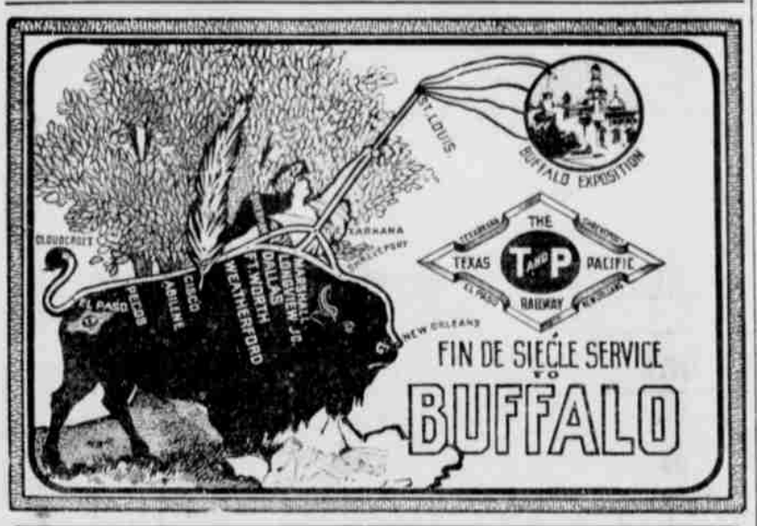

Until She Spoke.

She was such a stylish, aristocratic looking girl that she won admiring glances from the whole car. "We Americans," I mused, "do not need empty titles to make our folk of gentle blood."

Her friend handed her some photographs.

She examined them critically.

"Them's bully!" she exclaimed.—Boston Record.

"So Long."

I first became familiar with this valediction at Malta in the seventies. It was then in common use among the Maltese of Valetta, but was by them pronounced "sah-lahng." I at that time took it to be a local form of the Arabic "salaam," and my surprise was great when on returning to England in the eighties I found the phrase prevalent in London.—Notes and Queries.

A Leading Question.

Hebb—I put $100 in the bank for my baby the other day for his majority.

Nobb—That's good. How long are you going to keep it there?—Harper's Bazar.

The modest man has everything to gain and the arrogant man everything to lose, for modesty has always to deal with generosity and arrogance with envy.—Rivarol.

It's not the fellows who don't know things who make existence wearisome. It's the fellows who think they do.—Sioux City Journal.

OUT RUN THE FLYER.

W. I. Cruce Ate Too Long—Came Near Getting Left.

W. I. Cruce and C. L. Herbert went over to Muskogee several days ago to see the Dawes commission on some business, and upon returning they boarded the Katy Flyer. When the train got to South McAlester it stopped for dinner, and the two lawyers took seats at the table with the balance of the crowd.

Col. Herbert says that Mr. Cruce "fell to" at once, and, after eating at least a dollar's worth of the good things before him, concluded he would taper off on about two bits worth of nuts.

The train bell rang, and the conductor called "all aboard," but Cruce would not leave those nuts. Mr. Herbert says he tried to pull him off, telling him to come on or they would get left, but no, sir; he would not leave, and the colonel boarded the train just as she pulled out.

Col. Herbert said he thought sure Wm. Cruce was left, but after traveling several miles he saw Cruce coming in from the rear with a guide, for he had passed through four sleeping cars and it took a guide to pilot him through them.

Wm. Cruce, said the colonel, then told him how near he came getting left; that when he came out the train was way down the track and, taking in the situation at once, he pulled out to catch it; that he ran as he had never run before, and was about to give it up when a long-legged sprinter came rushing by him, which had a tendency to cause him to redouble his speed, and how he finally caught on to the hind sleeper. There he sat for a while trying to regain his lost breath, and then got up and hired the porter to pilot him through to the day coach.

Improve the appearance of your yard fence with those gate post ornaments. Sold by Laidlaw Lumber Co. 22tf

The water used in our soda is distilled at the ice plant. We make our own syrups from fruit juices and rock candy syrups. Costs a little extra but makes better drinks. Just try it once, you will come again.

BONNER & BONNER,
26 tf Druggists.

Ira D. Beckard, Duncombe, Ia., writes: "My little boy scalded his leg from the knee to the ankle. I used Banner Salve immediately and in three week's time it was almost entirely healed. I want to recommend it to every family and advise them to keep Banner Salve on hand, as it is a sure remedy for scalds or any sores." Bonner & Bonner.

No Pegs.

Beerbohm Tree had a comical experience on his first appearance as the corpulent Falstaff. In the last act he had arranged that Falstaff, disconcerted by gibes and buffets of the fairies in Windsor forest, should make one herculean effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree were always conspicuous by their absence. On the morning before the performance Mr. Tree was told they should positively be fixed on the tree. The morning came, but with it no pegs. Eloquence was stifled; even invective faltered. He pointed to the tree and with the calm of despair blurted out to the defaulter, "No pegs!"

Such an ejaculation, spoken more in sorrow than in anger, would, he hoped, appeal to that last remnant of conscience which even the papier mache bosom of a property man might be supposed to retain. In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. Mr. Tree's form quivered—beneath the padding—with pent up emotions, and in a torrent of passion and a voice shaken by righteous wrath he exclaimed:

"Where are those pegs?"

"Pegs—pegs!" exclaimed the property master, with exasperating affability. "Why, guv'nor, what was your words to me this morning? 'No pegs.' And there ain't none!"—London Tit-Bits.

Howells' Advice to Writers.

One day at Lakewood while sitting at a little table in the big rotunda hall drinking afternoon tea I met Mr. W. D. Howells and had a delightful conversation with him. After knowing the personality of this famous author one enjoys his writing ten times more—he is so magnetic and his conversation so interesting and breezy. "Yes," he said, "I always advise any one who has an inclination for it to try to write. One shouldn't expect to have the first things one does published, but one must keep on trying. It is an excellent plan to set down something one has seen in everyday life and try to get a story out of it. Indeed, it's the best way to practice.

"Writing is mostly drudgery," he continued. "I have to force myself to go into my library to work, and I find myself putting off the hour as long as possible."

"But when you once sit down?" I ventured.

"Even then it's hard work for awhile until I get into the swing. Let no one imagine the muse comes without a summons and without a good deal of urging! At least she never does to me!"—Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.

Set For the Wrong Time.

He works in a down town office for a gruff old chap who has no love for laggards. He is due at 8 sharp, but as he likes to be out o' nights he never wakes up a moment too soon. He has an alarm clock, which he sets at 7, and this gives him barely time to dress, breakfast and reach the office.

One day last week, the man having forgotten to wind his clock the night before, it didn't go off. So there were explanations to be made about 8:30 a. m. This was the excuse:

"Well, you see, Mr. Gruff, I know how punctual you like all of your men to be, so I have an alarm clock, which I set for 7 in the morning. But, by mistake, I set it for 7 in the evening last night, and of course it didn't go off at 7 in the morning today, as usual. And I overslept myself."

"Ah, you did? Well, I'll excuse you this time. But set it properly after this."

And now the chap is wondering whether or not "the old man" was really fooled or merely wanted to let him down easy. Perhaps he thinks the boss believes he has a 24 hour clock.—Kansas City Journal.

Bull Baiting.

Although bull baiting was a cruel pastime, it was also a fulfilling of the law, for formerly no butcher was allowed to offer for sale the flesh of any bull that had not been baited. The goading of the animal in a fury was supposed to have some influence on the flesh. In a similar belief the flesh of a hunted hare was thought to be superior in flavor to that of one that had been shot, and a present of "a hunted hare" was considered to be a special compliment. In the records of the corporation of Leicester, England, the following order appears: "At a common hall, held on Thursday before St. Simon and St. Jude, 1467, 'no butcher to kill a bull till baited.'" At Winchester it was ordered (thirtieth Henry VIII) "that from hensforth ther shal be no bulstake set before any mayor's dore to bayte any bull, but onlie at the bull-ringe within the saide cytie."

The Perplexed Juror.

A man was being tried in New South Wales for stealing a watch. The evidence was conflicting, and the jury made up their minds to retire, but before they left the hall the judge remarked that if there were any points on which they required information he would be pleased to assist them. Eleven of the jurymen had left the box, but the twelfth remained standing, with his eyes fixed downward, as if absorbed in thought.

"Well, sir," said the judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

"I would like to know, my lord," came the reply, "if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

There are so many poor grammarians that we wonder grammar is not more unpopular.—Atchison Globe.

Every one ought to have a motto of his own. Mr. Ruskin's was a good one—"Today."

The Baptist Meeting.

The meeting at the First Baptist church is progressing nicely. Rev. Keller is doing some excellent preaching, the interest increasing at each service, and the meeting bids fair to be what Ardmore has needed for some time. Rev. Keller relies much on the word of God, faith in Christ and get up and do your duty. Thomas said I will not believe except I see, neither will you be blessed except you come and join in the work. Come to find fault and you can find it; come to be blessed and you will be blessed; come, praying that God will use you, and he will do so; come to raise objections, and the devil will use you. We are glad to see so many young people in attendance. Come, Christians, and help; come, sinner, and be blessed.

A Good Investment.

The White Elephant buggy is worth every cent Bivens & Williams ask for them. They are better adapted to rough roads than any other buggy made. In point of wear, comfort, finish and style they cannot be excelled. When you are ready to buy ask for the White Elephant. 21dwtf

WANTED—To rent, two front rooms, nicely furnished for gentlemen apply Mrs. M. C. Frederick, 308 Caddo street. 2 6t

Carried Back to Texas.

Yesterday Deputy Sheriff Joe Minick, of Waxahachie, Texas, arrived in the city in quest of Bob Farmer of Ellis county, and wanted there for burglary and gaming.

The officer was not long in locating his man and effected his arrest near the depot, and departed on the afternoon train with him for Texas.

Farmer had been here only a few months, and did not seem much surprised when captured.

We carry a complete line of kodak supplies. Do your own developing and printing. You will find it interesting and instructive.

BONNER & BONNER,
30tf Druggists.

"Indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness quickly yield to the cleansing and purifying qualities contained in Johnston's Sarsaparilla, Quart Bottles."

Col. Sidney Suggs of Ardmore was in the city this morning and left on the 10:50 Katy for Ardmore. — Gainesville Messenger. Colonel, please enlighten us as to when the Katy gets into Ardmore.

Dr. Pepper, coca cola, pepsin punch and cherry phosphate. Very refreshing and popular drinks at the fountain.

BONNER & BONNER.
26tf The druggists.

To Cure Chills or Malaria in Four Days, Take Quinoria All druggists are authorized to refund the money in any case of chills, fever or malaria it fails to cure. Price 25c per package.

Spragins & Co. have a big line of ice cream freezers. Any size, any price you want.

To Be Cheerful.

The sovereign, voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else will on that occasion. So, to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling.

Why We Wink.

No satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink. Some suppose that the descent and return of the lid over the eye serve to sweep or wash it off; others that covering of the eye gives it a rest from the labor of vision, if only for an inappreciable instant. This view borrows some force from the fact that the record of winking is considerably used by experimental physiologists to help measure the fatigue which the eye suffers.—Popular Science.

J. C. Wolf is now proprietor of the New York Racket Store, and will share the building with J. H. Spiegle until June 20. Until that time Mr. Wolf will sell his Racket goods out at wholesale cost. 19 1m