



# The Antrim Reporter

Published every Wednesday.  
H. WEBSTER ELDREDGE,  
Publisher and Proprietor.  
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, 1894  
Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year,  
Strictly in Advance.

There has been only a slight fall of snow this season thus far. There seems to be an economy in nature along this line. Can it be that "Old Prob." is also waiting a settlement of the tariff question, before he spreads his snowy mantle more liberally over the earth?

There was some pretty good skating about here last week and a goodly number, some older and some younger, made the best of their opportunities while they lasted. This week there has been a change in the conditions less favorable for this very pleasant winter recreation.

J. B. Cheever, special examiner of the pension bureau, was in town on Monday. His mission seemed to be in the line of securing additional evidence in support of claims of ex-soldiers under the old laws, which have been pending for many years, and who had contracted a disability or been wounded in the service.

Senator Gallager has been heard from in the senate, and, as might be expected, his speech was an eloquent one, and crowded full of facts and arguments in favor of protection. The senator never speaks unless he has something to say, and he says it right to the point. Even the Globe's correspondent commends the speech as a good one and says it was delivered by a senator above the average in ability.

The subject of dedicating the new town hall in an appropriate manner is just now being agitated by our citizens. The main problem for solution seems to be, when, and how? It might not be out of order to mention Washington's birthday as a proper time. Exercises of a dedicatory character, with music and addresses, might take place in the afternoon, closing the days festivities with a grand ball in the evening. How does that strike you?

Goodell Division, S. of T., will give an entertainment and concert at the Methodist church, in this village, on Friday evening, Jan. 31. The principal attractions will be an address by Chas. T. Matthews, vocal and instrumental music, and a dialogue, entitled "A Matrimonial Advertisement," by local talent. The committee have arranged that a part of the proceeds will go towards buying books for our town library. This surely is a worthy cause and the assurance of being highly entertained, should not fail to draw a full house.

**PROGRAM.**  
1. Anthem. Chorus  
2. Musical Duet.  
3. George Bailey, Fred Robinson  
4. Trio, "Fardon Come Too Late."  
5. J. Bate, J. Stolz, C. Muzzey  
6. Recitation, "A Word to Our Girls."  
7. Ed. J. Whittemore  
8. Quartet, "Where has the Summer Fleed?"  
9. Misses Whitney, Frye, Cooley.  
10. Harmony Solo, "Where is My Boy To-night?" P. E. Call  
11. Address, "A Cloud with a Silver Lining; or, the Olive Branch of Peace and Hope."  
12. Charles T. Matthews  
13. Dialogue, "A Matrimonial Advertisement."  
14. Mary Cole, Hattie Burnham  
15. Jack Cole, Will Ingram  
16. Grandmother Cole, very deaf,  
17. Blanche Cooley  
18. Aunt Mattie, Emma Wallace  
19. Uncle Cyrus, Ed. Whittemore

We clip the following from the Peterboro Transcript:  
"Among prominent changes which the incoming year has brought to town, is the stepping out of his official position as postmaster at the principal postoffice here of P. W. Baker, and the taking on of the same duties by the newly appointed incumbent, Anson Sweet. Mr. Sweet has had an active part in town affairs, having served as selectman and as a member of the school board, and no question has been raised as to his fitness to be in the place he has just begun to occupy. For the present the postoffice and all its appointments remain intact in the same building as fitted up by Mr. Baker a little more than four years ago, but when the new town hall building is completed, arrangements are being made for the postoffice to be accommodated there. With eight mails each day, and a town population of over 1300, there is an amount of mail matter that calls for brisk and prompt handling, only a small part of it being distributed from the only other office in town, that of North Branch village. A large proportion also of the mail matter is the business correspondence of manufacturing interests here located."

What do local merchants who never advertise think of the following from *Printers Ink*? When you want to know about any business outside of the large cities, write to the local newspaper. If the firm is of any account you will find its advertisement in the home paper. A man to be popular abroad must be respected at home. And a man who does not advertise his business among his neighbors ought not to receive much attention anywhere."

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

C. R. Jameson recently made a trip to Boston.  
Dr. D. W. Cooley went to Nashua the first of the week.  
George Harrington and little daughter are reported on the sick list.  
Wheels run easier and get their just the same, is what our teamsters think.

Prof. C. C. Gibson was the guest of Miss Nellie Forsaith while in town last week.  
The doctors report the disease known as the gripe on the increase in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ellsworth from Wilton has been recent guest in the family of Henry Simonds.  
With more snow there would probably be more logging. The old mill pond has hardly got in its quota as yet.

Landlord Tenney of the Antrim House took a trip "down country" last week, being absent about three days.

Fred Miner of Temple and Edson Miner of Springfield, Mass., spent Sunday with their brother, George Miner.

Unless snow comes soon, what will our young people do who have arranged for a sleigh ride to Hancock soon.

On Sunday last five members of the family of Chas. Balch were unable to be out, the cause being severe colds.

Letters advertised by Postmaster Sweet are as follows: Harry C. Canny, F. B. Richards, Mrs. Martha Woodbury.

Geo. E. Colby felled a tree one day recently, which logged up and split about four cords of wood, lacking only one foot.

The stage was compelled to return to wheels, to replace runners, yesterday. The milkmen have also taken to wheels again.

The Sons of Veterans are to give a free dance at Bennington town hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 31. Good music will be provided. See posters.

The time of the running of trains on this branch has been slightly changed, as will be seen by the time table on 3d page. Be sure you don't get left!

Lost.—A purse, containing several dollars, between Antrim Post-office and Bennington Paper Mill. Finder please leave same here for reward.

J. H. Hunt and wife, Nashua, Orison Huntley and wife and Lewis Hatch and wife, from Marlow, have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hunt.

The regular week-day meetings of the Methodist denomination are this week being held at the Parsonage. The new carpet, recently purchased for the church, is now being laid.

The January number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, one of the best and cheapest publications of its kind, is out and is filled with choice reading of an interesting and instructive nature. For sale at Reporter News Stand.

Mr. Patten, of Chamberlain, Patten & Co., Nashua, who had an invoice of Ladies' Misses and children's outside garments on sale at the store of Putney & Little, last week, reported a pretty good sale of goods while here.

Walter H. Atwood was taken very suddenly ill on Sunday morning last. The attending physician pronounced the cause to be some difficulty with the heart, which is not common, we understand, with Mr. Atwood. His condition now is somewhat improved.

In looking over the price list of Morrison Bros.' advertisement on third page, we should say "Now is your opportunity." Certainly the prices are the lowest since the war. Reader don't fail to look over their adv. carefully and see what a little money will do.

The change in train time has necessitated a change in the arrival and departure of mails from this postoffice.

The change affects the late mail for Bennington, Hancock, Keene, and way stations; also Boston and all points West and South, which now closes at 5 o'clock p. m. The mail from Concord and way stations arrives later, the new time being 5:30 p. m.

Ed. J. Thompson, who for years has been employed by Goodell Company as a mechanic of more than ordinary ability, was on Saturday last taken quite seriously sick, and the first of this week it was reported that he had nearly lost the use of his limbs.

We trust, however, that the worse has been reported and at this writing he is rapidly improving from his uncomfortable illness. Today (Wednesday) Mr. Thompson was at his post of duty, but not feeling as well as he would like.

An exchange says: San Francisco bids fair to be the *fin de siecle* city of this continent. It is estimated there that almost every boy of eight is a cigarette smoker, and deaths among lads before the age of 14, from what the doctors call "cigarette heart," are very common. The next session of the Legislature is to handle the question.

In the meantime San Francisco is said to vie with Vienna for place as the wickedest city in the world. But it must not be forgotten that other cities in Europe and America claim this honor.

## OBITUARY.

Miss LORENA A. NESBITT.

Miss Lorena A. Nesbitt died at the home of Mr. Fred J. Roberts, Thursday evening, Jan. 18, of pulmonary consumption, at the age of nearly 25 years. Miss Nesbitt was a native of Nova Scotia, the eldest of five children of Andrew and Augusta Nesbitt, both parents and two brothers and two sisters surviving her. Seven years ago the family removed to East Boston, Mass., and since then Miss Nesbitt's home has been at that place.

Her health was never very good, but it is only within the last year that the disease which caused her death was developed. Most of the year past she has spent in Antrim, finding our climate more favorable than that of East Boston. During this time she has found a home and most faithful, Christian care in the family of Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Roberts being her aunt. Her parents were with her at the time of her death. Miss Nesbitt was of a cheerful disposition, a most hopeful Christian. She had made many friends in Antrim, and appreciated very deeply the kindness shown her here. Her parents, and also Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, wish to express their gratitude for the many kind attentions shown her by the people of Antrim. But the debt was surely not altogether on her part, for to witness such a triumph of Christian hope and resignation as she displayed should put any community under deep obligation. Funeral services were held at the house on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, Rev. S. C. Hastings and Rev. C. E. Eaton officiating. Interment was in Maple wood cemetery.

JAMES W. MERRILL, JR.

Early Friday morning last this village was stirred by the sad intelligence that the death of James W. Merrill, Jr., had occurred. Mr. Merrill was a son of James W. Merrill, who is well known in this vicinity as a finished carpenter. Mr. Merrill, Jr., had been at work on the new town building, having been here with his father since Oct. or last. Thursday night, on retiring, Mr. Merrill was in his usual health, which never was very robust, although always able to do a good day's work. About 5:30 Friday morning, his father noticed a peculiar sound to the young man's breathing, and on endeavoring to raise him up in bed he realized that the trouble was something serious, and in about ten minutes the young man was dead. The disease is attributed to heart difficulty. Deceased was 24 years of age, and a particular favorite of his father who feels the loss very keenly. The sympathy of this community goes out to the bereaved father and other members of the family at this time. The remains were taken to Franconstown, where services and interment will take place.

Expenses Reduced.

When times are hard and wages low, people think of reducing their expenses. A person sometimes makes a suit of clothes do for two or three years, but does not know how to make his shoes wear so long, his harness however, no reason why shoes, harness and anything else that is made of leather should not be serviceable as long as a suit of clothes. All that is needed to make leather soft and pliable, thus keeping it from cracking and causing it to last for many years. It also makes leather waterproof and does away with the need for rubbers, overboots, thereby saving another large item of expense.

We have received from the publishers, Home Publishing Co., Burlington, Vt., a copy of the New Hampshire Register for 1894, for which they will please accept our thanks. It is somewhat enlarged over last year, and contains a large amount of valuable information. The Register is now ready for delivery, and copies will be found on sale at the Reporter Stationery Store, 25 cents.

The Child in Art.

A beautiful and healthful child is perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world. It is a child as a type of innocence and symbol of hope, with all the attributes of happy and healthful infancy. The tender, holy associations of maternity and home, touches the heart more nearly than any other on earth. Such an ideal of a child is the product of his famous father's picture, "The Awakening." It is the embodiment of all that is tender, sweet and beautiful in babyhood, and it is a picture that appeals to the heart of every man and woman alike. No painter from the time of the Renaissance has more perfectly rendered the inner structure and subtle modeling of surface, the peculiar quality and graceful action of a child in perfect health than has Gerritt in his masterpiece. It is as graceful as a picture as they may see, and it is a picture that appeals to the heart of every man and woman alike. No painter from the time of the Renaissance has more perfectly rendered the inner structure and subtle modeling of surface, the peculiar quality and graceful action of a child in perfect health than has Gerritt in his masterpiece. It is as graceful as a picture as they may see, and it is a picture that appeals to the heart of every man and woman alike.

Stopped His Paper.

Nowadays when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trivial question that he discontinues his paper, we remind him of a good anecdote of Horace Greeley, the well known editor of the New York Tribune.

Passing down Newspaper row in New York city one morning, he met one of his readers, who exclaimed, "Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Greeley—"don't do that."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I intend to stop the paper."

The angry subscriber was not to be appeased and they separated. Late in the afternoon they met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked,—"Mr. Thompson, I am very glad that you did not carry out your threat this morning."

"Why do you mean?"

"Why, you said you were going to stop my paper, didn't you?"

"And so I did. I went to the office and had your paper stopped."

"You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there; and the press was running and business booming."

"Sir," said Thompson very pompously, "I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper."

"O thunder, rejoined Greeley, I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper and knock me out of a living. My friend let me tell you something: One man is just one drop of water in the ocean. You didn't stop the machinery of this world in motion and you can't stop it; and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on the same as ever."

## Band Concert at Presbyterian Church.

On Friday evening of last week occurred one of those concerts which only the Antrim Brass Band are capable of giving. Having had a large amount of practice, under the efficient leadership of Morris E. Nay, the band played better than ever before, and all the members were in their best humor on this occasion. An audience of nearly three hundred greeted the musicians, and were loud in their applause at the close of each number.

The opening selection played by the band was one of Mr. Nay's composing, and it was remarked that it equalled any number played by the band during the evening. It must be admitted that one of the great attractions of the evening was the violin playing of Prof. C. C. Gibson, of Henniker, whose music was pronounced "just fine."

We have not the time and space to enter into the different parts of the program, and give each member of the band and all who took active parts in this concert a personal mention; suffice it to say: the band played well; Prof. Gibson's efforts were greatly appreciated; Mr. Frederick W. Jameson's tenor solos were listened to with marked attention; and Miss Wyman manipulated the piano keys, as soloist and accompanist, with great ease.

As a whole this musical entertainment was as good an one as we have been privileged to listen to for some time. Great credit is due the committee for the manner in which the arrangements were made and program carried out. The gross receipts were about \$55.00; leaving about \$35.00 after expenses are paid, for the use of the band in different ways.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it Free. Call on the advertised Druggists and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at Harrington & Kibbey's Drugstore.

Probate Judge Appointed.

At a meeting of the governor and council held Wednesday at Concord, Hon. John T. Abbott of Keene was appointed judge of probate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Josiah G. Bellows.

Mr. Abbott is so well known to the people of our county not only through the recent important position held by him as United States minister to the United States of Columbia but as one of the leading attorneys of the Cheshire county bar, that an extended personal notice seems unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that he will doubtless fill with ability and fidelity the important position to which he is now chosen and that his appointment will meet with general approval.—Sentinel.

How This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hs. Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WEST & THURX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRWAN & MYRAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

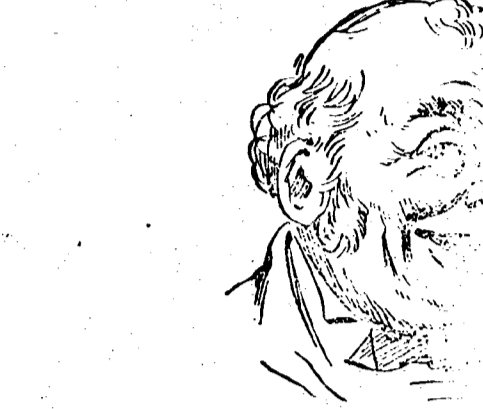
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

# DON'T THINK TOO LONG.

We have just what you want if it is anything in the line of **Watches, Clocks, Jewelry OR SILVER-WARE,** And the Prices are Right.

C. O. KIMBALL, - Jeweler, ANTRIM, N. H.

## All People are Pleased!



After they have their **Watches Repaired by the Waltham Jeweler**, for he knows how to fix your watch so that it will go and keep time to your satisfaction; and all he asks you for Cleaning your Watch or Inserting a New Main Spring is \$1.00, and warrants it a year.

He is a Graduate Optician and carries a full line of Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and can fit your eyes intelligently and on scientific principles. Examination Free. Fine Watch, Clock, Jewelry, and Silverware Repairing.

**DELMONT E. GORDON,** The Waltham Jeweler and Optician, Butler's Brick Block, Hillsboro Bridge.

# Folding Beds

Are in demand at this time of the year. The cold nights and sickness, drive people near the stove to sleep.

WE ARE PREPARED TO SHOW

The Best Things and offer Lowest Prices.

**MANTLE BED** | **WARDROBE BED.** Complete with Wool Mattress, Wire Spring and Drapery only \$15.00. Wardrobe in front. Bed let down behind. Large Mirror in Wardrobe door. Only \$15.00.

These are but Samples of Our Bargains. **Bed Lounges, \$10.00 to \$25.00**

**Wire Cots, \$2.50.**

We Pay The Freight

**EMERSON & SON,** Milford, N. H.

# HAY. HAY.

The best hay ever sold in Antrim in lots of 100 lbs. or 100 tons, for sale by **J. E. PERKINS,** Antrim, N. H.

# WANTED.

A middle aged woman for general housework. For particulars, address **BOX 97, Hancock, N. H.**

To the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough:

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS George A. Whittemore of Bennington in said County, Administrator of the estate of George Alfred Whittemore late of Bennington in said County, Vermont, that the said deceased in his will directed that the said deceased in his will make a bequest of the sum of two hundred dollars, to a certain tract of land situate North of Bennington in said County, and bounded as follows, viz: On the North by land of John C. Gilman, on the West by land now or formerly owned by a person formerly owned by one Clark; on the South and East by land now or formerly owned by the petitioner, containing thirty acres or less. That the said George Alfred Whittemore was prevented from making said bequest, by death and that the same Henry Whittemore, in said County, the last published according to said contract. Wherefore, he prays that the petitioner may be appointed administrator of said Real Estate, according to the statute in such case provided, and that the said bequest be made to him. Dated the 20th day of December, A. D. 1893. **GEORGE A. WHITTEMORE.**

**Dr. Huer's COF-Q-R** Will Stop Your Cough And Make You Breathe Easy. 25 Cents. At Goodwin's Cash Store.

BEST GLOVE SHOE IN THE WORLD. This Ladies Solid French Bonanza Kid Button Boot equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for \$2.50. Made by the Dexter Shoe Co. (Incorporated) who guarantee the fit, style, and wear. The Dexter \$1.50 Shoe is advertised in over 1,000 Magazines and Newspapers. Order for or Company name within 10 days and we will send you a pair. **WE SELL THEM—TRY A PAIR.** **J. A. BALDWIN, ANTRIM.**

# ABOUT 100.

## Pairs of Shoes,

CONSISTING OF

Men's Congress and Lace, Ladies' Button and Lace, Misses Kid and Goat Button, Childs' Kid and Goat Button.

All Selected From Our Stock. The Odds and Ends. Some are "Shop Worn."

To Be Closed Out at Cost and Less!

Take a Look at Them.

# HARRINGTON & KIBBEY.

ANTRIM, N. H.

# Lowest Prices

# CLOTHING!

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Furnishing Goods,

# Kimball & Roach's,

Boston Store, HILLSBORO BRIDGE, N. H.

Orders by Mail or Express Solicited.

**WATERBURY'S CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.**

# Morrison Bros.

HILLSBORO BRIDGE.

PRICES FOR NEW FRESH DRY GOODS GROUND TO IMPALPABLE NOTHINGNESS.

Saturday, Jan. 27th, Economy Strikes Hands with Hard Times.

We utilize what space the REPORTER can give us this week in enumerating a few of the many bargains we shall offer for SEVEN DAYS, commencing on SATURDAY, 27th. For full particulars see large posters distributed this week.

Bargains That'll Can You Resist DO YOU GOOD. Hosiery. These Prices?

Ladies' 20c Wool Hose for 12c  
Ladies' 20c Wool Hose for 12c  
Ladies' 20c Wool Hose for 12c  
Ladies' 20c Wool Hose for 12c  
Ladies' 20c Wool Hose for 12c

Knit Gloves. 5 pieces 38 inch all Wool India Twills in Navys, Browns, Greens, and Blacks regular 50c goods. SALE PRICE, 35c.

Lace Curtains. \$1.00 Nottingham per pair 50c  
\$2.00 " " " " 95c  
\$3.00 " " " " 1.40

Knitting Silk. 100 Yards 20c per ball 19c  
Embroidery Silk per spool 1c

Handkerchiefs. 48c  
Linen 40c  
Cotton 35c  
Woolen 45c  
Silk 50c

Cotton Underwear. 20c  
25c  
30c  
35c  
40c

Print Wrappers. \$1.00 Wrappers for 66c  
\$1.37c " " " " 98c  
\$1.75c " " " " 1.37

Morrison Bros., Hillsboro Bridge.

Morrison Bros., Hillsboro Bridge.

GO TO Putney & Little's

FOR DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

Boots and Shoes,

Rubbers, Rubber Coats,

etc., etc.

We can give you a good trade in

Fur Coats, Robes, Blankets and Sleigh Bells.

A Good Stock of Men's and Boy's WINTER CAPS

Our Stock of Crockery

We have just replenished. Please call and examine before buying.

Hardwood Pork Barrels.

Putney & Little, -- Antrim



## A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH. Nothing appears stranger to a mother's affection as her daughter's sudden death.

When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort, I bought a bottle, we began giving it to the child, and the effect was almost immediate.—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

For Sale by J. A. BALCH, Antrim, N. H.

## Boston & Maine Railroad

SOUTHERN DIVISION. PETERBORO & HILLSBORO BRANCH, VIA COVINGTON.

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peaches to certain guests. From time to time, at a sign from my chief, the butler would quietly take one, cut it with a silver knife, and present the two halves on a Sevres plate to the designated person.

I watched this performance greedily, and with fear saw the pyramid fall in. However, the contents of the order had been strictly executed; perhaps the peaches had been arranged with forethought. At any rate, when the banquet, recalled by the orchestra's playing a prelude, hurried back to the dining hall, there were still half a dozen peaches, peaches nestling among the banquet leaves.

I followed the crowd, but it was only a false sortie. I had left my hat in a corner—a tall hat, which had bothered me considerably during the entire evening. I went back to get it, and found it gone. I was, in a way, one getting into a fix, for the peaches were not to be had. Besides, they were busy carrying out the dishes and glasses used by the guests, and at a certain moment I found myself alone near the sideboard.

There was not an instant to lose. After a furtive glance at the door and a look at the peaches, I made two of the peaches quickly roll into my hat, where I covered them with my handkerchief; then, very calm and dignified in appearance, though my heart was beating frantically, I left the dining room, carefully slipping the opening of my hat to my breast, and holding it there by means of my right hand, which thrust inside of my vest, gave me a very majestic, almost Napoleonic, bearing.

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Is the most important part of your organism. Three-fourths of the complaints to which the system is subject are due to impurities in the blood. You can, therefore, realize how vital it is to

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For which purpose nothing can equal **SWIFT'S** all impurities, cleanses the blood thoroughly and builds up the general health.

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**POOR LITTLE FELLOW.**  
But He Raised Enough Money to Buy What He Wanted.  
A pale faced, half starved boy came into a Main street restaurant about 7:30 o'clock last night. He carried a few papers under his arm.

He looked cold. His shoes were out at the toes, and his stockings had holes in both knees. He had no overcoat, and he stood shivering at the door for a moment, as if undecided as to the cashier and what to do.

"Please, mum, kin I see if you've any paper?"

The cashier was about to refuse, when the little fellow spoke again: "I'd like to see a paper, mum, lemme. Me fadder was let me come home till he sell all de papers, an' me kin 'em on de street. Please, mum, kin I?"

There were tears in his voice, and the cashier relented. She gave him a penny and bought a paper herself, and then told him to go to the tables if he wished. The little fellow took off his cap and knelt between the tables and said in a weak little voice: "Poiper! Anybody want ter buy a poiper? There were not many responses to this appeal, and he began a personal canvass. Stopping at a table where a middle aged man and his wife were eating, he asked: "Please, sir, wench buy a poiper? Me fadder'll lick me if I don't sell all dese, an' dey ain't no chance on de street. Please, sir, buy one, wench?"

"Buy a paper, John," said the woman, and the man gave the boy 10 cents and took one of the little old fellows.

Then he went to the next table, and the next, and the next and all down the room. He told his tale of woe so well that before he had reached one of the tables he had sold every one of his papers. He had a handful of small change, and he pulled his cap on his head and started for the door on a run.

"What a pity it is," said the middle aged woman, "that fathers are so brutal to their children. They ought to be told so hard to support them in idleness!"

The small boy bowed out of the door and straight across the street. Here another small boy met him. "Hey, Chimpie," said the second small boy, "did 't work?"

"Betcher life," replied the first small boy exultantly, "an' I got 'em 't buy two seats in de gallery for 't minstrels." —Buffalo Express.

**Paying Back a Practical Joker.**  
A man in a Glasgow hotel in a loud tone of voice called his dining room just as he was leaving the front room and then whispered to him, "If you would then whisper to him, 'Gentlemen, you have got to find it hadn't called you back!'"

The other, straightening himself up, replied in a tone loud enough for all to hear: "No, sir, I wouldn't lend you 25 cents for your joke, but if I had I wouldn't let you have it until you paid me what you borrowed two months ago."

His friend will never call him back again in a public dining room.—Dundee News.

**STAGE GLINTS.**  
Elwin R. Lane is playing "The Winkler" out west. He is writing his play for a magazine.

John Kernell's new comedy, by Frank Pannont, is styled "McFadden's Election."

Emilio Pizzi's opera "Gabiella," that Patti is singing, has been published in England.

They had a benefit at Drury Lane the other day and gave a programme for a half hour long.

Henry Irving is said to have bought the English right to Richard Mansfield's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The new ballet "Don Quixote," in London, differs from others of its class in having a plot and dramatic interest.

Blochin will celebrate his seventeenth birthday in February by pronouncing the tight rope in Crystal Palace, London.

Henry Petit, the English dramatic writer, died recently after manufacturing a good many melodramas, and his last play was "The Emperor."

Dear Wilde has made a French play about of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and has named John Haldane to play it.

The emperor of Germany had his fingers hurt by the coming of "The Emperor" (Catherine the Great) by Mr. De Witt.

The "No. 1" Act of "The Emperor" theater employs five hundred actresses and actresses, some of whom are snobs and a woman orator.

Regism was carried out the other day in a London theatre.

Two supers were shot in the theatre by the discharge of a gun.

Walding being blown into their faces.

Daniel Bandmann's wife has been playing the title part of "Hansel" in the Grand Theatre, London.

Miss Marjorie, Miss Charlotte, Miss Charlotte Cramp, also played the part.

**Cholera! Cholera!**  
Thousands are now dying in the East. Cholera will be the plague here this summer. The World's Fair will bring it.

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The only known preventive. None ever known to have taken it who have used this compound.

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No chances on the dread disease.

Price \$2.00 per bottle, or \$9.00 per half dozen bottles.

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**A SOCIAL CALL.**  
These are the days of a visitor, I guess. And I am sure that all the time I am in the city, I shall be called to call on my friends. What is the best way to call on my friends? I have been thinking about it for some time. I have been thinking about it for some time. I have been thinking about it for some time.

**THE TWO PEACHES.**  
Though the son and grandson of government employes, I had no more than fairly got started in the same career when I resigned my position on account of two peaches.

I was a regular clerk of the old block, and my father thought nothing could be done with a government clerk. So, after I had graduated, no one urged me to do anything but take a subordinate place in my father's department. I did not feel like drawing toward another position, and I submitted myself to the unenviable position of a subordinate clerk. I was a diligent fellow and well disciplined, for I had been taught from my earliest to respect superior officials and to defer to them in authority. So I was noticed by my chiefs and rapidly passed the first grade of clerkship. When I was 25, my director, who was a kind and generous man, gave me a place in his office, and I became the envy of my colleagues. They already spoke of me as a prospective superior clerk and predicted a bright future. It was then that I married. My wife was a beautiful girl, and what I lacked in fortune, she made up for in the eyes of the little world of clerks in which I lived. They were very positive. They regarded marriage only as a business transaction, and they invariably looked for a return on their investment. The husband must provide the dinner, but my wife and I between us had hardly enough to sup meagerly. Every body said I had done a very silly thing, and more than one blunt colleague in my department declared that I was a fool and a simpleton. My wife was very sweet and lovely, and by living modestly and with great economy we succeeded in making both ends meet. Though my lack of foresight was still condemned, the society people of the place desired to continue inviting us. My chief was rich and delighted in being conspicuous, priding himself on making a fine appearance in the social world. He frequently received, gave elegant dinners, and from time to time issued invitations for a dancing party to the families of his employees and to the prominent people of the town. My wife was not well, some months after our marriage, and though I would have much preferred to remain at home with her, I was obliged to go along to these entertainments for my chief would not allow any one to decline his invitations—his subordinates must even amuse themselves according to his orders.

One night there was a grand ball at the directory, and of course, whether I would or no, I had to do my evening clothes and go.

While I put the finishing touches to my white cravat, my wife gave me numerous suggestions: "It will be perfectly lovely. Do not fail to see everything so as to tell me afterward. The names of the ladies who are there, the toilets, and the snapper men—for there will be a snapper. It seems to me that they have ordered a grand array of delicacies from Chevet's—raro fruits; I heard of peaches that cost 3 francs apiece—oh, what peaches they must be! Do you know, if you were good, you would bring me one."

I remonstrated. I showed her that the thing was impracticable, and how difficult it would be for a man in a dress suit to put such fruit as a peach in his pocket without the risk of being seen and pointed out. The more I objected the more bent upon her whim did she become.

"On the contrary, nothing could be easier. In the midst of the crowd coming and going to supper, no one would see you. Take one as if for yourself, and then hide it adroitly. Don't shrug your shoulders. Perhaps it is only a bit of childishness, but I long for one ever since I heard of these peaches. I have had a wild desire to taste them. Promise to bring me one at least."

How could a man give a downright refusal to the woman he adored? I ended by murmuring a vague promise and then hastened away, but just as I turned the handle of the door she called me back. I saw her big blue eyes, bright with longing, turned upon me, and she cried once more, "Do you promise?"

The ball was very fine; flowers everywhere, elegant toilets and excellent music. The prefect, the president of the tribunal, the officers of the garrison, and all of the department clerks were there. Our chief had spared nothing to give brilliancy to this entertainment, of which his wife and daughter, and the wife and daughter of the prefect, were the guests. At midnight, supper was served, and the dancers filed into the dining room in couples. I followed, trembling, and scarcely had I entered before I saw the famous peaches sent by Chevet occupying a conspicuous place in the center of the table.

They were indeed magnificent! There was a pair of them in a china basket, carefully arranged with grape leaves, which brought out the appetizing color of their velvety skins where deep red shaded into greenish white. From seeing them one could easily imagine the fragrance and delicate flavor of the luscious rasp pulp. My eyes caressed them from afar, and I thought of the joyous cries that would greet me on my return if I succeeded in carrying home a sample of this perfect fruit. They were exciting general admiration, and the more I gazed at them the more did my desire take the shape of a fixed purpose. I determined to have one or two.

But how? The waiters kept a watchful guard over this rare and costly delicacy, our host having reserved for himself the pleasure of eating

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**SELECTIONS**  
John Goldsmith is the leading money winning driver of 1893. Roadsters are bringing good money, but they are very scarce. Directum has won more heats in 2:10 than any other four trotters. John Kelly has given six trotters and pacers records better than 2:12. Nancy Hanks holds seven track records which are better than 2:10. Russia stands next to this country in amount of prizes offered to trotters. There will be 50 or 60 different tracks. There will be two classes of horses that will always bring good prices—race horses and roadsters. If bloodstock were to be put up into building lots, its market value would be over \$2,000,000. Monroe Salisbury owns a Director filly that is entered in \$71,000 worth of stakes the coming season. There are over 30 pacers with records of 2:10 and better, and one of the lot but one, Storm, 2:08 1/2, is dead. Some one has figured out that George Wilkes' blood can be found in the pedigree of 1,695 standard performers. Directum has the fastest 4-year-old record, 2:04 1/2; fastest stallion record, 2:04 1/2; fastest trotting race record, 2:04 1/2; fastest tight heat in a race, trotting, 2:04 1/2.—Turf, Field and Farm.

**PERSONAL GOSSIP.**  
Professor Max Muller, the philologist, is 70 years old. He lives at Oxford, and with his wife, who is an English woman.

Henry Green's son describes himself to a reporter as "born a Quaker, brought up a Protestant, educated a Catholic and in business matters a Jew."

Sir Philip Currie, permanent chief of the foreign office, London, will shortly marry Mrs. Singleton, formerly known in literature under the name of Violet.

Sir Archibald Alison believes that the great continental war cannot be long delayed. He means actually, of course. The war has been going on for paper for a decade past.

Cornelius Vanderbilt never sees reporters. He never attends public dinners or other functions. He seldom goes to the clubs. In a word, he avoids publicity and keeps himself in the background. He devotes his time to his great railroad interests, his home and his religion.

Don Pedro, the eldest son of the Count and Countess d'En, is at present studying at the military academy at Vienna, his only nephew there being the young Prince d'Alencon. The Count and Countess d'En have ordered that their son should never hear politics discussed.

**Helping Her Out.**  
Miss Centerboom—That lobster was delicious, Mrs. Van Wyker.  
Mrs. Van Wyker—Yes, my cook did very well, considering they are so hard to open.  
Miss Centerboom—You will have to let me make you a present of one favorite can opener.—Brooklyn Life.

**From a New Point of View.**  
"So by the papers, Miss Dovecot," said young Spooner, "that there have never been so many newly wedded couples at the English lakes as at present."  
"Indeed, Mr. Spooner," said Miss Dovecot, "I can't imagine one looking at a more foolish sight than a collection of insipid honeymoon brides. I couldn't stand it."  
"Not if you were one of them, Miss Dovecot?"  
"Mr. Spooner, sir!"  
"I mean, Miss Dovecot—Arms—minds—clear—will you go to the lakes with me?"  
"Oh, Mr. Spoon—Alonso, I will." —Answers.

**Behind.**  
The dissemination of ideas is slow. The light of learning and genius travels at a snail's pace.

It was in the year 1883, A. D., that a maid of Ayr was found with her forehead in a drug store and with her fellow in a drug store.

"What will you have?" he asked.  
"Milk shake," she rejoined enthusiastically.

And this is a town that was once described as "the eye of Greece, mirror of art, native to famous wigs."—Detroit News-Tribune.

**A Long Slog.**  
"I'm really now," called Mrs. Swizzles down the balustrade to her husband, who had been waiting half an hour to start for the theater. "I'm really, all but my hat."  
"Well, tell, Maria," shouted back Mr. Swizzles as he stretched himself out at full length on the sofa and composed himself for a nap. "Tell Maria to walk me to o'clock anyway." —Chicago Tribune.

**Coming Down With the Dust.**  
"You bad boy, you have made a greasy spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Fizzlefoot to her son Johnny.  
"Never mind, ma, you can sit on it when the company is in the parlor," replied little Johnny.—Texas Siftings.

**Life.**  
New York Man (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, bring me some of what that man has over there.  
Waiter—I don't think there will be any left, sir, when he gets through.—Truth.

**As an Impertinent Question.**  
"I hear that notwithstanding your advanced age you have married a young wife," said Gus de Smith to old Judge Sloppace.  
"Yes, my dear friend, and I am perfectly happy," replied the Judge.  
"You are, eh; but how is it with Mrs. Sloppace?" —Texas Siftings.

**Obstacles in the Way of Civilization.**  
Elephant—Yes, I'd like to keep up with the times, but I can't afford it. It would bankrupt me to have to buy even a spring overcoat.  
Giraffe—But think what it would cost me to wear standing collars.—Chicago Tribune.

**Looks the Same, However.**  
"What an absurd, exquisite creature Miss Sniffle is, isn't she? Just look at the dainty pose of that left arm!"  
"Humph! That ain't pose—it's vaccination." —Chicago Record.

**The Easter Way.**  
He—My main object in life is to acquire wealth.  
She—Well, why don't you marry, then?—Truth.

**Helping Her Out.**  
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And this is a town that was once described as "the eye of Greece, mirror of art, native to famous wigs."—Detroit News-Tribune.

**A Long Slog.**  
"I'm really now," called Mrs. Swizzles down the balustrade to her husband, who had been waiting half an hour to start for the theater. "I'm really, all but my hat."  
"Well, tell, Maria," shouted back Mr. Swizzles as he stretched himself out at full length on the sofa and composed himself for a nap. "Tell Maria to walk me to o'clock anyway." —Chicago Tribune.

**Coming Down With the Dust.**  
"You bad boy, you have made a greasy spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Fizzlefoot to her son Johnny.  
"Never mind, ma, you can sit on it when the company is in the parlor," replied little Johnny.—Texas Siftings.

**Life.**  
New York Man (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, bring me some of what that man has over there.  
Waiter—I don't think there will be any left, sir, when he gets through.—Truth.

**As an Impertinent Question.**  
"I hear that notwithstanding your advanced age you have married a young wife," said Gus de Smith to old Judge Sloppace.  
"Yes, my dear friend, and I am perfectly happy," replied the Judge.  
"You are, eh; but how is it with Mrs. Sloppace?" —Texas Siftings.

**Obstacles in the Way of Civilization.**  
Elephant—Yes, I'd like to keep up with the times, but I can't afford it. It would bankrupt me to have to buy even a spring overcoat.  
Giraffe—But think what it would cost me to wear standing collars.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Easter Way.**  
He—My main object in life is to acquire wealth.  
She—Well, why don't you marry, then?—Truth.

**Helping Her Out.**  
Miss Centerboom—That lobster was delicious, Mrs. Van Wyker.  
Mrs. Van Wyker—Yes, my cook did very well, considering they are so hard to open.  
Miss Centerboom—You will have to let me make you a present of one favorite can opener.—Brooklyn Life.

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**From a New Point of View.**  
"So by the papers, Miss Dovecot," said young Spooner, "that there have never been so many newly wedded couples at the English lakes as at present."  
"Indeed, Mr. Spooner," said Miss Dovecot, "I can't imagine one looking at a more foolish sight than a collection of insipid honeymoon brides. I couldn't stand it."  
"Not if you were one of them, Miss Dovecot?"  
"Mr. Spooner, sir!"  
"I mean, Miss Dovecot—Arms—minds—clear—will you go to the lakes with me?"  
"Oh, Mr. Spoon—Alonso, I will." —Answers.

**Behind.**  
The dissemination of ideas is slow. The light of learning and genius travels at a snail's pace.

It was in the year 1883, A. D., that a maid of Ayr was found with her forehead in a drug store and with her fellow in a drug store.

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