

A FAIR ATTORNEY.  
Alas! the world has gone away.  
Since Cousin Lillian entered college,  
For she has grown so learned,  
Of tremble at her wondrous knowledge,  
Whenever I dare to woo her now  
She frowns that I should be so slow,  
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,  
Her mission is to be a lawyer.  
Life glides no more on golden wings,  
A sunny waif from El Dorado;  
I've learned how true the poet sings,  
That "the world is full of shadows."  
When tuffit fruit lost its spell,  
I felt some hidden grief impended;  
When she declined a carman's hand,  
I knew my rosy dream had ended.  
She palates no more on china, plaques,  
We have had that we had and Muffin,  
Strange birds that never plumed their backs  
When Father Noah braved the billow.  
Her fancy linnæa, with brighter blush,  
The splendid triumph that await her,  
When in the court a breathless hush  
Gives homage to the queen debater.  
'Tis sad to meet such crushing woes  
From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;  
The sick a maid with cheeks of rose,  
Should have her heart bound up in leather;  
'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,  
Though Pallas' arms the fair envelop;  
But worse to have her quoting Kent,  
When one is fondly breathing Byron.  
When Lillian is licensed at the law  
Her name, be sure, will live forever;  
No barrister will pick a flaw  
In logic so extremely clever;  
The scholar will forget his nap  
To feast upon the lovely vision,  
And e'en the Judge will set his cap  
At her and dream of love Elysian.  
—Samuel M. Peck in San Francisco Argonaut.

A PERPLEXED HOST.  
A TURKEY DINNER AT WHICH THE  
BIG TURKEY WAS ABSENT.  
How a Crowd of Country Lads Spoiled a  
Nicely Planned Feast—Mysterious Dis-  
appearance of a Roast Turkey—The  
Flight of a Tender Morsel.  
A gentleman noted for his originality  
made the following improvement to the  
old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt  
the cup and the saucer," the other day  
in speaking of a disappointment a friend  
of his had experienced in losing his din-  
ner through missing a train—a dinner to  
which he had been invited and at which  
he had been selected to respond to one  
of the toasts.  
The simple missing of the dinner was  
more than set off at the old General  
Shields hotel, on the West Chester place.  
A company of twelve Philadelphia in-  
vited to the country for the purpose  
of looking about for profitable invest-  
ments, and had sent word to the proprie-  
tor of the old hostelry of their coming  
and ordered an old fashioned turkey din-  
ner to be ready at 6 o'clock.  
The order put the proprietor in his best  
humor and the entire establishment went  
to an unusual flurry of exciting prepara-  
tion. The hostler hurried to the nearest  
farmhouse, where he purchased the  
finest turkey to be had, and carried it  
back to the hotel in triumph. Taking  
into the stable he despatched an ap-  
plucked it in great haste. Everything  
was excitement in the large kitchen from  
the time the order was announced until  
late in the afternoon, when the last dish  
was ready to be carried to the dining  
room.  
The news of the gentlemen coming  
spread through the village, and every  
one felt duty bound to go to the hotel  
and see them, and none took a greater  
interest in the affair than the boys.  
They had finished their chores unusually  
early and were promptly on hand long  
before the hour of serving the supper.  
Of the entire community none felt his  
personal importance more than Dave  
Peters, the colored waiter.  
Dave was of portly build and prided  
himself in his appearance, and if he had  
a hatred for one thing more than any  
other, that thing was a claw hammer  
coat, which he said belonged to society  
gentlemen and not to a waiter, conse-  
quently he held to the old fashioned  
roundabout jacket. Just before the  
time for serving the dinner was  
ready a number of the village boys stood  
peering through one of the dining room  
windows, watching Dave arrange the  
different dishes on the table and ad-  
miring the display made by the twelve  
napkins in as many cut glass goblets.  
After viewing the effects of the  
table with a countenance beaming with  
satisfaction, Dave strutted toward the  
door and disappeared by descending the  
stairs leading to the kitchen, and a few  
moments later reappeared, carrying on  
a large dish the turkey, done to a lovely  
brown and beautifully garnished with  
carved roses, sprays of parsley and cel-  
ery tops. Walking toward the table he  
found that no room had been left for the  
central and chief adornment of the  
table. Taking the situation in at a  
glance, Dave saw his mistake, and hur-  
riedly set the dish down upon the broad  
sill of the window through which the  
boys were peering, and began rearrang-  
ing the table to make room for the turkey.  
No sooner had he turned his back to  
the window than one of the boys softly  
and quietly raised the sash, while an-  
other grabbed the turkey from the dish  
and fled across the hotel yard toward  
the old stable, followed by his compan-  
ions. After making room for the large  
dish Dave turned around, stepped to the  
window, raised the dish and placed it in  
its position in the center of the table,  
never noticing that the bird had flown.  
Going to the sideboard he picked up the  
supper bell and gave it a violent ring,  
thus notifying the host that dinner was  
ready.  
"This way, gentlemen; this way,  
please," spoke the proprietor to his  
guests; "step this way, gentlemen,"  
leading them through a narrow passage  
from the bar to the dining room. No  
sooner had he reached the dining room  
than his gaze fell upon the empty plate,  
when he exclaimed, "David, where in  
the name of General Jackson is that  
turkey?"  
Poor Dave! Never was a man taken  
more by surprise. When for the first  
time he noticed the broken plaster his  
brow fell and his large eyeballs stared  
astoundedly, while his whole frame  
shook with a terrible tremor. All he  
could say in reply to the abrupt and em-  
phatic question was, "Don't know, sir;  
it was dar, it was dar," and hurrying to  
the kitchen stairs he shouted down,  
"You, Phoeby, whar in de b't' st turkey?"  
"Go erlong now, you's got it up dar  
long ergo." The disappearance was not  
only a mystery to the waiter and cook,  
but to the proprietor as well, who in an  
apologetic manner asked the guests to  
repair again to the kitchen while a  
thorough investigation could be made.  
Every one in the house, including the  
hostler, was questioned and cross ques-  
tioned, yet no light could be thrown on  
the mystery. After waiting an hour in  
trying to find the missing bird, and after  
a consultation with the guests, fried ham  
and eggs were substituted for the turkey.  
It was not till two hours later, when  
the guests were about to depart, that the  
proprietor learned what had become of  
the turkey. One of the boys, more bold  
than his companions, came back to the  
hotel to see how the turkey was worked,  
and while the story of the bird's disap-  
pearance too good to keep, told to one  
of the men that were loitering about the  
outside of the hotel.  
The next morning the picked bones of  
the turkey were found scattered about  
on the ground back of the stable, where  
the boys had, after carving it with their  
pocketknives, greedily devoured the  
well cooked bird.—Philadelphia Times.

NEW YORK'S DIALECT.  
Absurd Though It Is, It Is Taught in  
the Public Schools.  
How many persons know that New  
York city has a dialect all its own, and  
one that it maintains in purity by teach-  
ing it in the public schools? Many per-  
sons have commented on the precision  
with which a New Yorker can spot a  
stranger the instant the stranger under-  
takes to pronounce the name of the prin-  
cipal streets in the town. We call it  
Broadway, emphasizing the last syllable  
very strongly. It appears to be quite  
a trick to do this, and it is evidently an  
unnatural pronunciation, for we notice  
that the very great majority of stran-  
gers say "Broa-way," so we spot them, and  
we instantly ask them from what part  
of the country they hail, just to show  
them that there is something about them  
that is not cityfied, and to set them  
puzzling about whether it is in the  
shape of their hat, or the style of their  
shoes, or what it is.  
People from the south betray the fact  
by calling our Houston street "Hewston  
street," as that name is pronounced from  
Texas to the Chesapeake, but we play  
as strange a trick with another name,  
for we call "Coenties slip" "Coentry slip."  
As a name, we would do that naturally, we  
detect strangers by "nat" pronunciation.  
The name of Hoboken is another that  
we trifle with, calling it Habbucken.  
But in ways and bywords other than  
these I can pick out a New Yorker any-  
where that he and I may meet, whether  
he be in Boston or in the Rocky moun-  
tains. I can do this by noticing how he  
pronounces the "ur" sound in such  
words as "birth, bird, earth, heard, etc."  
All the rest of the country pronounce  
these words "barth, bord, urth and hurd."  
Not so the New Yorker. He is care-  
fully taught not to do so in all the pub-  
lic schools, as well as by his parents at  
home.  
The queer little twist that enters so  
largely into our language in marring one  
of the cardinal sounds that compose it is  
thus expressed by our tongue; ur-yith  
is how we say earth, bur-yid is how we  
say bird. We say hur-yid for heard  
and mur-yid-der for murder. All of us  
who were born in New York have heard  
the public school teachers insisting upon  
this peculiar twist, commanding the  
pupils to put on the trademark of light-  
ning men once were the coat of arms of  
their feudal masters. Most of us, too,  
have heard nice, careful little girls on  
the way home from school correcting  
careless companions by insisting that  
"you mustn't say burd; you must say it  
nicely, bur-yid."  
Of all the senseless and unmusical and  
bad things that are done to English that  
is one of the worst, because one expects  
to hear a language at its best in the  
great city of the country, and thither  
foreigners repair to study English and  
then perhaps to go back home and teach  
it with a whole lot of little tricks like  
that in their heads, to be solemnly taught  
and scattered, until no one knows where  
the mischief will end. Of course I do  
not want the reader to understand that  
very nice people murder the language in  
these or any other ways, but the great  
masses of New Yorkers, those who get  
their learning in the public schools and  
whose tongues were trained in old New  
York homes of the middle class—these  
are the victims of this most peculiar  
habit.—Cor. Providence Journal.

Seeping Shoulders.  
Apropos of round shoulders, I decided  
the other day as I sat in a great public  
gathering, drawn from all parts of the  
land, that what we need most is not more  
currency, or less taxes, or a new banking  
system, but a law to enforce sitting up  
straight. Take 100 Americans—men and  
women, and you could not find enough  
good shoulders among them to make up  
a table at whist. This defect of car-  
riage was to be thought peculiar to the  
rural districts. It is not so. City peo-  
ple show it less, but this is due to the  
cunning of their tailors, and not to any  
virtue of their own.  
I am opposed to meddling legisla-  
tion, but I should welcome the appoint-  
ment of officials who would go about  
and compel the populace to sit and stand  
erect, as the old worthies of the Puritan  
meeting house compelled the congrega-  
tion to keep awake. If such a statute  
were enacted, in two generations we  
would not know ourselves—or rather  
our descendants—so great would be the  
improvement in health, physique and  
dignity.—Kate Field's Washington.

Caramels and Constancy.  
In one of the large confectionery  
stores on Chestnut street the girls who  
have been there a long time know most  
of the engaged couples in town, and can  
tell how long the sweet entanglement  
has been pending. They also are pretty  
well posted as to what engagements are  
broken. The reason is that one of the  
things the engaged young man is sup-  
posed to do is to keep his fiancée sup-  
plied with candy. Usually when a  
young man lets up on his supply of  
candy it is a sign either of a misunder-  
standing or that the wedding day is near  
at hand, for, strange to say, with the  
approach of the nuptial date the bride-  
groom elect generally gets economical  
in sweetmeats, possibly because he is  
saving up for the bridal banquet.—  
Philadelphia Times.

The University of Morocco.  
Besides being a university of learning,  
the Kairouin of Morocco is also a cara-  
vansary and an inn, in which are wel-  
come to sleep and to rest all those who  
are so poor as not to be able to pay the  
small copper coin which the fondak  
keeper requires before shelter is given,  
and the fact that its doors are wide open  
and its hospitality granted without any  
restriction, whatever is widely known  
throughout the empire.—Fortnightly  
Review.

Color Blindness Among Indians.  
Some years ago an examination by Dr.  
Fox of 250 Indian boys resulted, he  
states, in the discovery that two were  
color blind—a very low percentage when  
compared with the whites—while none  
of the Indian girls was thus affected.

Chinese Officials.  
In China there are two officials for  
each post, in order that one may spy  
upon the other, the rule being that no  
official shall report what he has done,  
but only what the other has done.  
From the highest official to the lowest  
all practice a system of unblinking ro-  
bbery, called "squeezing." The salary of  
a victory in some cases is 200 a year;  
he regularly draws not less than \$5,000.  
The salary of a judge is \$40 a year; he  
regularly draws at least \$2,000. There  
are 1,200 police in Canton, not one of  
whom receives wages, and yet the office  
is much sought after. The fact is, we  
are assured, that the police are on excel-  
lent terms with the guild or fraternity  
of thieves, and they work harmoniously  
together.—Jesse Herbert.

About Two English Poets.  
A cottager near Farringford said one  
day to his clergyman, "They tell me  
that this 'ere Lord Tennyson's a great  
poet." "Certainly he is—a very great  
poet." "And I've been readin a man  
named Shakespeare—he was a great  
poet too." "Indeed he was." "Well,"  
said the rustic critic as he struck his  
spade deep into the soil, "I don't think  
nothin' o' neither of 'em!"—New York  
Tribune.

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VERTISER office, or will be supplied  
direct by the publishers.

A FORTUNE FOUND IN SOAP.  
How a Brakeman Discovered a Swede's  
Hoarded Gold.  
Mr. Runey, in conversation with a  
number of travelers, told the following  
story, which he says actually occurred  
in his presence while en route on a Great  
Northern freight train near Morris,  
Minn.  
I boarded a freight train at Han-  
cock, (he began) en route to Brecken-  
ridge. There were about forty hobos on  
board the box cars. I arranged with  
three brakemen to make the rounds and  
see if they couldn't be made to put up  
for their ride. I acted the part of the  
conductor, while the trainmen followed  
out my instructions. We went from  
one car to another until we had visited  
all but one. Few failed to comply with  
our request, but showed hostility, and  
would doubtless have taken the advan-  
tage of our small number had I not  
provided myself with a gun, which pro-  
truded in full view from my coat pocket.  
The last car we visited was partially  
loaded with lime, and between the bar-  
rels we found two Swedes who handled  
the American language in the most hu-  
morous manner. We informed them  
they would necessarily have to pay for  
their ride or get off at the next station,  
to which the spokesman replied: "We  
don't gat no munny. Vve bane com from  
Nort Doocta, and vork putty hard and  
gats no munny."  
"Where do you want to go?" asked  
a brakeman.  
"Vve vant to go to Mainopolis."  
"You are headed in the wrong direc-  
tion," returned the brakeman.  
"Val, vve go tu Breckenridge and vve  
den go ast. Vve no mane dare bo  
gude faller und let us rade."  
The brakeman was not satisfied with  
the Swedes' statements that they were  
moneyless, so they were searched.  
While the searching was going on one  
of the Swedes said again:  
"Vve don't gats no munny. Sopus  
vve ly 'bout laddle ting like date?"  
The brakeman, being satisfied that  
there was no money on their persons,  
was about to withdraw from the car  
when he discovered a small bundle in  
the corner of the car tied up with a  
handkerchief. The bundle was ex-  
amined. A pair of old socks and sev-  
eral rags were tightly wrapped around  
a piece of soap about three by six inches  
in size. The brakeman said he guessed  
he would take the soap anyway, as he  
could use it himself. Here the Swedes  
made a robust protest, saying, "No,  
vve don't vant you tu take dose sops."  
"What good is the soap to you?" asked  
the brakeman.  
"Vve vant da sops for vash und bafur  
vve gate in Mainopolis."  
"What do you expect to do in Minne-  
apolis?" said the brakeman.  
"Vve tank vve ville gate laddle vork  
tu du dare, as a ba pruddy gude tun."  
It is not so. City people show it less,  
but this is due to the cunning of their  
tailors, and not to any virtue of their  
own.  
I am opposed to meddling legisla-  
tion, but I should welcome the appoint-  
ment of officials who would go about  
and compel the populace to sit and stand  
erect, as the old worthies of the Puritan  
meeting house compelled the congrega-  
tion to keep awake. If such a statute  
were enacted, in two generations we  
would not know ourselves—or rather  
our descendants—so great would be the  
improvement in health, physique and  
dignity.—Kate Field's Washington.

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A Thoughtful Old Gentleman.  
It was the night "rush hour" on the  
Brooklyn bridge trains. More people  
were crowded into the cars at the  
New York terminus than had any right  
to be there without risking suffocation.  
Through the side entrance to the car  
came three young and pretty girls,  
swept on by the tide of humanity. The  
car was crowded, but that didn't mat-  
ter. In the crush the girls were help-  
less. They couldn't help being pushed  
into the car, and an instant later they  
couldn't withstand the counterjush  
which seated one of them, willy nilly,  
on the knees of an old gentleman. In  
the jam her two companions were thrust  
against this young woman, and pre-  
vented her from rising. It was not un-  
till the train was well on its trip toward  
Brooklyn that the crowd gave way a  
little and she was enabled to regain her  
footing. She begged the old man's par-  
don sweetly enough, but to her friends  
she said not a word until the three were  
safely out of the car and on the platform  
of the Brooklyn station. Then she freed  
her mind.  
"That's what I call an impolite man,"  
she declared.  
"Why?" said one of her companions.  
"I thought he behaved beautifully. He  
didn't say a word."  
"That's just the trouble," snapped the  
other. "He didn't have the grace even  
to say, 'Keep your seat, madam.'"—New  
York Times.

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line of Lumber,  
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G. B. COURTNEY, PR'PR.