

THE WEST.

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—AT—

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ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.
Local notices 8 cents per line, each insertion.

Stirred His Memory.

A plain middle-aged woman had been sitting in the passenger coach at my left hand for the last thirty miles when a man about fifty years of age and plainly dressed got on at a small station. He had taken the seat ahead of me, but happening to look around and observed the woman he jumped up and went over to her with a:

"Wall, by gosh! but who'd a thought it! Howdy do, Mary?"

"Howdy do, Samuel," she replied as they shook hands and he sat down beside her.

"Whar' ye going?" he asked.

"Down home to Ellendale."

"Livin' down there, be ye?"

"Yes."

"You look jest the same as ever. I'd a knowd you in Chine."

"Yes, I don't suppose I've changed much."

"Wall, I often think about ye, and I hope you'll do well. I had to get a divorce from you, because we couldn't agree, but I don't lay it up agin' you as some would. Married agin I'm told."

"Yes."

"Purty decent sort o' fellar?"

"He's a good man—a very good man."

"I'm glad on it. Good provider, is he?"

"Yes."

"Willin' you should have plenty of dry wood, and have two kerosene lamps goin' at once?"

"Yes."

"Wall, he must be purty fair. Does he 'low you to run in debt when you want to?"

"I haven't wanted to yet."

"Shool. You have changed since we got divorced; you allus wanted to be a runnin' in debt, you know. That and your bein' so mighty independent brought on most of our quarrels."

"If I wanted to run in debt I never got the chance," she curtly replied.

"Thar' want no need to. I was a good provider, as everybody knows."

"Yes, I had one pair of shoes in three years!"

"Now, Mary!"

"And I don't believe in a wife creeping and crawling to a husband."

"Thar' you go—same sass as you used to give me!"

"If you don't like it you needn't stay here."

"And stay here, I wont," he exclaimed

as he rose up. "You are jest like you used to be—jest as mean and techy as ever."

"And I have no doubt you are the same old skinflint and fault finder."

"What! What! Some folks blamed me fur gittin' a divorce, but I guess they wouldn't if they could hear you get in and talk."

"I don't care whether they would or not!"

"Wall, by gum!" said the old man as he sat down beside me, "but this carries me right back to three years ago! Seems as if we was jawin' about who'd git up and build the fire of Jinary mornin', and that she was sassin' me after the old fashion, and declarin' she'd lay there till the bed sunk through into the cellar afore she'd build a fire fur me or any other man on earth!"

Not His Ideal, After All.

Three or four men were admiring the ease with which a driver of a beer wagon was handling the kegs, lifting them from the vehicle to the sidewalk with a dexterity that was almost marvelous.

"And that man, strange to say," remarked one of the group, "never drinks beer."

They looked the beer driver over again. He was indeed a magnificent specimen of brawn and muscle. He was fully six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds.

"You say he never drinks beer?" said another.

"Never known to touch it except as you see him now—only in unbroken packages."

The inquirer was a prohibitionist. Here was the man he had been looking for—a perfect specimen of physical health, handling beer every day, going in and out of saloons, and yet never drinking the beverage. He desired to make the acquaintance of this man.

"This gentleman," said the prohibitionist to the driver, "says you never drink beer. Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so; not a drop of beer for me." A long pause. "I always take whisky."

A Source of Profit.

"Are you ever troubled with kleptomaniacs?" asked the reporter of the retail merchant.

"Never."

"Don't any of them ever come into your place?" asked the reporter in surprise.

"Sure. Plenty of them. But they never trouble me."

"Don't they take things?"

"Yes, but that is no trouble."

"No trouble? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. We always catch them at it and simply charge them four prices for what they take. See?"

A Misunderstanding.

Suspicious Wife—I heard you tell Podkins that you were going to spend \$100 to get a seam worked. Where is the hussy that—

Speculative Husband—Only a coal seam, my dear.

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