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Edited by ALBERT SHAW.

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RIPANS

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DELICATESSEN SNAOKS.

Shrewd Students of Cuisine Are Those Who Know How to Sell Goods.

Were the man who keeps delicatessen stores, born with their lips smacking? If not, they must have acquired the habit soon after birth, or they would not be able to throw so much mutton into the snack as they do when they are pointing out the savory qualities of the various articles in the stores. The delicatessen man has a watery eye, a rubound cheek and a mouth that seems to taste everything he has for sale. He takes a long carving knife in his hand and delicately touches with its point a piece of boiled ham.

"Very good," he says confidentially as he looks from you to the ham. "The best I ever tasted." (Smack.) Try a piece of this. He cuts off a thin slice some two inches square, and as you put it into your mouth he smacks his lips to give it a flavor and looks at you expectantly with his liquid eyes. Should you say you don't care much about the ham he looks mildly hurt and digs up a piece of cheese from a silvery covering, letting off a volley of snacks as he does so.

"There," he says, "that is a piece of honeysuckle from age made among the mountains of Afghanistan, with a dash of the bouquet that was so much in demand in Turkey in the days of the great Ali Bey." (Smack.)

He says all this with inventing, though you know he is inventing the whole story, and gives you a piece of cheese that curls up the edge of the cheese knife with its strength as he smacks his lips and seems to think you should be carried away by the delicacy. You are almost, for it is strong enough to carry away anything, and he sees that it is not a success.

But he is not beaten, for he brings out pickles from half a dozen wooden bowls, with an average of three smacks for each bowl, and hands the samples to you in a saucer, requesting you to "just taste that pickle, and I'm sure you will say it is delicious." (Smack.)

The delicatessen man has a way of saying "Delicious" that is almost as satisfying as a Delmonico feast, and you know, when you taste the pickle while he smacks his sympathies, that it cannot be as good as his "Delicious!"

The pickle is really very pleasant, and you buy a dime's worth of it, while he smacks his way to the pile of paper in which to wrap the wood-dish and snacks as he gives you 40 cents in change out of your half dollar.

You take up your pickle, but the delicatessen man has not done with you yet. He smacks over a highly spiced jar of funny shaped fish and then omnigingly leads your attention to some preserves, and some salad dressing, and some aromatic vinegar, and some fresh tomatoes, and some particularly good coffee that he has just bought that morning, as he tells you, and, what with the whiffs of different things and his smacks and his seductive talk, by the time you leave the store your arms are full of odd packages and he has that first half dollar and another one as well.

He smacks you "Good afternoon," and as you go out you say to yourself, "That delicatessen man is too much for me." For anybody who is too much for any one he knows his business and can put in the snacks at the right moments.—New York Press.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Cases Where Death Has Been Averted by the Most Critical Moments.

Sometimes a mere slip will kill a man, and sometimes a man may be bruised and mutilated almost beyond recognition and live.

Instances frequently come to the notice of the police of some man who has fallen from a scaffolding high upon a new building. His friends rush to pick up his mangled corpse and find him quietly brushing his clothes and wondering what has happened.

One day last week a man was crossing Clark street near the bridge. As he reached the middle of the car tracks a rapidly driven horse almost ran him down. He struck at the animal's nose with his fist, and in doing so was thrown heavily to the pavement. He rolled in such a way that his head went between the front and rear wheels of a broad tired wagon, drawn by a heavy span of horses and loaded with produce.

Half a hundred men shouted a warning, and a woman on the sidewalk shrieked with horror. But before the fallen man could turn the heavy hind wheel of the wagon passed directly over his neck and the lower part of his face.

By this time the driver had discovered that something was wrong, and he reined his horses to their haunches. The wheels crushed hard over the man's head for a second time, but before the front wheel reached him half a dozen men were dragging him away.

Just as they all had made up their minds that the man was dead he jumped up and ran to the sidewalk in the direction in which he was going when he fell. Policeman Wathier, who stands at the crossing, asked if he should call an ambulance.

"Oh, no," said the man quickly, "my ear is not much injured, and I'll go home on the street cars."

Another case of "luck" or "fate" or whatever it may be called recently came to the notice of the officers at the Chicago Avenue police station. One afternoon a tall, heavily built negro came hurrying up the street with his hand closely clasped over his chin. He ran into the station shivering with fright.

"Ah! shot dead," he said to the sergeant.

"Then he took away his hand and showed an ugly gash across his chin.

"Oh, you're not dead," said the sergeant.

YUGCA

Diurnal and nocturnal and great. The level surface every way. The motion to the driver's eye.

From sky to sky, appearing, here. For a long time of rock and sand. That seems the sea, and the grave of some dead Titan of the land.

No life, but when its rocky flight. The dimming white clouds, the air. Or starved, and the world that grew at night. How! his eyes to faintly there.

Yes, see, on those broken waves. Cloud signs of nature's sweetest waves. How fair and pure one flower unfolds. The story of its levelness.

A slender spire with pendant bells. Chiming in the heavy whiteness, hung. The music of the sea, and the world. Like drumming melody among.

What waste to utterly forsake. But learn the All Creator's sign. That life is so left to human souls. It owns not something still divine.—Francis Dana in Yonta's Companion.

in my hysterical career. I very often long for you. Now, my dear, I am in a hurry. My bitter destiny compels me to bid you adieu. And I'll be here with you one day.

Yes, how would you recognize. O, here, if you met me now? What sorrow would lighten from your eyes. And I would be glad to know you. The world is here I have found. Upon the whole, I do not like. He's either stupid or unwise. And I'll be here with you one day.

But I am wrong, I never guessed. How had I could be ill I tried. Compelled to often to return. My heart would be glad to see you. And though I seem from you and I. A fresh revelation I will be. For other authors seem to hang. Theories on the life of a poet.

Ah, yes, I long a little share. Of happiness and love to find. Alas! I would be glad to see you. Loyal and chivalrous and kind! Ah! do not bid me part and leave. Give back my love, true and brave. Whom I shall love forever more.—Ray Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

Talk in Cumberland. "Whims" is the local name in Cumberland for "fuzz" and appears to be the Gaelic word quins, sharp points. "Heat" is a very peculiar word (derived from the old Norse heiti, a share) and is applied to the part of a fellside common allotted to a particular flock of sheep. Each flock keeps to its own "heat." Some very quaint expressions are "bride lof," a wedding cake; "seeing glass," a mirror; "olout hat," a woman's sunbonnet; "hidding out keam," a hair comb; "freworks," a magic lantern display; "moley man," a mole catcher; "leg weary," tired; "leg up," to trip up; "smoek up," to wind (literally to latch up) a cloak.

The verbs "feel," in the sense of to smell, and "lame," in the sense of to injure any part of the body, are peculiar. We may add "pipie stoppie," the stem of a tobacco pipe; "buttock," a footstool; "tinkler folk," the gypsies; "last dress," a shroud which children are taught to work at school and afterward to present to their grandparents and other aged relatives—a kindly act, but one which betrays that lack of humor and sense of the ludicrous which is characteristic of northern folk. A Cumberlandian who goes to have his photograph taken announces that he has come to be "struck."—Gentleman's Magazine.

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NORTH CAROLINA. Person County. Mrs. Bettie Thaxton, Notice of Summons, vs. Richard Beaver.

The defendant, Richard Beaver, will take notice that there is pending in the Superior Court for Person County, N. C., an action entitled as above, which has for its object the partition of a tract of land situate in said State and county, Roxboro township, adjoining the lands of Richard Bailey, Jordan Bailey, E. M. Walker and others, containing 154 acres more or less, in which the defendant alleged to have 1/9 interest.

Said defendant will take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court for Person County, N. C., on the 28th day of December, 1895, the return day of the Summons, for the hearing of plaintiff's complaint, and unless he appears on or before said day and pleads, answers or demurs to same, the same will be taken pro confesso as to him and the relief granted as asked for in the complaint. Done at office in Roxboro, N. C. on the 9th day of November, 1895. D. W. BRADSHAW, C. S. C.

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