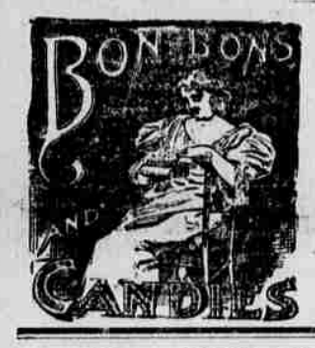

AMUSEMENTS

Grand Opera House
WILBUR F. STICKLE, Mgr.
NEXT ATTRACTIONS

Mr. Chester De Vonde and his Big Dramatic company. Direction of C.L. Walters, in a repertoire of high class productions.

Saturday, Dec. 16, Matinee, "Crimes of New York."

Saturday Night, "Shadows of the Scaffold."

High class specialties. Evening prices 10c, 20c, 30c. Mat. prices 10c, 20c.

Tale of Two Countries.

"I guess"—

"Oh, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know."

"No, I don't know. You Englishmen always know, don't you know?"—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Trouble Lies.

"Don't you have a horror of lending books?"

"No; I haven't any horror of lending books, but I have a horror of not getting them back again."—Chicago Record.

The Meteor Craze.

"What's the matter, my boy?"

"I've got a speck in my eye."

"Here, hold on! Don't move. Perhaps it's a leonid."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Eliza McColgan, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed by the Probate court of Summit county, Ohio, as executor of the estate of Eliza McColgan, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same for allowance or rejected.

D. A. McCOLGAN.

Dated this 15th day of Dec. A. D. 1899. Dec. 16, 23, 30*

MY SUBSTITUTE.

He wasn't really what is known in military parlance as a substitute, but I always regarded him as such. A notice was tacked up at the foot of the steps leading to the little hall in Kingston. The crooked characters, laboriously formed, proclaimed to the world that a company would be organized on a certain night. Without any intention whatever of being present at the meeting I strolled to the village that evening and mechanically ascended the steps, not that I had any intention of enrolling—none in the world. Kate and I had been married but three months, and I knew it would break her heart if I left her then. And, besides, my profession required my constant attention. If things had been so I could have left, I would have been among the first to put down my name—I guess I would. Still, impelled by some marvelous fascination, I wandered in. My old friend Troutman, a fellow whom I had tolerated with a sort of patronizing indifference, was making a vigorous speech, and the listeners howled approval at everything he said, though, goodness knows, it was dull enough and violated every rule of oratory. But I suppose to their untutored ears it sounded very fine. At its conclusion Troutman invited every one who wanted to join the company to come forward and sign the roll. A rush was made to the front. I started to go out, when that chump of a Troutman announced that one more man was needed. He waited, and I noticed several glanced at me. I looked over in a corner, and my eyes rested on Jack Hastley. He, too, was gazing at me with a slight look of contempt, I thought. With a curious glance at me he walked to the register, took up the pen and completed the list by signing his name. I met him outside, drew him in a corner and handed him $50. He took it and thanked me with a little more feeling than I thought one of his breeding could exhibit. Then I noticed that he wasn't such a bad looking fellow after all. He had a broad forehead, clear cut mouth and nose, dark, intelligent eyes, and then he had a resolute air about him that made you think he was something of a man, even if he was a pauper.

After that came the Santiago fight, and some of the Kingston volunteers got hurt. I was sitting in my study, and my thoughts involuntarily reverted to "my sub." It was a warm night, and all the windows were up. I don't know how he got in, there was no noise of the door opening, but when I wheeled my chair to the desk I saw seated opposite me the subject of my meditation. I was naturally somewhat astonished, but welcomed him as courteously as I could under the circumstances. He gazed wearily around the room. His complexion was a curious mixture of pallor and sunburn. His face was much thinner than when I had seen it last, and he had the appearance of one who had been about starved to death. His eyes roved constantly, but they lacked luster and intelligence. I told him I was glad to see him and asked how the boys were. He jumped all preliminary movements and began describing the attack on San Juan and El Caney heights. His voice sounded strangely unfamiliar, but I attributed it to his rough experience.

"It won't do to say those Spaniards can't shoot," he went on, "because as we went up the air was as full of bullets as bees around a hive. I had never been under fire before, and I believe I would have gone back if it hadn't been for the brave fellows around me. We rushed on, tore down those damnable barb wire fences, and I began thinking we would soon be at the top and give a rousing cheer for the American flag, when I was struck, I think, by six Mauser bullets. One passed directly through my heart."

I jumped out of the chair and exclaimed: "What on earth do you mean? You must be mistaken, Jack. How in the mischief did you recover so soon?"

"Oh, I didn't recover," he said coolly. "I am there yet." I shivered and moved away from him. Then he went on: "That's what I came to see you about, Will. You're about the only man I've any claim on, and I want you to do me a favor."

Then I noticed the sunken condition of the eyes and that his lips never moved while he was talking.

He abruptly asked:

"Where's Kate?"

I flushed at the familiar method of referring to my wife, and coldly told him I supposed she had retired.

He looked disappointed and said, as if in a hurry to change the subject:

"What I want, Will, is this: They have got me planted on the side of one of those clay hills down there along with a lot of the bravest boys in the world, but I want to come home. That hill will wash away in a short time, and I don't want my bones mixed up with the trash that will go down the gully. I want you to go down there and hunt me up and bring me north. There is a photograph—if they haven't torn my clothing off—fastened to the shirt. You will know who it is. And then there is a great tear on the left arm from the hand clear up to the elbow. That was made by the barbed wire. There are two bullet holes through the left leg, one through the right shoulder, one near the right knee and one through the head. There may be others that struck after the last one was fired.

"I want to be laid alongside Sister Grace"—his voice shook through the thin lips—"and then some one may some time come out there to the little cemetery and put a flower or two over us. I know mother will, and I hope some one else. I have had a hard life, Will, and a few months before I went to the war I passed through one of those experiences that stay with a man. You know what I mean. She was very kind, and I loved the very air she breathed. Of course she was way above me. She married, and I—well, I died. No, I'll not tell you who she is, but I want to be where she can come if she's a-mind. I almost fancy that I could feel those footsteps near me. Will you do this for me, Will? I know it's asking a lot of you to make that long trip, but remember you couldn't have got out of it that night if I hadn't taken your place."

And as I made him the solemn promise to faithfully execute his wish a glad smile stole over his face, and he glided from the room.

I told Kate the next day that Jack Hastley had been killed at Santiago, and that I intended to go south, recover his body and bring it home for interment in our town cemetery. I expected nothing else but a storm of protests, ending in a fit of weeping. But there was nothing of the sort. At first she turned deadly pale and sank in a chair. Then she arose and walked toward me and placed both hands on my shoulders and said:

"God bless you, Will. That is good of you."

When I knew who the girl was that poor Hastley had loved and lost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Specimen of Cockney Humor.

It consists merely in ignoring the horrible or tragic side of a funny situation. Everybody knows the old story of the cockney laughing after a fire. "'Ollup, yer silly fool!' I says. 'Me an my mite's got a blanket!' An 'e did jump, an there warn't no blanket, an 'e broke 'is bloomin neck! Laugh? I 'aven't laughed so much!"—Blackwood.

A girl should never throw away her old slippers. They will come in handy at her wedding—and much handier in after years.—Chicago News.

LOVE IN A CAB.

The stopping of his cab made Mr. Arthur Cargill look up from his paper. The way was packed. All at once he recognized a girl's face, frightened and pale. "Jump in!" he cried. The girl saw him just in time, caught the extended hand and was by his side, panting and safe, in a moment.

"My dear Miss Chesterton," he said, "why do you run such risks?"

"I don't know. Suppose I'd been knocked down and run over."

"And by my cab," murmured Cargill.

Cargill, quite by accident, laid his hand upon Miss Chesterton's.

By this time they were approaching the Trocadero, where Cargill had proposed to dine. Miss Chesterton's fright had evidently quite put her own destination out of her head. The cab drew up impressively. Miss Chesterton suddenly awakened.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"At the Trocadero," said Cargill, "where I hope you are going to dine with me."

"But I promised to be at Hampstead by 7, and I couldn't think of dining with you as I am, Mr. Cargill."

"You can't possibly reach Hampstead by 7. It is 6:30 now, and it's precisely as you are that I want you to dine with me."

"Now," said Cargill, "come along. I insist on you coming. Remember, I saved your life."

"If you put it like that, Mr. Cargill," she said, "you leave me no option."

"Dining," he said, "is an art. Not one lady in a thousand understands it. The harmony must be preserved. It is not less subtle than music. Now, your misfortune this evening has been the means of giving me a great deal of pleasure. If you hadn't jumped into my cab I should have been dining miserably—alone."

"You would probably have been quite happy," Miss Chesterton said.

"Believe me—no," said Cargill. "To tell you the truth, I was thinking about you just before. I intended to call upon you tomorrow."

Miss Chesterton turned her head aside and sought earnestly for her pocket handkerchief.

"I should have been glad to see you," she said.

"I suppose you will consider it will be unnecessary to call now?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said; "mamma will be in."

"I say it with all respect to your mother," he said, "but I didn't particularly want to see her. I wanted to see you."

"About the collie puppy you promised to get for me?" Miss Chesterton asked hurriedly.

"No, the puppy had nothing to do with it. Let me fill your glass."

"Then it must have been about—about the bazaar," she said, trying to look unconcerned and succeeded only in blushing deeply at her own failure.

"About the bazaar?" echoed Cargill in mild astonishment. "I don't know anything about a bazaar. Do you want me to help you in something of that sort?"

"No," she said. "I made a mistake. I was thinking that you knew all about it, but of course you don't."

"Indeed I don't," said Cargill. "Bazaars are not exactly in my line."

"No," Miss Chesterton agreed humbly.

"I don't want to spoil such a pleasant evening—pleasant to me at any rate."

"And to me, too," she said.

"Thanks," said Cargill, "but I'm going to risk it. If you could only promise not to be annoyed at what I'm going to say." He felt his way cautiously and watched her face sidelong. He was very much in love with Miss Chesterton, but he was still well enough in hand to go carefully.

"I'm sure you wouldn't say anything to annoy me, Mr. Cargill," she said, fingering the stem of her glass nervously.

"That's a kind of permission for me to go on, isn't it?"

"Yes, without you were going to propose something very dreadful."

"I was going to propose," said Cargill, catching at the word, "that you should marry me."

Miss Chesterton instantly felt that the eyes of all the room were upon her, but a glance assured her that she was as much alone there as in a church.

"Is that so very dreadful?" Cargill asked.

"No; it's very kind," said Miss Chesterton.

"I didn't quite put it in the form of a question, but I will now. I've been in love with you for quite three months—of course you didn't notice it. My dear girl"—he laid hold of her hand under the table—"will you be my wife?"

Her fingers closed upon his, and she turned a flushed and laughing face toward him.

"But the art of dining?" she said. "We should never get on together, should we? I know nothing about it, remember."

"I'll take the risk," Cargill said.

"And the wine?" she said. "I am quite ignorant of wine."

"That is more serious," he said, "but I'll risk that as well."

"Then you don't take any interest in bazaars," she said.

"None whatever, but if you particularly wish you can run a bazaar of your own and manage it all yourself."

"Not for the world," said Miss Chesterton.

"Are there any other objections?" asked Cargill. "Because, if there are, we may as well settle them now."

"I can't think of any more at present."

"Then you say 'yes?'"

"Mr. Cargill," she said, "don't you think you have me at a disadvantage—almost at your mercy? You see, you saved my life this evening and then gave me a very good dinner afterward."

"You admit the dinner was good?"

"Excellent."

"Then forget about the life saving—I give that up—count it out."

"But I can't," she said.

"Then count it in," he said.

"I will," said Miss Chesterton, "and I say yes."

There was a long silence, in which both Miss Chesterton's hands went under the table. Suddenly she cried out:

"It's nearly 9 o'clock!"

"Yes," said Cargill. "I'm going to see you home now."

"In a cab?" she asked.

"In a cab," he said. "If there's any fund for pensioning decayed cabmen, I shall subscribe largely to it."—Exchange.

All but the Public.

"What sort of a reception did your new tragedy have at its first production yesterday?"

"Oh, magnificent! Only the public didn't seem to take very kindly to it."