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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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THE NATURAL TUNNEL ROUTE.

LOCAL TIME TABLE
AND TRAVELERS CONNECTIONS.

In Effect Nov. 1, 1904.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Daily No 5 Westbound	STATIONS	Daily No 6 Eastbound
8 10 a m	Lv Mountain City Ar	6 15 p m
8 25 a m	Maymead	6 01 p m
9 09 a m	Butler	5 19 p m
9 22 a m	Fish Springs	5 06 p m
10 12 a m	Elizabethton	4 17 p m
10 43 a m	Bluff City	3 47 p m
11 30 a m	Ar Bristol Lv	3 00 p m

Union Station.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

No. 1 Daily Westbound	STATIONS	No. 2 Daily Eastbound
P.M.	Lv Bristol Ar	P.M.
4.00	Union Station	12.40
4.45	Meadota	11.51
5.06	Hiltons	11.29
5.21	Gate City	11.10
5.41	Speers Ferry	10.46
5.49	Clinchport	10.38
5.56	Natural Tunnel	10.32
6.12	Duffield	10.17
7.00	Big Stone Gap	9.35
7.15	Appalachia	9.20
7.30	Arr Inman Lv	8.55
P.M.		A.M.

No. 5 connects at Bristol with Train No. 1 for local stations on Virginia Division, L. & N. stations and Cincinnati, Louisville, and points West, Southwest, North, Northwest; also with N. & W. Ry., for points East, and with Southern Ry. for points South.

This train also makes connection at Elizabethton with E. T. & W. N. C. train leaving Cranberry 7.00 a. m., Central Time.

No 6 connects at Bristol with train No. 2 from all points West, local stations on L. & N., and Virginia Division, and at Bluff City with Southern Ry. train from the South; connection is also made at Elizabethton with E. T. & W. N. C. train arriving at Cranberry, N. C., 4.35 p. m., Central Time.

No. 1 connects at Appalachia for all stations on the L. & N. R. R., and carries PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS from BRISTOL TO CINCINNATI WITHOUT CHANGE

Ar. Cincinnati	7 50 a m
Louisville	7 15 a m
St. Louis	5 00 p m
Chicago	5 30 p m

No. 2 connects at Appalachia with trains from Louisville, Cincinnati and all intermediate points; and at Bristol with trains for Tennessee division, trains for N. & W. Ry. stations, and Eastern points also for Southern Ry. stations and Southern points. Carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers from Cincinnati.

W. E. ALLEN,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Bristol Tenn.-Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BIG STONE GAP.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. A. H. Shofner, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday, morning and night.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.—J. S. Hamilton, Superintendent.
PRAYER-MEETING.—Every Wednesday night.
CLASS-MEETING.—First Sunday in each month at 3 o'clock p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—No regular pastor.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, in Presbyterian Chapel, near the bridge.—M. L. Stallard, Superintendent.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. V. Schwabacker, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday, morning and night. Sunday Services every 4th Sunday afternoon.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.—W. T. Hendricks, Superintendent.
PRAYER-MEETING.—Every Wednesday night.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. M. Austin, Pastor. Preaching third Sunday in each month, morning and night.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock. W. F. Anders, Superintendent.
PRAYER-MEETING.—Every Thursday night.

BRULAN M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. I. N. Fugate, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays morning and 7:30 p. m.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. F. A. Spurlock, Superintendent.

CHRIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. S. Kunkell, Rector. Preaching Second and Fourth Sunday in each month at 8:15 p. m.

STONEGA.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Every Sunday evening at 2:30 o'clock.—John Arnett, Jr., Superintendent.
PRAYER-MEETING.—Every Wednesday night.
LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—Every Thursday afternoon o'clock.
PREACHING.—Every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.—Rev. D. W. Hollingsworth, Pastor.

U. S. POST OFFICE.

Big Stone Gap, Va.

J. M. Gunther, P. M. W. G. Banks, Asst. P. M.

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For Va. & S. W. R. R. at 3 p. m.

WISE COUNTY COURTS.

WISE COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Hold 1st Monday in January, April, August, November. H. A. W. Shone, Judge.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

CLERK.—W. E. Kilgore.
COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.—W. W. G. Dotson.
TREASURER.—E. F. Burns.
SHERIFF.—E. T. Kiser.
COMMISSIONER (Eastern District.)—C. F. Beverly.
COMMISSIONER (Western District.)—W. D. McNiel.
COUNTY SURVEYOR.—M. E. Fox.
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CONSUMPTION

A LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Short Pungent Paragraphs of Interest to Everyone.

A wise guy is one who entertains you at your own expense.

The general depth of the Niagara river at the brink of the falls is four feet.

A very large proportion of the world's supply of nickel is produced in Canada.

A new explosive which is called ammonal, has been made from powdered aluminum.

According to census figures are in the United States 6,180,000 persons 10 years old or more who cannot read or write.

We've always noticed great success
Is mingled with troubles, more or less;
And it's the man who does the best
Who gets more kicks than all the rest.

The Japanese ministers to this country has been operated on for appendicitis. This completes it. The Japanese are now fully entitled to be classed among the great civilized people of the world.

The confident manner wins. Some men succeed because they speak lies as though they were truths; others fail because they utter truths as though they were lies.—Same thing, they say, in a joker game.

Some saloons in the East are trying giving a "trading stamp with every drink." Purchasers are urged to take the stamps home to their wives to "square" themselves with. At last, apparently, the trading stamp has struck its proper level.

Alton passenger engineers are all wearing automobile goggles. They are very common now and are said to be a good thing to save injury to the eyes. The goggles fit snugly around the eyes and keep all cinders and grit and they are growing more popular every day.

Don't be afraid to practice a little self-denial. It will only make the sweets a little more toothsome, but don't no the other hand cut out all the sweets, lest indeed you grow so sour and crabbed that you are unable to enjoy the good things of life when they come. There is happy medium in life and the man who gets into it has reason to be thankful.

One coyote will hang around a camp at night and create the impression that a pack of at least twelve big wolves are looking for a chance to eat the campers. But investigation will reveal that the single coyote is lean and hungry and cowardly, and that he does not weigh over fifteen pounds. Likewise one kicker in a town will create the impression that there is much indignation against every respectable citizen and measure.

Here is an invocation of Robert Louis Stevenson that every man ought to place where it will occasionally catch his eye: "The day returns and brings us the petty round and irritating concerns and duties. Help us to plat the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to blithely go on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and contented and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

Some men don't make their biggest strikes until late in the afternoon of life. J. Pierpont Morgan achieved his great success since his sixtieth year. He is 66 now and getting younger. He used to fail in some of his undertakings. He built the elephant at Coney Island and lost a lot of money in his venture. He tried to sequestrate the Long Island railroad, and got another elephant on his hands. There is no record, however, of his ever having made the same mistake twice.—Bank Notes.

The size of the smokestacks of some of the steamships which leave New York is an interesting topic among folks long shore. A convincing proof of their size is seen in this comparison: The new East river-tunnel, which the Pennsylvania railroad is about to build, is about the same diameter as the tunnels of the Lucania and Campania, that is, twenty one feet. It seems hard to realize that two trains of cars could run side by side through the stacks of either of these vessels if they were laid flat.

Ninty-five rich men are going to have a town of their own near Cleveland and permit only millionaires to live in it. They will need some vigorous watchmen to keep people from throwing stones across the line.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. nov 17-1y.

FROM WHITESBURG.

Correspondence of the Big Stone Gap Post.

WHITESBURG, KY., Nov. 24.—A box supper will be given at the court house, Tuesday, Nov. 29th, together with other entertainments. Everybody invited.

Eld. Robert Blair held services on Boone Saturday and Sunday, attended by a large congregation.

Stephen Jenkins, the efficient newspaper correspondent and teacher of public schools, of Ola, was in the Burg today on business.

A large crowd of Letcher county's citizens are expected in town Monday, as it is circuit court time.

Stephen Frazier, one of the firm of Frazier Bros., made a business trip to Evans Saturday.

Capt. J. A. Webb is going into the merchantile business again. He will open up his new store on Webb Ave.

FIGHT WILL BE BITTER.

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendations of Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Reall of Beall Miss, has to say: "Last fall my wife had ever symtom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything-else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." Guaranteed by J. W. Kelley Druggist. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free. 52

FROM DEWEY.

Correspondence of The Big Stone Gap Post.

DEWEY, VA., Nov. 23.—R. H. Bowling and S. P. Riddle will attend the Teachers' Association at Norton this week.

P. H. Snodgrass, of Onoly, Va., are visiting friends of Dewey.

David Standefer, of Maggard, Letcher county, Ky., came over Saturday and returned Sunday.

The World's Fair at St. Louis closes out next week. Next now comes the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland, Oregon in 1905.

Jerry Hubbard leaves today for Wise, Va., on business.

Jas. Shortt, of Bold Camp, was caught trying to rub W. R. Bowling's store at West Dewey last week. The constable and a posse had a great excitement but finally succeeded in arresting him. They made a search and found a bottle of strycnine in his pocket, also a written letter with instructions to poison persons.

Rev. G. W. Potter, of Donkey, conducted a meeting at the Laurel Fork school house last Sunday to a small audience. He gave them advice which if they follow will lead them through the gates of the Celestial city.

Your correspondent recently made a trip in Pike county, Ky., where he saw a vast territory of country covered with the finest oak and pine timber in Eastern Kentucky. This is one of the best coal fields north of Birmingham, Ala., and with the advent of the C. & O. Railroad, which is coming to Pound Gap, that great section of old Kentucky will blossom as the rose.

May success ever attend the Post and all of its readers. WAZETTA.

REVOLUTION IMMINENT.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dissmember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the Kidneys and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Eletric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by J. W. Kelley Druggist. 52

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Rachel Bowling, nee Sturgill, died at her home at Flat Gap, Va., Nov. 22nd, 1904. She was 63 years old. A few days before she died she requested a meeting to be held at her house. Rev. Wilson Church came and conducted a meeting at which time she joined the Baptist Church and told them she had been concerted of her sins for some years. She was talking to her husband a short time before she passed away and wanted him and the children to meet her in heaven where sorrow and sickness never come.

She bore her suffering with much fortitude fully resigned to meet at the Savior's right hand in that home that is more to be desired than all the rubies of earth. She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn their loss but their loss is Heaven's gain. She is done of all the trials and tribulations of this world and gone to meet her loved one in the beautiful city of God. Oh, how sad we feel to look around and see the vacant seat. Though eternal ages may pass away, we will never meet her unless we enter that house that's not made with hands, eternal and in heaven. Tuesday evening her remains were interred in the old Bowling Cemetery to await the coming of Christ.

Our home is sad and bereft,
But God doeth all things best,
When toiling on earth is o'er,
May we meet mother on the golden shore.

J. M. HUBBARD.

Dewey, Va., Nov. 29.

A COSTLY MISTAKE.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough 25c, at J. W. Kelley's Drug Store. 52

FROM SERGENT.

Correspondence of The Big Stone Gap Post.

SARGENT, KY., Nov. 25.—Only another month till Christmas—the greatest holiday in the gift of the American people.

Sam Williams, of Knott county, spent Thursday night at Joe Crafts.

Tuesday was a real wet day. The river is now running and mills are grinding.

Uncle Randall Adams is very low at his home on Cram Creek. His recovery is doubtful.

A representative of Berea College, Berea, Ky., exhibited scenes of Western life at the court house in Whitesburg Monday night—free. Berea College is fast becoming one of the leading institutions in the south.

The November term of the Letcher circuit court convenes at Whitesburg Monday. It will be a long time.

The C. & O. extention up the Big Sandy Valley, has been completed and the cars are running into Prestonsburg, Floyd county. It will be completed to Pikeville within thirty days. Probably in less than a year it will be completed into the Elkhorn coal field, in this county.

A box supper was given by the students in the Upper Bottom Fork school Friday night.

Daniel Vanover, of Boone's Fork, is said to have shot two shots at Isaac Potter, a police officer, last Sunday, when Potter had attempted to arrest him. Vanover was intoxicated and was creating a reign of terrore.

As Christmas advances revenue men will make regular visits into the moonshining sections in order to destroy the Christmas supply of moonshine.

R. H. Holbrook and E. L. Webb have just returned from Glamorgan loaded with goods.

One of the most touching incidents that was ever chronicled in Letcher county, took place here Monday evening when little Pearl, the 10-year-old daughter of N. M. and Ellen Webb, was dragged to its death by the family horse which she was riding. The horse became frightened and and the little girl's foot became fastened in the stirrup. The saddle turned under the horse and he ran about one fourth of a mile. She was considerably bruised up, but there was not a bone broken. Wednesday morning the remains of little Pearl were interred in the family lot near Hiram Williams, above Whitesburg, to await the final resurrection morn.

The Colly Debating society is doing a noble work. Its projectors should meet with an approbation from all the good people of the vicinity. BURNSIDE.

MY LOVE.

Each line of this poem is taken from the works of poets in the following order: Lowell, Hood, Wordsworth, Charles G. Eastman, Coleridge, Longfellow, Stoddard, Tennyson, Tennyson, Alice Cary, Coleridge, Alice Cary, Campbell, Bayard Taylor, Frances S. Osgood, T. S. Perry, Hood, Ralph, Hoyt, Miss Edwards Barry Cornwall, Coventry Patmore, Bayard Taylor, Tennyson, T. Buchanan Read, Browning, Alexandria Smith, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Harry, Wordsworth, Osgood.

A MEAN KANASAS EDITOR.

Some people will do nothing unless they have Bible authority for it. Men will not wipe dishes, because they claim it is woman's work. Let them turn to their Bible, to II Kings, XX:13; "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wip ing it and turning it upside down." Women cut this out and show it to men when they refuse to wipe the dishes.—Abilene Reflector.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

Gister had always declared that a man was foolish to marry. He gave the usual selfish bachelor reasons—namely, that a man who married sacrificed his comfort, resigned his independence, increased his responsibilities and took long chances on unhappiness into the bargain. His observation had convinced him that nine men out of ten who married were unhappy. "They put the best face on it that they can, of course," he said to Mrs. Nistrin early in their acquaintance. "Some men I know pretend to like it. I have had them come crowing over me, even."

Mrs. Nistrin laughed. Mrs. Nistrin was a widow and a very clever and entertaining woman. Gister used rather to enjoy the evenings he spent at her house.

"What could I gain by marrying?" continued Gister, addressing the widow. "I have my apartments, where I am not disturbed by any of the usual domestic nuisances. A child would not be allowed in the building for any consideration on earth. My housekeeper puts everything in order for me while I am downtown—sees to my linen, does what necessary mending there is to do, and my man attends to the rest. If I want to dine at home I make my selection from the cafe menu and have it sent up on a dumbwaiter in my own service and Sigmund serves it. If I want to dine out I have my choice of no fewer than eight decent places in this city. I have comfort. I have peace."

"What a very fortunate man you are!" said Mrs. Nistrin.

"Don't you think that I would show very doubtful judgment to change this for the joys of matrimony?"

"I think you would be very foolish, indeed," said Mrs. Nistrin.

"Not that I am insensible to the charms of your fascinating sex," continued Gister. "I think I show that best by remaining single. If I were married I might be denied the inestimable privilege of calling upon you, for instance—my wife might not like it."

"That's true," murmured Mrs. Nistrin, "she might not."

"Then wouldn't I be an idiot to want to marry?"

"Between you and me," said the widow, "I think you would."

Last winter Mrs. Nistrin decided that she would close her house and go to California. She gave a very gay little dinner party before she went, which Gister attended. He observed to one of the men that it was almost a pity Mrs. Nistrim was going away. She would be a distinct loss.

Three weeks later Gister happened to be in California—on business. Of course it was only decency to call upon Mrs. Nistrin while he was there. She was greatly surprised to see him, but not displeased—if Gister could judge. She was dressed most becomingly, Gister noticed, in something pink.

He did not tell her that business had brought him. On consideration that sounded rather shop-worn. He said: "It seemed dull and cold in Chicago—after you left."

"I heard the weather had been rather disagreeable," she said, with a queer look.

"I decided to come on a sudden," he said.

"That's the beauty of bachelor freedom," said the widow. "Now, if you had been married—"

"I should have stayed at home and thought myself lucky," he said. "I don't think we had a full grasp of that subject. I was inclined to alter my views—in fact, I have altered them."

"Well," said Mrs. Nistrin, "there is something to be said on both sides, of course. I think that one great source of domestic unhappiness is the failure on the part of married people to realize that whatever concessions are made, there must be only one real head to the family—only one decisive voice. The man usually thinks that voice should be his. The woman nowadays fails to realize this as perhaps she should."

"You've hit it exactly," said Gister.

"I'm one of those women," said Mrs. Nistrin. "I'm used to having my way and I intend to have it always. My husband, if ever I married again, could have the management of his business, and that would have to satisfy him."

Gister coughed behind his hand and was silent for a moment. "That would satisfy me," he said, presently.

"No?" said Mrs. Nistrin.

"With a certain woman."

"And how about your comforts—your peace?"

"I would have more than comfort. I would have bliss."

"You couldn't discharge your wife, you know, if she displeased you."

"I would never want to," said Gister.

"You would have to dine at home always. If you went out or came in at any unusual hour you would be questioned."

"I would never go out. As for dining at home—oh, what a word that is! —home! I am 48, Melissa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one for me. That's what I came here to say."

"But suppose you wanted to relax with a little romance? Suppose your mood demanded variety of companionship and you were limited—"

"Oh!" cried Gister. "You are the universal encyclopedia of philosophy and romance and all knowledge, the epitome of your sex, the—"

"Stop!" commanded the widow, with her hands to her ears. "I believe you were right about men being idiots—who thought of marrying. But—I—well, I prefer you as an idiot."—Chicago Daily News.

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Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted, a positive cure for Eczema, Erysipelas, Piles and skin diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS, 400 Manhattan Ave., New York.

COCKER'S PARTNER.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

[Cocker has been bullied into taking his sister to a dance at the house of an aunt of theirs—a Mrs. Newark-Reddish—pretty woman, with the same coloring as her name. Her house is in Rutland Gate in the Red Book, but in Knightsbridge on the map. The dance is just over. Cocker's partner is described in his mind as "gosy," on his programme as Miss B. E. B. R. N. A. R.]

Cocker—Er—what would you like to do now?

Miss Tyndrum—Sit down.

Cocker—Oh! Where?

Miss Tyndrum—I know the house. Trust to me.

Cocker—Honored and delighted.

He makes his way across the floor gingerly. Arrived at the door of the ballroom, his partner steers her way expertly through masses of humanity on the stairs to a Chesterfield on the landing.

Miss Tyndrum (looking at Cocker's programme)—Why do you describe one by all these initials?

Cocker—I didn't catch your name. I just put those down. Haphazard, so to speak.

Miss Tyndrum—I want to know.

Cocker—Miss Bigeyes. Black ribbon round neck. All right.

Miss Tyndrum—I didn't catch yours, either.

Cocker (reading gravely)—B. W. T. H. A. M. A. I. A. B. Give it up, if you don't mind.

Miss Tyndrum—Boy who thinks he's a man and is a baby.

Cocker (profoundly hurt)—Good. Ha! ha!

Miss Tyndrum—Please don't think I am making fun of you by summing you up in this way. I like you for being a baby.

Cocker—Oh, thanks, indeed. It's very kind of you to say so. If you only knew the truth!

Miss Tyndrum—Tell me everything and let me see if I can help you.

Cocker—Life is too much with me.

Miss Tyndrum (encouragingly)—Yes?

Cocker—I am one of those unfortunate men who suffer, unwittingly, from heredity and environment.

Miss Tyndrum—Oh, but you must see a doctor at once!

Cocker—'Tis the worm i' the bud.

Miss Tyndrum—I know a splendid remedy for that. You must be squirted twice daily with paraffin and tobacco juice.

Cocker—I have tried a similar concoction for years.

Miss Tyndrum—Oh, what's that?

Cocker—Scotch whisky and Egyptian cigarettes.

Miss Tyndrum—Ah, now I begin to understand.

Cocker—Of course. It is so easy!

Miss Tyndrum—A boy who thinks he's a man, and who's really a baby. Shall I tell you something?

Cocker—Thank you, if it isn't indiscreet.

Miss Tyndrum—Oh, I'm not going to tell you that I've lost my heart to you.

Cocker—Thanks, most awfly.

Miss Tyndrum—But just that, instead of a doctor, you want a nurse.

Cocker—Do you really think so? Well, do you know, I've thought that too. A mental nurse.

Miss Tyndrum—Why mental?

Cocker—One who understands brain fag.

Miss Tyndrum—One who has a sense of humor and several brothers who have been at Oxford.

Cocker — Oxford? Lookin' back along the dusty road of my past, I can see that it is to Oxford that I owe my present despicable condition. If I hadn't been at Oxford I should have kissed you several times by now. I'll tell you exactly what would have happened if I were as young as I ought to be.

Miss Tyndrum. Do. I should love to hear.

Cocker—I should have said, after praisin' the floor—

Miss Tyndrum—Which you did.

Cocker—Nice, insincere things about the band. I should then have told you —Lord! how well I did it in the old, old days!—that I had never enjoyed any dance so much in my life, and you would have said, "Really? Are you sure?"

Miss Tyndrum—No, I shouldn't. However, pray go on.

Cocker—I think you would. You always do. By "you" I mean you collectively, y' know. Fourthly and fifthly, I should have tripped lightly, but with convincin' candor, from lees to lemon squash, and then, sixthly, I should have told you the untrue story of my life.

Miss Tyndrum—You've done that, sketchily.

Cocker—Upon which, seventhly, I should have asked you if I might kiss you, and you would have replied—

Miss Tyndrum—How dare you!

Cocker—Exactly. And I should have said, "Do." And you would reply, "If you attempt to do such a thing I shall box your ears."

Miss Tyndrum—Exactly, and I should have done so—hard.

Cocker (even more gently)—Pardon me. Before you could have completed the sentence I know so well, I should have left the impress of my lips lightly on your cheek—if I hadn't been at Oxford—

Miss Tyndrum—I have only to say that I am now going to add the word "silly" to the array of other letters, and leave you to wither.

Comes a rustle of silk linings, a toss of the head, the fall of a hairpin, and Cocker is alone.

Cocker (softly, lighting a cigarette) —If I hadn't been at Oxford!— Helas!

N. M. WEBB,
Practical Civil Engineer,
WHITESBURG, KY.
Abstractins and Drafting done on short notice.

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