











How to Answer a "Smasher."

There lives in St. Louis a very sensible old German named Muller, who keeps a store. He has a daughter named Mina. Not long since she attracted the attention of one of those unfortunate rascals called "smashers," so called because they smash their noses about ten times a day. He found out where she lived and the next day an unkempt urchin brought Miss Muller a personal note, marked "strictly confidential." The contents of the note were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone. The following postscript was added:

"P. S.—That my darling can make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a cane and in my left a cigar. Yours forever, "ADOLPHUS."

As the urchin said he was told to wait for an answer, Miss Muller took the note to her father and requested him to write an answer. The old man did so, stating that his daughter would be at the appointed place at the time specified by the proxy, he, her father, having authority to represent his daughter at the proposed caucus. The postscript read as follows:

"P. S.—Dot mine son may make no mistakes, I will be dressed in mine shirt sleeves. I will wear in mine right hand a club; in mine left hand I will wear a six-shooter, .45 calibre. You will recognize me by the way I bats you on the head a couple dimes twice mit de club. Wait for me on de corner, as I have somedings important to inform you mit. Your fren, "HENRIK MULLER."

For some unexplained reason, Adolphus was not on hand when he was wanted, much to the grief of the old man, who meant all he wrote.—Texas Siftings.

THERE were six persons in a Woodward avenue car when he entered. Before sitting down he looked along the seat, made a dive for something and called out:

"Who of you has lost any money?"

The four men immediately began feeling in their pockets and the two women looked scared.

"I—I think I lost a quarter," remarked one of the men.

"All I miss is half a dollar," added a second.

The other two tried to catch sight of the coin in the man's fingers before specifying their loss, and the women moved uneasily and wished they knew exactly whether they had lost ten cents or a dollar.

"Again I ask if any one of you lost this coin," said the man.

"I—I presume I did," replied the most fardened signe-of-all.

"What was it?"

"A silver dollar."

"Then this can't be yours, for it is a five-dollar gold-piece. I was always lucky, and the wonder is that all of you were too blind to see it."

Then the four men left the car at brief intervals, each one giving the lucky man a look of intense hate as he went out, and when the two women got off together, one of them said to the other:

"I'll never forgive the wretch so long as I live! That money laid there within a foot of me all the time, but you kept gabbling so about spring fashions that I didn't see it."

And not one of the six, all of whom will feel a rankling for weeks, had a suspicion that the man entered the car with the gold-piece in his fingers.—Free Press.

If there is a picture of desolation, it is an oil town that has been left; that has gone off by itself and died. The dismantled derricks stand around like so many tombstones. The deserted houses with their shattered windows look as though the crowd, flying away to new oil fields, had cruelly put out the eyes of the town lest it should follow. The doors hang in crippled fashions on paralyzed hinges; they have forgotten their old hospitality of the "flush times;" there is neither welcome nor rejection in their half open attitude, but they look as though they stood ajar to save the ghosts the trouble of hunting for the key-hole. The dismal creak of the walking beam is succeeded by a quiet more dismal. The merry song of the ringer has ceased, and the voice of the romantic slinger mingles no longer with the defiant shout of the rattle. The gin-mill has passed away and no longer runs on a single shift. The chimneys topple over and wear the disheartened look of a hat out of season. Even the tramps shun the town, and there is a general look of a linen duster in December about the settlement.—Burdette.

SCENE: Caroline Co., Md. Sun two hours high. Yours truly out "squirrelin," armed with a long rifle, passed through a cornfield in which are two "cullud gemin'" industriously engaged in husking corn. The usual "Howareyou?" is exchanged and work is suspended for a minute examination of the rifle. Darkey No. 1 takes it, aims at several corn stalks, says, "Yes, tolerbul good gun, mooses fong er ole Uncle Ross's do." "Why," said I, "is his any longer?" "Oh! bress yer, yes, child; why, he wuz out squirrelin' one mornin' en seen er squeril on er big gun. Uncle Ross puts up er busts a cap on 'im, but she done go; lay her down, looks in ther barl en seed ther shage comin', put her up agin quick en lak ther squeril dead."

Darkey No. 2 now chimes in, and says, "Sawed ole Uncle Ross er right smart er trouble do of he'd pulled trigger fore he left home."

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," I was the indignant reply. "Do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this?"

GENERAL SHERMAN kinds every girl to whom he is introduced, and it is noticeable the prettier the girl is the harder it is for him to remember her, and in sometimes has to be introduced to the same girl a dozen times.

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### Great Winners

The list of trotting horses who have won purses or stakes aggregating at least \$10,000 comprises 221 names of horses that have performed from the days of Dutchman and Lady Suffolk, who began their victorious careers in 1838 down to Clingstone, Edwin Thorne, Santa Claus, etc., of the present day.

The palm as a campaigner must be awarded to Goldsmith Maid. From 1866 to 1877 this marvellous little mare had 121 victories, and the 86 of Flora Temple are the nearest approach to her in this respect. The number of heats that she trotted in 2:30 or better was 332. The actual net gains, aside from expenses, that she brought to her owners foot up \$246,750. No horse of any age or country ever won so much money as the little inbred Abdallah mare, who is now weekly performing the duties of a matron at a fashion stud-farm. Her long career was in flush times, \$10,000 purses were not infrequent, and several people whom she has enriched have cause to bless the day when she was considered too ill-tempered for plowing and had better be trained for the track. There are but three others whose winnings reach treble figures in the thousands—viz., American Girl, \$118,100 Rarus \$114,950, and Judge Fullerton \$102,055. Dexter, Flora Temple, Hopeful and Lady Thorne do not fall far short of reaching \$100,000. The greatest winner on the running turf in this country was Hindoo and his net earnings amounted to less than \$90,000.

It has been shown in several cases that a trotter can bear active campaigning for ten or twelve or even a greater number of years. As a rule we think, the old-time trotters staid longer at the front than those of the past two decades, but the fact may be attributable to there having been less competition, and they were not so soon outclassed. A striking exception to this is found in the veteran Tom Keeler. Under the name of Cayuga Chief he won his first race in 1867 at Clyde N. Y., and his thirty-seventh was won in Maine, in 1882. This is a period of sixteen years, and none of the intervening calendar divisions has failed to see him at the front one or more times, except 1868 and 1881. He is a marvel of wear. Old Lady Suffolk is only one season behind him, and she won a much greater number of races, seventy-five being credited to her—more than twice Tom Keeler's quota. Chicago, alias Hardbread, alias Jim Rockey outranks even Tom Keeler, having won his first race in 1859 and his last in 1876, no less than eighteen seasons of hard campaigning. We believe he is still alive in California. An interesting reminiscence of him was recently published, and if we are not mistaken, he won a scrub race last year. Other notable "lasters" are: Brother Jonathan, Bryan, Confidence, Coetie, Derby, Ethan Allen, Flora, Temple, George Wilkes, Maid, Hotspur, Huntress, John H. Stewart, Lady Franklin, Lady Moscow, Lady Star, Pilot Temple, Silas Rich, and Thomas Jefferson, all of which have had successful careers of at least ten seasons' duration.

The spring number of Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly more than fulfils the promise of its predecessors. Within the compass of its one hundred and twenty pages, it sets before its readers an absolutely complete epitome of the fashions of the coming season in ladies' wearing apparel and fabrics of every kind; and this, not in the shape of a series of vague generalities, such as the ordinary fashion journal too often contents itself with, but by means of a succession of clearly written descriptions of actual articles, each accompanied with an engraving of the thing described, and all arranged in so orderly and methodical a manner that any desired information can be referred to without difficulty. Over sixty new designs for ladies and children's dresses are illustrated and described, together with a large number of trimmed hats, light spring wraps, and other articles for the adornment of the outer woman. A new feature of the magazine is the introduction of fashions in men's clothing; a large variety of stylish looking and economical suits being illustrated and described.

The literary features of the magazine also deserves their need of praise. Margaret Eyttinge, Josephine Pollard, Eben E. Rexford, and other well-known writers are represented by tales, sketches, and poems. An interesting article, on "Household Decoration" is contributed by Mrs. E. Y. Battey of the New York Sun; and Florence LeMay's talk from the Easy Chair will be read with interest by mothers, far and near.

Altogether, we think the emphatic verdict pronounced by every lady reader on the present number of the Fashion Quarterly will be: "Worth its price and ten times more."

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A DAKOTA schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel moved for a nonsuit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked, "Judge, did you ever go out duck shooting?" His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered, "Well, I should say so; many's the time I've brought down half a dozen at a shot." "I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff; "that's just the case with me Judge. A flock of these fellows besieged me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

A SMART traveling man from Chicago tried to paralyze a dining-room girl at Fort Dodge, Iowa, during the snow blockade. At dinner one day he ordered "sponge soup" and "quail on fence." The girl went to the kitchen and got a quail and built a fence on the plate out of kindling wood. Then she got a piece of sponge from the bath-room and put it in the soup, and served his order in the presence of several other traveling men, who gave him the grand laugh. The landlord charged him \$1 extra for articles not on the bill of fare, and it cost him \$6 for cigars and drinks to keep the matter quiet.



