

REED AND THE BARBER

Ex-Speaker's Novel Experience In a Hotel.

AN AMUSING CHAT WITH A NEGRO

How the Big Man From Maine Once Addressed a Talkative Tonsorial Artist Who Tried to Draw Him Out—A Story of His Boyhood Days. Reply to a Car Conductor.

Among the many stories told about ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed the following account of his experience in a barber's chair may prove of interest.

Mr. Reed reclined in a hotel barber shop chair one afternoon looking like an apoplectic Buddha far plunged in contemplation of the limitations of the inscrutable gleamed steadily from his penetrating eyes. He seemed to reek not that the burly, selfish world was amove. He gazed with a continuously focused gaze upon the knob of the barber shop door—whether attempting to hypnotize himself or to hypnotize the knob, who knows?—and he spoke no word to the grinning black barber with teeth like peeled almonds who swept the scissors with zephyr touch through the colorless wisp of hair that faintly fringed the after part of the great man's skull. The disinclination of Mr. Reed to be discursive was not according to the barber's ideas of things. He attempted to draw the great man out, perhaps in order to bequeath a legacy of epigrams to posterity. The great man only grunted monosyllabic replies and resumed his reverie. Then the barber decided to switch the conversation to the subject of Mr. Reed's hirsute peculiarities.

"Yo' hair's sut'nly thinnin' out a heap, suh," said he.

"Um-m!" said Mr. Reed.

"Teenchy bit o' tonic do it whole lot o' good, suh."

"Um-m! No."

"Bin bald on de top o' yo' head long, suh?"

Mr. Reed did not remove his gaze from the doorknob as he was drawn: "I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative hirsute luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of the deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The black barber studied over this for awhile, apparently without fully apprehending its meaning, however.

"Yo' hair'd look some bettah, suh, ef yo' kep' it long in de back lakke," he said after a few moments of silence.

Reed removed his gaze from the doorknob, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat and spoke again.

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to wearing it, is eminently satisfactory to myself and, perhaps I might also say, to my constituents. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun dried it in order to present a proper not guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I only learned to thrash afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair, and the hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut it the way I directed you to cut it."

The black barber looked dazed. When the great man left the shop, the barber mumbled: "Speakuh! Ah should say he all is a speakuh!"

One day Mr. Reed was in a great hurry to get out of Philadelphia, not that he loved the Quaker City less than New York, but because he had an important business engagement in the latter city. Arriving at the depot just about train time, he got pretty well tangled up in a rather thrilling experience for a man of his weight. He was making for the train gate at quite a lusty pace when he was buttholed, actually, by a wiry little old man, who looked as though he might have come from West Chester.

"Why, how are you, Tom?" exclaimed the whiskered party, shaking the politician's reluctantly extended hand.

"Eh—why, I think you've got the best of me—I don't remember you," returned Mr. Reed, sort of perturbed, for he could see that he had but a half minute to spare.

"Well, if that don't beat all!"—"You'll have to pardon me. I've got to make my train," interrupted Reed.

"Don't be in a hurry," insisted the other, taking a firm grip on the ex-speaker's lapel. "You'll think who I am in a minute."

"But I haven't time to think." Mr. Reed shook himself loose and started for the gate. He heard a little bell tinkle, and the gate closed in his face.

"Let me through!" cried Mr. Reed excitedly.

The man at the gate paid no heed to him. Close at hand was an open gate for a local train. Mr. Reed rushed through it and trotted down the platform after the express, which was just getting under way. He was breathing

hard, but he managed to make a final spurt and clutch the rail of the last car. Yet he was not out of the woods, for he found it was one thing to hold and another to hold still another to get aboard. He was swinging behind like the tail of a kite when the brakeman came to his rescue. He caught Mr. Reed by the collar and tried to drag him aboard. The brakeman would have fallen in his noble effort had he not been aided by two porters, who gallantly shoved from behind while the brakeman pulled from above. The job was finished, though not without damage to Mr. Reed's apparel and at the expense of much perspiration.

As Mr. Reed stood on the back platform mopping his brow he could see the figure of his old forgotten acquaintance at the gateway, and above the rumble of the train he heard these words:

"I used to be your milkman!"

Reed was fond of telling this story of his boyhood days:

"It was one of our customs in school for each boy who had lived up to the rules to ring his bell upon going out. One time I left for three days in succession without ringing.

"Of course the master noticed the omission, and I knew I would hear from him.

"Tom," he said, "is this an inadvertence?" "No, sir." "Did you break the rules?" "Yes, sir, because they are too hard." "Well, my boy, if the rules are too hard you know you can leave the school."

"I hung my head, and after a few minutes of terrible silence the teacher went away, saying as he went, 'Tom, never let me hear of this again.' 'No, sir,' I replied, and I meant to keep my word.

"I was not a good boy at school, but I knew that education was good for me, and a threat of dismissal always had the necessary effect."

One more of Reed's characteristic sallies may bear quotation. A friend tendered him his sympathies upon one occasion.

"Don't sympathize with me!" he cried. "You must not sympathize with any one. It is out of style, and the only place you can find sympathy now is in the dictionary."

On a recently bitter cold night in New York Reed was riding on a street car when the conductor negligently left the door open. The speaker beckoned the man to him and asked:

"Why have you your collar turned up, my friend?"

"Because I want to keep warm," responded the conductor.

"So do the rest of us," observed the speaker. "Suppose you shut the door."

It is needless to add that the passengers were comfortable during the remainder of the trip.

While walking up Broadway in New York below Fourteenth street one day Mr. Reed commented upon the strange names on the signboards and did not become happy until he caught the name O'Shaughnessy over a saloon.

"Thank heavens, there are some Americans living in New York!" he said.

EFFECT OF ARMY RATIONS.

Porto Rican Soldiers Grew Taller After Eating Them Six Months.

W. K. Landis, who is postmaster at San Juan, Porto Rico, is in Washington on a visit to his brother, Representative Landis of Indiana, says the Philadelphia Ledger and Times correspondent. Referring to a recently published statement to the effect that the uniforms sent the rural guards in the Philippines were proving too small in consequence of the abundance and excellence of the army ration, Mr. Landis gave an interesting illustration of the effect of the army ration on the Porto Rican soldiers:

"The Porto Rican battalion," said he, "composed of men over twenty-one, thoroughly matured, was selected after a thorough physical examination. The height of the men was taken in their stocking feet and carefully recorded. A physical examination made six months later by the same system of measurement showed that the men had increased in height an average of one-quarter of an inch as a result of regular meals of army rations. Perhaps the drill had something to do with making them erect and firm, but in any event it was a remarkable result of army methods."

The Modern Samson.

Santa Claus must be a Samson. Else he'd surely break his back bearing up the mighty burden Of his ponderous Christmas pack. When I think of all the presents That he hung upon our tree And the many, many children, What a giant he must be!

Blocks and animals and candies, Fruit and toys he scattered here; What a heavy, awkward bundle For the driver and the deer! Why, the good old saint must have a Hundred arms where'er he goes And a half a hundred pockets In his furry Christmas clothes!

In the olden days when children Numbered but a very few Santa's pack was light and easy, And he hadn't much to do; Now the land is full of chimneys, And around each chimney hearth Merry children wait his coming Over all the joyous earth.

Atlas, in the ancient fable, Bore the world upon his neck; Samson turned the marble temple Of his foemen to a wreck. But the giants that we read of— All of them have passed away, Leaving Santa, only Santa, Never stronger than today!

Does he spend the year in training For his great December feat? Does his burden seem the lighter Just because it is so sweet? Ah, I cannot give an answer, But I know that once a year Some immortal ghost of Samson Empties out his bundle here! —Aloysius Coll in New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE GUGGLETTY GIRL.

Did you ever meet the gugglety girl, With her tongue all agog and her brain all awirl, The gugglety-gig and gigglety-gug, The gugglety-gugglety gigglety-gug, The gugglety-gugglety girl?

She giggles and snickers when others are sober; She's lacking in depth, yet no insight can probe her; She's serious glad, and she's glad when she's serious; And she's confoundedly giggly mysterious; She laughs at the butcher, she laughs at the baker, And nobody ever knows just how to take her.

She'd grin at a funeral or at a wedding; She laughs at the terrors that others are dreading; She always appears with a grin on her features, The happiest, merriest, gayest of creatures; She bends not the knee to an earthly born master; And chirps in the face of impending disaster; She giggles from morning till falling of night; She laughs to the left, and she grins to the right, And somehow we seem to pass over our care With the laugh of the gugglety girl on the air!

Oh, say, have you met the gugglety girl, With her tongue all agog and her brain in a whirl, The gugglety-gig and gigglety-gug, The gugglety-gugglety gigglety-gug, The gugglety-gugglety girl? —Baltimore News.

Her Only Chance.



Letta Cutte—Your friend, Ann Teek, was bragging that she had a man at her feet yesterday.

"Sara Kasm—Yes; I heard her, but I think she was referring to the chiropodist.—Chicago News.

An Old Argument.

It is just an incident of club life. "Going home?" asked one of the party.

"What's the use breaking away?" asked several. "Be sociable."

The young man paused. It's an old, old argument and most effective. No one likes to be considered unsociable, but sociability sometimes makes it necessary to call a cab later.

"Be sociable," urged the party again. "I believe I will," said the young man thoughtfully. "In fact, I am convinced that I ought to be."

"But you're putting on your coat."

"I know it. I'm going to be sociable with my wife this time."—Chicago Post.

A Juvenile Philosopher.

Two little maids who should have been in school instead of "from" it were emerging from an east side grocery, armed respectively with a loaf of rye bread and a head of cabbage.

She of the auburn locks was telling how a playmate had pursued her, calling out: "Carrots! Carrots! Five cents a bunch!"

"An' what did you do?" asked her companion.

"I didn't do nothin'," returned the wise child. "I just called out, 'Sticks an' stones may break my bones, but names'll never hurt 'em!'"—New York Times.

Philosophically Considered.

"Students of the subject say that it is dangerous for a man to have too much meat," remarked the beef trust promoter consolingly.

"Yes," answered the consumer, "but you can't always go by what the students say. They have also declared that it sometimes dangerous for a man to have too much money."—Washington Star.

Selected Names.

First Matinee Girl—That woman looks like an actress. Do you know what her name is?

Second Matinee Girl—She was a Miss Ethel Johnson before she married Mr. George Billings, whose stage name is Alfred De Vere, but she is known professionally as Euphemia Frothingham.—Brooklyn Life.

A Woman's Reasoning.

"Why did you ever let your daughter marry so young?"

"Because I got tired being her chaperon and always mingling with mere boys. I've had three offers of marriage already since I have had a chance to get away from the children."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Danger of a Shortage.

"He throws a kiss to me every morning as he goes by."

"What a waste of good material!"

"Oh, dear, no. It's not a waste. They're just the superfluous ones that he can't deliver in person owing to the shortness of the evenings."—Chicago Post.

The Colonel's Speech.

The Judge—Did Colonel Bluegrass notify you of his objections verbally?

The Major—Well, perhaps it might better be called adjectively.—Town Topics.

Young America's Excuse.

"You shouldn't make faces, my son."

"That's all right, pa. I'm going to be a dermatologist some day."

The Wooing OF MISS PRISCILLA

By Carrie Hunt Latta
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As she drew near to a small house which was built well back from the road Miss Priscilla glanced at it with pretended indifference. Then she looked closer, stopped and looked again.

"How shet up Sam'l Clayton's house do look! Mebby he's went away. Mebby he's went west. He said he would if I didn't marry him. But, law me, that was years an' years ago, an' he'd ben goin' he'd 'a' went long ago. Mebby he's sick an' all by hisself! I wouldn't live on a byroad for a finer farm 'n this of Sam'l's."

She took a few steps farther, then stopped. There was a determined look on her face.

"It ain't proper for a lone wummin to go to the house of a lone man, but I ain't goin' to stop for that nothin' else when they's a prospec' of Sam'l Clayton bein' sick with nobody to complain ter."

She walked briskly up the lane which led to the little house. The blinds were drawn and the front gate was closed. The barnyard gate hung open, and the chickens wandered about the dooryard disconsolately, while out in the shed the cow lowed piteously.

"No tellin' when that cow's ben milked er how long she's ben shet up without feed an' water. Somethin's happened. I hope—oh, I do hope—it ain't nothin' awful. Sam'l's 'bout the only friend I've got hereabouts, an' ef he was ter die—"

She had to wipe the tears from her eyes before she knocked.

There was no answer. Her breath came fast. She knocked again.

"What yo' want?" The voice was decidedly cross.

Miss Priscilla opened the door cautiously, keeping her face turned away.

"Sam'l Clayton, is they anything the matter?"

"Nothin'," he answered grimly, "cep'tin' I'm flat on my back an' ain't able to get up."

The door flew open, and Miss Priscilla entered.

"I know I ain't doin' the proper thing, Sam'l, so don't be castin' up nothin', but— my goodness, Sam'l, yo're as yaller as gold."

"That's comfordin', Percilly."

"Yo've got yaller jaunders, I reckon. I don't blame yo' none fer not wantin' to get up. When I had 'em, I couldn't turn over in bed."

"I do want ter get up, but I can't, Percilly."

"Don't yo' be cross, Sam'l. They ain't no call fer it. I'm sorry fer yo', awful sorry, an', though it ain't the thing, I'm goin' to stay here an' red things up some. Then I'll git word to yer brother Robert. Air yo' thirsty, Sam'l?"

He nodded.

"An' hungry?"

He put out his tongue at her and made a wry face.

"No; I reckon yo' ain't hungry, but yo're weak fer somethin' ter eat, an' yo'll git it right soon."

She went into the kitchen, and Samuel heard her muttering and talking to herself. She put her head in at the door.

"Is that glass there on the table the only one yo've got, Sam'l?"

"I'm the only one ter use a glass, Percilly, an' I never hev cum'pany."

"What's it in it anyhow?"

"Ginger tea, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla picked the glass up and smelled of the contents.

"Phef! Sakes alive. I s'pose yo' fixed it?"

Miss Priscilla disappeared, taking the glass with her. She soon returned with a glass of sparkling cold water.

Miss Priscilla straightened the sheet, put clean cases on the pillows, opened the windows and put the room in order. Samuel's face brightened as he watched her.

"Got anything 'bout the house ter eat, Sam'l?" she asked presently.

"Things as spile easy is hangin' in the well, an' the rest of the things is in the cellar, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla fed the chickens, milked the cow and turned her into the pasture. When she returned, she put the milk away, then entered the room again, bringing a cup of hot broth.

"It ain't cooked 'nough, Sam'l, but it won't do fer yo' to go any longer with a limpy stummick. Eat some."

She propped him up in bed, and he did as he was bidden.

"That's the first good broth I've et since mother died."

"I don't doubt that, Sam'l. Yo're the porest 'xcase for a housekeeper I ever seen. The whole house is awful. I ain't s'prised yo're sick. I'd be dead."

"It ain't my fault as I'm my own housekeeper, Percilly Blake," he answered significantly.

She flushed red.

"Well, I see plain as I'll hev to go an' leave yo' by yo'self an' not wait fer yer brother ter come. Don't make matters unproper than they air 'a' ready."

"My, but yo' air b'hind the times! Brother moved ter Iowa five weeks ago comin' Thursday."

"They's other naybers, Sam'l," she snapped.

All the rest of the day she watched for a passing vehicle that she might hail its occupant and send for someone to look after Samuel. Toward evening she grew uneasy. She had refused to talk to Samuel for some time, as he would talk of personal matters, but now she turned to him anxiously.

"Sam'l, I can't bear ter leave yo' by yo'self ag'in' ter night."

"I guess I won't die ef yo're anxious ter go, Percilly."

"I ain't anxious ter go, an' yo' know it."

"Then stay an' let folks talk ef they want ter."

"I can't 'ford ter do that, Sam'l."

Then there was another long silence. Miss Priscilla looked down the road anxiously, finally going down to the gate to see if she could get a glimpse of any one.

"He might git worse in the night," she murmured to herself. "I never was so put out in all my life."

Samuel looked into her eyes as she came in.

"See anybody?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Percilly, w'y, say, do yo' 'member what I asked yo' ont?"

She made no reply and looked steadily down the road.

"Well," he went on, "them's still my feelin's."

She shaded her eyes as if to see better and did not answer.

"W'y, Percilly, say, ef I'm not dead by mornin', won't yo' hook up old Kit to the buggy an' drive over to the preacher an' fetch him over an' hev 'im marry yo' an' me?"

Miss Priscilla sprang to her feet. Her face was crimson with anger.

"Sam'l Clayton, ain't yo' 'shamed ter insult me in yo' own house? Do yo' think that's what I come over here fer? Shame on yo'!"

And, covering her face, she burst into tears.

"Fer the Lord's sake, 'Cilly, now don't do that. I wouldn't 'a' made yo' cry fer this farm. Course yo' didn't come here fer that. I've ben wantin' ter say this, howsomever, ever sence I said it that time so long ago. But yo' know yo' wouldn't ever let me talk 'bout it. I'm lovin' yo' all this time, an', Percilly, yo' jest can't know how lonesome I am."

Miss Priscilla wiped her eyes and looked at him.

"That broth made yo' a heap better, didn't it, Sam'l?"

"A heap better," he answered smilingly.

"Well, yo're well 'nough ter leave by yo'self, ain't yo'?"

"The 'xcitement of yer goin' away would upset me, I'm shore."

"Anyhow I'm goin', Sam'l."

"Yo' ain't give me no answer to that question, 'Cilly. A 'Yes,' said good an' strong, would cure me."

"I'm goin' home an' do the milkin' an' feed the chickens an' do the chores."

"I hate ter stay by myself 'nother night, that I do. I hed such a uncomfortable night las' night."

"Yo' pore man!" she said kindly.

"Well, as I was sayin', I'll go home an' do the chores, an' while I'm there I'll change my dress. I think I'll hook up old Belle—I ain't ust ter Kit—an' I'll send Bob Coldron over ter stay with yo' while I'm away. I'll hev his wife come too. They'll do fer witnesses, yo' know."

"Do yo' mean yo're goin' ter hev me, Percilly?" he asked eagerly.

"I reckon I do," she answered, fingering her sunbonnet.

"'Cilly, they's one thing I wisht yo'd give me 'fore yo' start, somethin' ter keep up my strength till yo' git back."

He looked at her wistfully.

"More beef tea, Sam'l?" she asked, but there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yo' know better—somethin' I asked yo' fer an' tried ter steal long time ago."

She hesitated for an instant, then leaned over and kissed him.

Woman's Sense of Humor.

It certainly seems that in much of the humor of women there is a trait closely allied to the retort courteous, as shown, for instance, in the following citations. It was a woman who, on a revanche and with gentle satire, said, "I am sorry for man; just at that awkward age between the ape and the angel." Another woman it was who remarked after reading the Carlyle letters, "Yes, it is true; Mrs. Carlyle was a martyr, but she wasn't a good martyr, or we'd never have heard of it." Better known is the anecdote of the learned and fastidious New England woman who, being in need of a pin, was asked by a friend, who was somewhat in awe of her, what kind of pin she wanted and hit off the situation wittily with her indignant reply, "The common white pin of North America." In all these instances one may discern something of "the look downward." It would be interesting to know if this is characteristic of the humor of the sex.—Century.

The Postmaster Was Cautious.

I was expecting a letter at a Dakota postoffice, and when I went to inquire for it I found the postmaster to be doubtful of my identity.

"Sure you're the man?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Willing to make affidavit to it?"

"I am."

"Not after any one else's letters?"

"No, sir."

"Willing to swear and sign your name?"

"I told you I was."

"Where would the letter be from?" he continued.

"Boston, perhaps."

"And written to you?"

"Certainly. You seem to be over-particular here."

"Yes, mebbe I am, but being as nobody here has got a letter for the last month and being as there is none for you and not likely to be I thought I wouldn't take any desperate chances, yo' know."

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sargum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

TESTIMONY OF NON-UNION MEN

Continued from First Page.

ing the strike assisting in putting in a new boiler at the Upper Lehigh colliery.

Two of the principal witnesses of the day were August Scheuck and son, of Hazleton. August Scheuck is outside foreman at No. 40 colliery, of the Lehigh Coal Company, and his son is a district superintendent. Father and son were assaulted during the strike on Broad street, Hazleton, and were badly injured, and in the midst of the crowd was Squire McKelvey, of Hazleton.

John Doran, manager of the Wilkesbarre Lace Mills, testified that because he would not discharge two girls who had relatives working in the mines the 1,100 employes went on strike and stayed out eight weeks until the matter was fixed up.

Fred Reynolds, of Scranton, who was employed as a fireman at Scranton, told of being shot at four times while returning home from work and of the arrest and conviction of his assailants.

Mrs. McNamara, of Parsons, said she heard people say that they would kill her husband, who remained in a Delaware and Hudson colliery during the strike. Stones were fired at her in her own house. On October 19 the witness was awakened about midnight by smoke. The house was on fire and was burned to the ground.

Counsel for the miners called the commission's attention to the fact that the fire had not been connected with the strikers, and objected to the other side bringing in evidence of alleged violence by strikers when they cannot prove it. Chairman Gray said while the evidence did not directly connect the strikers with the fire, the inference was that the fire was most probably of incendiary origin.

William Myles, a pump runner for the Lackawanna Company, was called. He worked during the strike. A barber would not shave him. The barber said: "I hate to refuse you, but you know how it is." His butcher told witness' wife that he had been requested not to sell meat to her.

Duncan MacIntyre, of Nanticoke, caused amusement by saying that during July he was hanged three times, and his wife twice; but stated after the laughter had ceased that it was in effigy he was hanged.

Frank Trimble, of Plymouth, testified that he could not get meat from Plymouth butchers because he worked during the strike.

Judge Gray asked why some of the merchants who had refused to sell goods to non-union workmen had never been brought before the commissioners. Attorney Lenahan replied that they would not appear voluntarily, as they were afraid of a boycott if they testified, and that he had no power to subpoena them.

The Courier-Herald, of Wilkesbarre, as well as a placard giving the names of 112 alleged unfair workmen, were offered as evidence of boycotting. The placard had been tacked to a post by one of the Nanticoke miners' unions.

Those witnesses and others that were called testified that their wives were insulted on the streets, the children were beaten and could not be safely sent to school, that local unions requested storekeepers to refrain from selling goods to any one related to a man working in the mines; that their houses were stoned; that they were shot at and hung in effigy, and that life was generally made miserable for them and their families.

The lawyers for the non-union men say they will continue calling witnesses to prove that a reign of terror existed during the strike. The commission will adjourn at about noon tomorrow, and will reconvene in Philadelphia on January 5.

BREVITIES.

The latest development of screw propellers is due to Mr. C. A. Parsons. The blades are given reduced pitch toward their tips, small vanes being also provided on the propeller cone, and the effect is to admit of high speed without cavitation and to give a greater mean thrust than is possible with blades of constant or increasing pitch.

Dr. Calvello, an Italian, has discovered that 9 per cent of essence of thyme and 18 per cent of essence of geranium make an excellent disinfectant when freely used for the hands of medical operators. As these essences enter largely into the composition of eau de cologne, it follows that this scent is a good antiseptic for ordinary purposes.

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