A TOAST TO "DAD."

'Twas a crowd of college students,
Gathered round a banquet board,
They had feasted and made merry,
And in oratory soared.

They had toasted "Alma Mater"
And their "Best Girl" and their "Frat,"
They had joined in a chorus,
All but one,—who silent sat.

'Twas the president espied him,
And he stopped the jolly song;
Called upon the silent student,
"Brother, tell us what is wrong"

"I've been thinking," said the student,
As he rose and faced his friends
"Of a name that's not been toasted.
It's the name of one who sends

The proceeds of the yearling calf.
And the money from the corn,
And the raise made on the 'Twenty,'—
Ye are laughing!—Well, I scorn

Your ill-timed, maudlin merriment;
For, in my case it is so.
'Tis my last drink! Here's to you, 'Dad'!
Boys, excuse me.—I must go."

DICK WOOD.

A MAN WITH GALL.

"The galliest man in the western hemisphere," said a Washingtonian, who has settled down, "lived in this town until about ten years ago. His first name was Joe. The rest of his name doesn't matter, because he's in the advertising business somewhere out west now, and I understand that his spirit has become chastened. At the time he was around the District of Columbia he was a jewelry auctioneer. He was a huge man and a swell looker, and he always kept himself primped up to the times whether he was in funds or up against it. He was a great believer in the 'front,' and he was the originator of that classic phrase, 'You can't keep a squirrel on the ground.' He not only originated the phrase, but he proved it. He wasn't afraid of anybody or anything, and he'd take a chance on any old thing. Some of the propositions that he got away with were almost beyond belief.

"One afternoon about a dozen winters ago, while standing at the corner of the avenue and Fourth street with a bunch of pals, he bet them that he could knock the hat off the head of any big man passing by that they'd point out to him and not get into a fight over it. The gang took him, and they waited until a gaint came swinging in their direction. He was a well-dressed man, with the proportions of a 'longshoreman. This man of gall that I'm telling you about deliberately fell in step behind the gaint and knocked his hat off from the rear. The astonished pedestrian, before stooping to pick up his derby, wheeled about furiously, and then he saw this Joe man, waddled up in a fur coat that reached to his heels and wearing a plug hat, confronting him and laughing amusedly he was speechless. He didn't know what to make of it, but he was mad, all the same, and he pulled his right back for a wallop.

"'Tush, there, chum,' oilly remarked the man of gall, holding his hand up deprecatingly. 'Nix the red-headedness. Those swaybacks over there perking his thumb in the direction of his bunch, 'laid me 5 to 1 that I couldn't get away with it without a rough-house. Here's your dicer,' picking the hat up from where it rested on the curb. 'Come on and have one.'

"The big man accepted his hat, grinned in a dubious sort of way, replaced the hat on his head add walked into a cafe with the man rigged out with the cast steel nerve who only a moment before had tipped his headgear onto the pavement. I wouldn't take a chance on a job like that for $1,000 in double eagles.

"He put over so many gally stunts on strangers that I can't remember the half of them. One evening he stood outside of the theater before the show, with two or three of his chums. They all had their evening clothes on. The man named Joe suddenly untied his black string tie, pulled it off, and stuck it into his pocket. Then he wagered his chums that he could borrow the cravat of the first man that came along wearing a black string necktie. They took this one, too, and they waited for a man to heave in sight with a black string necktie. He proved to be a dignified looking man of 60 or so, with the appearance of a lawyer or some sort of a professional man. The Joseph individual stepped up to the dignified appearing man and addressed him impressively.

"'Sir,' he said with an amiable grin, 'you perceive that in the hurry of dressing for the theater I neglected to don one of the essentials,' pointing to his shirt front. "The haberdasheries in this neighborhood are all closed, and the ladies of my party await me in their box. I observe that your cravat is suitable for evening wear. Will you lend it to me for this evening?"

"'Assuredly, sir,' was the instant reply of the dignified looking man. 'You have my sympathy in your difficulty, due no doubt, to absent-mindedness a trait in which I myself am not deficient,' and with one tug he unloosed his tie, pulled it off, and extended it to the man with the gall. Then he pulled his overcoat collar up around his ears so as to cover up his lack of a tie, and went his way. It was absolutely easy.

"On another occasion he made a bet with his outfit, while they were strolling on F street that he could borrow a dollar from the first stranger who came along and who looked as if he had a dollar. He got away with this one, too. He had winning ways about him, there's no use in talking.

"But the galliest thing that he ever did was when he took dinner at the home of an L street man whom he had never seen before. He was walking along L street with a companion one raw afternoon when his nostrils were titivated with the pleasant aroma of frying onions.

"'By George,' he exclaimed to his friend, 'they're going to have steak and onions for dinner in there,' pointing to the residence from which the fragrance proceeded. 'Let's go in and have some.'

"'Do you know the people, Joe?' demured his companion.

"'Nix,' was the reply, 'but that doesn't make any difference. Come on in.'

"The friend wanted to bolt for it, but the Joseph person had a powerful clutch on his arm and he had to permit himself to be dragged up the steps of the fine house. When the becapped maid answered the bell ring the man of gall asked to see the master of the house. The latter made his appearance directly in the parlor. The gally man handed the head of the house his card. Then he made his little speech. The aroma of those frying onions had conquered his sense of propriety and quite swept away his delicacy, he said. The homelike suggestion of those onions frying had so wrought upon him as he passed—well, how could the effect be otherwise upon a man whose family had been away on a visit in the west for several months, and who upon the consequent temporary closing of his home had been compelled to put up with the monotonous and unsatisfying fare of hotels and restaurants? Oh, he could hand you a life-size imitation of Prince Charlie, all right, could Joseph when it came his turn. He won out hands down. The master of the house extended to him and his companion a most cordial invitation to join him and his family in their cozy dinner of beefsteak and onions, and instantly sent out for more steak and ordered more onions into the pan. Joseph and his companion dined sumptuously on the steak and onions and crisp, hot biscuits and honey and coffee, and when the meal was over the man of gall leaned back in his chair, wiped his mouth with his napkin and gazed dreamily at the ceiling.

"Now, who would suppose,' he remarked, 'that a man could have made a meal off a little snack like this?'

"With which dazzingly impudent crack he went with the family into the parlor and amused them for an hour or so singing comic songs to his own piano accompaniment. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have been incontinently chucked off the stoop at cranks or drunks had they tried that scheme on, but this man of gall not only picked it up and ran away with it, but he made a hit in the bargain.—Washington Star.

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Blincoe-Frye.

J. H. Blincoe and Miss Marie Frye were married at the First Methodist church at Denver, Colo., on May 20. The attendants were Frank Blincoe and Miss Rose Frye brother and sister of contracting parties. Immediately after the wedding the bridal party and a few intimate friends were given a reception at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Blincoe is a son of Mrs. G. B. Sherry of north of town and is well known to many of our readers.—Hunnewell Graphic.

EYES, EYES.

You can have them well tested for senses and very reasonable.

R. Manning Walker.

The election of a President of the United States will take place next November. It will be very interesting to make a study of the vote. The total vote in 1888 was 11,380,860, of 1892 was 12,059,351, of 1896 was 13,923,102, and of 1900 was 13,959,653.

A Difficult Undertaking

We do not envy Mr. Vandiver his job of selecting or rejecting all the candidates on the state ticket. From indications we are afraid he has bitten off more than he can chew. Missouri Democrats are not apt to sit and meekly accept bossism of such an autocratic sort.

Mr. Vandiver has been especially severe in his statements against Mr. Cook, but the latter seems to profit rather than suffer from the opposition. The report comes on pretty reliable authority that in almost every county the nomination that so obviously belongs to him through the people has created a wholesale stampede to his support.

Democrats over the state have not bitten worth a cent at the bait thrown out by Republican newspapers. They see that Cook is one of the strongest men in the state, and that, for this reason, he is made the target for all the guns of the party enemies and they rally around him by the thousand.

The opposition has fallen flatter than a pan cake and appeals have been made without avail to various prominent Democrats to help out. Mr. Vandiver has been absolutely unable to deliver the goods. Whatever promises have been thrown out to Mr. Cook's opponents have been completely broken, through inability to get the people to vote against him.

Sam Cook will come out of this fight one of the strongest Democrats in the state, and the secret of his strength is the brains and magnetism of the man and the unfailing fidelity of a raft of close, personal friends. No man in the state possesses, in any sense, his individual strength. He has endeared these friends to himself, not by personal favors, for to nine-tenths of them he has never done a favor, except to keep faith and stand by his word. But they have seen the man tried on a hundred occasions. They know he is honest, open and courageous. They know he is well balanced under all circumstances, and he never lets any fever of political excitement swerve him from the straight lines laid down by his party. is a pillar in the Democracy, and therefore, the Republican newspapers fight him relentlessly.—Missouri State Tribune.

Sunday sickness is a disease peculiar to church members and others who are expected to attend church. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; symptoms are felt every Saturday night, the person sleeps well and awakes feeling well, eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read the Sunday papers, he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another spell and stays at home. He retires early and sleeps well, and wakes up Monday morning refreshed, and able to go to work and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. There is considerable sickness of this character in this vicinity with with the indications of an alarm increase as summer approaches.—Vandalia Leader.

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All letters of inquiry will be given prompt attention.

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