Simply a Man Hunt.

"I declare!" shouted a bellboy in one of the big downtown hotels as he dashed into the lobby.

"I declare!" he shrieked again, or at least it sounded like that.

An irascible old gentleman whose eardrums were jarred by the shrill screech wheeled about and glared at the boy.

"I declare!" he piped louder than before.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the old man gruffly.

"I declare!" came the shrill reply.

"Oh, you do, eh?" snorted the old fellow. "Well, why the deuce don't you?"

The bellboy cast a withering glance at him, gazed searchingly about the room and emitted a shrill "Declare!"

"Say," exclaimed the old chap, collaring the boy, "what the dickens is wrong with you, anyway? Are you going crazy?"

"Naw, I ain't goin' crazy," replied the brass buttoned one. "I got a telegram fer 'em; that's all. Aw, look fer yerself!" exclaimed the boy disgustedly as he shoved the yellow envelope under the old fellow's nose. It was addressed "I. D. Clair."

"Well, I declare!" gasped the old man weakly as he sank into his seat.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Show Windows in Austria.

The Austrian shopkeeper takes great pride in having his window dressed in an attractive manner and the glass perfectly clean at all times, no matter how small the shop or how small the city. Frequently the greater part of the stock of merchandise is displayed in the windows of the smaller shops. It is much less difficult to make attractive displays than in American stores, as windows open outward on hinges. Even heavy plate glass windows ten to fifteen feet square are so arranged and dressed from the street instead of from the inside, as in America. The large windows are usually arranged in the morning before many pedestrians are on the street. The wall space between shops is frequently rented by owners of adjoining stores and arranged to appear like windows, giving the appearance of being a large shop. When one wishes to examine an article displayed in a window the proprietor or clerk goes to the street with a key, unlocks the window and takes out the article, then locks his window again.

The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look jes' as much like you as I can," she often said, "'cause you looks jes' like a lady orter look, Mis' Hend'son."

Clorinda intrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"An' I want 'em jes' exactly like yours, Mis' Hend'son," said Clorinda, "no diff'ence 'ceptin' dey's gotter be wide nines, so maybe de buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a teenty mite larger'n yours."—Youth's Companion.

Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother, dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh, I wouldn't feel bad if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."—Delineator.

Bunching the Hits.

A legal journal tells a story of an Illinois attorney who argued to the court one after another a series of very weak points, none of which seemed to the court to have any merit until the court finally said, "Mr. ——, do you think there is anything in these points?" To which the attorney replied, "Well, judge, perhaps there isn't much in any one of them alone, but I didn't know but your honor would kind of bunch them."

Had Authority.

A case was being tried before the late Lord Young, "Crabbe versus Crabbie."

"I may explain, my lud," said the advocate, "that my client Crabbe is a nephew of our opponent Crabbie, but a few years ago he dropped the 'I' in his name for the sake of euphony."

"Ah," replied Lord Young, "he has Biblical authority for that—'If thy "I" offend thee, pluck it out.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Different Now.

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays."

"Yes; he produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Significant.

Tom—Do you think your father dislikes me? Tess—Well, he gave the dog's chain and muzzle away yesterday.

It were endless to dispute upon everything that is disputable.—Penn.

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a cough that has been hanging on for over two months by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. If you have a cough, don't wait—stop it ot once with this wonderful remedy. Splendid for coughs, cold on chest, influenza, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

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Spohr and the Violin.

Louis Spohr, the greatest of all German violinists and a man whose name is otherwise indelibly written on the pages of musical history, was born at Brunswick on April 5, 1784, just fifteen days after his great contemporary and rival, Nicolo Paganini, first saw the light of the world. Two greater contrasts than these two men could not be imagined. Paganini, the brilliant, dazzling, comet-like apparition, overawed the masses, for whose favor he made a high bid, while the German, the serious, dignified, deep artist, appealed to the connoisseurs and cultured musicians. Spohr both by precept and example exerted a tremendous influence on violin playing and violin composition and, in fact, on composition in general. The greatest musicians of his day stood in awe of him, and even Richard Wagner, after Spohr had produced "The Flying Dutchman" at Cassel in 1843, where he was then conductor of the opera, in a letter written to the great violinist displayed a sense of gratitude of which in later years he seemed incapable. Spohr died at Cassel in 1859.—Argonaut.

Tit For Tat.

A newspaper man who called on a local manufacturer the other day to pay a friendly visit found the latter in no mood for friendly calls. He was in a white heat.

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor. "You don't seem pleased to see me."

"Oh, I would be pleased to see you," said the other, "if I wasn't so mighty mad at the meanest piece of petty holdup I ever saw. Here's a check from a fellow who owed me a bill for ninety days, and darned if he hasn't mailed the check at last and subtracted the 2 cents for the postage stamp that brought the letter."

"Can you beat that?" exclaimed the visitor as he eyed the check.

"I can," said the other as he reached for a telegraph blank. "I am going to wire him a receipt in full, and I'll wire it collect."—Newark Call.

Supreme Court Ways.

When the supreme court of the United States assembles at 12 o'clock on each Monday the room is filled with lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators. Routine announcements are made by the chief justice in a voice no one can understand. Decisions of great moment are rendered by other justices in mumbled words which are not heard. Lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators stare hard at the honorable justice who may be talking or reading, some with hands curved into a round board so that they can catch a few words if possible. But no one in the courtroom shouts "Louder!" No one would last very long if he did. And should a person be sentenced for contempt of the supreme court it would be the end. As an old colored employee once said, "Dere ain't no appeal from dis cote."—St. Louis Star.

Swallowed and Climbed.

A woman newly rich was invited to an aristocratic dinner party. During the course of fowl and salad this woman noticed with dismay a fat, furry caterpillar on her topmost leaf of lettuce. Glancing up, she met her aristocratic hostess' eye. The hostess, too, had seen the caterpillar. Her gaze implored the guest to save the dinner from catastrophe. The guest gave her hostess a reassuring smile. Then she doubled a lettuce leaf around the caterpillar and swallowed it calmly. The look of awe and gratitude that her hostess gave her was an assurance that her footing in society was at last firmly established.

"Did you think," said Mrs. Newlyrich to her daughter afterward, "that I'd lose a chance of establishing the family socially for a little thing like a caterpillar?"

Spanish Surnames.

In addition to three or four Christian names the Spanish child bears the combined family names of his father and mother. When the surnames are doubled or connected by the y, meaning "and," the first is the more important one and the only one that may be taken alone, for it is in the father's name, while the last is in the name of the mother. In Spain they know no "senior" and "junior." Father and son may bear the same Christian name, but each takes his own mother's name as a distinction, the father being, for instance, Pedro Diaz y Castillo and the son Pedro Diaz y Blanco.

O'Connell's Big Head.

Thackeray was six feet two inches in height, and Sir H. W. Lucy says the great novelist wore a seven and five-eighth inch hat, beating Dickens and John Bright by a full half inch. Mr. Gladstone's hat was of seven and three-eighth inch measurement—the same as Macaulay's—while Beaconsfield needed a full seven inch. The hat of Daniel O'Connell, however, would have beaten them all, measuring eight and one-half inches by ten inches.

Unreasonable.

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on $3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man? Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Why?

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father he knows well that it is not intended as a compliment.

In Awful Shape.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."—Cleveland Leader.

Lame Shoulder.

This is a common form of muscular rheumatism. No internal treatment is needed. Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely three times a day and a quick cure is certain. This liniment has proven especially valuable for muscular and chronic rheumatism. Sold by all good druggists.

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Just Like a Woman.

A Boston physician was describing a week's drive that he took last fall through some of the most picturesque districts of New England.

"I saw much that was memorable and heard much that was worth remembering on this quiet, bucolic excursion.

"I remember an elderly justice of the peace in a beautiful New Hampshire village near Lake Sunapee. I stayed there all night with this fine, keen old man. He amused me and impressed me with his mordant humor.

"During the evening the question of the unreasonableness of womankind came up for discussion. 'Ah,' said the old justice, 'woman is unreasonable, very unreasonable indeed. In fact, there is no living creature so unreasonable as woman. I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize—both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said with a tired air of submission to an unpleasant condition, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"—Boston Post.

Hymnological Ineptitude.

The story of a minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning "The dying thief rejoiced to see" is equaled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got in debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," one of the members of the church suggested.

This idea was carried out, and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line, "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain."

Nevertheless the "sundering" process was most successful and wasn't particularly painful either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tailed Englishmen.

Natives of southern Arabia believe that Christians wear hats only to hide their horns. Formerly the continent of Europe clung to the conviction that the Englishman's nether garments concealed a tail. So late as the reign of Edward VI., according to Bale, "an Englyshman cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyinge, but it is most contumeliously thrown into his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails." The belief probably arose from the legend of the "Kentish Longtails." The people of either Canterbury or Strood (for the legend varies) mocked at Becket as he rode by on an ass and cut off the ass' tail. Wherefore they and their descendants were cursed with tails thenceforth. At least so said jesters of other countries, and the slander eventually reacted upon England in general. Another version substitutes St. Augustine and Dorsetshire.

Cold as a Cure.

Cold of a certain intensity produces not only hunger, but, as it has been proved, health as well. Raoul Pictet, the famous Swiss chemist, was making experiments on a degree of cold considerably lower than any which occurs naturally, and he found that at temperatures between 110 and 150 below zero no covering of any kind would keep cold out, or, more exactly, would keep warmth in. There is nothing surprising about that. The surprise is in the result. M. Pictet is a gentleman who has suffered greatly from indigestion. After an exposure of several minutes to the cold which he had produced he experienced a sensation of hunger which he has described as ravenous. When he had eaten he experienced none of the tortures of his ailment, and when he had alternately frozen and eaten three or four times he found himself entirely cured.—London Telegraph.

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another sixpence when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

Arundel Castle.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fall upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.—London Standard.

A Reflection on Him.

"Quarreled on their wedding day? Dreadful! And what about?"

"The bride's girl friends cried too vociferously to suit the bridegroom."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

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A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.45	12.40	7.00
6.05	1.00	7.10
6.25	1.18	7.20
6.40	1.36	7.40
6.48	1.54	8.00
6.56	2.12	8.25
7.05	2.30	8.50
7.20	2.50	9.10
7.35	3.08	9.30
7.55	3.26	9.50
8.15	3.44	10.10
8.35	4.02	10.30
9.00	4.20	10.50
9.22	4.40	11.10
9.44	5.00	11.30
10.06	5.15	12.00
10.26	5.30	
10.50	5.45	
11.12	6.00	
11.34	6.20	
11.56	6.40	
12.18 p. m.	6.50	

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