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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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HER RED HEADED LOVER.

"Yes, I know Albert isn't handsome—perhaps he is homely—but I love him just the same."

That was what Martha Day Greiner of Denver said about Albert Charles Dickinson of the same place.

Albert's face is as homely as that of Abraham Lincoln.

Nevertheless Martha is in love with him. Dan Cupid, who shoots at hearts regardless of exteriors, fatally wounded both Martha and Albert.

So that when Papa Greiner objected that Albert was entirely too ugly to be his son-in-law Martha replied by eloping with him to Chicago.

Greiner followed, and there was a scene. The couple were arrested. Martha pleaded for Albert, and Greiner finally consented if they would all return home the wedding might proceed.

Interviewed by a reporter, Martha said:

"I know he isn't handsome. Father's objection is that Albert has red hair, but that is not his fault. He may not be good looking, but he has winning ways."

Good for you, Martha!

For such a woman one might well elope much farther than from Denver to Chicago.

Martha sees qualities in Albert the world does not see. She knows that, while beauty is only skin deep, goodness is soul deep. She knows that Albert's winning ways come from a warm heart. And when you are choosing one whom you are to live with all your life soul qualities count.

Abraham Lincoln's homely face was glorified by the great soul that shone through the honest, rugged features. And so Martha can see a halo about the red head of Albert which her father cannot see.

And as for the red hair—Why, forsooth, let the father look up the historic records of the red headed.

To say nothing of Rufus the Red, there's Shakespeare's Hamlet, Napoleon, and Oliver Cromwell, and Thomas Jefferson. They had red hair.

And if you go into the feminine class most distinguished women of history have had flaming red tops—Titian red at least—Cleopatra, and Charlotte Corday, and Catherine de Russia, and Elizabeth of England, and Bernhardt.

Martha is right.

VAULTS CONDEMNED.

Eldorado, O., Dec. 30.—The vaults about the town of West Manchester are condemned for their insanitary condition by the report of G. A. Parker, of the state board of health.

The investigation was made as the result of the typhoid fever epidemic that has been raging in the town. The condition of the dairies is declared first class and the owners are commended for this fact.

In the singular experience reported to the Paris medical society by Dr. Chautauri and Vidal, a man and his wife were taken with pneumonia within a few hours of each other, and the disease ran an almost identical course in each case. Their illness began on a day in June following one on which they drank much cold water from a well. One could not have taken the disease from the other, as is usual in family epidemics, and common unfavorable surroundings could hardly have had a simultaneous effect. That pneumonia germs from the well water inoculated the patients seemed to be the only conclusion possible.

The announcement that the Japanese are about to open the railway which they have built in Formosa is the latest evidence of the good work which they are doing in the island, which was acquired in 1895, at the close of the war with China. At the time of the transfer sixty-two miles of the road line was completed. It now covers a total of 234 miles, and Japan has built the additional 272 miles at nearly \$400,000 less than the estimates.

The Department of Agriculture and Commerce in Japan is being prevailed upon to grant a sparrow-destroying subsidy, as in some parts of this district the English sparrow is becoming a pest, having devoured the rice crop.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Wednesday, Dec. 30.—Webb lodge No. 24, F. & A. M. Special meeting Master Mason Degree. Refreshments.

Saturday, Jan. 2.—Loyal Chapter, No. 49, O. E. S. Stated meeting.

Street Cars Ran Amuck on the Streets Last Night

"O, where and O, where is our little street car gone, O, where and O, where is our little street car gone"

It's gone into the barn for the motor-man to toast his toes.

And it's O how we wish that he'd hurry and return."

It was the lament of about twenty residents of West Richmond as they stood huddled about in the entrance of the Mashmeyer store last evening.

There car was gone, but from what some of the members said was far from being forgotten. It had begun to rain unexpectedly and there was not half a dozen umbrellas in the crowd.

There were the young girl clerks from the dry goods stores, as of course it was just at the supper hour, the professional men from their offices and the laborers from the factories. All were bent on getting home to a warm supper as quickly as possible. But it was wait or walk. Some preferred chances with Dr. Hurty's pneumonia, but others just worried and fretted and condemned the street car service.

The Police Motormen. And then the motormen on West

Richmond street car lines have such an accommodating way of making amends. If their car be delayed or running behind its schedule, Mr. Motorman finds it to his convenience to "lay out" on the West Fifth street end of the line. What cares he about the waiting passengers in the rain, his car is behind time and the easiest way to catch up is by laying over for one trip and then going in on time. Such custom has become so prominent that the West Side folks who depend upon the Richmond Avenue line do not seem to mind it much any more. Why, they actually enjoy walking through the rain or snow and in summer time it is a real treat to be away from the dirt infested contraptions, such as have been run on this line.

Street Car Ran Amuck.

Street cars ran amuck last evening. Helter and skelter they rambled, chasing about the streets promiscuously like a flea-bitten pup after its tail. On several of the early evening cars there were no conductors and the motormen had no "change" so the passengers rode free—and they deserved to.

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GENTLEMEN!

Did You Get a Pair of

Douglas, Regal, Heywood or Nettleton Shoes

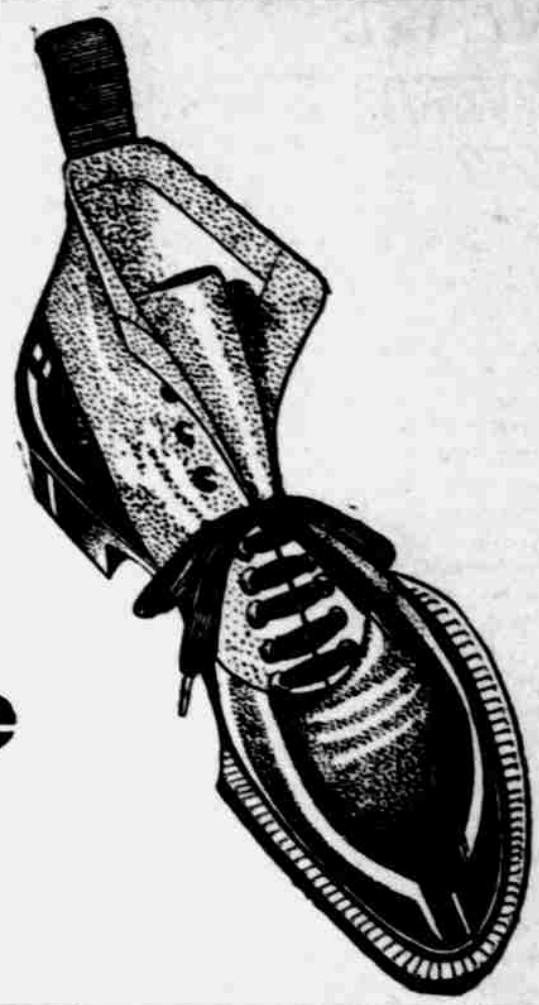
FOR CHRISTMAS?

If Not, You Can Supply Yourself at

Humpe's Shoe Store

807 Main Street

See Our Windows



THE SCRAP BOOK

Who Had the Best Show?

During a session of the Pennsylvania legislature a well known member was made head of a state department. As there were a large number of lucrative positions in his department he was besieged by congressmen on behalf of their friends who wanted good, fat jobs.

Messrs. Jones, Smith and Brown were all applicants for the same position, and their claims were equally pushed. Finally two representatives who were for Brown went to the new executive and asked how the contest stood.

"It's this way," was the reply. "Jones is a good man, and the corporations and the judiciary are with him; Smith is a fine fellow and is backed by the newspapers and the people generally, and your friend Brown is an excellent young man, who is being pushed by the politicians and the members of the legislature."

"Well, but who has the best show?" asked one of the friends.

"If you won't repeat it," was the answer, "I will tell you."

Both promised.

"Barnum & Bailey"—Ladies' Home Journal.

FRIEND DEATH.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. Till I have finished my score with life, Who has fooled and cheated me all the way With a witless strife."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. I have a duty yet to do. There is the devil still to pay—A good, stiff reckoning too."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. What of my wife and little one? I must warn them well while yet it is day Of the setting sun."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. A drink and a kiss for luck at the last. I was ever one for a daring play. Staked all on a cast."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. I must have time to think on God. Surely you give one time to pray—So soon a clog."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay. It will all be over so soon, so soon. I hear the pipes of my boyhood play An old, old tune."

"Friend Death," quoth he, "Oh, friendly Death, The music is calling and I am fain—Fain for the home where I first drew breath."

"And my mother again."—R. W. Gilbert in "Goldenrod and Lilies."

He Was Dipped.

Charles Lamb had been told by his physician to take a course of sea bathing. As he descended the steps of the bathing machine in the shallow water the cold increased his natural stammer, and it took him a long while to inform two stout attendants that he was to be "di-di-di-dipped."

Impatiently they ducked him, and, coming up spluttering in their embrace, he began, "Once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di—" and down he went again. The third time he stormed: "Is it murder-murder you mean-meant? I tell you I'm to be di-di!"

And then, after the third ducking: "Oh, limbs of Satan! It's now too late! I tell you that I am—no, that I was—to be di-di-di-dipped only once!"

Voluntarily.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed to running away?" asked a transient officer, addressing the determined looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good licking," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without supper, and I took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should lick him again in the morning. And in less than half an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily!"

Respectability.

Respectability is a very good thing in its way, but it does not rise superior to all considerations. I would not for a moment venture to hint that it was a matter of taste. But I think I will go as far as this—that if a position is admittedly unkind, uncomfortable, unnecessary and superfluous, although it were as respectable as the Church of England, the sooner a man is out of it the better for himself and all concerned.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Saving the Landlord.

Joseph Jefferson was playing a one night engagement in a small town, appearing in the part Rip Van Winkle, which he had so often and ably impersonated. At the hotel where he stayed there was an Irishman who acted as general assistant. Judged by the great interest he manifested in the hotel, he might have been taken to be the proprietor. At about a quarter to 6 in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled, not to say alarmed, by a violent thumping on his door. When he recoiled that he had left no orders to be called so early, he was naturally indignant. His sleep was banished for that morning, however, so he arose and soon made his appearance before the clerk.

"Look here, I say," he demanded of this functionary, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the clerk, "but I'll ask Pat. Pat was summoned. Said the clerk: 'Pat, there was no call for this gentleman. Why did you waken him?'"

Pat led the clerk to one side and said in a mysterious whisper: "He was snoring like a horse, sir, and I'd heard the boys sayin' somethin' about how he was wanter after shavin' for twenty years, so I says to meself, 'It's a-comin' unto 'im agin, an' it's yer juty to git the crayerth out o' yer house at wanst.'"

A Legal Opinion.

Roscoe Conkling came into Charles O'Connor's office one day in a nervous state.

"You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. O'Connor as Roscoe walked up and down the room.

"Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling. "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the superior court, and he was convicted; then to the supreme court, and the supreme court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years. I charged him \$200, and Gibbons is grumbling about it; says it is too much. Now, Mr. O'Connor, I ask you was that too much?"

"Well," said O'Connor very deliberately, "of course you did a great deal of work, and \$200 is not a big fee; but, to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that he might have been convicted for less money."

Equal to the Occasion.

In 1840 a great convention was held in Baltimore by the young men of what was then known as the Whig party for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of General William Henry Harrison for the presidency. There was no hall in the city large enough to hold the crowd of delegates who attended. The convention accordingly met on the Canton race track, and when the great Whig orator of Maryland, who was chairman of the young men's national committee, arose to call the meeting to order he was so impressed by the vastness of the assemblage before him that instead of the usual formula he exclaimed, "The nation will please come to order!"

Her Age at Monte Carlo.

A fashionable French lady who had lost heavily at Monte Carlo entered the gaming saloon while a former friend of hers was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank.

"I am so glad to see you here, prince, and in such luck, too!" she exclaimed. "Do tell me a lucky number. It is sure to win, for you are now in the vein."

The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of thirty-six winters, and said:

"Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest."

The lady reflected, hesitated and then placed the pile on twenty-seven.

An instant later the croupier sang out:

"Thirty-six red wins!"

"Heavens!" muttered the lady as she fainted. "Thirty-six is exactly my age!"

Fifty of Purpose.

The man who succeeds above his fellow is the one who early in life clearly discerns his object and toward that object habitually directs his powers. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly grows unconsciously into genius.—Butcher-Lytton.

CONCRETE POLE

BREAKS AT TOP

Accident Does Not Mean Pole a Failure.

One of the concrete poles constructed at the corner of Fort Wayne avenue and North D street to support the trolley wire, has proved defective and broken off about three feet from the top. The strain of the guy wire proved too severe. It is believed this failure does not necessarily mean that a concrete post will not withstand a lateral strain, but was due simply to a defect in the concrete work. When the pole broke the concrete pulled away from the steel rods through the center and there were bent, but not broken or buckled.

Work on the new interurban freight depot has begun. The walls will be of compressed brick with a black mortar. The structure will be quite imposing in its lines. The work will be pushed ahead as rapidly as the weather will permit. A concrete foundation was put down and it was necessary the concrete was covered with compost.

A Zurich newspaper published the following advertisement in English: "Residing board house among a charming set of mountains. Very beaming for families or singular individuals. Shadowed glades and amiable places for resting for guests of the cure. All facilities for mountainous expeditions. Excellent kitchen, with lager beer running from the tap."

Love-making on postal cards is in violation of the postal regulations of Russia.

Whether warts spread by contact has been much discussed. A Glasgow physician mentions that a maid with many warts on hands and arms was employed in a certain family, and warts soon appeared on the hands of the three children. The youngest, a boy of five, with a habit of biting the fingers, developed two warts on the lip and one in the mouth.

In a paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, Henry Penton states that the oldest iron ship in the world is the United States warship Michigan, the material for whose construction was "dragged across the mountains from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie," where the ship was built, as long as sixty-six years ago.

EASTERN STAR

WATCH PARTY

Members of the Order to Hold Session.

The order of the Eastern Star will hold a watch party New Year's eve at 8 p. m. at the Masonic temple. The members are requested to bring sandwiches for themselves and guests. Coffee will also be served. There will be amusements of different character including cards, etc. A musical program will also be given. Members are invited to bring their families and friends as guests of the order.

FATTEST BABY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge City, Ind., Dec. 30.—The largest baby in the state for its age has been a visitor with its mother, Mrs. Rufus Baker of Sulphur Springs, Ind., at the home of Ulysses Eaton. The lad is a monster. It is nine months old and weighs 40 pounds. On several occasions it has had its picture in the metropolitan papers and it is the consensus of opinion throughout the state that it is the champion heavyweight baby of Indiana, at any rate there has been no other claimant for the title.

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18c Sweet Oranges 18c