

ODD FADS AT MEALS.

SOME QUEER THINGS THAT ARE NOTED IN RESTAURANTS.

The Man Who Ate Cream on His Beefsteak and Seemed to Like It. Butter on Ice Cream and Pie and the Lobster and Milk Combination.

A tall, thin man came into the restaurant, and a new waiter showed him to a table and handed him a menu of fare.

"Bring a small steak, very rare, and a couple pitchers of cream on the side," he said.

The waiter disappeared and in a few minutes came back with the steak, a cup of coffee and two pitchers of alleged cream.

"I didn't order no coffee," he half yelled at the waiter.

"Well, I s'posed when you said two pitchers of cream,"

"Take it away."

The waiter put the cup of coffee on his tray and gathered up the two pitchers of cream and turned to retrace his steps to the kitchen.

"Bring them creams back here."

The waiter nearly tripped himself as he spun around. He mockingly placed the pitchers by the side of the steak without a word and stood rooted to the spot.

The tall, thin customer picked up the two pitchers and emptied the cream on his steak. The waiter's eyes bulged out and his chin dropped as the man began eating his strange concoction.

Just then an old waiter nudged the new one and called him to one side, warning him with: "Say, you better watch out, or the old gent'll hop on you for watchin' him."

That must be a new one on you—cream on steak—huh? It's an old one around here. His nob's there comes in here an order that same layout about every other night.

"Well, I have seen more ridiculous combinations served to freak feeders in my time than I could remember in a week. Oftentimes the dishes served are eatables that fairly fight with each other.

One day a man came in and gave me an order for broiled lobster and milk. Now, that is a combination that is simply awful. I told the customer I didn't want to seem so impudent as to offer him advice as to what he should eat, but I thought I ought to tell him that lobster and milk made a bad team. He laughed, thanked me, and told me to bring on my fractions team and he would try to break 'em to drive double. That was enough for me, and I brought them on. That man was sick for three days. He came in afterward and told me all about it; said the next time he'd take my advice.

"I once saw an apparent granger spread granulated sugar half an inch thick on his roast beef and eat it with evident relish. I have seen that feat performed only once, and will likely never see it again. Several times I have had to have strawberries warmed for a well known Chicago business man. Yes, I know that is a hard one to believe, but it is a fact. Took the berries out and put them in the oven for a few minutes—just left them there until they were soft and utterly ruined for any use, except this man. He said they were fine.

"Yes, I've seen a few old eaters in my time," said the waiter. "Nearly every day a man comes in here who orders nothing but a whole mince pie for his luncheon. Some people think it would require a man with a copper lined stomach to digest that kind of luncheon every day, but so far my mince pie man is holding up beautifully. Another regular customer takes honey and rolls and nothing else for breakfast every morning. He says it is the best and most wholesome breakfast he has ever tried, and that he is going to keep it up as long as it agrees with him. One of the queerest orders I have seen the way people take acidulous things with dishes largely or almost wholly milk. I have seen people eat pickles with ice cream time and again. Frequently people put vinegar in their oyster stews and then complain that the milk is sour.

"I have often seen customers make use of butter in a way that would seem very strange to most people. This is putting butter in coffee. That has probably been done in every restaurant and hotel dining room in New York. It is a custom which is quite common in Switzerland. There sweet butter, unsalted, is used. But even if there is a little salt in the butter it vastly improves the coffee for many people. Then, once in awhile, we see diners put butter in hot milk. I suppose that is to make the milk richer. I once saw a man put butter on his ice cream, but I suppose he was just doing it for an experiment. Of course buttering pie is not rare by any means.

"We see about the things at the table every day, but they come so thick and fast and we have so many other things to think about that we don't remember them," said the restaurant proprietor. "I recall a few incidents that struck me rather forcibly. Some months ago a very old lady used to come in here every afternoon in the evening and order a Walden rarebit. She always brought in with her a little bag of peppermint lozenges, and she ate the peppermint with her rarebit. We used to have another regular customer who came in every day and ordered oatmeal and hot buttermilk. He ate the combination as if it were the best thing in the world. Then there was another customer who was fond of oatmeal whom I saw on several occasions pour catsup into the dish. I think I should be afraid of the effects of oatmeal and catsup. I saw one performance that fairly made me gasp. A man came in and took a seat at a far off table, and before a waiter could get to him, he poured out half a glass of Worcestershire sauce and drank it off at one gulp. On another occasion a fellow came in under the influence of liquor. He ordered only a cup of coffee. When he got it, he poured out half of the coffee and filled the cup up with olive oil and drank the mixture. If he was taking the oil to prevent liquor influence, he took it a little too late."

New York Telegraph.

Had No Terrors. Ethel (on tandem)—We're scorching. Aren't you afraid that policeman will see us? George (on front seat)—He? No. He never sees us. He's been owing me \$5 for more than a year.—Chicago Tribune.

A Frank Confession. Watchmaker—Your watch seems to be erratic. Have you had it near a powerful magnet? Customer (confused)—Why, I was carrying it along with evening with Miss Bright.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A SURE CURE FOR COUGHS. Twenty-Five Years Constant Use Without a Failure. The first indication of cough is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the coughy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Health & Killmer.

FEARFUL TEST OF FEALTY.

The Ordeal to Which a Samoan Lover Was Subjected.

The following gruesome though true story shows what a powerful lever family approval and tribal influence exert upon the Samoan character. The story is vouched for in every detail.

A certain young Samoan, the son of a chief, who had reached that age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," became deeply enamored of the taupe, or belle, belonging to a neighboring village, between whose "talking man," father of the taupe, and the suitor's family there existed a bitter feud. The attachment was reciprocated; but, as is customary in such important matters as matrimony, the question of eligibility was duly submitted to the village council, or family council, which promptly returned a verdict of "impossible." Instead, however, of accepting the decree of his family and renouncing his innamorata the young man rebelled and declared he would wed his dusky sweetheart in spite of all the code of Samoa and the trammels of family and tribal disapproval that could be imposed. The young girl also asserted her independence and scorn for the obstacles which were put in their way and, with the help of a few girl friends, began preparing her trousseau of fine mats and gaudy tapa, which brides in Samoa affect.

The wedding day approached. The feeling between the rival villages ran high and, before the arrival of the date fixed for the ceremony, culminated in open hostilities. Overwhelming pressure was brought to bear upon the poor lover, who was reviled and taunted with being a traitor and all the curses of endless tribal disapproval heaped upon his devoted head; family influence combined to exert its every wile to break the engagement, but still he stood resolute. He was driven from house and village, an outcast on the world, and his property confiscated and divided.

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The day came, and the bride sat alone, deserted by her family, waiting for her faithful bridegroom. The hours passed. He did not come. Suddenly a step was heard outside the hut, where she anxiously waited. She rose expectant. A curtain was thrust aside. Something was thrown into the room and rolled to the feet of the horrified girl. She stooped and picked it up, and then, screaming and laughing, she fell upon the ground, a maniac.

It was the severed head of her father, and before her stood her affianced husband, stern, relentless and cold as if turned to stone, in his hand the terrible knife which he had just used to sever the head of her father. Family persuasion had failed, and the bride had been given him, and the ordeal which had been given him of proving his fidelity to tribe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had performed—taking the head of the bride's own father and throwing it at her feet.

The shock was too great for the poor girl, whose reason mercifully gave way. She may yet be seen about Apia, homeless and wandering, a sadly pathetic figure, decked, Ophelike, in bridal wreaths, with a chaplet of vines twined around her head, singing her family song of victory or crooning a love ditty. The young warrior upon whose fealty so terrible a test had been imposed stood and gazed at the girl, and then, with a look of his poor afflicted bride elect yet hopelessly awaits.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Artist's Trick. "I was manager of a big vanderbilt company once upon a time," said a veteran showman, "and one of our stars was an amazingly clever 'lightning caricaturist.' He would stand before an easel hung with sheets of manila paper and dash off portraits of celebrities in less time than it takes to tell it. Occasionally he would do one upside down, and the certainty and celerity with which he worked kept me astonished until I got on to his trick.

"The way it was done was this: He would first take his manila paper and make his drawings very carefully in a solution of Canada balsam, which is a sticky gum, invisible a few inches away. When he appeared on the stage, he carried a small sponge in his palm, covered with powdered charcoal, and as he passed his hand over the paper the stuff stuck to the prepared lines and made them black. He didn't really touch his pencil to the paper at all. It was a good scheme and very difficult to detect. He used to get \$150 a week, but he's dead now, so there's no harm telling."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Laughter Cure. Therapeutic effects of different kinds have been attributed to laughter by the gravest medical writers from Hippocrates downward. The father of medicine laid special stress on the importance of merriment at meals. The old physicians recommended laughter as a powerful means of "despoiling" the spleen.

FOURTH OF JULY. The most powerful lever of health. Tissot professes to have cured scrofulous children by tickling and making them laugh. Dumont de Montaupe relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," at which he had laughed heartily. Other learned doctors state that nephritic colic, scurvy, pleurisy and other affections are favorably influenced by laughter.—Medical Journal.

He Believed In Tobacco. The late Dr. Norman Kerr, the English temperance advocate, made a life study of the subject of inebriety, concerning various aspects of which he had published about 30 volumes, together with numerous articles in medical journals. On the efficacy of tobacco as a disinfectant he also held strong opinions and made the following statement: "On broad, general grounds, I am decidedly of opinion, from my own experience and observation, that tobacco smoking—other things being equal—does give any one exposed to infection a considerable amount of immunity."

Erinisms. In his "Collections and Recollections" Mr. Russell gives two Irish balls which are prized specimens of their class. This by T. Healy. "As long as the voice of Irish scolding is dumb, the ear of English compassion is deaf to it."

And this from The Irish Times. "The key of the Irish difficulty is not to be found in the empty pocket of the landlord."

A Gone Feeling. A married man who was recently hypnotized said it made him feel just like it does when his wife makes up her mind.—Chicago News.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Some time ago I persuaded him to take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimony, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bowen, Hinesco, O. For sale by Health & Killmer.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous remedy for grippe and its after-effects. Health & Killmer.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia. It is not particular about me. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me. It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases." Health & Killmer.

Dr. B. J. Johnson, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave me relief with me. My foot was swollen and pained me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Health & Killmer."

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TO A DEAR INSTANT.

As still amid the fun of things and purposes gay happenings

Some force subsists that makes for beauty, And something through the chaos sings, Or 'mid your fevered flutterings, Or 'mid your bright and joyous wings, Some wistful instinct gropes for duty, And still o'er all your vagrant moods Love, like a crowed heaven, broods.

Dear, trust the still, small voice; distrust The fawning court of lesser loves, The tricks of flattery and of eyes, Informed with sly surmising lust, To drag the central "you" to dust, And render mute the sovereign "must" That sends the scurrying to their desks. Let their gay friskings serve to grace thy reign, But be thou queen by work and love and pain. —L. Zangwill in Collier's Weekly.

"MYSTERIOUS DAVE."

His Name Was Rodebaugh, and He Was a Mystery, Sure.

Dave Rodebaugh was the man who was best entitled to the sobriquet of "Mysterious Dave," which has been wrongfully applied to Dave Mathes. Rodebaugh's advent to the circle of famous western characters was unheralded, but no less lacking in brilliancy. It was at Great Bend, Kan., in the early seventies, that one Frank Whitfield, who by reason of his former habituation was known as Texas Frank, was one day amusing himself by shooting up the town.

His crowning feat of devilry was to cause the bartender of the Rome saloon to kneel with a full glass of beer upon his head and to shatter the glass with a bullet from his revolver, fired from the opposite side of the room. Much amused at the beer bespattered bartender, Frank proceeded to execute a dance of approval. He was recalled to the bare surroundings by the sharp command:

"Drop it, pardner, and shove up yer hands. I've got 'em fixed."

Frank turned to look into the muzzle of a six shooter in the hand of a little red headed man with a thin, red beard. Frank's hands went up very high, and the strange man ordered him to kneel with his face to the wall, which order was obeyed, and, following the red headed man's directions, the bartender placed a glass of beer upon his head. The strange man then stepped against the wall opposite and, with a shot from his revolver, smashed the glass in the same manner that his victim had done so recently for the bartender. After doing this the stranger backed out of the saloon, mounted his pony, and rode leisurely out of the town.

No one could be found who knew him, and he was not seen again for some time. His next appearance was in the thick of a street and saloon fight, in which he contributed two men to Great Bend's boot hill. His appearance and departure were as mysterious as the first, and he was dubbed "The Mystery."

Not long after the incident last related he killed a faro dealer, whose gun caught in the scabbard, and was arrested. Although acquitted, the inquiry disclosed that his name was Dave Rodebaugh, and he was afterward known as "Mysterious Dave." After Mathes received the title "mysterions" they were distinguished by the addition of their family names. In Mathes' case the name was not the true one. Just here it may be stated that Mathes was a native of Ohio, his family being one of the most prominent of the state, and that he was educated at the Ohio Wesleyan university.

The writer knows that two of his strange disappearances from his haunts in New Mexico were caused by visits to that state. One was upon the death of his father and the other to attend the marriage of his youngest sister.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How He Imitated Nature. "How did you paint the snowy road in your picture of 'Napoleon in 1814?'" I asked Meissonier. He picked out from under the table a low platform about a meter and a half high.

"On this I prepared all that was required—snow, mud and ruts. I kneaded the clay and pushed across it this piece of cannon several times up and down. With a shod hoof I then pressed the marks of the horses' feet. I strewn flour over it, pushed the cannon across again and continued to do so until I obtained the semblance of a real road. Then I salted it, and the road was ready."

"What did you salt it for?" "To get the brilliancy of the snow. Why do you smile? How else could you do it?"

"It was very ingenious," I answered. "I compliment you upon it, but I had been your imitator long before to Russia, where nearly every road is dug up in the way you represented, and should have painted a study from nature."

"Yes, but Parisians do not move about so easily."—Vereschagin's Reminiscences in Contemporary Review.

Japanese Signs. Nearly every shop in Japan for the sale of foreign goods is furnished with a sign in a foreign language. No matter whether the language is intelligible—if it is only in foreign characters, that is enough. Many of these signs are a study. "The all countries Boot and Shoe small or Fine Yarns," "Old Curious," "Horseshoe maker instruct by French horse leech," "Cut Hair Shop," "If you want sell watch, I will buy; if you want buy watch, I will sell. My shop, we will all will. Come at my shop. Watchmaker," "Hatter Native Country," "Antennae of Nansen Marina," and "The House Built by the manufacture of all and best kinds of Hats and Caps."

Got Rid of George. Aurelia (anxiously)—Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call. Papa—Yes; he did call, and I entertained him for an hour before you came down stairs. Aurelia—You entertained him, papa? Papa—Yes; I gave him a list of all the new dresses you had last year and the cost of each. I never saw a man more interested. Yet he left very hurriedly.—Detroit Free Press.

Times Change. Mrs. Watts—Goodness me! This is the third time you have been here this week! Dismal Dawson—Madam, they was a time once when the wimmin didn't make any objection to my callin so often.—Indianapolis Journal.

No matter how hot it is on the deserts of Arizona and southern California—and sometimes the thermometer goes up to 110 and 120 in the shade—you never hear of a sunstroke.

On the west and southwest coasts of Korea the tide rises and falls from 26 to 88 feet.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnson, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave me relief with me. My foot was swollen and pained me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Health & Killmer."

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Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. Health & Killmer.

HE WENT TO THE BALL. And His Appearance Resulted in a Thrilling Sensation.

Judge E. B. Martindale of Indianapolis owns one of the handsomest residences in that city—a large stone mansion hidden from the street by a thick grove of trees. It was in this house that one of the most exciting functions ever known in the Hoosier capital took place many years ago, the time of which is now printed for the first time. The judge, who was one of the leaders of society and at the same time a pillar in the Presbyterian church, had issued invitations for a fancy dress ball which at the last moment he had to withdraw because of the presence in this country of a large body of Presbyterian delegates from Great Britain on their way to an international conference in the west.

They were to be entertained at the judge's on the night set for the ball. It so happened that every guest received his notice save one, a merchant named Woodward, who was on a trip through the northwest. It also happened that Mr. Woodward had upon the most striking disguise of any planned. He had bought a complete costume of a Sioux war chief and intended making up as nearly like the original as possible.

Mr. Woodward did not return to Indianapolis until the evening fixed for the ball and therefore to save time put on his costume at his office and drove to the Martindale residence in his carriage, which he dismissed at the gate. Through the trees and shrubbery he glided stealthily until he reached the house. Looking through the window, Mr. Woodward saw some persons whom he knew and many whom he did not, but every one was in ordinary evening dress.

"They're unmasked," soliloquized the war chief, "but I'll have my fun just the same." Thereupon, stepping on a ledge, he made one spring through the open window and landed in the center of a group of Scotch delegates, meantime brandishing a genuine tomahawk and uttering shrill and blood-curling war-whoops.

The effect was astounding to the masquerader. Some of the guests fainted, others crept under the tables and sofas or fled to the upper stories of the house. It took only an instant for Mr. Woodward to discover that a terrible mistake had been made. In order to preserve his identity and make his escape he gave a few more whoops, executed a fearful dance and darted out of the window into the darkness.

It was explained to the foreign guests that one of the Indianapolis Indian tribes was evidently restless, but that no further trouble need be feared. As for Mr. Woodward, his side of the story was not known for nearly 20 years afterward.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

UNCLE SAM'S STATIONERY. The Department of Justice Conducts a Wholesale Business.

"The department of justice runs one of the biggest stationery concerns in the country," said a clerk of that department to a Star reporter. "We have to do that to supply the various officials of the department throughout the country. Not many years ago our stationery bureau was used solely for the benefit of this immediate department. Judges, clerks of courts, marshals and other officials throughout the country purchased their supplies from stores in their cities and towns and sent us the account to pay. By this method we paid the retail price for everything. We found this would not do, as the highest prices were paid for everything. Under our present system every official of the government coming under our department makes requisition on our supplies, and we send them to their pencils, writing paper, etc. It costs little cost, most of the time by mail. As we buy everything at cost prices we save to the government thousands of dollars each year over the old method of doing business.

"We carry a stock worth at least \$5,000 at all times, and all the judges, marshals, clerks and others send to us for their pencils, writing paper, etc. It is funny, too, what strange fancies some of them have. For instance, there is a certain western judge who won't have anything else but a red pencil which is peeled off when it is sharpened. We carry this pencil in stock for no other person, as not many others have ever taken a fancy to it. I suppose he loses or misplaces all the other kinds of pencils, but finds this one to his liking because he can easily see it. Right here in the District of Columbia is a judge who listens to arguments with six pencils in his hands. He rolls these between his fingers while he is busy, and never has less than a half dozen. He is not particular about the kind of pencil he has. Other officials have peculiar ideas about the kinds of paper, pens and ink they want, and they will have no other. Thus, you see, we carry a more varied assortment of goods than a stationery store."—Washington Star.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. Health & Killmer.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat, cures indigestion, sour stomach, heart burn and all forms of dyspepsia. Health & Killmer.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgeons wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Health & Killmer."

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close-by counties. Salary \$800 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference, Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION CO., Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill. 10-11-99.

—Hopkins sells the clothing and shoes.

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