

THE BOURBON NEWS,

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

AMODERN TROUBADOUR.

BY RENE S. PARKS.

(Copyright, 1897.)

"Twas on a summer's eve when roses bloom"—the words rang out on the quiet air. Instantly the boy's eyes opened, and flushing crimson from brow to throat, he sprang to his feet. "Why—who—who are you?" he stammered.

"A fellow troubadour," responded Harding, pleasantly. "I heard you sing a few days ago, and caught a fleeting glimpse of you to-day. Catching you asleep, I took the liberty of waking you with your own song, for the selfish reason that I was lonely and thought you would, perhaps, give me a few moments of comradeship—as a troubadour should."

The flush had not quite left the boy's face, but he laughed responsively and said: "Very well, Sir Knight. I bid you welcome. But you must propitiate my wrath at losing that delicious nap by turning troubadour yourself, or rather, since you are one, by giving me a prolonged exhibition of your skill."

He resumed his lounging attitude as he spoke, and Kenneth dropped into a place near him. It was the first time in months that the man had felt a moment's gaiety of mood, and he gave way to it freely. Had his companion been a woman it would have been different. Reserve would have taken the place of spontaneity, even had she possessed the power of evoking the mood—which is to be doubted, as Harding's hurt had not yet ceased to sting.

The boy, however, proved to be as merry a companion as Harding had fancied. With quick wit he adopted the young man's assumption of medievalism and used quaint phrases in a serio-comic way that amused his new acquaintance immensely.

He looked picturesque, too, as he lounged under the tree, which pleased Harding's artist-eye. His wheeling costume, although really simple enough—a loosely fitting linen blouse of the natural gray color, tie of soft blue silk, "knickers" of a dark gray mix-

ture, hose of finely spun gray wool and low shoes—yet was oddly pretty on him.

Harding took a sketchbook from his pocket and began to transfer the little scene to its pages. But no sooner did his companion see what he was doing than he sprang to his feet, whirled his wheel into the road and, with a hasty: "It's awfully late and I must rush. Good-by!" was off before the astonished Harding could utter a protest.

A week passed before the young architect again met his troubadour, although he walked over the same road almost every day. He was rather regretful. The boy interested him with his frank merriment and a certain unexpectedness and originality in mood and thought.

One day, however, he heard the tinkle of the mandolin in a new spot, and after some difficulty located it. Pushing through the underbrush, he followed the faint sound until he could discern dimly the form of the player. He stopped for a moment to hear what the boy was playing so lightly and singing so softly. It was the "Faun's Song" in Vagabondia, and the young musician was evidently improvising an air for the dainty words.

Harding pushed hastily forward, the boughs cracking loudly as he did so. At the sound the music ceased, and the young man exclaimed reassuringly: "Don't stop, little troubadour. It is only I, and I have my mandolin, too." Then, as he came nearer, said: "Where have you been? I went up to town one day and brought the mandolin back with me, and I've brought it out every day without finding you."

"I heard—I thought that you went away yesterday," answered the boy with a curious embarrassment.

"You speak of it as if that were the reason for your coming to-day! Not very flattering, I must say!" laughed the man. "By the way, I wish you would tell me your name. Mine is Kenneth Harding, architect, New York, very much at your service!"

"Mine is Frank Willard," said the youth, after a moment's pause.

"You were improvising, were you not? Have you Vagabondia with you? Ah, there it is!" and Harding seized the little volume delightedly, and without more ado began to recite "Barney McGee," turning the leaves meanwhile until he found the poem. He read on to the end, and his companion clapped his hands.

"Isn't it lovely! That is absolute ge-

nius in its line!" he said, "and how well you read. Please don't stop!"

So Kenneth read one after another of the gay or tender little poems. He continued until the sun had fallen too low to permit longer reading, then urged his companion to try a song or two; and so the time passed until the two suddenly realized that it was nearly dark.

"You'd better go. It is not a good road for a wheel after dark," said Kenneth, springing up. The boy did not rise. "All right; don't wait for me," he said, carelessly.

"But we go in the same direction and may as well start together. Your father's house has been pointed out to me, I think. Back on the hill, is it not? I thought so. Shall I help you get your wheel out? Where is it?"

"I walked to-day; my wheel is in for repairs," answered the boy.

"Then of course we will walk together, as far as you go," said Harding, cheerfully. "Come, we shall be late for our dinner, if you don't hurry." He was beginning to wonder vaguely at his companion's evident reluctance, when a sharp whistle, three times repeated, pierced the stillness. Frank answered it, and in another minute a boy of 14 pushing aside the branches came into view. At the same instant he called: "Frank! Fr-a-n-c-e-s-K-a-t-h-e-r-i-n-e, where are you? Oh, there you are! Hurry up, sis, the Carrolls have come to dinner." Then, suddenly catching sight of Harding, he stopped.

Frank's face was as crimson as the sumach berries near, but with an attempt at carelessness, she said: "Mr. Harding, this is my brother Ned," springing to her feet as she spoke.

"I beg your pardon," Harding began, confusedly, feeling most unreasonably guilty. "I thought you were a boy, of course, or I would not have presumed as I did. I'm awfully sorry."

In spite of her evident chagrin the girl laughed.

"I know it," she said, answering the first part of his speech, not the last, "and it was so jolly! When you saw me that day and I found that you thought I was a boy, it seemed such fun! But I kept away after I found that you came often, because I did not want you to find out."

They had walked on as she made her explanations; and when she ceased speaking Harding said eagerly: "But you will not stay away again? I missed

you awfully those days—my little troubadour!"

"I can't go there, now that you know me," said the girl, demurely, "unless you call and are properly presented to my father and mother. I think I have heard Dr. Thorne speak of you; he would bring you, if you asked him—"

for which suggestion Harding thanked her gratefully and he profited by it the next evening.

Some months later Kenneth Harding, making a morning call in the city, was conducted to a pretty little morning room, and immediately on entering espied his own photograph on the mantel.

"Why, Frank, where did you get that?" he exclaimed.

"Found it in the woods," she laughed, "that first day I met you. Thought I would keep it to remember you by, it was so much jollier than you were! Heavens, weren't you solemn that day!"

"But my troubadour's voice was the spell that exorcised the evil spirit," he said, tenderly.

One or the other.

A certain English duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with his carriage at the side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going, the lad replying: "To the park, to see the duke and sogers." The duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride with him to the park. The delighted lad, being in ignorance as to whom he was riding with, kept his grace interested with his quaint remarks till the park gates were reached. As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guns. Whereupon his grace said to the lad: "Now, can you show me where the duke is?" The lad eyed his person over, and then, looking at the duke, replied, quite seriously: "Well, I dunno, mester; but it's either me or you."—Chicago Times-Herald.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.

—The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for 4½ months.

—The speculative astronomers are now arguing that the moon is in the shape of a plumb bob, and that the larger end is always toward the earth.



HE BEGAN TO TRANSFER THE LITTLE SCENE TO ITS PAGES.

ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

Thousands of Rich Homesteads Waiting for the Plow.

In the mad rush for gold locked in the icy bosom of Alaska, other resources of that wonderful country have been overlooked. The Aleutian islands, for instance, present a field for agriculture and stock raising equal to any in the world.

With Alaska for a market, the stock raiser and husbandman would thrive there as in no other part of the United States. If the advantages presented by these islands were fully known a stampede of homesteaders would follow unequal to anything since the opening of Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip.

State Factory Inspector William Anderson has turned his attention to the islands and made a study of their climate, resources and prospects. While others rushed through the Chilkat pass in pursuit of that ignis fatuus, gold, he contemplated the neighbor islands, and from considerable reading on the subject has come to the conclusion that they present a better field for money making than the Klondike. Men who wish to engage in stock raising or pastoral pursuits are advised by him to try the Aleutian islands. There, as nowhere else in the country, are thousands of acres of rich, prolific land waiting for the plow and the homesteader. The prospect for the farmer and stock raiser is brighter there than it ever was, or is now, in the strip of Oklahoma, because of the richer land in the islands.

There are 150 of these islands, many of them adapted to grazing, grain and vegetable growing. Washed by the Pacific current, the climate is mild the year through. In the valleys farm products may be raised; on the table lands grass grows abundantly, affording sufficient fodder for cattle. Perhaps no other place in the world presents the advantages for stock raising afforded by the Aleutian islands. There would be no straying of cattle, no expensive round-ups. The cattle would thrive in open air the whole year. The climate is perfect for that industry. As in the British Isles, the salt in the air does away with the necessity of putting salt in the food. As every cattleman knows, such conditions cause the animal to attain much heavier weight. A ready market, with cheap water transportation, is afforded in Alaska, British Columbia and Washington.

There is some talk among a handful of St. Louis capitalists of homesteading the islands for the purpose of cattle breeding on a large scale. In addition to stock raising there is the industry of fishing and sealing. There are about 2,000 Eskimos, all told, upon the 150 islands. They are peaceable, and make a livelihood by hunting and fishing.

Why risk the dangers of the Klondike when a safer and surer field presents itself in the islands?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A BICYCLE TRAGEDY.

A Rash Youth Who Did Not Respect His Sweetheart's Preferences.

He was full of joy, and why shouldn't he be? Wasn't he riding a brand new wheel, and in another moment wouldn't he be by the side of the creature he adored above all else in the world? Yea, at times he was even constrained to believe he thought more of this beautiful girl than he did of his bike.

He dismounted, opened the gate and with a proud step came up the graveled walk, leading his wheel. On the porch stood the girl who was his promised wife. A happy light shone from her eyes and the glad smile of welcome she gave him made the young man feel at peace with the world.

Suddenly the girl cast a swift glance at the new wheel. She trembled and then grew pale. The happy look fled from her eyes and a sudden flush of indignation swept over her beautiful features. Drawing herself up proudly she cast a withering look upon the young man and said in a choked voice:

"Henceforth, Wheeler Sprocket, we meet as strangers. Our engagement is at an end. You have shown yourself in your true colors. A man who will not respect the feelings of his sweetheart will not love his wife. Go, I say, and never let me look upon your false face again. Oh, I hate you!" and she stamped her tiny foot upon the floor.

To say young Sprocket was thunderstruck at this unlooked-for and unaccountable outburst of passion from the girl he adored would put it mildly indeed. What had he done? he asked himself. Was the girl temporarily insane or was she only rehearsing her part in some private theatrical, wherein she had the role of the innocent victim of man's perfidy? Braicing himself up to the occasion, he managed to exclaim:

"Marguerite, I cannot understand your strange actions. Have I really offended you in any way?"

Offended me, Wheeler Sprocket! You have grossly insulted me. Oh, how thankful I am that I discovered your true nature before it was too late! and the look of scorn she gave him almost crushed him.

"But, dearest," pleaded the young man, "you will at least tell me what I have done to offend you so?"

"Yes," exclaimed the girl, in a mocking tone, "I would play the innocent if I were you. Buy a different make of wheel from mine, parade it before my very eyes and then ask me what you have done!"

Whereupon Marguerite Hamilton whirled upon her heel, entered her home and Wheeler Sprocket, realizing there was no hope for a reconciliation, mounted the new wheel and rode away.—Ohio State Journal.

A Sad Affair.

"That's what comes of having such poor lights!" exclaimed the guest, as he rushed excitedly into the office.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the Jersey coast landlord.

"I met a bellboy in the hall just now and, supposing that he was a mosquito, nearly killed him before I discovered my mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

"That's what comes of having such poor lights!" exclaimed the guest, as he rushed excitedly into the office.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the Jersey coast landlord.

"I met a bellboy in the hall just now and, supposing that he was a mosquito, nearly killed him before I discovered my mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

"That's what comes of having such poor lights!" exclaimed the guest, as he rushed excitedly into the office.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the Jersey coast landlord.

"I met a bellboy in the hall just now and, supposing that he was a mosquito, nearly killed him before I discovered my mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

FRANK I. FRAYNE'S FATAL SHOT.

American Parallel to Recent Fatal Shooting on the Stage in Germany.

The conviction of a German expert marksman in a Berlin court of the crime of "pandering to the public lust for excitement" was the result of an accident almost identical in every detail with a tragedy that occurred some years ago in this country. About six weeks ago in a Berlin music hall a marksman attempted to shoot an apple from the head of a young girl. He had frequently accomplished the feat before with success. But through some inaccuracy in aim the bullet, instead of passing through the apple, struck the woman in the head and killed her instantly. He was sentenced for this to six months' imprisonment. There was no charge of negligence or criminal intent. So the charge that he had attempted to "pander to the public lust for excitement" was invented to fit his case.

The victim of the American tragedy was Annie Von Behren, and the man who shot her was Frank I. Frayne, who, when he retired from the stage, had made a fortune through his expertness as a marksman. For many years he had traveled through the United States acting in a play called "Si Slocum." It was a rough-and-ready piece, devised chiefly to exhibit his skill in shooting and in the management of wild animals. He carried a whole menagerie about with him, and this method of exhibiting his talents had been adopted after an unsuccessful career as an actor. His wife, Clara Butler, who used to sing in his plays and act the part of Mrs. Slocum, was for a long time the woman on whom his feats of shooting were tried. One of the best-known of these was that in which, standing with his back to her, he shot an apple from her head, and, as in the story of William Tell, this incident was a crucial one in the play. When his wife died, a young Brooklyn girl named Annie Von Behren took her place in the company. The apple shooting feat was successfully continued for three years. It was done every night, and frequently twice at the many matinees given in the cheap theaters at which Frayne appeared.

Toward the end of November, 1882, the company reached a theater in Cincinnati known as the Coliseum. It had been opened only two weeks when "Si Slocum" was acted there. On Thanksgiving day there were more than 2,000 persons at the theater at the extra matinee. The play progressed to the scene in which the apple was to be shot from Mrs. Slocum's head. The apple was placed on the girl's head and Frayne took aim and fired. As they heard the crack of the rifle, the spectators saw Miss Von Behren fall to the stage with a spot of blood on her forehead. The actor turned, and seeing what had occurred, ran to the spot where the girl lay and fell fainting by her side. The curtain dropped suddenly, and the manager appeared before the curtain to announce that the play would be brought to an end immediately. Some of the audience had supposed that the scene was a part of the play. But it was soon whispered about that the girl had been killed. The holiday crowd in the street heard the report, and before long several thousand people had gathered in front of the building, although nobody knew certainly of the tragedy inside.

The girl died within a few minutes after the bullet struck her over the left eye. Frayne, who was frantic with excitement, was locked up. The apple was four inches above her head, and on a hat, and the accidental use of a defective cartridge was the cause of her death. Frayne protested that there was no danger in the backward shot, as it had repeatedly been done without serious results. The coroner's jury released him, and he declared he would never shoot again. But after a brief retirement he returned to the stage and acted in his drama for nine years longer, although he never repeated the backward shot with a woman, and indeed abandoned the play in which the accident occurred.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

It is said of the German that he was about to marry the girl he killed, and the same story was told of Frayne and Miss Von Behren. He died about six years ago, and the shock he received when he killed the girl is said to have impaired his health seriously.

The shot that killed Miss Von Behren seems to have had a fatal effect on plays of this class. Twenty years ago they were highly popular, and they continued so down to a very recent date. But they have almost wholly disappeared from the stage now.—N. Y. Sun.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A Wise Lad.—Teacher—"Into what grand divisions is the earth divided?" Tommy (who reads the papers)—"Civil-service reformers and office seekers."—Philadelphia North American.

—"I see that a number of women are going to Klondike." "Yes, I noticed it. I was thinking of going up there and selling potatoes at 98 cents apiece."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mother—"You naughty boys! Why did you take away your little sister's cake?" Boys—"It's her own fault, mamma. She passed here just when we were playing robber-baron."—Fliegende Blätter.

—"He—When I first met my wife I thought she was one of the most economical women, in the matter of clothes, I had ever known." She—"You met her at the seashore, I believe?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Natural Conclusion.—Mrs. Simmons—"They say the season of mourning for a dead husband is only three weeks in Persia." Mrs. Proudfoot—"Dear me! Persian women can't look well in black."—Cleveland Leader.

—Modern Art.—Teacher—"Give me a few simple sentences." Pupil—"The sky is green. The tree is red. The sea is yellow." Teacher—"Who taught you such nonsense? Where did you ever see such things?" Pupil—"In my father's pictures."—Fliegende Blätter.

—Avoiding Risks.—Gladys—"Papa's going to give me a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom." Tom—"All right; we'll have the ceremony at high noon then instead of at four o'clock." Gladys—"Why, what for, dear?" Tom—"Banks close at three."—Detroit Free Press.

AUTOCRAT OF THE ELEVATOR.

All Mankind Must Stand in Great Awe of That "Boy."

It does the elevator boy an injustice when you think he has something against you. He has not. That is, not against you in particular. It is all humanity who ride in elevators against whom his scorn is directed. If you happen to belong to that class, of course the elevator boy is not to blame for that.

He is essentially suspicious. He thinks the whole world is in a conspiracy against him. This is illustrated by a story told of a characteristically morose elevator boy in one of the big downtown buildings. He eyed every man who got on his machine as if to say: "Who told you you could ride on this elevator?" One of the office holders in the building who had been using the machine for a year or more, with constantly increasing trepidation, finally concluded he would get an expression from the elevator boy, even if he were thrown down the shaft for his temerity. One day he said: "Will, what would you do to a man if he would tell you his honest, candid opinion of you?"

Without the least hesitation in the world the elevator boy said: "I'd smash him in the mouth." There isn't another man in the building who dares to address the czar of the lifting machine.

It will be noticed that the class of managers of the lifting machines are called "elevator boys." This is a misnomer. The geniuses who originally presided over the machines were boys, but so many accidents happened when the affairs were put into use that the boys were replaced by men, who are still out of courtesy called boys.

As a rule, the elevator boy has an eye for the aesthetic as well as the beautiful. The Christmas season never passes that he does not decorate his machine with mistletoe. If a man asks him what he means by devoting so much time to embellish his lift, he simply remarks: "It's the beginning of the holiday season, and I like to call attention to the fact." He is beginning to thaw out for the regular annual Christmas and New Year's tins.

It was during the Hallowe'en season that an amusing incident happened in one of the big buildings in the business end of town. The elevator boy was one of those fellows who paid as much attention to his hair and necktie as a club man. There was not a single young woman in the building that he wasn't familiar enough with to address by her first name.

The lower floor on this occasion was crowded with anxious men who were frowning and swearing because the elevator would not come down. The upper floor was likewise crowded with men, who were also breaking one of the commandments because the machine would not move up. The machine was suspended in midair. The electric bells were playing a sulphurous tune both above and below, and dire threats were made against the elevator boy. After an interval of perhaps 15 minutes the machine glided swiftly down the chute and came to a gentle halt. The door was thrown back by the elevator boy and his face was cut by a grin which extended from ear to ear. A pretty little miss stepped out, her face covered with blushes and her hat very much askew.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was like oil on troubled waters. "Would I were an elevator boy," quoth the maddest of the former anxious passengers as he stepped respectfully into the machine.—Louisville Courier-Journal.