APPLE PIE ALWAYS IN STYLE

And Contains More Joy Than All Competitors.

Is an Orthodox Christmas Diet—Pumpkin Pie Has the Call at Christmas.

"But apples! You take," says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's, "good, sharp, juicy winter apples and pare them and quarter and core them and slice them and strew them on the well worked and well shortened under crust, made out of good winter wheat flour, and put in a little sweet butter and just enough sugar and a clove or two and nutmeg and cinnamon and maybe a little lemon peel, and then fix on the cover and take a case knife and trim off the superfluous dough around the rim, and pinch up the edge with your thumb and finger all around to make it look pretty, and gash the top something like a leaf, so as to let out the steam, and then set it in an oven that bakes just right, top and bottom, and let it stay there till it browns the right shade, and I tell you you've got a pie that is a pie. And when ma opens the oven door to see how it is getting along there is such a nice smell all through the house—wait a second till I swallow; I'm most choked—and it seems as if you just couldn't wait till dinner time comes. Oh, yes, I guess warm apple pie is about right. And cold apple pie can be got down, especially if there is a piece of cheese on the plate beside it, the kind of cheese that is all crumbly and has about a million little stickers in it.

"Apple pie is always in style. Go into a restaurant and ask for a 'cut of standard,' and the waiter will bring you a picee of apple pie. He knows what standard pie is. There are times in the year when other kinds make a spurt and run on ahead a little, but apple pie keeps jogging on, and by and by it overtakes them. In December mince pie is in the lead because it is near Christmas, and that is an orthodox Christmas article of diet. In November pumpkin pie has the call because it is Thanksgiving time. In the spring when pieplant comes in some people call it rhubarb, but that always sounds stuck up and as if you were trying to show off, everybody will eat pie plant because it is good for the blood. In the summer peach pie will forge away to the front, and I'll never tell you why. But, just as I say, apple pie keeps jogging on and in the long run wins the race. I mean the right kind of an apple pie.

"Once in awhile you will meet somebody that is always trying to be different from anybody else, and he will go on about English deep apple pie and how much superior it is to the common, vulgar thing we eat because we don't know any better. Well, English deep apple pie is good. I don't deny that. It can't help being good. You cook apples almost any way, and they're not bad eating; but, law me, when you put them in a crock and turn a little cup upside down in the middle of them and cover it all over with a lid of pastry, that isn't a pie at all. It's just stewed apples. Don't you see that you must have a bottom of pastry and that there is a just proportion of crust to filling that must not be deviated from one iota, or your pie is inartistic and an offense against the laws of taste?"

Car Fare Collateral.

"I wish to go to One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and I haven't a ticket. Here is a $6 umbrella. Couldn't you let me ride if I leave it as security?"

The questioner, a handsomely dressed woman. Scene, the elevated road station at Twenty-third street. The woman was peering through the ticket seller's window with an anxious expression on her face.

The dispenser of tickets looked at the woman scrutinizingly a moment. Then, without a word, he passed a ticket through the little window. In exchange the woman thrust her closely rolled, silk covered umbrella through the aperture. There was a ball of enameled copper on the end of the handle, and to outward appearances the umbrella was worth every cent of the woman's estimate.

"Oh, we get plenty of that sort," said the ticket seller afterward. "I had a woman offer me a French poodle, but as it is against the law to let dogs on the train I couldn't take the collateral. A bystander bought her the ticket, however, and she went off.

"All sorts of things are left. One day an old gentleman left a pair of gold cuff buttons as security. He never came back. Whether he forgot what station it was or whether he left town I never knew. That was six months ago. I am wearing the buttons now.

"Sometimes they leave books, but I have refused to take thsee, as the readers never call for them. A well known clubman left a fine matchbox one night. It had his name and address on it. He forgot it, and three weeks afterward I mailed it to him. He sent me $1 for my trouble and said I had cleared up a mystery. He had suspected one of his servants of stealing the article. It was late one night when he got on, and perhaps he had 'been out' to some little extent.

"I have had pocketknives, brooches, umbrellas, walking sticks, workbaskets, gloves and suits of clothes left with me. Usually the owners redeem their 5 cent pledges the same day. Sometimes I keep them weeks and months. The great stations for these things are Twenty-third, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Fourteenth streets on the west side and Ninth and Twenty-eighth streets on the east side.

"Besides leaving personal property for rides, some travelers do curious things. Persons in a rush will hold their tickets in one hand and throw whatever they have in the other into the ticket box. Women are the offenders in this line. I saw a woman drop her baby on the top of a box one day. It was only the terrified cry of the infant that brought her to her senses. The act was a thoughtless impulse, of course, and as the baby was not hurt the incident created no end of amusement.

"Sometimes they drop small packages into the boxes. A woman broke the glass in the box on the station with her umbrella not long ago. She was making a rush to catch a Harlem train and thrust the umbrella instead of the ticket into the box.

"There is an old gentleman who gets on at Sixty-sixth street who invariably thrusts his morning paper into the ticket box. The guard at that station has had to call him back several times."—N. Y. Herald.

Weak Human Nature.

"Talk about the frailties of human nature," said a well known insurance agent the other day. "No one else has so good an opportunity to discover them as an insurance man. An incident occurred a few days ago that showed me a side of a neighbor's character which I had never suspected to exist. A fire broke out in his home, and, do you know, that man went three blocks to a telephone to report it when there was a phone right in his house.

"I saw the fire soon after it started and rushed to give assistance. It was while helping to pack things up that I discovered the phone and turned in the alarm. Now, it takes a strong stretch of the imagination to believe that the owner had forgotten there was a telephone in his house. That he should have acted as he did undermines one's faith in people in general.

"Think of it. There I was sweating and endangering my life to save his property, while he was anxious, evidently, to have it burn. Such conduct doesn't encourage one to exert himself for others"—

"By the way," interrupted a listener, "did any of your companies hold a policy on that house?"

"Now you are asking a leading question," replied the insurance man, with a guileless smile. "What I am saying is that the actions of that man are a sad commentary on human nature."—Ex.

Superstition and a Mole.

"I wish I wasn't superstitious," said a well known young man. "I'd have it taken off."

"Have what taken off?"

"Why, this great big mole on my nose."

"What are you afraid of about it, bleeding to death?"

"No, no. It's just bad luck to have a mole taken off. It's worse than having a black cat cross your path or even to have a hooting owl light on the roof.

"I don't know why it is bad luck, but my black mammy used to say, 'Chile, don't yo' nebber let 'em try to take dat mole off'n your nose.'

"'What'll happen, Aunt Sarah, if I do?' I used to ask her.

"'I dunno, chile. Some folks say as the place won't get well and some say as two mo'll nebber come back. Don't nebber pester what de Lord has gin yo', or he mought make it wo'se'

"The old negro woman's doctrine was too deeply imbedded in my early education for me to outgrow it even after 20 years."—Atlanta Constitution.

If you want hay and oats at rock bottom prices see Barrett & Hull. cii

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

Jealousy Downed.

He was waiting on the street corner, and as she got off the street car he lifted his hat and stiffly saluted:

"'Deevenin', Miss Wharton!"

"'Deevenin', Mistah Carr!" she replied, with her nose in the air.

"Miss Wharton," he continued as he swallowed at the lump in his throat, "when yo'r sister dun tole me yo' was at de candy pull wid dat low down pusson named Jackson I couldn't skassly believe it."

"Mistah Carr," she replied as her nose went still higher, "when Linda Smith dun tole me dat yo' wanted her to help yo' git up a cake walk I lost my breff fur five minits!"

"Miss Wharton, I 'lows no woman to trifle wid my heart."

"And I 'lows no man to trifle wid mine Mistah Carr."

"Under de circumstances, Miss Wharton, it will be better dat we meet as strangers."

"Dat's me, Mistah Carr."

"But, as life will have no more charms fur me, Miss Wharton; as each succeedin day would only add its burdens to my grievin heart, I will hang myself in de wood shed tonight."

"An I will take pizen, Mistah Carr. Sooner dan live on feelin dat no one lubs me I will destroy myself."

"Who doan' lub yo'?"

"Yo' doan'."

"Who said so?"

"Yo' did."

"Miss Wharton—Maggie—I nebber axed dat Linda Simth to git up a cake walk wid me."

"Mistah Carr—Moses—I didn't go to de party wid dat pusson named Jackson."

"Den I won't hang myself."

"Den I won't take pizen."

"Maggie!"

"Moses!"

And a cuckoo clock in the nearest house struck the hour of 7 in joyful exultation, and all was love and peace.

M. QUAD.

Humors of Mispunctuation.

Married lady, "hospital trained," advertises that she will receive into her house any "lady requiring care and comfort, including epilepsy, hysteria or slight mental case." The advantages of being "hospital trained!"

The South Bucks Standard has a similar mistake in a delightful paragraph describing some photographs taken by a local artist at a fashionable shooting party. "Excellent portraits have been secured," runs the paragraph, "of the Duke of ——, Earl ——, the Hon. ——, the Countess ——, who has the little Lord ——on her knee, and indeed, all the members of the party."

In Texas a man once advertised for "a boss hand over 500 sheep that can speak Spanish fluently." Then there was the horse dealer who boldly advertsed, "A splendiid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." A member of a well known club was standing on the steps of his clubhouse when a stranger approached and asked, "Does a man belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the answer. "What's the name of his other eye?" An advertisement contains the request for a "coachman to look after a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." One is reminded of the countryman who went round to borrow a "recumbent posture" in which to take his medicine.—London Globe.

Used Against Her.

A certain music hall belle who had just successfully "landed" an old and wealthy nobleman sued an unpopular manager, alleging that he had not paid her sufficiently well for her engagement at his hall. She won the case and was immediately inundated with flowery congratulations from her friends—all of whom were glad to see the manager go down.

Not content with her victory, however, the belle must needs crow over her beaten rival by packing up the choicest telegrams and dispatching them to his house, with the intimation that he might make what use of them he thought proper.

She regretted this last concession the next morning. Taking her at her word, the manager pasted the telegrams on a board outside the music hall, headed them "What Miss Flightie's Friends Think of Her Engagement," and left the public to assume which engagement, the professional or the matrimonial, was meant.

Then followed such messages as "Good for you, old girl!" "Pinned the old horror at last!" "Don't let him wriggle off the book!" "Stick to him till you get the dibs!" "Congratulations on your splendid haul!"

Another action is pending.—London Tit-Bits.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes were the most dangerous wild animals which the early settlers of New Jersey had to contend. They were very numerous, and their bite, if not treated properly at once, was generally fatal. In "Stories From American History" F. R. Stockton cites an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of rattlers in the new colony:

In a quarry from which the workmen were engaged in getting out stone for the foundations of Princeton college a wide crack in the rocks was discovered which led downward to a large cavity, and in this cave were found about 20 bushels of rattlesnake bones

There was no reason to believe that this was a snake cemetery, to which the creatures retired when they supposed they were approaching the end of their days, but it was, without doubt, a great rattlesnake trap.

The narrow, winding passage leading to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap.

Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was easy enough to get into, it was so arranged that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a snake to get out of, especially in the spring, when these creatures are very thin and weak, having been nourished all winter by their own fat.

Thus year after year the rattlesnakes must have gone down into that cavity without knowing that they could never get out again.—Ex.

Mrs. Simpson's Dance.

A very select crowd gathered at Mrs. Simpson's Travelers home on Hunker creek last Friday night for a social dance. Good musicians were enagged to mark time for the merrymakers. Everyone present had a most enjoyable time.

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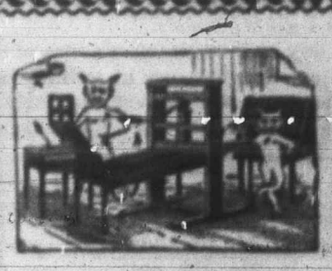

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