

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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## OCTOBER.

How broad, how deep, how calm, how sweet,  
These dear October days;  
The sky bends low, the hills to greet,  
And, through the dreamy haze,  
Heaven or earth I cannot see,  
Nor solve the pleasing mystery.

"Is wonderful! October's sun  
Makes paradise of noon;  
And night, with all her stars, as one  
Pays homage to her moon.  
The sun by day, the moon by night,  
Stir every sense of sweet delight.

Through all the long, three summer days  
Swift messengers have run  
To do, through Nature's secret ways,  
The bidding of the sun.  
That dear October will share  
With all that live her dainty fare.

Into her lap the ripe nuts fall,  
With every breeze that stirs;  
All trees and shrubs, or great or small,  
Bend low as worshippers  
With the rich fragrance that they bring—  
A whole year's bounteous offering.

She bids the squirrel go with haste,  
And gather where he will;  
And, thrifless idlers, bids them taste  
Till all have had their fill;  
She feeds the birds, that know no care,  
With seeds, dropped hilly everywhere.

She bends the orchard boughs low down  
For children, as they pass;  
And fruits that to the farmer's crown  
She drops among the grass.  
Where, ago, bent low by weight of years,  
May find unharmed the juicy spheres.

She sends the countrymen to town,  
That city folks may know  
October's come, their fests to crown  
With all good things that grow;  
And all the crowded streets she fills  
With odors of the sweet-breathed hills.

She dips the maples in a dye  
Of rainbow pigments made,  
And hangs them on the hills to dry  
Before the colors fade;  
And day by day the marvel grows,  
Till all the landscape burns and glows.

The Frost-King, with his chilling breath,  
She watches close, with care,  
Lest some dread scene or sign of death  
Should mar the good design;  
She bids the hopeful look and see  
Death changed to pleasing mystery.

O, dear October! well may I  
Lay pen or pencil down;  
All sense you more than satisfy,  
And with such radiance crown  
The distant hills, they prophesy  
Of hills unseen by human eye.

Sometimes, in dreams, I think I see,  
What longing eyes have sought in vain:  
Something of what that land must be  
That I see no sorrow, want nor pain.  
These hills, beneath October skies,  
Have caught the light of Paradise.  
—*Irma E. Sherman in N. Y. Independent.*

## DINING OUT.

"Roast Pork, Corned Beef, Baked Fish,  
Veal Cutlet and Mutton Hash."

"I REMEMBER the freshness and brightness of everything on the little tables—the plates, the napkins, the gleaming half bottles of wine. They served us with great cups of coffee and the sweetest rolls of bread and butter; then a delicate cutlet with unspeakable gravy, and potatoes—such potatoes."—*Their Wedding Journey.*

I judge from the above extract—my text for the present occasion—that Mr. Howells likes a good dinner well served. I think every person who lives a tolerably correct life does. "Eating," said the noted but somber Whatsname to the equally celebrated but jolly Someonerother, "is one of the lowest of pleasures." "True," replied the latter, "for it is the foundation of all others." No one can admire grand scenery or anything else and be hungry at the same time. I speak as one in authority, for I've been there. I don't remember any one who can do better justice—on paper—to a good square meal, than Charles Dickens. Those who knew the great novelist say that he did equally well with knife and fork, as with pen and ink. I once heard Bronson Howard, the dramatist, tell of a meal he destroyed in England. Mr. Howard having a day to spare got on a train. He didn't know where it was going; the fact that it was leaving London was enough for him. At a little station among the hills he left the cars and took to the fields over the hills and far away. It was a delightful autumn day, with grass underneath crisp and brown, and sky overhead blue and white with flying flecks of cloud, and a breeze that had nothing to do but wander over the hills and give ramblers an appetite. By and by he came to a wayside inn, low thatched and cozy, one of the few that the departing stage-coach did not take away with it, and here he rested and dined. It was ham and eggs. I cannot reproduce Mr. Howard's glowing eulogy on that dinner, but if a short-hand man had taken

it down it would have equaled anything Dickens ever wrote.

I take my noontide meal at a Detroit restaurant. There is no particular one to which I am addicted. As meals are given on the European plan—the more you eat the bigger the bill—I am well aware that if I bestowed my patronage on one institution it would be speedily enriched; so I equalize the thing and am gradually building up most of the restaurants in the city.

Human nature comes out strong in a restaurant. A hungry man is rarely ceremonious; if a man has anything of a domineering spirit he will bully the waiters, however much he suppresses it in ordinary intercourse. When I see a man polite to a waiter I know he is either a gentleman or is on his first visit to a restaurant.

"Mr. Weeds," roars a man to the proprietor, "why in thunder is it that I never can have a table napkin? Better get waiters that understand their business."

The jovial Mr. Weeds hurriedly interviews the waiter, who shows the irate guest the white napkin folded neatly on the white table cloth, where it escaped the hungry man's notice. The man growls and grumbles for a while to try and make his fellow-lunchers think he don't know he has made himself ridiculous. Sometimes the napkins are not brought—still that fact does not justify the massacre of the waiters.

"John," said a gentleman, quietly and sort of confidential like, to his waiter, "Did I—did I pay for my dinner last time?"

"Why, yes sir; of course sir," heartily responded the waiter.

"Then John," more confidently, with a touch of appeal in the tone, "couldn't I have a napkin this time?"

The missing napkin was speedily brought. I have a favorite formula that I run off on the unprotected head of every new restaurant man I meet.

When I sit like patience on a monument waiting for my order, the proprietor generally comes up and, placing both knuckles on the edge of the table, blandly inquires:

"Anybody waiting on you, sir?"

"No, sir—I am doing the waiting."

This generally had a very good effect, till last Wednesday the host remarked:

"Oh, yes, I remember; you said that two weeks ago. Been waiting ever since?"

During State Fair week, when every restaurant had more than it could attend to, I would have died of starvation were it not that there were so many things to interest me. One young man, evidently new to restaurant life, sat down at an oval table.

"Anyone taken your order, sir?"

"No—bring me roast beef."

"Roast beef, sir? Yes, sir. How will you have it done, sir?"

"Done just as quick as you can."

"Well done, rare or medium, sir?"

"Oh! rare."

Just as this waiter sailed down among the tables toward the kitchen another tackled our young man.

"What will you have, sir?"

"Roast beef, rare," reiterated the young man. And off the second waiter went. A third, who was brushing off crumbs, set a glass of water before the young man and inquired:

"What is your order, sir?"

"Well," in an annoyed tone, "Roast beef—understand?"

"All right, sir," and the third waiter moved hurriedly away.

Just then my waiter spread the fat of the land before me, and I whispered to him:

"You really ought to tend to that young man; he has been waiting quite a while."

The obliging waiter at once approached him, apologized for the delay—very busy, you know—what did he wish?"

"Are you deaf?" asked the young man, angrily.

"Well, no, sir; I hope not."

"Then listen for the last time: Roast—beef—rare!" he said, with startling distinctness of tone.

A few minutes afterward I heard the stentorian voice of the kitchen fiend yell:

"Four roast beefs, rare."

Then the four waiters appeared, innocently enough, each with roast beef for my young friend. "Excuse me," said the first waiter, "I took this gentleman's order."

"I should think you did, took it four times," said the victim. "Blamed if

I'm going to take dinner where I'm made fun of," and he shoved back his chair and strode hotly out, leaving our astonished waiters with four roast beefs, rare.

A friend of mine objects to a certain restaurant because they shout out the order so that every one knows just what a person dines on.

"I'll take a spring chicken," says a rural visitor.

"One spring," yells the waiter.

"One spring," cries some one further on.

"One spring," echoes another from the dim recesses beyond.

"It takes three springs to catch a chicken here," said a man at another table. The rural visitor evidently thought they kept chickens already cooked, and he chafed at the long delay. When the waiter at last brought in the smoking fowl he said crossly:

"A person would think you had to cook the chicken, you were so long of coming."

"Cook it," said the waiter, "why, bless you, boss, I had to chase dat chicken free times round de back yard wid a pole fore I catch it."

A little incident occurred one day last week that impressed me very much, and brought up some old recollections that are apt to lie dormant in the busy, bustling life of a city. Only one table was vacant. A young man with a young woman stopped hesitatingly at the wire door that led to the den of devouring humanity. Instantly the proprietor opened the door, invited them in and placed them at the vacant table, where I had an excellent view of them.

The young man had a noble face; clear-cut, self-reliant, and something about it that seemed to inspire confidence. The young lady had a pale, sweet face—a good face—and when she looked up truthfully at her comrade with a smile that said: "As thou dinest so shall I dine," I thought she was his wife, but when she studied over the bill of fare there was a resemblance that made me think she might be his sister. When their waiter spread the bounties before them, they reverently bowed their heads, shaded the eyes and quietly offered up a silent prayer. Among the hurrying to and fro of waiters, the clash of dishes, the rattle of knives and forks, the shouting of orders, the clanking of money and the hurly-burly of a bustling restaurant anything devotional seemed utterly incongruous. They evidently didn't think so; if they gave the matter a thought, they probably imagined that each of us had said "Grace" before we began our dinners. But we hadn't. It seemed to me like a breath from fields and woods far away. It reminded me that there are quiet, deep pools along the river of life, where the rushing tide of "advanced opinion causes not one ripple. There is no doubt a great deal of religion in the city—although a business man does not run across enough of it to materially retard his progress—still I think that like good milk, pure butter and fresh vegetables (we are dealing in restaurant similes), the real gilt-edged article comes from the country.—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

Lord Palmerston's Strange Marriage.

LORD PALMERSTON was already comparatively rich when the Queen politely but firmly commanded him to get married. Lord Melbourne (the Premier) was a confirmed widower; and if the Foreign Secretary continued a bachelor there would soon be a serious difficulty about the reception of ambassadors.

"May it please your Majesty," said Lord Palmerston, "I should be only too happy to marry, if I knew any one who would have me." The Queen graciously replied that there need be no difficulty on that head, and if it were necessary she would take upon herself to find a lady both ready and willing to become Lady P. So Lady Cowper was sent for from Rome to reign for thirty years over the half of London society. It is said, by the way, that this lady decided her husband was to be Prime Minister long before the idea occurred to himself. It was a very happy match—indeed, a love match, for all that Lord Palmerston told the Queen.

The municipality of Paris levies a duty on almost everything which enters the city; that of London on scarcely anything but coals, which furnish a large revenue.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

JAMES CLEPHANE, aged ninety, who lives in Washington, read proof with Sir Walter Scott on his novel "Waverley."

For his comedy of "Black-Eyed Susan," which still holds the stage, Douglass Jerrold received just what Milton did for "Paradise Lost"—\$25.

FANNY DAVENPORT pays twenty-four hundred dollars to Anna Dickinson for her new play, and fifty dollars a night for every performance after it has run three weeks.

A POEM "Death," by the late Rev. Dr. Daggrett, of Hartford, Conn., was being set up for printing in the October number of Scribner's as the news came of his death.

BJORNSTERNE BJORNSSON, the Norwegian novelist, dramatic poet and pamphlet writer, recently arrived in New York by the steamer Germanic, in company with Mrs. Ole Bull, the widow of the violinist.

MR. BRET HART is in luck in England. Every scrap that he has written, including a biographical preface and a portrait of the author, is to go into a five-volume edition of his works now in the hands of a London publisher.

The maddest performance recorded in Mr. W. T. Dobson's history of "Literary Frivolities" is that of the man who discovered there were 33,535 ways of spelling the word scissors, and who accordingly sat down and wrote them out in a work containing three volumes of 300 pages each.

MR. DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, the poet, lives a most secluded and retired life; he rarely goes into society, and even his brother does not venture to bring visitors to his studio. It is since the death of Mrs. Rossetti, a beautiful and sweet-natured woman, that this habit of reserve has grown upon the husband she left to regret her. When she died, Rossetti was so wretched that he felt his own intellectual life was at an end, and in her grave he buried all the sonnets he had written, and which, by the way, were addressed to her. His friends, resolved that the poems should not be lost, opened the grave and rescued them; and after a time revealing to the poet that they were in existence, persuaded him to print them.

## HUMOROUS.

The census of Rhode Island is completed, and some of the enterprising papers of that State print the names of all the inhabitants in full, devoting nearly a column to it.

AN article in an exchange is headed "Suicide of a Locomotive." Owing to a "tender" attachment, probably. It should have been "switched" oftener when young.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I wish I could settle this confounded coffee," said an impatient traveler at a railway restaurant. "Try a broomstick," said a moody man with a scratched nose, "that is what everything is settled with at our house."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Who are you going to vote for?" somebody asked Gihooly. "I am going to cast my vote solid for De Smith." "Do you think he is entitled to the confidence of the people? Do you know him?" "Never saw him in my life, but I saw the other fellow, and that settled it."—*Galveston News.*

SHYLY he bent o'er the dainty head  
And, "won't you; won't you?"  
He softly said,  
Begging from the saucy miss  
Just for the fan of one sweet kiss.

The maiden tossed her pretty head  
And, "No, I won't you,"  
She saucily said,  
"How foolish he is," thought the little miss;  
"He should not ask for, but steal the kiss."

GERSTER got an average of \$100 for each time she sang in this country. At this rate it is estimated that she has already sung \$1,000,000 worth to her new baby. And the youngster doesn't seem to appreciate it any more than it would the wild and tortuous strains from a seventy-five cent accordion.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Central New York Farmers' Club recently sent out invitations to its annual picnic. "with its initials heading the card of the invitation. 'C. N. Y. F. C.'" indignantly read an old granger, "ef that ain't the blamest way to spell knifin' reform." And he immediately sat down and wrote a wrathful letter to Professor North about it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*