

SCENES IN THE CITY.

How a Dude Stopped a Runaway Horse and Rescued a Little Child.

His Conduct Provokes a Deserved Compliment from Some Observing Worldly Bootblacks.

Two Tourists Talk of Old Times and Relate an Incident of the Long Ago.

An Unwritten Chapter on the Career of a Homeless but Wealthy Young Lady.

Not Bad, After All. A tall young man, dressed in the height of fashion, strolled down Fourth street last Sunday morning.

He wore a pair of eye glasses. His head was surmounted by a jaunty straw hat.

Down the street rattled a runaway horse, dragging a buggy in which was seated a little flaxen-haired girl.

Directly ahead of the runaway were two heavy wagons and a collision appeared imminent.

"Where's the dolly," queried the little baby her rescuer as he turned to her.

"I'll get her one, a new one," said the young man, as for the first time he removed his eyes from the runaway.

"Don't mention it," said the young man as he lifted his hat and walked away.

"No bugs on him, is there, Bill?" remarked one of the bootblacks.

"Bet yer life," replied Bill. "He's a dandy, that fellow is."

"Did yer get on to the other fellows who tried to stop the horse, how they got left," the taller man inquired of the bootblack.

"Do you believe in dreams?" the speaker asked of the street creature who had just ceased to be a street school graduate.

She was not good looking, but she was possessed of other attractions that last longer than a beautiful complexion and regular features.

It required no process of long division to show that some day old man Smith would join the multitude of the living.

As she prophesied the conundrum that marks the opening paragraph of this hitherto unwritten history of a rich but ugly girl.

"I had an awful dream," she continued. "I thought that you and I were together in a brown stone front house and that somebody came and dragged you away."

"Where was you?" asked he. "Was your father with us?"

"No, I thought we were left all alone." "That's all right, my dear. Your dream will probably come to pass.

Two men sat in adjoining chairs on the large open lobby in front of the Merchants hotel.

"So you used to live in Vincennes, Indiana?" repeated one of the men. "I guess you remember Miller's Rifle Mill?"

"Not Miller that kept the hotel and had the freckle-faced boy that ever blew putty balls at a village school? Well, I think I did."

"That's me. Now who in the devil are you?" "My name is Peter Myers. I guess you remember me."

The two men shook hands and asked any number of questions about the other's experience and progress in the busy world of city since leaving the old, old home.

"Not much to remember," said Philetus Miller, as he attempted to innuendate a distant large-sized cuspidor by relieving his mouth of an abnormal quantity of tobacco saliva.

"Learn Sherthead and type-writing. Anna C. Drew, room 9, 125 block, opposite Merchants."

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