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Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Loan and Real Estate Agency.
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FEET.

A plump little foot, as white as the snow,
Belonging to a walking, frolicsome Joe,
In a little red sock, with a hole in the toe,
And a hole in the heel as well!

A trim little foot, in a trim little shoe,
Belonging to sixteen-year-old Miss Sue,
And looking as if it knew just what to do,
And do it in a way that would tell.

A very large foot in homely array,
Belonging to Peter, who follows the dray,
So big that it sometimes is in its own way,
And moves with the speed of a small.

A bit very big thing is the human foot,
In dusty midafternoon, or clumsy boot,
So it's well there are various suits to suit,
And that fashion can't always prevail.

The plump little foot, a beautiful sight,
And the trim little foot, so taper and slight,
And the very large foot, though much of a fright,
Are traveling all the same road.

And it matters but little how small or how great,
So they never grow weary of paths that are
straight,
And at last walk in at the golden gate.

Of the city whose Builder is God.

—Springfield Musket.

Hit by coincidence.

The owner of a place on Second Avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time of day and finally said:

"Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes."

"Why?"

"I want to go around on Second Avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it."

"Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the doorbell of a house around the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn.

"W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment.

"Very sympathetic family lives here," quite replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here's a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and as he got up and stamped through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee high to a toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet to once!" —Detroit Free Press.

A Great Restaurant.

Talking of Delmonico's, how many people know that the management of that famous cafe is in the hands of no one of that name? Young Charles Delmonico, who represents the stock company in charge of the place, and in which Frank Worth is said to be a heavy stockholder, is in reality Charles Crist, and took his uncle's name to inherit from him under the will. He is a good looking, dark eyed, dark haired and black mustached young man, very quiet and unassuming, some 30 years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches high and weighing about 160 pounds or thereabouts. Young Delmonico is said by the habitues rarely to eat a meal in the restaurant he manages. He often goes for dinner to O'Neill's, on Sixth Avenue. He is not what is termed a sporting man, but he has a team and often drives in the park. He is very democratic and unaffected in his ways. There are certain people who, under the old regime, were not permitted to enter Delmonico's. Those rules are still kept in force. So is the rule that nobody shall be sued for an account due the house. The books show many thousands of indebtedness. —New York World.

Didn't Want Much.

"I like to ask you some questions," he said to the sergeant at the central station last evening.

"Go ahead."

"I've had some newspaper in New York called—called—"

"Called what?"

"Well, I had forgotten der name. Let me see! I gif it oop. I can't remember."

"Well?"

"Well, wha's dere some reporter named—named?"

"Named what?"

"It has gone out of my head. I don't remember him if I vhas to die."

"What did you want to get at?"

"Why, dot man wants up my place for ten dollar, und I pay him half in advance."

"But you can't remember either his name or that of the paper!"

"No."

"Well, what do you expect us to do?"

"I like you not to tell anybody I vhas sooch a fool ash dot. Dot vhas all. Good day." —Detroit Free Press.

Testing His Whistle.

In the train, Georgie, Georgie! mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage.

Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back) —There now, the hat has gone!

Georgie sets up a howl. After a while, his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head.) "There, it's back again, you see!"

While the parents are engaged in conversation, Georgie throws his hat out of the window, and says: "Pa, whistle again!" San Francisco Argonaut.

Lester, Binghamton Boots and Shoes Co.

How It Feels to Drop 3,000 Feet.
How does it feel to let go of the balloon when you are two or three thousand feet in the air?" said Thomas F. Grinley, the parachute jumper. "I'm sure I cannot tell. One comes down so rapidly he has hardly time to analyze his feelings. Macmillan, my partner, compares the sensation to that of being upset in the river. We cut loose from the balloon almost mechanically, and before we realize we are loose we have shot down a couple of hundred feet, and thereafter the remainder of the descent is easy. It does not jar until you strike the ground, if you strike on your feet. In fact, there is less jarring to the system than if you jumped off a six-foot high fence. Neither is there any appreciable difference in the air to the height which we attain. It is a great deal purer, though, but not as rarefied as you would suppose."

—Washington Post.

Great Mountain Range.

The South American Andes, which have an extreme length, without allowance for deviations, of 4,500 miles,

is the biggest mountain range in the world. But to mark the scale on which nature has molded the New World the Andes may be regarded as merely a part of the sufficiently con-

tinuous chain of about 9,000 miles,

which loses itself near the mouth of river Mackenzie toward the shores of the Arctic ocean. The Old World has nothing to bring into comparison with this as regards bulk, though in height

the Himalayas stand unequalled with an average altitude of from 16,000 to 20,000 feet, culminating in a stupendous peak that soars nearly 30,000 feet into the air. —The length of the Himalayas is, however, only a third of that of the Andes considered separately, or a sixth of the grand American chain taken as a whole. —New York Telegram.

History of a Damaged Nickel.

About a year ago some wag polished off a nickel till it only resembled the coin of the realm in size and color.

After it had dropped into the bottom of the bobtail car box, the driver eyed it suspiciously, and evidently thinking the other side of the coin might be all right, he gave the decisive pull and let it pass. From that time to this the company has been endeavoring to get that nickel back on the rascally public. But, strange to say, every man who tears open the little envelope containing it and its companion piece always chuckles the smooth nickel back into the box. Of course no driver can now complain, because the coin always comes out of the company's package. During its first year of service it has taken about twenty-one hundred and ninety trips, and as it is getting thinner and smoother all the time, there is now no hope of its ever escaping street car service, except through the romantic charity of some kind deliverer, or through the final dissolution of the company corporation. —Baltimore American.

To Protect the Tigers.

For many years the central