BILL NYE'S ORIGINAL PLAN AND HOW IT WORKED. Ins and Outs of the Hotel Business Breakfast in a Gotham Boarding House

Delicately Alluded to by One Who Has Been There. [Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.] This department regrets to state that it has succeeded in getting itself into



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT. taking cold at night while asleep. He was very restless, he said, and while engaged in slumber so far forgot himself as to kick the clothes off. This bad habit resulted in nothing serious, so far as others were concerned, as the young man is a bachelor, and in kicking off the bedclothes is therefore his own worst

The writer of these lines, who as a bachelor was also rather a spirited slumberer himself, suffered from cold and exposure in the same way, but finally obtained relief by having made to order a large, fleece lined bag, six feet in length, with a puckering string which could be pulled about the neck after he had inserted himself. This worked so successfully that he volunteered the recipe for the use of the correspondent.

He adopted the plan, and soon was delighted to know that he was no longer annoyed by snuffles in the morning, and so health and consequent joy sparkled in his eye. All went well until last week, when a low, coarse burglar entered the room of this young man. The moon was just in the act of piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds when a middle aged burglar, wearing a heavy growth of bushy, tan colored whiskers, from which one might easily scare a flock of Welsh rabbits, softly raised the window and en-

The regular breathing of Mr. McTige was like the gentle purring of a Maltese cat-o'-nine-tails, and the burglar, though alert, had no fears. Softly be stepped around from one object of vertu to another, now and then pausing perhaps to smell a bottle of bouon his beard.

All went well till the burglar, in picking up Mr. McTige's trousers, awkwardly upended the pockets, and with some racket eighteen cents in money and a bunch of keys fell out on the floor. Then Mr. McTige gave a little start and exclaimed "Oh, mamma!" as he saw in the uncertain light a total stranger. Mr. Mc-Tige spoke to the man and asked him what he was doing, That made the burglar mad. No burglar likes to have his motives impugned. So he came up to Mr. McTige, and warmed up the cold muz-

Pretty soon, though, he saw how Mr. McTige was accoutered, so he put away his revolver, and with a meaning smile he snatched Mr. McTige from his bed. pulled the puckering string considerably tighter and hung the bag up on the gas jet, so that Wellington McTige looked like a large Christmas present. He did not dare to shriek for fear that his sister, who always tied him into his little bag | Tribune. at night and untied him in the morning, would run to him and get shot.

So while the brutal man about town gathered in all the portable bric-a-brac and means in the house, Mr. McTigo hung there as helpless as a trussed fow and looked directly forward. Oh, it was a sad sight, indeed, and the mental anguish turned one side of his mustache white in the night.

He now writes to this department to ask what was our idea in sending out such a recipe, and wishes also to know if we stand in with the burglar interests of the country. It is hard to try to do good, and then meet with this style of reward. We do not claim to supply burglar proof sleeping bags or designs for same, but we try to do right by one and all, and we shall continue to do so even though contumely and such things as that constitute our only reward.

The following letter comes from a lady of veracity and undoubted respectability. It is written in a spirited style and appeals to one and all. I give it as it is received, with much pleasure. As a rule, general correspondence is more pleasant to give than to receive.

Will you explain to me why the New York hotels are guarding so carefully against all appearances of respectability? Late one evening I found I must spend a night in the city, having missed the train I intended to take.

I applied for a room at the ——house. I was informed they were all expectations.

was informed they were all engaged. I told that lynx eyed clerk that he could furnish me a room or I would spend the night on a sofa that stood there in the hall. He eyed me again in a polite (?) way, and asked me to step on one side while he spoke confidentially with me. There he told me that I was too respectable looking to stop in this hotel, or words to this effect. His exact words were: "We cannot give you a room. If you were with a gentleman it would be otherwise." Then I blew that soft voiced clerk very high into the evening air. I think he ascended down again, though, so I won't repeat what I said. Now it seems had I been a vile, unprincipled woman applying with a man admirer for a room all would have been well. But I, a lonely woman, unacquainted with New York boarding houses and despising New York boarding house break-

the motive of this rule, and will it be long enforced? Indignantly yours, The rules which are used in running hotels have to be rigidly adhered to, I am told, and it is against public morals for unaccompanied ladies to put up at an hotel. That is the reason why so many men, who are tender hearted and noble in every way, go about late at night sometimes hoping that they may be of use in this way to those who are lonely, and need the name of some great strong man upon whom to lean.

I agree with you, madam, regarding such New York boarding house breakfasts as I have been thrown in contact with. The eggs at a New York boarding house I recall now as peculiarly depressing and filled with vain regret. These eggs, as I recall them, were noticeable for their defective ventilation. They were eggs that had been marked down from the regular price.

And yet you cannot well evade the breakfast of the metropolitan boarding house if you are a wansient and a woman. Honestly, I do not think that woman gets a fair shake in this matter. She may be able and willing to go to a first class hotel and eat a good \$2 breakfast, but as a stranger she is compelled to put up at a plebeian waffle works, and eat in a breakfast room in which there is a tired looking bed lounge. Now a bed lounge in a breakfast room will cast

a gloom over better victuals than we generally find in that neighborhood, and ah, how depressing it is when the bollow chested muffin, leaning on the strong arm of the butter, gives a sad cough and seems to appeal, as does also the feeble coffee, for Professor Lymph Koch to come to its aid!

New York is a very wicked city, lady. It is said to be next to Cheyenne, Wyo., for original and artificial sin. There is no place of its size where it is harder for one to live up to his epitaph than New York. Scarcely a day goes by that somebody does not cut up some deviltry here. Even people of undoubted standing commit indiscretions. It isn't more than a month since a policeman, right here in town, stepped aside from the beaten path; and if a policeman goes astray when every good influence is thrown about him, what may we not expect from the general public? Sin not only of a local and amateur character stalks our streets at noonday, but the imported wickedness, the handiwork of pauper labor, comes in here duty free. Sin, with all the advantages of many fostering and festering centuries, gets off at the barge office here, and begins to compete with the amateur wickedness of

New York. Eternal vigilance is the price of the umbrella, and also the price of success in the hotel business. It is found that certain rules must be established and lived up to in running a hotel or the business will be a failure. That is why I sometimes have difficulty myself in obtaining



snitable lodgings. If unaccompanied, especially by baggage, it is often hard work for me to get quarters at all in

keeping with my position. For that reason we must submit though often unwillingly, to the enstoms, harsh though they be, and content ourselves with the New York boarding house and its extremely setat. eggs.

Overstayed His Furlough.

A young soldier had gone to the theatre with a friend. The play dragged and he fell asleep. An hour later he quet d'Alps and put a little pomatum was awakened by the voice of an actor

"We have been here five days," Our infantryman got up in a fright and said to his friend: "Ah, morbleu! and I had only leave to stop out till midnight!"-Le Gaulois.

Variety the Spice of Life. Professor-I see, fraulein, that my remarks on the ancient Romans do not interest von. *

His Hostess (politely)-Oh, yes, Herr Professor-go on. Professor (kindly)-No, I shall change zle of his weapon in the young man's the subject. We will now consider the ancient Greeks.-Fliegende Blatter.

> And the Big Man Stood No Chance. Aunt Rachel-Yes, I like him well enough, Jerusha; but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are? Niece-I had to choose, auntie; between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.-Chicago

Must Be Done. "Look here, Mr. Scribe, your paper says that my lecture is to be a comic one, and it isn't so.

itor, "you must make it comic. This journal never makes mistakes."-Har-

Owed Him a V. St. Agedore-Old Faughet, great man s he was, will never have a statue erected to his memory. De Mascus-Why not? "He never had a memory."-St. Joseph

Acting on'a Suggestion. "Do you believe in starting a tisird

party?" asked old Mr. Dimmick of bis daughter's beau, as all three sat in the "Well," replied the young man, who had not called to discuss politics, "I wouldn't have thought of asking you to retire; but since you mention it, Mr.

Dimmick, I will say that it is the gen-

eral belief that two are company."-

Pretty Far Gone. Myrtle-He's awfully attentive to her,

Harper's Bazar.

Lilly-How far has he gone? Myrtle-Very far, I'm afraid. He held her prayer book upside down at church yesterday, and I'm sure I heard him say "a woman" instead of "amen!"-New

Domestic Peace. Policeman (excitedly to boy on the fence outside) - What's going on in there, Johnny? Having a war dance with all the neighbors on the square? Johnny (composedly) - Nope. Only mam insistin' on dad spendin' his evenin's at home. - Washington Post.

A Wonderful Cure. Carker (calling on friend) - Mercy! What's that frightful shouting upstairs? Servant-That's Mr. Barker, sir. Carker--Why, I thought he had

his voice. Servant-He had, sir; but he has just received the doctor's bill .- Puck.

A Plain Definition. "What is life?" asked the teacher of the class in moral ethics. "The absence of death," announced scholar from the natural philosophy class, and it stood .- Washington Star.



Captain-Seasick, eh? Passenger—Awfully. Captain-Know how to avoid it? Passenger (eagerly)—How? Captain-Sit under a shade



He-I was thinkin'

WANTED VENGEANCE.

When a conductor on a Chicago sub urban train approached a heavy set, red headed fellow the fellow said, "Look

here, you have already punched my ticket twice." "Well, but why do you give it to me

twice?" "Because," the fellow replied, "you came along and held out your hand, and I was tempted to see how often you would punch away my salary, for it takes about all I make to buy a monthly ticket. Hold on," he added, when the conductor began to move off. "I have discovered that you are a robber, and I am going to call you to account. I am going to whip

"I reckon not," said the conductor. "But I reckon I am. I have noticed for several years a growing disposition on all sides to rob me, and I have made up my mind that I am going to whip every man who I feel sure is a rebber. I know that you have robbed me, and I medals presented to me by different boxing associations. What time will you be at leisure?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "Well, no matter, for I have a day off, and can ride with you until the desired opportunity presents itself."

The conductor, who was evidently disturbed, went into a forward car. When he returned a few minutes later he discovered that the revengeful fellow

"What became of that red headed "He got off at the last station," a passenger molied. "By the way, why didn't you make him pay his fare?"

"Because he said that I had already sunched his ticket twice." "Yes, he said so, but the truth is you did not punch it at all. He had no ticket. He lives at Madison Park, and is known as the biggest deadbeat in the

community."-Arkansas Traveler. It Werked.

"Fenny about this telephone business, isn't is" remarked a bald headed citizen of the Cass farm as he heard somebody "helloing" at the back end of the drug "In what respect?"

"Well, in respect to your neighbors. At one time last year I had no less than eight different families using my 'phone to do all their business. They'd come in night or day, use it as long as they wanted to and for every purpose, and not one ever kid down the fee charged at a station, although they knew I had to pay \$50 per year."

"One day I hung up a card, stating that my 'phone was put in for the use of the neighbors alone, and that's where the fanny part came in. They dropped off like leaves in autumn. Some one killed my dog, my eat was poisoned and our hired girls were frightened off by the stories of the neighbors, my wife lost callers, my church pew was hired away from me at a higher price and the boys chalked signs on my barn doors stating that I was the meanest man in Michigan. I have got my phone yet, but, alas! I have no neighbor who would lend me enough mustard for a midnight plaster."

-Detroit Free Press. SHE DID IT.

Brought to the Brink of Rule the Mis able Man Is Saved.

Disaster earne. John W. Hetherington went home a rained man. His wife, a beautiful woman, met him at the door. Instantly she saw that something was wrong; she read trouble and hopeless-"John, dear, is there anything wrong?"

He groaned and sank down on a sofa. "John, I know there is something vrong. Please tell me." "Julia," he said, in husky tones, "I am ". beging

"How ruined, dear?" "Broke. The sheriff called today, and low a card on the door announces to the world that he has paid his respects to me. My once famous house has fallen, and there is nothing but death left for

"Don't talk that way, John. Remember that you still have me." He looked at her reproachfully and groaned. "Oh, yes; I have you," he said after a while, "but what does that amount to when it's money that I need in my business? I cannot bear to be poor when I have been rich so long. I will kill mysolf."

"You shall not. It is money that you need. Come with me." She led him up stairs, smiling as she went, and approaching a bureau opened a drawer and took out a purse.

"What have you there?" he asked, hoping, yet fearing to hope, that the purse might contain means for his de-"See," she said, opening the purse and

exhibiting five pennies and a postage "Gracious!" he gasped, "where did you get all that?"

"I walked home," she said, "and thus saved my fare." "Noble creature!" murmured Hetherngton as he pressed her to his heaving bosem. "You have put me on my feet again. To-morrow I will resume busi-

ness."-Arkansas Traveler. A Terrible Vengeance. Mrs. Browning - What a pleasant smile there is upon his features? He must have died very happy.

Mrs. Johnson-You remember the old

grudge he bore the Smiths-Mrs. Browning-And the dear man orgave them? Mrs. Johnson-No, he provided in his will that the property next to their resicats.—Binghamton Republican.

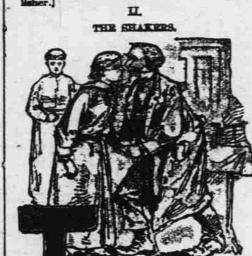
Rewarded at East. "I'm catching on!" exclaimed the ambitious young literary chap. "Here's one of my poems printed in a New York | woke up by a noise at the door. I sot Nonsense.' "-- Chicago Tribune.

The Season Over. Chollie (singing) - How can I leave Ethel (coldly)-The front door is still loing business at the old stand. Try that.-New York Herald.

VISITING THE SHAKERS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Sin Unsolicited Advice Given.



HE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but Pd never cum into immedit contack with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show-leastways. if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em. But in the Spring of 18-, I got

swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue patyusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers. I was tollin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futury I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hernet's nest to my off hose's tail to

am going to whip you. Wait a minute. kinder encourage like, I soon resched that you think these may be some doubt the place. I knockt at the door, which as to my ability to perform my duty in it was opened unto me by a tall, slick this matter, let me say that I have three second solum lookin individuoal, who turn'd out to be a Elder. "Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the woods, so to speak,

and he axes shelter of you." "Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was atherst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endevered to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed L "Helth's good, I reckon?" "Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when e understans his bizness-or do you devote your sarvices gratocitus?" "Stormy night, sir."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that peccoler kind of wesket you wear, incloodin trimmins?" I pawed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how

that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a paper he had no livin ekal. He jumped up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out. Just then the female in the meal back

stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I followed her into the part room.

I sot down to the table and the female n the meal bag poured out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marriage is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?" "Yay." "The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely teller.

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short. "Wall, I dunno," sezs I, "they're a rayther important past of the popula-"Us neer wimin folks would git along

grate deal better if these was no ment You'll excoos meamara, but I don't think that air would work." "I'm afraid of men?" she sed.

in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint." "Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we sir brothers and sisters. No wicked matri-

mony here. Would thou like to be a Shaker " "No," sez I, "it sin't my s'. ... I had now histed in as : load of pervishuns as I could car fortable and learning beck in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot that long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door.

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, and present and went away.

Directly that cam in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick looking pals as They comenst clearin away the dishes castin shy glances at me all thestime. I

got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane'in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how "We air well," they solumly sed. "Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft

"Of whom dost thow speak-Brother Urish "I' mean the gay and feetiv cuss who

der if his name was Urish?" "He has retired." "Wall my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.
"Wall my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker protemporary.' They was full of fun. I seed that at

fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I just where I was .- New York Herald. tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like place, and we had a nice time, keeping quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "my lence should be used as a home for lost pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to an innersent kiss at partin?" "Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

been snoozin half an hour when I was paper in the column headed 'A Little up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeared on except his night-close, which fluttered in the breeze. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away. I went to sleep agin, and drempt of

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd

runnin ori with the pretty little onisker esses mounted on my Californy Bar. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for merdown stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin,

he went groamin away. As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the witles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules and git mar-

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent." "You're a man of sin!" said the Elder. Arter breakfust my little Shaker

rends cum in agin to clear away the "My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay agin?

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd. The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all which may be taken by the dramatist. gay and festiv cuss!" "Your'e a man of sin!" he sed, contin-

nerin his shuffle. The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and Seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want going to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of em axed me what I thwat of it. Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he. "Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this antymatrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowing with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass ts honest. When a man buys a keg of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many sharins under a few layers of sass-a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practics. Your garding seed is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibralter probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. Yen air honest in your dealths! You mir quiet and don't distarb nebody. For all this I give you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothin ever conflicks with your peccoler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she suntimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old fel-

low squirm like a speared Ect.] "You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life-indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstons—you air in a dreary fog fill the time, and you treat the jolly sun-shine of life as the it was a third, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and peccoler neshans of yourn. The gals among you sum of which air as shek pieces of calibar as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which giver honest, manly harts, while you old fleds fool yer-selves with the idee that they air ful-fillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air all pend up by yer

selves, talkin about the stas of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to reselve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life your'e leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You have treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all. "A base exhibit of deprayed monkeys

onprincipled wax works!" saed Uriah "Hello, Uriah," sez I, "Fed most forgot you. Wall, look out for them its of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in

the flour of your youth and beauty.'
And I resoomed my jerney. Young Depew's Ornate Effort. I made a speech in my youth in the Mohawk valley, when I was frisky with aurora borealis and rainbows. I was depicting the possibility of the ideal republic under the principles of the party which I loved, and when I concluded an old campaigner, an old timer, an old "spoilsman," stepped up to me and said: "Chauncey, that speech had more frill than shirt."-From a Recent Speech.

Mr. Hankinson (looking at the clock)-I beg your pardon for tarrying so long, Miss Quickstep. I did not know it was

Miss Quickstep-I shall be glad to have you turry a while longer, Mr. Hankinson. You are the first young man I have ever met who thought 10 o'clock was late.-Chicago Tribune.

She-Manina says she knows that when we are married we sha'n't live so like cat and dog as she and papa do. He-No, indeed! Your mamma is "Yes, she says she is sure you'll be

easier to manage than papa is."

"Oh!"-London Tit-Bits.

Thrifty Caution. Oddson-Why are you always asking me for a cigarette? Why don't you buy your own? Ends-I don't want to get into the (puff, puff) habit of (puff) smoking the darued things, Oddson.-Chicago Trib-

A Great Field. City Parson-I have been appointed missionary to the heathen and-Chorus of Parishioners-You are not going to leave us, are you? City Parson-No; they told me to stay Who lie Fought With.

w, Johnny?" What part of the exer-

Johnny-The exercises we get at re

do vou like best?

"You say you fought all through the war, but I can't find your name on any of the enlistment rolls." "I know it; I wasn't enlisted. I fought with my wife."-Busy Bee. Educational Item. Herald. Unelo George-And so you go to school

ess. - foans Siftings. A fate Discovery. "Didn't you take me for better or for "I took you for better, and I find that you couldn't have been worse."-Lowell

A REVISED VERSION.

Bernhardt's Adipose Suggests a New Ren dering. The intelligence that Bernhardt is attention, and has suggested probabilities for the arranger and adapter that should make him glow with satisfaction. Mr. Augustin Daly hasn't had a more brilliant opportunity in years. The ending of the play could be fixed up some-[Enter Armand.] Camille-Armand! You are come, but it is

too late. Armand-Oh, Camille! you must not speak of death. Think of the vista of hope that the les affaires. (Society French for "did the business.") Let the world remember my sufferings and forget my faults. Armand-Camille, but you must live for me You cannot be on the verge of your demise. Honestly, Camille, you don't look it.

at me. Am I not robust? Ah! I am far from being a consumptive. [Armand murmurs something in-broken En-glish that the audience cannot understand.]

be a souvenir when I am gone. At this point there are several paths on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, Camille may be made a glittering adverand the females on tother. They com- may expire in an apoplectic attack, menst clappin their hands and singin mangling the curtains with her teeth and dancin. They danced kinder slow and raising dust from the furniture amid at fust, but as they got warmed up they great applause. Or she might be allowed shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. to go on with the lymph until she gets and the Governor heartily in favor of it. May it, indeed, go Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a to be fat lady in a dime museum, right smart chance of spryness in his whither Armand in his devotion follows forward. -Goldsboro Argus. legs, considerin his time of life, and as her as the tattooed man. There are an he cum a dubble shuffle near where I indefinite number of possible endings, sot, I rewarded him with a approvin any of which might be made effective by smile and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my a good hand at adapting.-Washington Post.

He Thanked Him. rusning down Grand River avenue the democrats of interior New York, at other day lickety-out, and a pedestrian the Hoffman House today, and 1 rushed out, seized the trailing lines, and after being flung down and dragged dent. through the mad a hundred feet he brought the animal to a standstill. Then he led it up to a post, picked up the whip and cushions, and had just got everything shipshape when a fat man, walking very leisurely and smoking a cigar, came along and took possession.

covered rescuer. house on Fourth avenue." "And and"-

vercoat, gazed at the ruin wrought, and said to the crowd which had collected:

"I own right up, gentlemen. I'm

-Detroit Free Press.

It was in a crowded Columbus avenue car that the following laconic conversation occurred, which caused a brisk laugh, although the gentleman in the case had no intention whatever of being "funny." He got up and offered his seat to a lady who was standing. "Don't rise," said she.

Nautical Blood in Her Veins. "You may sit in the stern of the boat and work the tiller, Miss Gaswell," said the young man as he took the oars, "if

"But I have," said he .- Boston Times,

you think you can steer." "I guess that won't be hard to do," responded the proud young heiress. "I have often heard mamma say she crossed the ocean in the steerage."-Chicago Anchored for Keeps.

Teacher-Miss Blithersome, why don't ou rise for your recitation? Miss Rollison-Please, ma'am, she can't. She's been sitting on her spruce gum.-Judge.

One at a Time Enough. Mr. Macsuitor (to the fair one's sister) ers for 25 cents. -And how old are you, Flossie? Flossie-Oh, that hasn't been decided

when Kate has landed you."-Wave. Next Thing to It. "I was very much surprised to hear that you are not the son of Mr. Bar-

"No; I was left on his doorstep when

I was a baby, and he took me in.'

"No; ma says it'll be time enough

"You are a sort of stepson, then?"-Harper's Bazar. The Dear Girls. Ethel-Clara went to Europe to get married, did she? I'd like to see the man I'd go to Europe to marry. Mand-Without doubt, or Timbuctoo

either, I fancy.-New York Herald. Misled. Mr. Jason threw down his paper and ejaculated "Bah!"

"What's the matter, Jehiel?" asked his "Oh, nothing. I just started to read something here about 'How to Manage Scraps.' It was one of those fool household recipes instead of sporting matter, as I had supposed."-Indianapolis Jour-

ting in the parlor with your best girl, and her mother came in and commenced wiping off the chairs, what would you think she meant? Ben Thar-Why, "dust," of course .-Brooklyn Eagle. Trouble with Bagley. Wool-Why did Bagley fail in

Van Pelt-He struck a town where the

people were all first and second cousins;

they knew all the news a week before he

country paper enterprise?

An Easy One.

Newsboy-Say, Ben, if you were sit-

could get hold of it.—Harper's Bazar. The Man and the Dog. Chappie-What! Don't you remember Cholly? It was he who had the beautiful dog down at the hotel last summer. Maud-Ah! I remember him now. What became of the dog?-New York

The Money Safe. Needy Client-If I lose my case don't see how you are to be paid. Lawyer-Oh, don't worry about that. my dear sir. The lawyer on the other side is my partner.—New York Weekly.

Anxious Mother-As I passed the parlor door last evening I saw Mr. Nicefello's face very, very close to yours.

Lovely Daughter—Y-es, ma, he's so
near sighted.—Good News. So Say We All.

The first of the two new locomotives that have been ordered by the A. & N. C. R. R. growing stout has attracted its share of has arrived, and the other is expected to be here by next Friday: The engines are constructed by the Richmond Locomotive Works, and certainly this one does them proud, for it is in every way admirable. It is of powerful build, magnificent proportions and glittering finish. It is "No. 10," and bears the name of North Caro-Koch lymph opened for you.

Camille-Helas! It was the lymph that faisait lina's Governor, "Daniel G Fowle," under whose administration not only the A. & N. C. R. R. bas flourished as never before, but every other State Camille-Little do you know of the real truth. Listen. Caring nothing for my fate, I became institution. The penitentiary a confirmed victim of the lymph habit. Look is on a self-sustaining basis, the asylums and like insti utions of the State, are economi-Comille-Here, take this lymph can. It will cally administered, and this A. & N. C. Railroad, which used to create a regular turor all the year round by reason of its ranged on the floor like milingtery com- tisement for an anti-fat company, and management, is now as peacepanies, the mails on one side of the room everybody live happy afterward; she ful as a June day and as prosperous as a green bay tree. And it is going to be extended too, with the present management

Not So Courageous Af er All

Mr. Cleveland will not be the candidate of the democratic party A horse attached to a buggy came in 1892, said one of the leading speak as a friend of the ex-Presi-

The speaker was a man who is a power in this city and an important factor in the democratic teltics of the State. Before writing May that letter to the Cuoper Union meeting, said the Evening Journgar, came along and took possession. | meeting, said the Stretting Journ- | Leave Weldon | 2 se 'So it was your horse?" asked the mud | al's informant, Mr. Cleveland | Ar Rocky Mt..... | 146 thoroughly canvassed the matter "Yes—my horse. Got away from my with his most intimate advisers and Ly Tarboro... decided that he would not be able to held his party to the tariff ques-"Oh, I wasn't worried any. I knew tion as the all important issue that somebody would stop him sooner or of the next campaign, while his later. There's some of that sort always past utterances and present sentiaround, you know!"

And as he drove off without another word the philanthropist took off his party on the financial Lv Goldsboro.... 3 is ... 7 48 ... 4 10 question.

Long before the Presidential convention of next year, he added, from Fooltown by the most direct routel" | yes may expect to read another letter from Mr. Cleveland, withdrawing his name from the centest. On this Mr. Cleveland had fully determined or he would not have b en so radical and impolitie in his opposition to free silver coinage. -New York Journal.

Law Abiding Citizens.

Some of our citizens are getting to be law abiding. They have resolved at last to enfor the stock law. To show their lawful desire one of our citizens impounded his neighbor's ox and demanded 50 cents. The owner not having sufficient funds with him paid 13 cents in cash and pawned his barlow knife for the balance - Snow Hill Cor. Kinston Free Press.

Come to a Pretty Round Waste, of Course

If stolen kisses are judicially worth \$250 a piece in the Wes tern courts, what would a good, square, lapping over and lingered-on hug come to?-Tarboro Southerner.

It is not always perfectly safe to scothe the bany with opium prepa rations, but you can rely on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, it contains nothing injurious. Sold by all deal-

Justice Hill will not qualify a witness unless he places his whole hand upon the court bouse Bible. When in the midst of an oath recen ly, he discovered that the w't. ness had but three flugers upon the book. He stopped short off and had the entire hand placed on he book .- Concord Standard.

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tem needs purging of the impuri-ties which clog the blood. From childhood to old age, no remedy meets all cases with the same certainty of good results as BOTANIC BLOOD BALM W. C. McGauhey, Webb City, Ark., writes.

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P. A. Shepherd, Norfolk, Va., August 10, 1888, writes: "I depend on B. B. B. for the preservation anteed at

Once or twice each year the sys-

of my health. I have had it in my family now nearly two years, and in all that time have not had to have a doctor." BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sent free.

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Lv. Wilmington 13 01 a m 9 00 a m 4 00 p m Lv Magnolia..... 1 31 " 10 34 " 5 36 " Lv Warsaw...... 10 45 " 5 88 " 8 63 a m 12 87 p m 7 47 p m 1 10 6 18 *2 30 p m 10 29 a m Ar Tarboro... " 2 45 pm 9 30 pm

Daily except unday.

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch word leave Weldon 3 15 Halifax 3 87 P M, arrives Scotland Neck at 453 P M, Greenville 6 00 P M. Returning leaves Greenville 7 20 A M, Arriving Halifax at 1010 A M, Weldon 1 50 p in daily except Sunday. ing Halifax at 1010 A M, Weldon 180 p m daily except Sunday.

On Monday Wednesday and Friday Lecal Freight leaves Weldon 1030 a m Halifax 1198 a m Scotland Neck 2 00 p m Arriving Greenville 5 10 p m Returning leave Greenville 5 10 p m Returning leave Greenville 5 10 p m Halifax 3 35 p m Arriving Weldon 4 p m

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemaria & Raleigh R. R. daily except Sunday, 4 06 P M, Sunday 3 00 P M, arrive Williamston, N C, 6 30 P M, 4 20 P M. Plymouth 7 50 P. M., 5 38 P. M. Returning leaves Plymouth, N. C., Daily except Sunday, 6 00 A M, Sunday 9 86 A M, Williamston, 7 10 A M, 9 58 A M, arrive Tarboro, N C M A M, 11 20 A M.

Frain on Midland N C Branch leaves Geldsboro, N C, daily except Sunday, 600 A M. arrive Smithfield, N C, 730 A M. Returning leaves Smithfield, N C, 800 A M. arrive Goldsboro, N C, 930 A M.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Recky Mount at 300 P M, arrives Nashville 3 40 P M, Spring Hope 4 15 P M. Returning leaves Spring Hope 10 00 A M, Nashville 10 35 A M, arrive Bocky Mount, 11 15 A M, daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday at 6 00 P M and 11 10 A M Returning leaves Clinton at 8 M A M and 3 10 P M, connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 23 and 78.

Southbound Train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No. 51. Northbound is No. 80. *Daily except Sunday. except Sunday.
Train No. 27 South will stop only at Wilses

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