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# THE DAILY PRESS.

Do You Want to Sell?  
Send Us Your Adv.,  
WE'LL DO THE REST.

ESTABLISHED MAY 10, 1887.

PLAINFIELD N. J. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1901.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## BUTTER.

We are Headquarters in Plainfield for the finest Creamery and Dairy Butter! We have no opposition in this line, and sell more Butter in one day than most other stores do in a week!

HAMS—We are still ahead! Ferris's Hams and Bacon, 13c lb; Flemington Sugar-Cured Hams, 11c lb; Sugar-Cured Shoulders, 6c lb.

This is the place to buy Oranges, Bananas, Lemons, and all kinds of dried fruit. Don't forget to ask for a sample of Ceylon and India Tea, the acme of perfection in blending.

United Tea and Coffee Growers' Association.  
Leading Tea, Coffee and Grocery Store, 9 WEST FRONT STREET. 99 U

## French Dressmaking Establishment.

Madame CHARCOIS BOUTES,  
[Pupil of Worth, Paris]

Formerly Cutter, Fitter and Designer with Messrs. A. T. STEWART; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co., and STEIN BROS., is now prepared to take orders for Dinner and Evening Dresses, Walking Costumes, Tea Gowns, Riding Habits, Etc.

Madame CHARCOIS BOUTES, Importer,  
7 West Second street, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

## FINE FRENCH WHITE CHINA, For Amateur Decorating.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE GOODS Constantly.  
GAVETT'S, 15 E. FRONT ST.

Upholstering, and  
Mattress Making,  
By having special work done now, the delay  
caused by busy season can be avoided.  
GARRET Q. PACKER.  
Nos. 23, 25, 27, and 29 PARK AVE.

V. and W.,  
-S A Y:-

One of the best bargains we have offered this season is 4,000 yds fine dress Satin—goods made to sell for 15c; our price as long as they last, 9c. Our assortment of Wash Fabrics, such as Ginghams, Seersuckers, Cambric and White Goods, is far the best we have ever displayed. A mistake you will make, if you buy Mattings before examining our stock. Our assortment is the largest, and our prices we guarantee the lowest. We are selling for 25c, a full regular fast black Stocking for Ladies. Extra fine they are, and color warranted. We shall offer this week another lot of Granite Ironware, slightly imperfect, at half the regular price. Housekeepers should have in mind that we keep most everything in Crockery, Tinware, and housekeeping goods. We call special attention to our extra fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets that we are offering at \$9.00 per set; they cost \$12.00 to land.

VAN EMBURGH & WHITE.

## WE SUGGEST A NEW

Pair of SHOES for EASTER. We have a LARGE ASSORTMENT, ALL PRICES, ALL STYLES. Come in and look, whether you purchase or not.

Open evenings.  
DOANE & VAN ARSDALE,  
(The One Price Boot and Shoe House.) 22 W. Front Street.

## TRY

Williams's Famous Iced Cream Soda!

AT  
THE CRESCENT PHARMACY,  
GEORGE E. WILLIAMS, Prop'r,  
N. E. Cor. Park Ave. & 4th St., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

LADIES' MOUSQUETAIRE GLOVES.

Job Lot. Brown, 85c. Black, 95c.

Imported Winter Hats selling at a Great Reduction.  
Madame E. CETTI, 65 Park Avenue,  
Importer in Silks, Velvets, Millinery, Etc.

Hallock & Davis,  
(Vermeule's Old Stand.)

6 WEST FRONT STREET.  
Have in to-day the latest SPRING SHADES in

Men's Derby Hats.  
GEO. A. HALLOCK. JAMES W. DAVIS.  
LAUNDRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

Dr. Mott, the Gov't Chemist, says:  
"The Royal is undoubtedly the  
purest and most reliable baking  
powder offered to the public."

## NOTICE TO PIRATES

The President's Annual Proclamation About Ready.

THE SEALS WILL BE PROTECTED.

Two War Vessels Going to Alaskan Waters to Watch Marauders.

Gen. Johnston's Funeral to Take Place To-morrow—Secretary Proctor Will Not Design Kincaid's Trial Begun—The President's Trip West—Treasury Suspended Not Yet Accepted.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The proposed proclamation for the protection of seals in Behring Sea is expected to be promulgated within a few days. The President, in issuing it, simply complies with the statute enacted by the 50th Congress, which requires him to do this once a year, just before the approach of the fishing season. It is hinted that the coming proclamation will be even more vigorous than that of 1890.

The proposal to dispatch at least two war vessels to Alaskan waters means that the President intends that the pirates shall be punished if they resume the depredations of former years. The Sayward libel case comes before the United States Supreme Court early next month. The President will find no necessity, therefore, for defining the geographical limits within which marauders may be seized. That question remains for the court to determine. Whether his decision will be accepted by the British government as final remains for the future to develop.

GEN. JOHNSTON'S FUNERAL.

The Body to be Interred in Baltimore Without Military Display.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The arrangements for Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's funeral are about completed. The funeral will take place from St. John's Episcopal Church to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, after which his remains will be taken to Baltimore and be interred alongside his wife's in the cemetery there. There will be no display, military or otherwise, either here or in Baltimore.

The temporary pall-bearers selected are: Senators Daniel and Mahone, Hon. J. L. Curry, formerly Minister to Spain; Gen. J. G. Parke, U. S. A.; Gen. Charles W. Field, Henry Rath, Rear Admiral Rodgers and Tamm, Gen. H. C. Wright, Benjamin W. Brier, Col. Archer Anderson, Col. E. G. Harris, J. G. Balfour Davis and Gen. James Walmouth. The active pall-bearers are all residents of Washington who served under Gen. Johnston during the war.

Numerous telegrams were received at Gen. Johnston's house from friends and army associates who were the blue and the gray, expressing the deepest sympathy and the most profound sorrow at the General's death.

Bishop Simpson, P. T. Sherman and Col. Archer Anderson were among those who sent telegrams of sorrow and condolence. The active pall-bearers are all residents of Washington who served under Gen. Johnston during the war.

Those who would be apt to know if the Secretary had any such intention are of the opinion that there is no foundation for the report. A gentleman who traveled South with the Secretary last week says that Mr. Proctor then spoke enthusiastically of War Department work that he had laid out to do during the next two months. He thinks the Secretary could not possibly be contemplating a resignation.

Mr. Proctor's present tour is far from being a "junket." This tour will extend over a month, and is planned to produce results bearing on the course of affairs in military circles for the coming two years. Then, too, he has just brought from the Western office whom he intends to make his military aide. He would hardly do this, it is argued, were he soon to resign. Assistant Secretary Grant said that the rumor is without foundation.

Kincaid's Trial Begun.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The trial of Charles E. Kincaid, for the killing of a Congressman, Taubee of Kentucky, opened here this morning. The trial will attract widespread attention, as the witness comes from such distant and widely separated parts of the country as Massachusetts, New York, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Alabama and Louisiana.

## DAMAGE AT LONG BRANCH.

Gaps Torn in the Bluff by Angry Seas and Property Destroyed.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., March 22.—The destructive storm along the Jersey coast, which set in with a howling gale from the north-northwest Friday, steadily increased in velocity last night, and the indications are that it will continue the damaging storm of September three years ago. Last night the wind was blowing a gale from the northeast and the rain fell in torrents all day.

Saturday and Sunday the sea ran high and was fully as rough as it was on Friday. Its damaging attacks upon the marshes Long Branch bluff at high tide last night rendered it only a question of hours when Ocean avenue will have been engulfed to such an extent that it will be impossible at points and entirely beyond repair at the Howland House property, where Friday's high sea washed tons of bluff away. The gap between the bluff and the sidewalk on the west side of the drive last night. The rainfall widened the cut opposite the Ocean Hotel several feet, and any number of minor washouts have been made between North Long Branch and Elmhurst.

The fences around the gaps on the East End property, between Long Branch and North Long Branch, were nearly all carried out to sea yesterday, together with great blocks of the bluff. The United States Hotel has been enlarged some ten feet since Friday's storm set in, while public travel over the famous drive is extremely dangerous. The De Feyser cottages, opposite Neck Beach avenue and to the north of the Scarborough Hotel. Thousands of dollars' worth of damage has been done to the Monmouth Beach and Seabright bluffs.

The darkness brought created no end of havoc, and the big bulkhead east of the Octagon House there was torn to two by the big sea.

SUSPECTED MURDER.

A Man's Residence Burned and His Body Found in the Ruins.

FRANKLIN, Pa., March 22.—About 5 a. m. the residence of N. F. Tobin was burned and shortly after the body of Tobin was found in the ruins. There is a suspicion that Tobin was murdered by burglars and the house burned to conceal the crime.

Twenty years ago Tobin was brought from Canada to whip Ben Hogan, then an oil region terror, but one evening he was shot and killed. The story is a suspicion that Tobin was murdered by burglars and the house burned to conceal the crime.

SEE LEFT \$15,000.00.

Death of Mrs. Mary Bryant Young of Fall River.

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 22.—Mrs. Mary Bryant Young died at her home in this city last evening, aged 79. She gave to this city a public high school costing \$700,000. Mrs. Young leaves a fortune estimated at \$150,000.00.

The wealthy Mrs. Young and her immediate family have been for some time the controlling factor in Fall River's growth, it being represented in many mills, banks, railroads, steamboat companies, etc.

Middleton's Challenge.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 22.—Professor William Middleton, who has arrived here from San Francisco, will challenge Robert Fitzsimmons, the present middleweight champion of the world, to meet Jim Hall, the Australian middleweight. Mr. Middleton says he is authorized by Joe Thompson and Joe Harris, the Baltimore bookmakers, to accept a bet of \$5,000 to \$25,000. Fitzsimmons is now in this city and says he will probably accept. A purse of \$15,000 for the fight has been offered by the San Antonio (Texas) Club.

Sensational Burglary Case.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., March 22.—The Brock-Burglary case is assuming a rather sensational aspect by the fact that the girl took poison yesterday with suicidal intent. The general belief here now is that the girl did the whole business herself or with the aid of an accomplice, who did it in a bungling manner. J. H. Witherspoon, whom Miss Brock has accused of burglary, is thought to be innocent of the crime.

A Strike Averted.

CHICAGO, March 22.—Committees from the Carpenters and Builders' Association and the United Carpenters' Council have reached an agreement, thus averting the threatened strike of next Saturday. The agreement, which will come into effect April 1, 1901, and last until April 1, 1893, provides that journeymen carpenters will receive 35 cents an hour as the minimum rate of pay, and that eight hours will constitute a day's work.

A Mother's Claim.

## MRS. POTTS WANTED

Called to New York by the District-Attorney.

SHE ADHERES TO HER STORY.

It is Believed the Trouble Has Affected Her Mind.

She Claims She is Not Alone of the Opinion that Her Daughter Was Murdered—Dr. Fowler Suspected Foul Play—She Accuses Young Harris of the Murder of Another Girl.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 22.—District-Attorney Nicolai of New York city has telegraphed Mrs. George Potts, the mother of Helen Potts, wife of Medical Student Harris, who she accused of murdering her daughter, asking her to call at his office immediately.

Mrs. Potts reaffirms her charge that Harris substituted for the morphine pills something which caused the death of Helen. It is believed the trouble has affected her mind. Mrs. Potts claims that she is not alone of the opinion that her daughter was murdered. She says Dr. Peabody, a member of the coroner's jury, told her such was his opinion, despite the verdict rendered. She also claims that Dr. Fowler, who attended her daughter immediately after she took the pills, told her he suspected foul play.

WHAT HARRIS SAYS.

He Does Not Believe His Wife Signed a Statement.

New York, March 22.—Young Harris said last night of Mrs. Potts's statement that a written statement had been signed by her daughter in the presence of Dr. Trevelton and Hand, in which she accused Harris of performing a criminal operation upon her.

If such a statement is in existence, Trevelton must have used coercion to obtain it, for even if it were true (and it is most certainly false) the girl would not have given it otherwise. I never heard of such a thing until to-day. Dr. Hand was not at home when any operation was performed.

"Mrs. Potts," he continued, "without being of the opinion, has still, in a half-frightened way, believed me guilty of several crimes, which she has written to me friends. She has even sent letters in this strain to my lawyer, Charles E. Davidson, my brother and my mother. In the latter one, which was received a week ago, she accused me of the murder of a young girl named Williams, which happened, she says, five years ago at Asbury Park. I can easily prove that I was not near there at the time. Her mind appears to be temporarily unbalanced, and it is to be hoped she will recover. I am in this strain to my lawyer, Charles E. Davidson, my brother and my mother. In the latter one, which was received a week ago, she accused me of the murder of a young girl named Williams, which happened, she says, five years ago at Asbury Park. I can easily prove that I was not near there at the time. Her mind appears to be temporarily unbalanced, and it is to be hoped she will recover. 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# A PROPHECY.

South Aurora, bending over  
Her "broody" frame through the long still  
hours  
Stitching daisies and purple clover,  
And with her fingers weaving  
All the sweet bright summer's shadings,  
Saw when her toes by the wind stirred,  
She looked the rover, her work impeding  
By lifting eyes with weariness blurred.

What will it profit my little cousin!  
Will she gain wisdom, or wealth, or fame,  
In days that run into months—a dozen,  
While she sits there, her "broody" frame!  
Will she be paid when friends shall praise her!  
Will she regret when those less kind  
With their superior skill amaze her  
Hinting at facile she cannot find?

What does she dream will be the greatest?  
Forward and backward her needle slips;  
Her work, her dreams are sure no burden,  
To guess by the curve of her rose-red lips.  
What does she dream? that her friends of plenty  
For a single finger will soon complete?  
Comes Aurora, fair and twenty,  
Your work is laid: "Sweetest from the sweet."

What does she dream, while so demurely  
Stitching that tuft of tangled grass?  
She will not tell—I'll guess—now surely,  
Something like this shall come to pass:  
A fair in the future, dim, uncertain,  
A girl of the time will say, some day:  
"My great-grandmother made the curtains  
And ruled her hand with eyes, they say."  
—Margaret Holmes, in Youth's Companion.

# FRET AND WORRY.

The Most Subtle Enemies of Success in This World.

The most subtle enemy to success is fretting. At the same time it is the most plausible. Not the idle, ill-tempered indulgence which we call "sponding," but the vague worry that hovers ready to seize in fatigue or ill health or in the midst of a great work, which "perisheth" for not even the genius is above substantial necessities. It is not possible to do one's best work while discontent is sapping the vigor of the mind. Preoccupation is fatal to honest thinking. What sort of mental work can we expect of a man who is engaged in taking account of the spoils of his own grievances? And yet there are plenty of men and women who begin each day's task under just such conditions and wonder why they fail. Sighing over things that have been left undone and shrinking from the host of duties advancing upon them they "stand in pause where they shall first begin, and both neglect."

Untrammelled by worry, fretting, hovering "sponding" whatever you choose to call it—life would be relieved of half its friction. It is like the dust in the wheel or rust in the watch. From whatever cause, however excusable, it is a weariness and a snare. Hands stiffened with cold are not deft. The voices roughened with weeping are incapable of pleasant tones. In either case the remedy suggests itself. A society woman noted for her kind and charitable temper was asked how she managed to be so amiable under all circumstances in this gossiping, naughty world. "It is too much trouble," she said, "to find fault," she made answer. "I should always be unhappy if I thought ill of my friends, and life is too short for that. Another woman who lived by the sea and who had a pen was heard to say that although she had taken many lessons in poverty and disappointment, she could not afford to be ill-natured or despondent, because she would be unfitted to earn her own living if she were unhappy.

The farmer puts in his crops "come what may" and "come weather," and he who lives by the sweat of his brow must have himself to every variety of change. "A merry heart does all the day, Your work and sin will bring a smile." It takes sunshine to print a photograph. Cheerfulness will bring the best that is in a man. More it will permeate his work. Did you ever notice the difference in the sound of the same message delivered by two persons? The writings of the prophet Jeremiah have so strong a flavor of melancholy that his very name is the synonym of despondency. We find that strength or strength or symmetry or gentleness or the healthy mind would vastly rather read the same message in the prophecy of Isaiah. There is the ring of promise in it. Isaiah seemed to take for granted that his expostulation would not be in vain. Jeremiah, on the other hand, scarcely appeared to hope that his admonition would be heeded. It is simply the man that shines out in his work.

Miss Alcott is one of the few women who could so divest herself of all irritation and discontent as to be able to write healthily and brightly under the most trying circumstances. Throughout her books—even in her pathetic journal—there is a vein of cheerful courage which certainly was not the natural result of her early life.

Borrowed trouble is as hard to bear in anticipation as real trouble. A little girl was given a cart and pony and taught to drive. The first time she went out by herself her iron ran down the wide village street, busy with all sorts of vehicles, and the sight overcame her with alarm. How could she ever get safely through such a tangle? she asked herself, and dropping the reins, she screamed with fright. A passing neighbor went to her relief and sought to quiet her fears. "I am so afraid to drive through the crowd," she answered.

"But there is no crowd," the friend replied. "These wagons are a long way off and they will only come to meet you a few at a time. Besides, some of the others are going the other way." Thus encouraged, the child drove on in confidence unharmed. So we see, seeing all that lies before us, fancy it already here, and, cowardlike, refuse to be comforted. Much of this may be explained, much can be cured. Indeed, I am inclined to think that after all our apprehensions are fictions. We gauge our obligations and responsibilities rather by our own estimate of our own value than by the positive, expressed demands which others make upon our time and service. There is an insidious gratification in the feeling that on one's self depends the machinery of an important undertaking. Suppose we suppose we are necessary to the society to-day; it is a humiliating thought that were we to drop out to-morrow another would speedily be

found just as competent to fill the vacant place. In fretting over our cares are we not underestimating the value of the life which places its commands upon us? Fancy what that would be were the necessity for ourselves but removed! Did no one claim one kindly office at our hands! Did no pressing engagements vie with each other for our time!

Perhaps the novice is less likely to fall into the habit of fretting than he who has already proved his power and chafes at the fitter duties and interruptions which fritter away his time. In this progressive and "elective" age it would not be amiss if the great universities were to institute a course of training in the art of bearing interruption with equanimity and without waste of mental force. Perhaps it would be called the chair of "mental concentration." It takes so small a thing to intercept the thought hovering midway between brain and pen, but how great the struggle to recall it! So far as the interruption itself goes it matters little whether it be "just for one minute" that sounds so plausible!—or whether the break be final. It is the knot in the thread of thought that mars it. Happy the man who can draw a sermon with a child on his knee or write up a "brief" in the din of the crowded court! It was said of one, Harold N. Powers, preacher and poet, that he was in the habit of preparing his sermons with his children about him, answering their questions and attending to their wants.

Disengagement is another element which enters into the success or failure which depends upon purely mental work. It is far more than the mental sense that "nothing succeeds like success." It is the power of transmutation. It is like yeast, pervading with subtle influence every function of the mind. Inspiring men thrive on it. Yet, knowing that, and how small a measure of praise would infuse new life into some disheartened soul, we withhold our commendation until perfection shall have been attained. Why not offer a word of encouragement to him who is striving upward by any road? It will help him the sooner to reach the top. There is plenty of room up there. The army that set out is dwindled to a forlorn hope long before it reaches the final struggle for the summit. It needs a stout heart and a strong arm to carry the standard and plant it there. But all honor to those who try and fail. Even though one never get there himself, it is something to have helped another up. A little patience, a little willingness to be bored? Yes, if you will have it so for not every one can be as interesting as we are, to ourselves. A clever artist once painted the sea. Under his brush it moaned and tossed its white foam as it advanced and retreated across the glistening sand. One could almost smell the salt. Beside his white umbrella, from day to day, was placed an other; and a patient, painstaking lad also painted the sea. To be sure, it was not so restless, nor so wet, nor so salt; but every night his canvas bore away a better picture for the kindly hand and encouraging word which the older man did not grudge. There is no table by which we can calculate the value of inspiration to the humble "prentice in any craft."

"The reward of one day's work is the power to achieve another." What thoughts letters accumulate, engage ments thicken, "wants" multiply, publishers become unreasonable, editors unappreciative, critics harrassing and harsh—of all interruption breaks the thread of the very first arguments. Acknowledge yourself baneful of time and strength and capital. But do not mourn over it. Get out of your rut. If you have friends, seek them. If you have none, make them. It will put yellow glass into your windows to take a glance through your neighbor's. The best tonic in the world is change of air. Home never seems so dear as when one has been away from it. Association was not given us to be abused, but to be used to the health and profit of both soul and body. Do not think the same thoughts day after day. All the better that we do not all cherish the same opinions. We shall have an opportunity to test our own standards if there is a fair exchange.

But when you have anything to say, say it. Do begin cheerily. Whistle, if you are a man; if you are a woman, hum in the face of anxiety. Laugh at interruption, snub discouragement. Do not wait for the your letter or oil your typewriter. There will be time enough for that when you are intellectually tired. To-morrow you may have no message. Never mind the past. You cannot help it now. Let the future take care of itself. The present moment is your concern. There will never be another like it. While it may not be possible to make one's surroundings ideal, it is possible to fit one's self for the place designed for him. The Batavian wore an iron ring around his neck until he had slain an enemy. That was voluntary. The goading ring which discontent forges about our necks must be worn with many a tear. Let us have vanquished the enemy and set ourselves free.—G. Emma Cheney, in Chicago Post.

Wonderful Insects.  
The fly-spider lays an egg as long as itself. These wasps are a long way off and they will only come to meet you a few at a time. Besides, some of the others are going the other way." Thus encouraged, the child drove on in confidence unharmed. So we see, seeing all that lies before us, fancy it already here, and, cowardlike, refuse to be comforted. Much of this may be explained, much can be cured. Indeed, I am inclined to think that after all our apprehensions are fictions. We gauge our obligations and responsibilities rather by our own estimate of our own value than by the positive, expressed demands which others make upon our time and service. There is an insidious gratification in the feeling that on one's self depends the machinery of an important undertaking. Suppose we suppose we are necessary to the society to-day; it is a humiliating thought that were we to drop out to-morrow another would speedily be

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# REALISTIC DIALOGUE.

At One O'clock in the Morning on Mabel's Doorstep.



They have been standing on the doorstep for two hours, and are now engaged. He is making a feeble effort to drag himself away, and she is as feebly endeavoring to have him go.

"Well, I suppose I must go," he says, at last, with a sigh that hoists him almost off his feet.

"Yes, indeed you must," she says. "It's awfully late."

"I don't care if it is."

"Oh, but I must go in—good-by."

"No, no! don't go yet, it isn't late at all."

"Oh, you dreadful boy, you! it must be after midnight."

"No, it isn't. (He knows that it is after one o'clock.) Won't you call me 'Harry' again?"

"Why, I've called you so some fifty times already."

"Once more, dearest; just once more."

"Well, then, 'Harry'?"

"Can't you say 'dear Harry'?"

"Oh, you bad old boy, to make me say such things so soon!"

"Please, please say it."

"Well—dear Harry—now I must go."

"Oh, wait—wait—I want to tell you something."

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, it was about—about—I forget now."

"Wait—don't go, darling; I'll think of it after awhile. One kiss is not enough when we're just engaged."

"One? Why, Harry, how can you say 'one' when you've been so wicked as to steal fifty at least?"

"Well, fifty don't seem many."

"Why, Harry! you're the very worst fellow—now I am going in; good-by, dear."

"Oh, Mabel, why are you in such a hurry to leave your Harry boy?"

"Such a hurry? Why, Harry, we've been standing here ever and ever so long!"

"Has it seemed so dreadfully long to you?"

"Now, Harry; you know I didn't mean that."

"It hasn't seemed two seconds to me."

"You foolish fellow—bust do look at your watch and see what time it is."

"Why, it's only a little after eleven."

"O-o-o-h H-a-r-r-y!"

"Look you can see for yourself by the street lamp."

"Now, Harry, you know as well as I do that you've turned that watch back two good hours, you rogue! Now, good-by!"

"Good-by, if you are so anxious to get rid of me."

"Now, Harry."

"Oh, you funny, old, foolish fellow, you!"

"Bye-bye, darling—darling!"

"Bye-bye, dearest."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"You darling!"—Zenas Dane, Jr. Puck.

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"Has it seemed so dreadfully long to you?"

"Now, Harry; you know I didn't mean that."

"It hasn't seemed two seconds to me."

"You foolish fellow—bust do look at your watch and see what time it is."

"Why, it's only a little after eleven."

"O-o-o-h H-a-r-r-y!"

"Look you can see for yourself by the street lamp."

"Now, Harry, you know as well as I do that you've turned that watch back two good hours, you rogue! Now, good-by!"

"Good-by, if you are so anxious to get rid of me."

"Now, Harry."

"Oh, you funny, old, foolish fellow, you!"

"Bye-bye, darling—darling!"

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"You darling!"—Zenas Dane, Jr. Puck.

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"Yes, indeed you must," she says. "It's awfully late."

"I don't care if it is."

"Oh, but I must go in—good-by."

"No, no! don't go yet, it isn't late at all."

"Oh, you dreadful boy, you! it must be after midnight."

"No, it isn't. (He knows that it is after one o'clock.) Won't you call me 'Harry' again?"

"Why, I've called you so some fifty times already."

"Once more, dearest; just once more."

"Well, then, 'Harry'?"

"Can't you say 'dear Harry'?"

"Oh, you bad old boy, to make me say such things so soon!"

"Please, please say it."

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"Oh, wait—wait—I want to tell you something."

"Well, what is it?"

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"One? Why, Harry, how can you say 'one' when you've been so wicked as to steal fifty at least?"

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# "Tuff Red."

"I wish you wouldn't blow quite so much!" petulantly said the rain to the wind.

"Oh, dry up yourself!" retorted the wind.

"I've had enough out of you!" cried the rain-barrel to the spout.

"Yes," contemptuously returned the spout. "If you weren't so full, you wouldn't slop over the way you do at every little thing."

"Be still, all of you!" blurted the whisky bottle.

"Cork him!" shouted the balcony holding its tongue. And the meeting adjourned.—Light.

WE'VE GOT HIM NOW.

