

IF YOU DON'T READ
The Plaindealer
YOU DON'T GET THE NEWS.

IF YOU SEE IT IN
The Plaindealer
IT IS SO.

A. SALZMAN,
(Successor to J. ZASKULEK.)
Practical : Watchmaker, Jeweler : and : Optician.
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.
Repairing a Specialty.
Genuine Brazilian Eye Glasses and Spectacles
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Cutlery, Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Smokers' Articles.
Also Proprietor and Manager of **Roseburg's Famous Bargain Store.**

E. D. STRATFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Room 2 and 3
Taylor & Wilson Block, ROSEBURG, OR.

A. M. CRAWFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Room 2, Markers Building, - ROSEBURG, OR.
Business before the U. S. Land Office and
Mining cases a specialty.
Late Receiver U. S. Land Office.

BROWN & TUSTIN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Rooms 1 and 2
Taylor & Wilson Block, ROSEBURG, OR.

W. R. WILLIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Will practice in all the courts of the State. Of-
fice in the Court House, Douglas county, Or.

C. A. SEHLBREDE,
Attorney at Law,
Roseburg, Oregon,
Office over the Postoffice on Jackson street.

W. W. CARDWELL,
Attorney at Law,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

F. R. COFFMAN,
Physician and Surgeon
(U. S. Examining Surgeon.)
OFFICE: Rooms 5 and 7 Markers Building,
Residence, First door South of Mrs. Currier's
Residence.
Special attention to Surgery and all
Diseases of Women.

N. J. OZIAS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ROSEBURG, OR.
Office in U. S. Hotel & Drug Store upstairs.
Calls promptly answered day or night.

LANE & LOUGHRAN,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
Roseburg, Oregon.
Office in the Taylor-Wilson block.

WILL P. HEYDON,
County Surveyor,
and Notary Public.
OFFICE: In Court House.
Orders for Surveying and Field Notes should
be addressed to Will P. Heydon, County sur-
veyor, Roseburg, Or.

W. F. BRIGGS,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
and Notary Public.
OFFICE: County Jail Building, up stairs.
Special attention paid to Transfers and
Conveyances.
Address, ROSEBURG, OR.

MYRA BROWN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Chronic Diseases of Women a Specialty.
Office, Up stairs, in the Marks Building.
Residence, 112 Cass Street, ROSEBURG.

K. L. MILLER, M. D.,
Surgeon and Homoeopathic
Physician,
Roseburg, Oregon.
Special attention to a specialty.

JERRY J. WILSON,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
417 Jackson Street,
At Lutzman's Repair Factory, ROSEBURG.

H. C. STANTON
Has just received a new and extensive stock of
DRY GOODS
—CONSISTING OF—
Ladies' Dress Goods, Ribbons, Trimmings,
Laces, Etc., Etc.
—ALSO A FINE STOCK OF—
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of the best quality and make.

GROCERIES,
Wood, Willow and Glass Ware,
Crockery, Cordage, Etc.
Also on hand in large quantities and at prices
to suit the times. Also a large stock of

Custom-Made Clothing
Which is offered at most prices. A full and
complete line.
SCHOOL BOOKS
Constantly on hand. Also the
LATEST NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.

ROLL OF HONOR.
Report of Roseburg Schools for the
Month of May.

Following is the result of the final ex-
amination of Roseburg Public Schools
for term ending May 31, 1895.
Required standing: minimum 70 per
cent, average 85.
H. S. Department. Eighth Grade, A
Class—Ada L. Smith average 90, Oscar
Lindsey 91, Warren McWilliams 86, B
Class—Neal McCall average 89, 99,
Robert Wilcox 91, Nathan Fullerton 83,
Grammar Department. Seventh
Grade, Miss Bradley, Teacher. A Class—
Leona Shupe average 98, Luella Ken-
nedy 98, Clara McCoy 97, Louise Rie-
man 97, Elva Wimbrey 96, Minnie
Shupe 96, Edward Ellison 96, George
Jones 95, Willie Carter 93, Della Brown
92, Fred Field 89, Hattie Cloyd 88, B
Class—Irving Gibson average 90, Mar-
tha Shambrock 90, Grace Hall 85, Josie
Smith 85, Dale Strang 84, Maud Stephe-
ns 83, Earl Beckwith 82, Glad Wood-
ward 81, John Hansell 80, Lucy Huntley
79.

Sixth Grade, Miss Limbocker, Teach-
er. A Class—Julian Johnson 97, Eva
Howard 96, George Wilcox 94, Sylvia
Stearns 92, Thos. McCarthy 91, Daisy
Perkins 90, Vernon Patterson 90, Flo-
rence Shambrock 90, Hulson Eccleston 89,
George Collins 88, Louise Eckstein 87,
George Richards 87, Renie Blackman 87,
Hose Hutchinson 87, Grace Shupe 87,
Minnie Lindsey 87, Eber Wright 86,
Lutie Sacy 86, Stella Hamilton 86, Ruby
Bailey 85, Charley Dean 85, B Class—
Charles Pichford average 91, Grace
Ganger 91, Helen Williams 90, Dew Howard
90, Ara Butts 88, Elvin Crutchfield 86,
Jennie Culyer 85, Edna Hodson 86, Ed-
gar Crutchfield 86, Ella Cox 81, Nita
Beard 79.

Fifth Grade, Miss Kiddler, teacher.
A class—John Boyd average 97, Dwight
Berry 94, Effie Collins 94, Howard Hess
94, Zelo Kenyon 94, Lena Thornton 94,
Hattie Lauer 93, Mettie Strait 93, Roy
Bellew 91, Frank McKenzie 91, Maud
Shambrock 91, Lillie Critzer 90, Clara
Godfrey 90, Charles Kenyon 90, Gerlie
Rast 90, Mary Schwartz 90, Clyde Faulk-
ner, 90, Cora Rose 88, Myrtle Hansell 87,
Edmund Langenberg 87, Ora Murphy
87, Agnes Pichford 87, Charley Harmon
86, Ray Oliviant 86, Loren Cheaman 85,
Kate Fullerton 79, Maud Sheridan 73.
B class—Clarence Lusk average 94,
Ethel Everts 91, Fred Chapman 90,
John Vetch 89, Morten Austin 88, Mand
Annis 86, Minnie Easton 86, Arthur
86, Maud Volney Dixon 85, Ruth
Kelly 85, Ollie Dixon 82, Lulu Cloyd 80,
Bertha Carlson 80, Curg McCullum 80,
Joy Renfro 79, Mabel Yates 76.

Primary Department. Fourth Grade,
Miss Hamilton, teacher. A class—Ber-
tie Kiddle average 95, Fred Wilhelm 95,
Kiddie Taft 95, Wayne Crutchfield
92, Fred Brown 92, Charley Hess 92,
Edith Brockner 92, Hardy Howard 90,
Ora McNamee 89, Alta Cannon 89, Dex-
ter Jones 89, Mabel Bellis 88, Lela
Sheridan 88, Bertha Estes 88, Mabel
Smith 88, Hannah Wollenberg 88, Bertha
Slocum 88, Minnie McDurdy 87, Hattie
Van Order 87, Charley White 87, Lizzie
Kirk 87, Walter Sheridan 87, Nannie
Pike 87, Gerlie Tolles 87, Alice Living-
ston 86, Chester Renfro 86, Clifford Ben-
son 86, Eddie Buick 86, Emory Davidson
86, Mamie McCurdy 85, Hazel Jewett 85,
Bertha Sehlbrede 85, Vivian Jewett 85.
B class—Dale Harmon 82, Louisa Picket
80, Ida Page 87, Grace King 85, Mand
Groons 85, Annie Dorell 81, Alta
Owens 80.

Third Grade, Miss Hill, Teacher. A
Class—George Wright average 95, Esther
Tuft 95, Laura Mullen 95, Walter
Josephson 93, Eddie Morris 93, Agnes
Groons 93, Gerlie Moore 93, Etta Barker
92, Alva Brundage 90, Jessie Flook 90,
Carl Johnson 89, Ethel Lewis 89, Hattie
Tolles 89, Lela Crutchfield 89, Jessie
Bowen 89, Alice Aubin 88, Oliver Picket
87, Mite Altzer 87, Lester Webb 87,
Mabel VanZile 86, Earl Fletcher 86, Paul
Aubin 86, Clarence Murphy 85, Thomas
Annis 85, Anna VanZile 85, Jake Noah
85. B Class—Lyle Crouxton average 94,
Alice Sweeney 94, Vera Haynes 94,
Frank Tustin 94, Ralph Kearney 93,
John Tuft 92, Fred Austin 90, Rollie
Burtin 90, Florence Simmonds 89, Ethel
Webb 89, Orval Keese 88, Millie Heffer
87, Elsie Benedick 87, Roxie Nutt 86,
Roe Austin 86, Ethel Shupe 86, Ralph
Petrequin 85, Walter Elmer 85, Mand
Perry 85, Emma Sehlbrede 84, Guy
Brundage 81, Francis Simmonds 78.

Second Grade, Miss Wimbrey teacher.
A Class—Rank one, Myrtle Beck aver-
age 96. Others above 85, Earl Stroug,
Henry Easton, Bessie Schaefer, Harvey
Griffith, Lena McCurdy, Fred Langen-
berg, Percy Pearson, Maud Bridges,
Ambler Allison, Bertha Reece, Willie
Moran, Walter Pearson, Daisy Freeman,
Maud Cannon, Ada Murphy, Nell
Barker, Lida Kellar, Eddie Hansell,
Floyd Bogges, Annie Howe, Wilbur
Faulker. B Class—Rank one, Frank
Kirk average 94. Others above 88, Frank
Brand, Helen Austin, Lillian McFee,
Frank Chapman, Charley Groons, Lida
Worthington, Grace Worthington, Mabel
Wollenberg, Lizzie Yates, James Picket,
Looney Unthank, Maggie McCullen,
George Worthington, Ellen Flook, Edwin
Thorton, Thomas Carlon, Delos Matthe-
ws.

First Grade, Miss Parrott, teacher. A
Class—Those averaging above 85, Dollie
Jackson, Agnes Kenyon, Arthur
Sweeney, Roy Milton, Berni Kenyon,
Florence Schaefer, Aviee Sheridan, Willie
Crutchfield, Frank McCollum, Milton
Godfrey, Beryl Stephens, Ethel Albert,
Frank Berry, Mary Moore, Mand
Webb, Josie VanZile, James Easton,
Joy Byars. B Class—Those averaging
above 85, Mary McCarty, Maud Lang-
enberg, Frank Bellis, Vivian Jackson, Minnie
McCulloch, Willie Belue, Birdie Beams,
Edith Brown.

In the A Class of the Eighth grade the
highest honors belong to Miss Ada Smith
who succeeded in making an average of
90 per cent. Oscar Lindsey and Warren
McWilliams also successfully completed
the work of this grade which is the ex-
tent of our course at the present time.
Neal McCall is at the head of the B class
with an average of 99 per cent.
Of the twelve who succeeded in com-
pleting the work of the Seventh Grade,
six chose diplomas of graduation and six
certificates of promotion to next grade.
Those promoted are Clara McCoy,
Louie Reizenstein, Elva Wimbrey, Min-
nie Shupe, George Jones and Della
Brown.

Graduates are, Leona Shupe, Luella
Kennedy, Edward Ellison, Willie Cur-
rier, Fred Field and Hattie Cloyd.
FRANK B. HAMLIN, Principal.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.
Now is the time to subscribe.
Umbrellas and parasols at the Novelty.
For a good 5-cent cigar call on Mrs. N.
Boyd.
Go to the Novelty store for children's
clothing.
Pure fresh candies, fruits and nuts at
the Roseleaf.
A fine line of gent's furnishings at the
Novelty store.
Buy your furnishing of Jack Abraham
and save money.
For Sale—Old papers, at this office,
at 25 cents per hundred.
Try the ice cream soda at the Kandy
Kitchen. It is delicious.
School books, a full and complete
assortment at Markers' drug store.
Hats! hats! hats! The latest. Where?
Just arrived at Osburn's new store.
Dr. Coffman has removed his office to
the Markers' building, rooms 6 and 7.
Smokers' articles of every description
and the best brands of tobacco at the
Roseleaf.
Small profits and quick sales is the
principle of success. That's Jack Abra-
ham's policy.
The Kandy Kitchen, in the Taylor &
Wilson building, is the place to go for
pure fresh candies.
Try the
Kandy Kitchen
Ice cream soda.
We have no seconds or job lot goods.
Our stock is best in quality for the
money. Novelty store.
If you are in need of any thing in the
hat line it will pay you to examine the
we stock at Osburn's new store.
Wall paper in all designs from 25 cents
up, hanging thrown in. Call on A. C.
Markers, who is prepared to execute
your orders.
What's the use of paying 25 cents
when you can get a good square meal for
15 cents. Stop at the Central hotel and
be convinced.
If you want a good suit of clothes for a
little money call on H. C. Stanton, ex-
amine samples, get the prices and leave
your order with him.
Mrs. Lynne, a pupil of the late Prof.
Speranza of Milan, Italy, gives vocal and
piano forte lessons. Terms reasonable.
Residence at Mrs. Parties.

If you don't want to suffer with corns
and bunions, have your boots and shoes
made at L. Langenberg's. Repairing
neatly and promptly done.
E. Du Gas, physician and surgeon.
Office upstairs in Markers' block.
Residence opposite U. B. church. Calls
in town and country promptly answered.
Who patronize traveling dentists when
Dr. Davis will do your dental work at
a great deal cheaper and as good again.
Call and get his prices and be convinced.
Just received our new stock of straw hats
and shoes. Straw hats at 7 cents and
down. Men's fine calf shoes at \$1.40 and
up. Call and see them at Richards Bros.
Baker Street.

Dr. F. W. Haynes has just returned
from the East and opened dental parlors
in Mark's building, where he will be
pleased to welcome persons desiring den-
tal work.
L. Langenberg is still on top. He
carries a full stock of choice music, mu-
sical instruments, violin, guitar, accord-
ions etc., violin strings of best quality
available on hand.
J. J. Web, the second hand furniture
dealer in the Flood building, can furnish
goals in his line on the most reason-
able terms. Give him a call and examine
goals and prices.
Ten cents saved is ten cents earned.
Save ten cents by stopping at the Cen-
tral hotel. A good square meal for 15
cents, beds the same. Board and lodg-
ing only \$3.50 per week.
Those having second hand stoves,
furniture, etc., for sale can receive the
highest cash price by calling upon N.
Rice, the furniture and supply dealer,
221-23 Jackson street Roseburg, Or.

Buy your berry boxes and crates at
home and save the freight. You can
get them at Hunters' box factory for less
than Portland price. Call and see my
stock.
J. Huxley.

Frank Bigger, the genial proprietor of
the Central Hotel, is doing a flourishing
business notwithstanding the general de-
pression. He sets a good table, his
prices are low and he makes every effort
to please his patrons.
J. J. Webb has opened a second hand
store in the old Flood building at the
corner of Main and Washington streets.
Second hand goods of all kinds will be
bought and sold, and the patronage of
the public is respectfully solicited.
Parties desiring monumental work
will do well to call on D. Looney, at the
Roseburg marble works on Oak street
opposite the hardware store of Churchill,
Woolley & McKenzie. These works are
turning out some fine specimens of mon-
umental work.

There will be a basket meeting at
French Settlement school house, June
16th. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 2 p.
m. Preaching by Rev. G. N. Annes.
Everybody is invited to bring their
baskets.

JOY AND PAIN.
If there were never any storm or rain,
Fair days would cease to be so rare and sweet.
If when falling on the dusty street
We mind us of the woods. Ah, then we faint
Would rest among the shadows (good again)
Of water. When the wind-lost heart
Upon our heads we pine for summer's heat.
There is no joy without some loss or pain.
To life we find it is the best
Of living well. Ah, let us not forget,
Though life be dark today, there may be yet,
When summer comes, much joy for each sad
Heart.
To see if it will prove us as our best.
—Henry Cyrie in a Boston Transcript.

HOW JACK PROPOSED
"It's no use," said Jack, throwing
himself into his most comfortable easy
chair, and looking at the picture of mis-
ery. "It's not a bit of use!"
"What is it?" I asked.
"Trying to propose to her," replied
Jack.
"Why isn't it?"
"Because I can't!" moaned—or,
rather howled—the poor boy, savagely
knocking his waste paper basket over.
"What?"
"Because I haven't enough pluck."
"Haven't you?"
"Oh, confound your questions!"
yelled Jack, tumbling right backward in
his desperation. "It's had enough to
be practically in love with the most
beautiful girl who ever lived, and not
possess the courage enough to put the
question, without having to submit to
the cross examination of a Johnny who's
reading for the bar and wants to get
out of his den, and when she did arrive
you tell me, if you can't think what
questions I say," concluded Jack stand-
ing up, and looking like one of the
witches in "Macbeth." "I won't sub-
mit to it!"
"All right, old man, all right," I
said soothingly. "Nobody wants you
to."
"The fact is," said Jack, sitting down
again and assuming a sepulchral tone,
"if I don't bring it off, I'll—I'll—"
"I will die of felo-de-se."
This was being legal with avenge-
ance. Here was my dear chum—six
months since the brightest, happiest,
merriest fellow in London—deeply in
love with a young person called Cissy
Clay—a girl who was as sweet as the
name, Jack never mentioned it, and in
the depths of despair because he
couldn't "bring it off," if I may use
his own terse phraseology. We held
conversations of this sort about six
times a week. I had said "Goodby" 12
times already, and she looked so pret-
ty and all that I suddenly seized my
courage and said:
"Cissy, will you?"
"The guard called out, 'Stand away,
please, there!' but I kept on the foot-
board and Cissy said, 'Oh, get off, please.
You'll be hurt!'"
"The train was going faster by this
time, but I stuck there and yelled out:
'Will you? Will you?'"
"She looked awfully scared—all the
porters and guards and passengers were
shouting at me by this time—and said:
'Oh, do get off. Will I what?'"
"We were almost at the end of the
platform now, but I still held on, and
said: 'Will you? Will you? You know
what I mean.'"
"She blushed awfully and said: 'Pray
—pray get off! Oh, what do you mean?'"
"I will! I will! Do get off!"
"We were just at the end of the plat-
form now, but I was determined not to
get off."
"Will you? You know, will you?"
"What?"
"Marry me?"
"There were about 150 porters rush-
ing up the platform to pull me off, but
I still held on, and said: 'I'm not go-
ing down. She looked at me most impro-
vidently and said:
"Do get off, dear Jack, do!"
"I shouted out: 'Will you? Say!'"
"I did not answer, "Yes."
"I looked at the girl who sat quietly by
the station, fell down, and two porters
snatched me out of harm's way. I gave
them a sovereign each and took a cab
here to tell you about it."
"In the event of her refusing to marry
you," I said in my best legal manner,
"you will not be entitled to any dam-
page for breach of promise, as the de-
fendant's assent was obtained under
compulsion."
But Jack didn't care in the least for
my law.
The sickening part of it was that the
girl really was in love with him and had
been waiting for him to ask her
quite as long as he had been hesitating.
He committed the fatal act the other
day, but he has given up for the present
and is now on his way to the States,
and his honeymoon. Ball—Million.

ACTORS BY NATURE.
I had not quite come down to earning
my living by being a low registrar.
Well, you will no doubt want to
hear how Jack really did propose.
I must give you plainly to under-
stand that I am only repeating what
Jack told me. I was not an eyewitness
of the heart rendering scene. It was like
this:
I was sitting one afternoon trying to
find instances of men marrying their
mothers-in-law (I never came across one
who did yet), under an encyclopedic
heading called "Matrimonial Madness,
Types of," when Jack suddenly burst
into the room with his face all aglow
with delight.
"I've done it!" he shouted.
I shut up the encyclopedic with a
bang. No need to go on looking for
types of matrimonial madness when I
had got in front of me, I thought.
"How? I asked coldly. "How did you
do it?"
"My manner did not damp him in the
least.
"I did it—this very afternoon, and
I'll tell you all about it."
He got down close to me, breathing
rapidly, and commenced:
"You must know that Cissy told me
last night that she was going down to
Devonshire today to stay with her aunt.
You can bet I felt out up. Well, after
some hesitation, I asked her whether
she would allow me to see her off at
Piddington? She demurred a little and
then said, 'Yes.' You can't think what
a pretty way she has of saying 'Yes.'
Well—don't be impatient, I'm coming
to it—you may feel pretty sure that I
said 'Piddington an hour before she
drove up. And when she did arrive, you
can imagine how I looked after her, and
got her ticket, and saw that her boxes
were labeled, and bought her all the
illustrated papers and a luncheon basket,
and took the guard to keep an eye on
her, and all that sort of thing."
"She was so awfully nice that I al-
most went crazy when I thought of her
being away for a month, all among a
lot of other girls. Well, she took her
box, and I tipped the guard to lock the
door and let no one else in. I wanted
to have that last five minutes all to
myself, you see?"
"So she made herself comfortable
and told me I looked awfully red,
and judging by my feelings I should think
she looked purple. Well—don't be in
a hurry—don't be impatient—she said,
'Stand away, please!' and the
train began to move slowly out of the
station. Just to say 'Goodby' I got on
the footboard and put my hand in at
the window. I had said 'Goodby' 12
times already, and she looked so pret-
ty and all that I suddenly seized my
courage and said:
"Cissy, will you?"
"The guard called out, 'Stand away,
please, there!' but I kept on the foot-
board and Cissy said, 'Oh, get off, please.
You'll be hurt!'"
"The train was going faster by this
time, but I stuck there and yelled out:
'Will you? Will you?'"
"She looked awfully scared—all the
porters and guards and passengers were
shouting at me by this time—and said:
'Oh, do get off. Will I what?'"
"We were almost at the end of the
platform now, but I still held on, and
said: 'Will you? Will you? You know
what I mean.'"
"She blushed awfully and said: 'Pray
—pray get off! Oh, what do you mean?'"
"I will! I will! Do get off!"
"We were just at the end of the plat-
form now, but I was determined not to
get off."
"Will you? You know, will you?"
"What?"
"Marry me?"
"There were about 150 porters rush-
ing up the platform to pull me off, but
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vidently and said:
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"I did not answer, "Yes."
"I looked at the girl who sat quietly by
the station, fell down, and two porters
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page for breach of promise, as the de-
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compulsion."
But Jack didn't care in the least for
my law.
The sickening part of it was that the
girl really was in love with him and had
been waiting for him to ask her
quite as long as he had been hesitating.
He committed the fatal act the other
day, but he has given up for the present
and is now on his way to the States,
and his honeymoon. Ball—Million.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.
I had not quite come down to earning
my living by being a low registrar.
Well, you will no doubt want to
hear how Jack really did propose.
I must give you plainly to under-
stand that I am only repeating what
Jack told me. I was not an eyewitness
of the heart rendering scene. It was like
this:
I was sitting one afternoon trying to
find instances of men marrying their
mothers-in-law (I never came across one
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a pretty way she has of saying 'Yes.'
Well—don't be impatient, I'm coming
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illustrated papers and a luncheon basket,
and took the guard to keep an eye on
her, and all that sort of thing."
"She was so awfully nice that I al-
most went crazy when I thought of her
being away for a month, all among a
lot of other girls. Well, she took her
box, and I tipped the guard to lock the
door and let no one else in. I wanted
to have that last five minutes all to
myself, you see?"
"So she made herself comfortable
and told me I looked awfully red,
and judging by my feelings I should think
she looked purple. Well—don't be in
a hurry—don't be impatient—she said,
'Stand away, please!' and the
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—pray get off! Oh, what do you mean?'"
"I will! I will! Do get off!"
"We were just at the end of the plat-
form now, but I was determined not to
get off."
"Will you? You know, will you?"
"What?"
"Marry me?"
"There were about 150 porters rush-
ing up the platform to pull me off, but
I still held on, and said: 'I'm not go-
ing down. She looked at me most impro-
vidently and said:
"Do get off, dear Jack, do!"
"I shouted out: 'Will you? Say!'"
"I did not answer, "Yes."
"I looked at the girl who sat quietly by
the station, fell down, and two porters
snatched me out of harm's way. I gave
them a sovereign each and took a cab
here to tell you about it."
"In the event of her refusing to marry
you," I said in my best legal manner,
"you will not be entitled to any dam-
page for breach of promise, as the de-
fendant's assent was obtained under
compulsion."
But Jack didn't care in the least for
my law.
The sickening part of it was that the
girl really was in love with him and had
been waiting for him to ask her
quite as long as he had been hesitating.
He committed the fatal act the other
day, but he has given up for the present
and is now on his way to the States,
and his honeymoon. Ball—Million.

ACTORS BY NATURE.
I had not quite come down to earning
my living by being a low registrar.
Well, you will no doubt want to
hear how Jack really did propose.
I must give you plainly to under-
stand that I am only repeating what
Jack told me. I was not an eyewitness
of the heart rendering scene. It was like
this:
I was sitting one afternoon trying to
find instances of men marrying their
mothers-in-law (I never came across one
who did yet), under an encyclopedic
heading called "Matrimonial Madness,
Types of," when Jack suddenly burst
into the room with his face all aglow
with delight.
"I've done it!" he shouted.
I shut up the encyclopedic with a
bang. No need to go on looking for
types of matrimonial madness when I
had got in front of me, I thought.
"How? I asked coldly. "How did you
do it?"
"My manner did not damp him in the
least.
"I did it—this very afternoon, and
I'll tell you all about it."
He got down close to me, breathing
rapidly, and commenced:
"You must know that Cissy told me
last night that she was going down to
Devonshire today to stay with her aunt.
You can bet I felt out up. Well, after
some hesitation, I asked her whether
she would allow me to see her off at
Piddington? She demurred a little and
then said, 'Yes.' You can't think what
a pretty way she has of saying 'Yes.'
Well—don't be impatient, I'm coming
to it—you may feel pretty sure that I
said 'Piddington an hour before she
drove up. And when she did arrive, you
can imagine how I looked after her, and
got her ticket, and saw that her boxes
were labeled, and bought her all the
illustrated papers and a luncheon basket,
and took the guard to keep an eye on
her, and all that sort of thing."
"She was so awfully nice that I al-
most went crazy when I thought of her
being away for a month, all among a
lot of other girls. Well, she took her
box, and I tipped the guard to lock the
door and let no one else in. I wanted
to have that last five minutes all to
myself, you see?"
"So she made herself comfortable
and told me I looked awfully red,
and judging by my feelings I should think
she looked purple. Well—don't be in
a hurry—don't be impatient—she said,
'Stand away, please!' and the
train began to move slowly out of the
station. Just to say 'Goodby' I got on
the footboard and put my hand in at
the window. I had said 'Goodby' 12
times already, and she looked so pret-
ty and all that I suddenly seized my
courage and said:
"Cissy, will you?"
"The guard called out, 'Stand away,
please, there!' but I kept on the foot-
board and Cissy said, 'Oh, get off, please.
You'll be hurt!'"
"The train was going faster by this
time, but I stuck there and yelled out:
'Will you? Will you?'"
"She looked awfully scared—all the
porters and guards and passengers were
shouting at me by this time—and said:
'Oh, do get off. Will I what?'"
"We were almost at the end of the
platform now, but I still held on, and
said: 'Will you? Will you? You know
what I mean.'"
"She blushed awfully and said: 'Pray
—pray get off! Oh, what do you mean?'"
"I will! I will! Do get off!"
"We were just at the end of the plat-
form now, but I was determined not to
get off."
"Will you? You know, will you?"
"What?"
"Marry me?"
"There were about 150 porters rush-
ing up the platform to pull me off, but
I still held on, and said: 'I'm not go-
ing down. She looked at me most impro-
vidently and said:
"Do get off, dear Jack, do!"
"I shouted out: 'Will you? Say!'"
"I did not answer, "Yes."
"I looked at the girl who sat quietly by
the station, fell down, and two porters
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day, but he has given up for the present
and is now on his way to the States,
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A CHICAGO TRICK.
"I saw a queer trick in Chicago the
other day," said the drummer as he
lighted a fresh cigar and pored his nails
with his pocketknife.
Of course two or three of the group
wanted to know all about it, and he
continued:
"One of you let me have a clean \$1
bill for a moment. Ah, that's a daisy
of a bill—just off the press last week.
Now, then, I lay the bill face down-
ward on the table. Then I cut it across,
and the trick was not a professional
trick, but I did it with neatness and
dispatch. He said I can do it myself,
but I'll try."
"But what's the trick?"
"Why, I take my knife and cut the
bill lengthwise. Then I cut it cross-
wise—so. That divides the bill into four
equal portions, doesn't it?"
Every one in the group answered that
it did, and the drummer gazed at the
pieces awhile and said:
"The trick is to blow the pieces to-
gether so that the edges will unite. The
Chicago man did it, but just how I
couldn't find out. Let's see. I will now
blow it, Ah, they do not unite. I will
blow again!"
"What's in the Old Harry are you try-
ing to do?" demanded the owner of the
bill.
"Why, I'm trying to blow the pieces
together," innocently replied the drum-
mer.
"But you can't do it."
"No, I see I can't. The Chicago man
did it, but I'm not on to the trick. Here
are the four pieces, and I guess you'll
have to get a bottle of mucilage and a
sheet of paper and paste them together.
A wretchedly cute trick