our men were sent forward to carry positions that had to be relinquished as soon as occupied. When the men were retiring, harassed by the fire of the hillmen and bewildered by the growing darkness, a party of 13 went astray and found themselves in a position where resistance and retreat were alike hopeless. They were exposed without protection and were shot down one by one.

When their comrades retook the valley and discovered the bodies, they discovered also the evidences of a rare act of courage, devotion and cool judgment. Knowing that their end had come, and knowing further that every Lee-Metford rifle that fell into the hands of the Afiridis meant the loss of many English lives, the men had extracted the breech locks from the rifles and hurled them down the ravine, so that the rifles when taken should be useless to their captors. —London Saturday Review.

## The Nagur and the Fiddle.

Here is a story that the late Frederick Douglass used to tell about himself, says the Buffalo Express. Once when he was in Dublin he felt very lonesome. He was wandering about the streets when he was attracted by two violins in the window of a secondhand dealer. Frederick entered and asked the price of one of the instruments.

"Five shillings, sor," said the Irish dealer.

Frederick tuned the violin and began to play "Rocky Road to Dublin." Soon the proprietor's wife heard the music and entered the rear door. Then Frederick started in on "The Irish Washer-woman," and the couple began to dance for dear life. When the music and dancing stopped, Frederick tendered the dealer 5 shillings, but his performance on the violin had greatly enhanced its value in the mind of the storekeeper, and as he hurried away to a place of security he exclaimed:

"If a black nagur can git sich chunes out of that fiddle, I'll never sell it at any price, begorrah!"

## Effect of the "Extender."

The women who affect shirt waists have been affording a puzzle of late to the masculine eye in that they resembled in no small degree a flock of pouter pigeons. The cause is "the shirt waist extender," a device of cotton netting and whalebone, which materially assists the feminine curve. Today a Twenty-third street merchant placed some on view in the window of his shop, whether to attract the feminine eye or to reveal the deception to the masculine could not be determined. Women are certainly growing more complex with every day, testing man's faith to the limit. —New York Letter.

For some skins which cannot stand constant washing, but needing to be cleansed after a walk or ride by other means than soap and water, lait virginal is a delicious preparation and is made as follows: A pint of rose, orange flower or elder flower water, half an ounce of the simple tincture of benzoin and ten drops of the tincture of myrrh.

## Their Beautiful Curis.

A fat woman, with a baby large enough to reach out and grab at whatever excited its interest, boarded a Third avenue open car yesterday morning and settled down in the third seat from the front. On the seat in front of the fat woman were two young women in freshly starched shirt waists and high collars. Two beautiful curls straggled carelessly out of the braids on the back of each girl's head and hung down over her collar. A dozen men who were in the seats behind watched these curls as they hung in the prevailing fashion and swayed gently in the breeze as the car passed a cross street. They were immaculate curls, and perhaps an unsophisticated man or two may have wondered how young women whose front hair was so straight had coaxed their back hair into such perfect curls. The fat woman glared at them and then began to doze. Her baby looked at the other passengers around her listlessly until the two pairs of swaying curls caught her eyes, and then she began to reach out for them. Baby's arms were too short. The mother rocked forward as the car came to a sudden stop, and the baby gripped a pair of curls in each hand. The car started at that moment and back flopped the fat woman and the baby, and in the latter's hands were the curls, one pair in each hand, and each pair attached securely to a hairpin. The young women in front felt the tugs. Their hands went back to search for the curls, and then they turned around. The fat woman was still dozing. The baby was chuckling with glee over her prizes, and a dozen men were smiling eagerly.

"Well, I never," said one of the girls as she caught sight of her curls.

"Isn't it awful?" said the other, and each girl grabbed the hand which held her curls and opened it by force. The baby began to cry and its mother awaking and seeing two young women twisting its wrists protested volubly in German. The girls secured their curls and flounced off the car at the next corner, followed by polysyllable words from the child's mother, who had not discovered the cause of the attack. The German woman was angry when she left the car, but the baby was chuckling as if it had been in the joke. —New York Sun.

## Not Much of a Relief.

**Crusty Old Uncle**—Well, William, I've decided that you needn't pay back the \$50 you got from me last summer. I'm going to make you a present of it.

**Reckless Nephew**—Thanks!  
**Crusty Old Uncle**—Well, that's not a very enthusiastic way you have of acknowledging my generosity. I thought you'd be overjoyed at getting this debt off your mind.

**Reckless Nephew**—Oh, it hasn't been bothering me! I had no intention of paying you anyway. —Cleveland Leader.

## His Trade.

**The Policeman**—What's your trade?  
**The Suspect**—An ironworker.

"Is that so? I'll see what you know about it. I used to be in the trade myself."

"I—I mean in a laundry." —Indianapolis Journal.

Fairbank's White Star soap 90c per box—regular wholesale price—until present stock is exhausted. Wm. Hevener.

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