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Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. JAS. R. RASH, W. M
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ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 249, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
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VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
W. F. ANDERSON, C. C.
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HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
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RICH AND POOR.

[BY JESSE PHILLIPS.]

What a terrible thing to be poor—
How slow the days roll by;
For each one brings more torture—
We can do naught but sigh.

We see the small pinched faces
Of those we hold most dear;
We hear their wants and wishes,
And each day brings us fear.

Some will argue brain work
Is worse than that of muscle,
But it takes them both for a poor man,
And then its quite a "tussel."

When the poor man earns a dollar,
By work from morn till night,
Then it is he has his brain work,
Then he thinks with all his might:

Will he buy a dress for Mary;
Will he buy a shawl for wife;
Will he buy some shoes for Johnnie!
Can not tell to save his life.

They all are needing something,
This makes him sigh and fret,
To think his wife and children
Need things he can not get.

When the rich man makes a hundred,
By the hundreds made before,
Then he thinks with all his might, friends,
How to make a hundred more.

Now, wherein does lay the difference
Of both these thinking men,
Only one thinks in a mansion,
The other in a "pen."

You often hear a rich man say
Why does the poor man trouble;
He has naught at stake and naught to lose,
He is like a floating bubble.

'Tis there, you are wrong, my golden king,
My all is in that bubble,
A wife and children look to me,
'Tis that what gives me trouble.

Did you ever peep into a chamber,
Where lay a rich man's wife,
Whose brow was scorched with fever,
And scarce a chance for life?

Did you notice all the grandeur,
All the draperies and the lace,
All the cooling drinks around her,
And the comfort in that place?

Now, come with me to the cottage
Of a poor, hard working man,
Just take a peep into that room,
Those death-like features scan.

The children stand in a huddle,
And garments thin they wear,
While the father looks on anxiously,
And his face shows signs of care.

You see no rich soft draperies
Around that humble cot;
There falls no ease and comfort
To that poor woman's lot.

The room would not be tempting
To those that's well and strong,
But the poor is bound to bear it,
Until Gabriel sounds his gong.

The rich man sends his son to school,
The poor one, his to work,
He is thrown among all kinds of men,
And dangers around him lurk,

And yet they often wonder
Why the poor man is not content,
And say we must quit grumbling—
Take cheerfully what is sent.

Of course there always will be
People both rich and poor;
It's nice, indeed, to know you are rich,
And it's awful to know you are poor.

FATAL TO HIS FRIENDS.

By J. MYOXALL.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

THRICE we had traveled northward together, by the same night train, in the same compartment of it; and thrice we had kept up that cold defiant silence which Britishers, when journeying with strangers, love. But when the fourth time we found ourselves thundering north together we broke the ice—by the usual means, of course—by means of the door-sash and the weather; and presently, as the last gleam of Greater London faded out behind us, we were chatting like old acquaintances, exchanging sentiments, cigars and cards. My companion was back in England from ten years' roughing it in the far west, he told me; he was tired of life on the raw edge of civilization, and he had made a little pile. So he meant to start stock-breeding, and settle down.

For a time our chat was ordinary chat, on commonplace themes. But when we returned from the refreshment room at Bletchley and found ourselves left alone in the compartment, our talk soon turned on topics deep and strange; for in the midst of a jesting story he ceased abruptly, looked moody and threw away a newly-lit cigar. Then he stared at me, pondered, frowned, got up, sat down and suddenly began a story of a very different sort.

"Four times in as many months," said he, "we have ridden north together, you and I. Four times fate has thrown us together in the same train, in the same carriage, in the same compartment. We must not ride together any more. Next time, if you value life at all, avoid me. For I'm a man with a curse; I'm fatal to my friends."

I stared at him in wonder, almost in fear. This tall, broad-shouldered, fourteen-stone, hale, thirty-five-years-old, beer-drinking Englishman—lover of horses, cricket, football—as common-place as any individual gently bred may be—to talk like that! Instinctively I sidled toward the window, over which the check-cord ran. He saw the movement.

"Oh, no," said he, "don't mistake me. I'm not mad, my dear fellow; not the least bit mad, I assure you. You have nothing to fear from me so long as you avoid me and don't become my chum. You are just the man I'd like to have with me long nights out ranching; but then, you see, you'd die before the year was up. I'm fatal to my friends."

"Is this a joke?" I said, "or are you talking in your sleep, or what?"

"It's just straight, solid, sober, downright earnest," was the reply. "Listen, and judge for yourself."

And then he began his story, telling it much as I write it down. For convenience and concealment let me call him Stone.

Ten years before, young Stone had left Northumbria for the prairies, taking with him a Liverpool man to learn to ranch. Four months they spent together, learning the trade and liking it. One day they rode to the nearest town, for a dip into something like civilization again, and after a week of it they started back to the ranch. At the last inn on the roadside they stopped for a drink of lager, and before they had ridden a hundred yards farther on, Stone went back for a glove that he had left on the bar; the other man rode slowly forward.

"I got the glove," said Stone, as he told me the story. "I mounted again and rode after Fred. There was a bend in the road, and for a time I could see nothing of him. But as I turned the bend his horse came neighing towards me, riderless. Poor Fred lay dead in the road, in front of me—dead, with a broken neck—thrown, and a first-class horseman too!

"Well, you don't think much of that, do you? Might happen to anyone—that. But what do you say to a girl out there, who was friendly with me, dropping off just as suddenly. She was a Yankee farmer's daughter, a pretty thing in a big yellow sunbonnet, and a [illegible] blue gown. Wherever I rode on the ranch, I was sure to meet Nancy, riding too. I liked to meet her and talk, though we always kept at arm's length, mind you. Well, she died suddenly—sunstroke, the settlement doctor said. Yet I began to think it was something else.

"Then I went to a ranch of my own, and took a partner. He was a young giant, full of life and strength. In less than three months he was dead also—dysentery, the doctor said, but I knew better—I knew it was Stone!" and he smiled grimly at the bitter joke.

"Well, I took another partner," with agitation Stone went on. "He was the best of them all—the sweetest-tempered lad that ever laughed—It was a pleasure to be near him. We lived ten happy months together, toiling and prospering. And then one day I rode to the settlement, to the bank there, leaving my partner alone. All our men were away racketing and drinking; so I hurried back. It was night when I reached the shanty again, but though all was silent all seemed right. I stabled my horse and turned towards the shanty-door. Then for the first time it struck me that there was no candle burning in the room.

"'Will! Will!' I called—no answer.

"Shuddering, I stumbled in and struck a match. A draught from the open window at once put out the light, but not before I had seen my partner prone in his blood on the floor.

"He was shot," Stone added, after a solemn pause. "He must have been reading that afternoon, for Pendennis, his favorite book, lay beside him. He must have seen a flight of duck or some other game come in view. He must have picked up his gun and jumped to the window, and the trigger must have caught against the chair. For a long, sloping wound was in his side—the rifle lay slanting towards him. And there he must have lain for hours, bleeding, bleeding to death, and all alone.

"Coincidence—all coincidence, you'll tell me," my traveling companion went on, with a gulp in his voice. "Mere chance, of course, and all that; you don't believe in fate, do you? Lucky men never do."

"He would have shot himself by accident just the same if he had been any other man's partner," said I. "Come, man, you've brooded over these funeral matters till your mind is morbid. I suppose if this train went smash, and people you never heard of were killed in the tail carriage, you'd think it was your fault, eh?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," he said. "I am a kind of a Jonah, I know. If I could afford it I'd always travel by special train."

"And did you never come to grief yourself?"

"Never a day's sickness all the ten years—and Heaven knows I did things rash enough. But that isn't all. I sold off that accursed ranch and went seventy miles further up-country. I didn't take a single head of stock or stick of furniture with me, and I got a new rig out of clothes. I thought that a complete change might take the curse off, perhaps; but it didn't. Before I had been at the new place six weeks I fell in love. The next door rancher was a man from Glamorgan, and she was his sister—the loveliest Welsh girl with the prettiest Welsh burr that was ever thrown away in a wilderness. She loved me, too, and fool and villain-like I married her. But first I warned her people and herself about the danger. They laughed at me, of course. Yet four months

MY PARTNER PRONE ON THE FLOOR.

later I—I buried her—my darling—and not a doctor in the district could tell of what she died."

"It's a very fine night," I said, suddenly, slamming down the sash and pushing my head out into the starlight; for the strong man behind me was breaking down, and it is awkward for a man to see the tears of another man. "A lovely night," I said. "I hear that Myers, of Preston, doesn't play this season. Bad for his club, that."

But it was of no use; sorrow would have its way. So I took up the Piccadilly Paper, and seemed to read. Then I heard a click and a gurgle, and looking up I saw a flask disappearing, and my companion himself again.

"Good-by," said he, for the train was close upon his station. "Perhaps you may hear of me again. I've got a partner here—a young fellow from an agricultural college. Either he or I will die, that's certain; but I fancy, somehow, it may be me this time."

With that he departed, and I never saw him again. But that was only nine months ago, and last week I saw his name in an obituary column. The fancied curse has fallen on himself at last.

Mrs. Sangsure—"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?" Doctor—"I'm inclined to think your blood is not pure. I'll have to give you something to purify it." Mrs. Sangsure (haughtily)—"You are probably not aware that I belong to one of the oldest families in New York!"—Drake's Magazine.

When a man gets off a pun he is always anxious for some one else to get on to it.—Truth.

MISFIT REALISM.

An Author Tried to Get Himself Arrested to Write It Up.

Realism is all very well," said a young novelist, "but it isn't always easy to carry out. Look at me. I'm a victim of the realism craze."

The author was a pitiable sight. His head was bandaged up, his arm was in a sling, and there was an odor of arnica and carbolic acid around him that suggested the surgical ward of some hospital.

"Been writing up a medical work?" I inquired.

"Not a bit of it. I wanted to give a photographic pen picture of a police station, and tell all about how prisoners are arrested. The very best way to get the facts, I thought was to become a prisoner myself. Nothing, I had understood, was easier in New York than to get grabbed by a policeman and sent to prison for an indefinite time.

"I decided on my plan of action. I went down into the Bowery last night, and marching up to a gouty looking policeman who I felt sure had a bad temper and would arrest me on slight provocation, I said to him: 'The trouble about you policemen is that you're too fresh.' I said it as offensively as I could, and I felt sure I should be arrested."

"And were you?"

"Not much. He dragged me up an alley and kicked me till I couldn't stand. I gave him every opportunity to arrest me, but he wouldn't do it."

"What did you do next?"

"Oh! Then I walked up a little further, and, seeing a policeman standing on the corner, I pretended to be drunk and hit him a terrible punch in the chest. As I understand the law it was his duty to arrest me, but he didn't. He simply let out at me with his club. A few workmanlike flourishes were all he made, and you see the result. As I limped away he shouted after me threateningly: "Next time you do that I'll arrest you; blamed if I don't."

"These two experiences convinced me that it is impossible to get arrested in New York unless you are trying not to be. I have a good mind not to try and be so realistic in future."

"You've got some good material for your realistic pen," I assured him. "Write up your clubbing reminiscences."

"No, I won't," he replied, rubbing his back sadly. "They are too sacredly personal. And the best of it is, I believe I deserved what I got."—N. Y. Herald.

A WONDERFUL DECOCTION.

The Brewing Chemist Gives the Ingredients of a Glass of Beer.

"Now, here's as fine a glass of beer as you will find in this town," said the brewery chemist, holding the foaming glass up to the light and gazing fondly at its amber transparency. "To look at it you would never suspect that it wouldn't be quite as good if it wasn't for the tausenguldenkraut and the kardobenedictenkraut that lend their aid in its composition, would you?

"Tasting of it few men, I think, would miss the starkezucker, the weidenschalen or the hazelnussæplane if I had forgotten to put it in, but I haven't. They're all there, safe enough.

"Do you detect the moussirpulver, the caraghenmoos, the laugensalze, and the kartoffellzucker? No? That's odd! Let me see. Ah! They're all in! And how about the herbstzeitlose, and the bilsenkraut, and the schafgarbe, and the buchenspanne?

"Don't recognize 'em, eh? Well, maybe you get the flavor of the kolcelsknorner, the ignatiusbohne, the metallsalze, the lakritzensaft, the pikrinsauce, the nieswurz, the tischlerleim, or the zuckercouleur?

"You must have drunk beer enough to be familiar with those portions of the brew? What! Don't they touch your palate, either? Why, you don't seem to know what a glass of good beer is!

"Now, suppose there wasn't any coloquinten, or starkmahl, or wachholder, or bitterklee, or fichtennadein, or gogel, or hausenblase, or suzian, or salicylsaure, or althopfenoal, or waldmeister in this glass of beer. Do you think you would like it? Not a bit of it! You would throw it away and call it slops.

"That's what you would do. When you make beer nowadays you've got to be mighty careful and not leave anything out, and yet you don't know they're in it, after all.

"Even such little things as ingwer, natron, wermuth, koriander, mohn, kamille and brechnuze have to be put carefully in, or we'd hear from it.

"Well, you recognize the hoppehbittersaure, the belladonna, the nux vomica, the tannin, the biercoleur, the malzetract, the pepper, the potash, the gelatine, the quassia, the glycerine, the soda and the aloes, of course.

"You don't mean it! Not one of 'em? A heap of satisfaction is to brew a first-class glass of lager beer, I may say! You don't recognize the strychnine, the tannin, the aloes or the belladonna. You thought it was the hops. What's hops?"—N. Y. Sun.

A Breach of Promise Case.

A young colored girl of Philadelphia thus told her grievance to the court the other day: "Mah name's 'Virginy Georgy Luzby, but I has hopes ob hit bein' changed an' dat's wot ize hyar fo' ter kick erbout." "Never mind that," interrupted the magistrate. "Go on with your story." "Well," continued the girl, "dis hyar niggah hez bin a keepin' cump'ny wif me fo' nigh onter six months an' he bin powerful sugary an' lobin' fo' quite a spell. He's janitah in a skule an' kinder high inflooenced in grammah. Well, he promised fo' ter marry me jes' hez soon ez he could affohd it. He kin affohd it now but he wean'." "How do you know he can afford to marry you?" asked the judge. "How d' I know! How d' I know!" cried the girl. "Why, hit on'y teeks fifty cents fur a license and I seen him flashin' a dollar larse night; dat's how I know."—N. Y. Tribune.

To Cheer Him Up.

Waiter (insinuatingly)—I hope you will not forgot me, sir.

Departing Guest—No, indeed. I'll write to you every once in a while.—Texas Siftings.

Smith—What were you up in court for yesterday?

Jones—Nothing much. The judge and me just had a little chat together, that's all.—Texas Siftings.

Needed Strength.

Young Wife—I am surprised to have a strong man like you ask bread of me.

Weary Wanders (with dignity)—Madam, if I were not a strong man I should not ask for your bread.—Judge.

The Difference.

Papa—Why, May, you are too big a girl to play with dolls.

May—Oh no, papa. This is a big doll.—Harper's Young People.

Explained.

Mrs. Growler—Now, grocer, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by such items as one handful of raisins, one pocketful of almonds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar—eh?

Grocer—It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies what will bring their children with them when they do their marketin' has got to pay for all they gets.—Harper's Bazar.

No Faith in Them.

Medicine Vender (at Mrs. Wayback's door)—I am introducing Dr. Cureton's specifics for aches and diseases of every nature. Only fifty cents a bottle. Try one, madam?

Mrs. Wayback—I don't hev no faith in yer new-fangled remedies. I've done buried three men and thirteen childers in my time, an' ther good ole yarbs air plenty good enough for me.—Jury.

Paving the Way.

"My face has been paining me very much to-day," she observed. "It comes from the toothache."

"Too bad," he murmured, sympathetically; "but, then—er—if your face is painful to you, Miss Smilax, I assure you it isn't painful to anybody else."

He proposed successfully that evening.—Chicago Record.

He Was Sorry.

Housekeeper—This is the twentieth time to-day that I've had to come to the door to tell peddlers that I did not want anything.

Peddler—Very sorry, mum.

Housekeeper—It's some comfort to know that you are sorry, anyhow.

Peddler—Yes, mum. I'm very sorry you don't want anything, mum.—N. Y. Weekly.

Spoiled His Sale.

Dealer—Here is a mighty nice pug, ma'am. Only twenty-five dollars.

Wise Woman—Is he smart? Does he know any tricks?

Dealer—He is one of the smartest dogs I ever saw.

Wise Woman—I guess I don't want him. He can't be pure-blooded.—Indianapolis Journal.

Imitative Tommy.

Indignant Father—You should be ashamed of yourself, to use such language to your sister.

Tommy—We were only playing papa and mamma, and she said she needed money for a new hat, so I talked to her like you do to mamma when she asks you for money.—Texas Siftings.

The Nurse Up to Date.

"Indade an' Oi wouldn't work for that woman."

"An' phwy not?"

"She wanted me to take the responsibility fur a pug dog at no more than the wages Oi get fur tendin' children!" Washington Star.

Above the Average.

Halfbroke—Cheer up, old fel'. There's hope for us yet. Listen to this advertisement: "Wanted, young man of average intelligence—"

Dedbroke—There it goes again! Hampered at every turn!—Puck.

It Had the Symptoms.

Man (getting shaved, to barber)—What politician did you shave with this razor last?

Barber—Why?

Man—Because it has a pull.—Judge.

How These Girls Love One Another.

Prunella—Doesn't your father think that your fiance is a fortune-hunter?

Perdita—Oh, no.

Prunella—Then, doesn't he think he is a fool?—Truth.

It Would Be Necessary.

Friend—Do you think you will marry a rich girl?

Poet—I'll have to if I keep on in this business.—Life.

The Point.

Harry—I think Mabel Pruyn would just fill the bill as a wife for me.

Jack—Granted; but could you foot it?—Truth.

De Smith—There is one thing aoout Miss Angelica Popinjay that I don't like.

McGinnis—What's that?

"Haven't you noticed that she has to use both hands when she wants to hide a yawn?"

"Small hands are pretty."

"But a big mouth ain't."—Texas Siftings.

Should Be Rewarded.

"How did Mr. Comoften treat you when you called on him with our bill? Was he annoyed, or was he angry?" asked Mr. Promptpay of his new collector.

"Oh no, sir; quite the contrary; he was so polite that he even asked me to call again."—Des Moines Argonaut.

It Worked Both Ways.

She—Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?

He—Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for.

She—But suppose I should die.

He—Then I would be provided for.—Life.

Jumping at Conclusions.

Visitor—Why, Maud, your grandmother is not very old.

Maud—Well, she must be, 'cause yesterday she was telling me what a good boy George Washington was, and how'd she know if she didn't see him?—Harper's Young People.

Something of an Average.

Wiggs—I heard about your being rotten-egged at Boonville; it was a vile shame.

Actor Futlites—Oh, I don't know; there were three or four good ones among 'em.—Judge.

Made a Great Hit.

"I was immensely pleased with Hamphat in that last act."

"Why, he doesn't come on then at all."

"No, I know he didn't."—Chicago Record.

Ungallant But Complimentary.

When Mrs. Shaw, the warbler, wished a sealskin coat to buy,
And excited grew in warm discussion o'er it, Her facetious lord and master, jocularly in reply,
Told the gentle lady she might whistle for it.
—Truth.

Began Early.

Mrs. Fangle—I must say you have your husband well trained.

Mrs. Cumso—Yes; I commenced to sit on him as soon as we became engaged.—Judge.

Nellie—I see that young idiot Van Lyte has actually published a book of verse.

Kitty—Blank verse, I suppose.—N. Y. Herald.

FUN BY THE COLUMN.

Would Feel More Comfortable.

Cobble—I see that Kittleworth has gone into business for himself

Stone—Yes. And he is coming around to live in the same house with me.

Cobble—What's he going to do that for?

Stone—He says he wants to be near some one who draws a regular salary.—Judge.

Nothing to Feed On.

"Cholly is down with bwain fevah, don'tcherknow?"

"You don't say! Bwain fevah. That's a fevah that—aw—takes ten days to wun."

"Ya'as, but in Cholly's case the doctah says it will take—aw—only two hours, and he will be all wight tomowwow."—N. Y. Press.

Value of Contrast.

Little Girl—W'en your feet is cold you mus' put zem in cold, awful cold water—mamma says so.

Little Boy—Wot good does that do?

Little Girl—I don't know, but I s'pects it makes us think our feets wasn't so cold as we thought they was.—Good News.

Two Better Than One.

Teacher—We have been taught to forgive those who despitefully use us, but when Johnny Muggs hit you, what did you do?

Boy—I—I hit him back; but that was only so he'd have something to forgive, too.—Good News.

No Wonder He Swore.

Mrs. Fussy—Dear dear! I wonder what makes the parrot swear so?

Mr. Fussy (who has his own views on the subject)—I suppose he has picked up the remarks that the neighbors make about him.—Texas Siftings.

Neat Housekeeping.

Neat Housekeeper—Have you dusted this parlor?

Domestic—Yes, mum.

Neat Housekeeper—Well, it doesn't look so. Dust it again, and breathe hard while you're doing it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Businesslike.

Jane—Mr. Shallowpate is at the door. Shall I tell him you are out?

Miss Pingle—Show him into the parlor, Jane, and after he has laid his box of chocolates on the mantlepiece tell him I am out.—Quips.

Little Danger.

Auntie—So you want a penny to buy candy. Don't you know that sweets are bad for the teeth?

Little Toddler—Ess, but I'se only dot two.—Truth.

Human Nature.

Fair Visitor—How can you tell an optimist from a pessimist?

The Artist—The one says "That's good," and the other "That's not bad."—Life.

The Grand Lottery.

If marriage be a lottery,
As many men surmise,
Perhaps the one who drew a blank
Has drawn the greatest prize.
—Judge.

Couldn't Get Out of It.

Mr. Norris—Yes, my dear, there's where you had me

Mrs. Norris—Where was that?

Mr. Norris—At the altar.—Vogue.

Cautious Indignation.

Thompson—Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?

Jones (hesitatingly)—What sized man?—Boston Globe.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

When you go to see the man who is too poor to take a newspaper, be careful that his dogs don't bite you.—Ram's Horn.

A Queer Hiding Place.

"Marvin, I found your ball in papa's best hat this morning," remarked mamma. "What was it doing there?"

"I guess it was hiding from me," answered Marvin, "because I've been looking all over for it."—Harper's Young People.

Hard Luck.

Mamma—No, Johnny; one piece of pie is quite enough for you

Johnny—It's funny; you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice.—Truth

The Same for