

MARGARET—A ROMAUNT.

Blip of parchment, dim and old—
Yet a tale it doth unfold:
"Farewell, lover, you'll regret;
This was all, and—"Margaret."

Yellow bit of gossip! For
Ninety years the scribe
Hath its secret kept—and yet
I would know it, Margaret.

I can see the lovers now—
He hath curls about his brow—
Powdered; rings with rubies set.
All his thoughts for Margaret.

She with garments of the flow,
Of a century ago;
Sweet of disposition—yet,
How her heart ached, Margaret!

How your heart ached as you saw
Him some other beauty draw
In the reel of minstrel—
While you stirred, Margaret!

For a lover's quarrel came,
And you thought your passions' flame
Out; but then your eyes were wet,
Says this parchment, Margaret.

Fellow feelings bind us; so
I am curious to know
If he ever felt regret?
Well, I hope so, Margaret!
—Boston Globe.

WINNIE.

Within 100 miles of my town there
lives a girl. Her age is somewhere
between 13 and 19 years. She is not
exactly pretty, though she comes very
near being so when she smiles; neither
is she exactly homely when she is
not smiling, though none of her
features is classical and she is slightly
reckless. She does not dress in the
light of fashion, nor, on the other
hand, does she ever look shabby or old-
fashioned, though she does sometimes
wear made-over dresses and trimmed-
over hats. She cannot really be called
immaculate, though she can sing in-
frequently well, play a very little on
the piano and write an interesting let-
ter. In company she quite often can-
not think of anything to say, though
when with the girls she is sometimes
accused of talking too much. She is
not a brilliant scholar and she is not
by any means a dull one. In short,
she is just a common, everyday kind
of a girl, like dozens you see every day
to go where there are many girls to be
seen.

Perhaps I should not give the im-
pression that she is exactly like other
girls, for she does have one peculiar
gift, and yet, after all, the only pecu-
lar thing about it is that she chooses
to use it right along, while a good many
other girls—and boys and grown peo-
ple, for that matter—though they have
the same gift, keep it locked up most
of the time, and use it only on very par-
ticular occasions.

The only thing I can compare this
gift to, at the moment, is a bit of the
sun, and it might be called a pocket
sunshine generator, though a pocket is
the worst possible place for it.

To show how useful this little gift
may be made in cloudy weather is my
reason for introducing you to Winnie,
for that is the name of this everyday
kind of a girl—Winnie Smith.

Winnie's life has not been marked by
any startling events, and a certain win-
ter day, not long ago, will serve my
purpose as well as any other.

She rose, then, a little later than usual
that morning. It was cold in her
room, and she laughed to hear her teeth
chatter together as she made a quick
toilet, and then ran downstairs to
breakfast.

Breakfast wasn't quite ready. The
baby was crying, his fists doubled up,
and very red in the face; Mrs. Smith,
with an anxious brow, was trying to
pacify him, while Mr. Smith was re-
reading the last night's newspaper with
a moody expression of countenance.

The instant Winnie appeared on the
scene there was a change, though all
the said was "Good morning." The
baby stopped crying and held out his
arms to Winnie, who took him and be-
gan talking to him; Mrs. Smith's brow
became smooth and tranquil as she
rose to finish setting the food on the
table, and Mr. Smith smiled over the
top of his newspaper. In less than five
minutes the baby was sitting in his
high chair pouncing the tray with his
two little fists and crying, while the
rest of the family were laughing at his
energy and good spirits as they ate
their breakfast and cheerfully dis-
cussed their plans for the day.

At about 8 o'clock Winnie started to
school for there was an errand to be
done on the way at a store. The girl
at the counter had sat up nearly all
night nursing a sick brother and looked
and felt as cross as two sticks. Before
Winnie had fairly told her errand the
girl looked pleasant; before the parcel
was done up she smiled, and as
Winnie disappeared through the door
the girl really looked as though she
thought the world a very nice place.

And all that Winnie had done was to
make a few pleasant remarks about
the weather and prevent the girl from
taking down a lot of unnecessary boxes
from the shelves, because she saw the
girl was tired, and to smile and nod a
good-by when she turned to go.

As Winnie came out of the store she
caught sight of a little ragged boy sit-
ting on the curbstone. A large tear
was rolling down his grimy cheek, and
he looked the picture of woe. Winnie
stopped and spoke to him and ques-
tioned him, and found out that he was
cold, yes, and hungry.

"Dear me, this will never do!" said
Winnie. "Come with me, my little
man," and she led him across the street
into the grocery store. As her school
was at a considerable distance from
her home, Winnie usually rode in the
cars one way, and so she had just 5
cents with her. With the 5 cents she
bought a puff mince turnover and a
shiny bun, and when she had asked the
storekeeper to let the boy sit beside the
radiator while he ate these delicacies,
she went on her way rejoicing.

The little boy gazed after her, his
cheeks distended with pastry, and a
grin of perfect content on his dirty lit-
tle face.

The storekeeper, too, who had been
scolding his chore boy in a frightful
manner when Winnie opened the door,
now looked as mild as any lamb, quite
benevolent, in fact, and the chore boy
was whispering softly to himself as he
wiped the dust from a shelf.

Winnie walked briskly along, for it
was getting near school time. A good
many of the people she met glanced at

her as they passed, and the glance
seemed somehow to have a cheering ef-
fect on them, for their eyes brightened
and they stepped more quickly and
held their heads a little higher.

When quite near the schoolhouse
Winnie overtook one of her classmates,
There was a cloud on his face, but the
instant she spoke to him it disappeared,
and he actually smiled as he turned to-
ward her, though the tone of his voice
was still somewhat lugubrious.

"Have you done those two problems
in algebra?" he asked.

"No," laughed Winnie, "have you?"

"I sat up half the night trying and
I don't believe they can be done," said
the boy, bitterly.

"Oh, yes," answered Winnie. "Well,
Balley told me last night that he had
done one of them and I mean to get at
them in good earnest as soon as I get
the history lesson off my mind. I think
we can do them."

"Perhaps we can," said the boy, more
hopefully, and by the time they reached
the schoolhouse steps he was not only
convinced that he could but resolv-
ed that he would do them, and was
quite cheerful in consequence.

As I said before, it was a cold morn-
ing, and the schoolroom felt the effect
of it. The heat didn't come as it should,
and the teacher and all the scholars
had blue noses and their shoulders
were drawn up.

Winnie and the boy were two sec-
onds late, and Miss Miller frowned as
she heard their footsteps in the hall,
but when she saw Winnie her frown
faded out. Moreover, as Winnie walked
to her seat nearly every pair of
shoulders in the room went down a
trifle, as though her coming had, in
some mysterious way, tempered the
prevailing frigid.

Nothing of particular moment hap-
pened during the forenoon, unless it
was the falling out of Nellie Patterson
and Julia Davis at recess. Their eyes
were flashing and they were making
the most ill-natured remarks to each
other, when Winnie chanced their way.
I don't know whether she said any-
thing or only looked in their eyes till
they couldn't help laughing, but I do
know that two minutes later Nellie and
Julia were pacing the hall arm in arm
and on the best of terms.

There were seven scholars who lived
so far away that they always brought
their dinner, excepting when they for-
got it, as did Annie and Frank Carroll
on this particular day. Winnie spied
them standing apart from the others,
staring disconsolately out of a window,
and immediately divined the trouble.

Almost before you could say "Jack
Robinson" she had gone to them and
before you could count fifty the three
were seated, with Winnie's lunch box
in their midst, making merry over
the shortness of their commons. Then
the other four joined the group and di-
vided their lunch also, and as the moth-
ers of some of them had been particu-
larly bountiful in the matter of food
that day the whole seven fared well
enough, and I dare say ate all that was
good for them.

On the way home from school at
night Winnie saw two boys on the side-
walk ahead of her slyly upset a fruit
stand, behind which sat an old Irish
woman, a policeman who had come
up unperceived seized one of the boys,
and the other took to his heels, and the
old woman gesticulated and stormed with
rage and righteous indignation.

Winnie hastened her steps, and, lay-
ing her hand on the policeman's sleeve,
asked him very earnestly if he would
not please let the boys go, just long
enough to help pick up the fruit, which
was rolling about the sidewalk and out
into the street.

In an incredibly short time, if you
had been there, you would have seen
the policeman walking serenely down
the street, a strange gentleman right-
ing the fruit stand, Winnie and the
two boys picking up apples, oranges,
bananas and peanuts, as if for a
wager, while the old woman was
laughing to see so many working for
her while she sat still, and saying,
leniently, that "bye" would be "bye"
she supposed, as long as the "warrul"
held together.

The boy the policeman had let go
came running after Winnie when he
had started on her way again, and
thrust a tremendous big apple, which
he had just bought of the woman, into
her hand, and then sped away with an
ear-splitting whoop to join the other
boy.

When Winnie came within three
doors of her own door she saw the tele-
graph messenger leave a message
with Mrs. Alden. Mrs. Alden stood
in the doorway after reading it, with
a restless and troubled expression,
and glanced at Winnie as if she had
half a mind to say something to her.

"Is it bad news, Mrs. Alden?" ven-
tured Winnie, sympathetically.

Then Mrs. Alden spoke quickly
enough. "Yes," she said, "my sister is
ill, and I ought to go to her on the very
next car, but I let my girl go away for
the afternoon and evening, and father
isn't feeling well, and I don't dare
leave him alone."

"Why, I will come in and stay with
him," said Winnie heartily. "I'd just
as lief as not—I'd like to."

"Would you?" said Mrs. Alden, the
troubled look vanishing. "I should be
so much obliged."

"I'll run home and tell mother, and
be back in a minute," said Winnie, hur-
rying away.

When she returned Mrs. Alden was
coming out of the gate with bonnet and
cloak on. "You won't have to stay
more than an hour," she said as she put
on her gloves, "for Mr. Alden will come
home at 6, and, giving Winnie a few
directions, she hastened away.

Old Mr. Alden was in one of his mel-
ancholy moods and insisted, in spite of
Winnie's protestations, that he had
outlived his usefulness; that he took
no comfort in life and that was only a
burden and an expense; and that everybody
would be better off and happier if he
was out of the way; that he ought to
have died years before, and the Lord
had surely forgotten him.

Winnie knew the old gentleman was
fond of telling stories of his younger
days, and so, when there came a little
pause in his lamentations, she artfully
led up to the subject of those same
younger days, and it was hardly any
time at all before the old man was tel-
ling with great gusto the story of a fa-
vorite horse he had once owned, and
Winnie was listening as interestedly as
though she had not heard already the
same story at least three times.

It was long in the telling, and when

the end was reached and old Mr. Alden
was laughing in great glee over the cli-
max it was time to get his tea. Win-
nie toasted his bread and made the tea
by the sitting-room fire. Then, when
young Mr. Alden did not come, old Mr.
Alden said Winnie sat at eat something,
so she toasted more bread and ate it
while he started a new story, which
she had heard only once before.

This was a longer one and it branched
off into so many other stories that it
was almost 8 o'clock before it was
finished.

Just then young Mr. Alden came. He
had been delayed and was exceedingly
tired and dejected, having been sorely
tried by a foolish witness and lost his
case—for he was a lawyer. He had
dreaded coming into his own house to
see his father's mournful visage and
hear his questions concerning the witness.
When, therefore, he found his father
fairly radiant with cheerfulness, with
a smiling face, girl sitting beside him,
he sank into a chair and drew a deep
breath of relief.

When Winnie explained why she was
there and rose to go he rose also to go
with her, though she told him she
wasn't the least bit afraid. Indeed,
she would have preferred to go alone,
for young Mr. Alden was so polite and
dignified and knew so very much that
she stood a good deal in awe of him.

As they walked along she wished she
could think of something to say to
him. The stars were shining and it
suddenly occurred to her that she had
forgotten the names of three very
bright stars that were always close to-
gether in a line, and so she asked him
thudly about them.

Now it happened that astronomy had
always been a favorite study with
young Mr. Alden, and he not only an-
swered Winnie's question gladly, but
stood for several minutes after they
had reached the gate, telling her about
the different constellations.

Then he thanked her courteously for
staying with his father, bade her good-
night and went back, looking up at the
stars and feeling rested and refreshed.

Winnie tripped up the walk and into
the house, also thinking of the stars.

After she had had a little talk with
her mother and gone to look adoringly
at the babe sleeping in his crib Winnie
lit a lamp and went upstairs to her
room to bed.

So ended the day for Winnie Smith,
and she fell asleep, never suspecting
that she had a gift or dreaming that
she was otherwise than a most ordi-
nary, commonplace kind of a girl—
Outlook.

TENNESSEE HORSE TRADERS.

Their Devoted Ways of Making Poor
Horses Sell Well.

The first Monday of every month is
horse-trading day in Tennessee. There
are thousands of men who gain their
livelihood by their wits in this
business. The tricks of the Tennessee
horse trader are legion, and unless a
man is accustomed to horses it is folly
for him to depend upon his own knowl-
edge in dealing with the tricksters in
the horse markets of the State.

When a Tennessee horse trader wants
to make a true-pulling horse balk, so he
can purchase him at a low price, he
mixes cantharides and corrosive sublimate,
and bristles the stable boy to
bathe the horse's shoulder with the mixture.
One of the greatest frauds is to
make a good horse appear lame. The
professional trader takes a single hair
from the tail, puts it through the eye of
a needle, lifts the front leg, and presses
the skin between the outer and middle
tendons. Then he shoves the needle
through, cuts off the hair at each end
and lets the foot down. The horse goes
within twenty minutes with a limp. He
desires to make a horse stand by his
food and not eat it, he greases the front
teeth and the roof of the mouth with
beef tallow, and the horse will not eat
until its mouth is washed out.

A horse is made to appear badly
founded by the fastening of a fine
wire tightly around its fetlock, between
the foot and heel. The wire is never
left on over nine hours, or the horse
would become permanently lame.

Many men buy nice-looking animals,
but by the time they get to the market
they find these so handsomely afflicted
with the heaves. The trader has simply
to force half a pound of small shot
into a horse's stomach to disguise the
heaves. A small quantity of melted
butter poured into the ear of a horse
will make the owner think the horse
has the glanders.

When a horse goes dead lame in one
shoulder the defect is always disguised
by a similar lameness in the other
shoulder. This is done by taking off
the bone of the ear and inserting a bean
between it and the foot.

A lame horse is never to appear at
his best by a small incision about half
way from the knee to the joint on the
outside of the leg. At the back part of
the shinbone is a small white tendon
which is cut off and the external wound
is closed with a stitch. The horse will
then walk on the hardest pavement
and not limp. White horses are beauti-
fied with black spots often by the
application of powdered lime and litharge
dresses over the skin. A professional
trainer finds a man who wants a hand-
some horse he often produces a star in
his forehead by spreading warm pitch
on a piece of coarse towel of just the
size of the star and applying it to the
part shaved. The pitch is left on for
three days, and then is washed away
with elixir of vitriol until the wound is
well. The hair that grows out is white.

An old horse is made to appear young
by filing down the teeth and removing
the dark markings with a hot iron. The
depressions over the eyes are removed
by puncturing the skin over the cavities
and filling them with air from the
mouth, forced in through a tube.—New
York Sun.

CITY OF GOOD MANNERS.

Poltiness a General Characteristic
of the Inhabitants of Florence.

If I wished to teach an awkward
child, youth or girl good manners by
example I should send him or her to
Florence. There may be ill-mannered
persons there, but I never saw one.
Poor people behave with the same dig-
nity which used in England to dignify
the lady or gentleman. Most persons
are brainy, but cleverness is not eager
to shine. It is very subdued and more
oily than corrosive. The charm of
Florence stands on one like the wit of
the clever inhabitants. The senses are
soothed in all directions by harmonious
tunners and objects. Architects un-
derstood chiaroscuro not less than the
great painters and sculptors. One never
wearies of the streets and public build-
ings; their aspects constantly and
strongly vary, according to the course
of the sun. Lights and shades at 10 in
the forenoon are wholly different from
what they will be at 4 in the afternoon.
The Florentine women have interest-
ing, though not beautiful faces. But
they do not wish to walk into the market
to see every girl who would have
done for models of Raphael's virgin
mothers. One is struck in the galleries
with the nice judgment with which the
pictures are hung. What more lofty in
sentiment than the tomb of Lorenzo
De Medici? Loftiness is an attribute
of Florence architecture, palatial or
domestic. The doors of private houses
nearly pass in England for portals. One
feels them to be great facts in their
way.

Talking of harmonious things re-
minds me of the Boboli gardens. Is
there a spot in England, the land of
stately and lovely seats, that at all ap-
proaches them? In situation and tran-
quil, generous loveliness, I can only
think of one—the Duke of Northum-
berland's terraced gardens at his place in
Surrey. The Boboli Eden, where the
Prince and Princess of Naples still
court seclusion, has the advantage over
the Surrey paradise of being under a
revealing sky. Every shade of green-
ery, every floral hue is well brought
out. One sees the faultless texture of
statues and fountains mellowed by
time. In so strong a light a well-
ordered design is required, and one has
it, the marbles are the climax. They
are to the horticultural beauties as fine
woman's dress.

Florence is not what it was in the
grand ducal days. Still, it retains the
air of a capital with a long and illus-
trious history. The ladies' dresses are
only provincial when measured by the
Paris standard, to which Italian wear
above the peasant class generally
submit—more's the pity—Paris fashions
only suit French women, unless ap-
plied by French haberdashers and fem-
mes de chambre. An English or a Ger-
man face under a Paris hat or bonnet
is at a dreadful disadvantage if the
hair has not been first dressed by a
French artiste capillaire. He places
the hair, through the medium of the
hair, in harmonious relation with the
face. I fancy that French coiffures
are not much employed by Italian
ladies.—London Truth.

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LEBANON - - - OREGON.

New Inventions and Odd Concepts.

There have been many novel in-
ventions for ocean navigation, but one
of the most extraordinary of these, and
the latest, is the so-called roller steam-
er which is being built by M. Bazin,
a French engineer. The steamer is in
the form of a large raft, supported by hol-
low iron wheels which revolve in the
water and support the deck some twen-
ty to twenty-three feet above the sur-
face.

M. Bazin claims not only enhanced
speed, but greater stability. He main-
tains that the surface friction will be
minimized by the boat's rolling over
the water instead of cutting through it.
The trial steamer for service on the
British Channel is now being built,
and the first test is eagerly looked for-
ward to by the inventor and his friends,
who are confident that the vessel will mark
the beginning of a new era in naval
construction.

The boat which is now being built will
be 131 feet in length, and will have a
breadth of 29 feet. She is to consist of
a platform having on each side four
enormous wheels, and these will be re-
volving by the engines, which are to be
centrally located. The first trip is to
be made from Newhaven to Dieppe, a
distance of about sixty miles, and a
cabin day will be selected. There is
usually a choppy sea at this point, with
little, short waves, which the roller
steamer will, it is expected, easily ride.

The inventor claims that an ocean
steamer built upon this plan would rock
but little, even in the stormiest weather,
and that the hollow wheels which sup-
port her in the water will give her great
stability. He expects to be able to at-
tain a high rate of speed with the roller
steamer.

A water bicycle has been built upon
a somewhat similar model, but its
wheels were fitted with fins that caught
the water as they revolved, and thus
pushed the machine forward. M. Bazin
does not seem to have thought of this
expedient, as the wheels of the boat he
is now engaged in building are smooth
iron with sharp edges. The axles of
these wheels are to be heavily con-
structed and the wheels will be her-
metically sealed.

The boat is to be steered by a rudder
between the two sets of wheels.

There are some people who maintain
that this remarkable boat will be able
to steam out of the water onto dry land
whenever a shelving beach may be
found, and that if properly constructed
she may be made quite as available for
locomotion over country roads as on
sea or river.

Club Women Cannot Smoke.

Two of the women's clubs in London,
the Writers' and the Pioneer, have
pronounced against their members
smoking. The Writers' Club, the
membership of which is exclu-
sively composed of women jour-
nalists and authors, taboo tobacco
altogether. Some of the mem-
bers of this club are reported to be
strongly against it, and the club
is exclusively composed of women
journalists and authors, taboos to-
bacco altogether. Some of the mem-
bers accustomed to cigarettes or cigars
openly indulged therein, after remon-
strance. A meeting was recently held
and a great majority decreed that "any
lady found smoking must resign mem-
bership."

At the Pioneer members may smoke
upon retirement to a sort of crib, into
which non-members are not allowed to
penetrate, and would soon quit if they
got there. There are other ladies' clubs
where the cigarette is under the ban.
In the most select private circles in
London cigarettes for ladies appear
simultaneously with cigars for men.

Regardless of Cost.

A country couple, newly married,
went to a Boston restaurant the other
day and the groom called for some wine.
When asked what kind, he replied:
"We want that kind of wine where
the cork bursts out and the stuff begins
to bile and keeps on billin' till you get
the worth of your money."—Boston
Post.

The Strings.

Smart Girl—Mr. Niecefellow, this is
my little sister, Miss Ella. What do
you wish, pet? Why are you regarding
the gentleman so intently?
Little Sister—I was looking for the
strings, that's all.
"Strings? What strings?"
"Why, mamma said I had two
strings to your head."—Foster.

The Last Stone.

"Is Miss Oldly out of the matrimo-
nial market yet?"
"No, but she's on the remnant coun-
ter."—Detroit Free Press.

"I am as lonesome as Canton, Ohio,"
said a man at the depot this morning,
after seeing his best girl off on a train.

She Was Cremated.

Mrs. Massingbred, who recently died
in England, was a woman whom all
American club women that went abroad
were especially desirous of meeting. As
founder and president of the well-
known Pioneer Club of London her
name had chiefly crossed the water,
though at home she was distinguished
for much other progressive work. She
was a powerful leader, from her wealth
and zeal, in the temperance cause, and
in coming into an extensive inheritance
about 10 years ago, she turned all the
public houses of her estate into coffee
taverns and social clubs. She was an
anti-vivisectionist, an ardent worker
for women's suffrage, and withal a
charming and companionable woman.
Her remains were cremated, an odd oc-
currence at the service held over the
ashes being the prayer of Canon Will-
herforce, imploring God to tilt the de-
ceased how much she was loved and
missed here below.

Lawyer's Levity.

First Attorney—You don't look hap-
py. Did the Judge hand down his opin-
ion to-day?
Second Attorney—Yes—second hand.
He affirmed the lower court.—Cincin-
nati Commercial Tribune.

Very Much in Doubt.

Laura—Mr. Willis said I looked just
like a poster girl.
First Attorney—How complimentary!
"I don't know whether it was or not.
He strikes me as a man with too much
sense to be an admirer of poster girls."
"Why should it?"
Counseling Father—But you must re-
member, my son, that one swallow
doesn't make a spring.
Young Hopeless—Why should it
when it has wings?—New York Trib-
une.

An Up-to-Date Maid.

"Are you the new girl?" asked Mr.
Wheeler, coming down to breakfast.
"Yes, sir," replied the maid.
"What make wheel do you ride?"
Yonkers Staatsman.