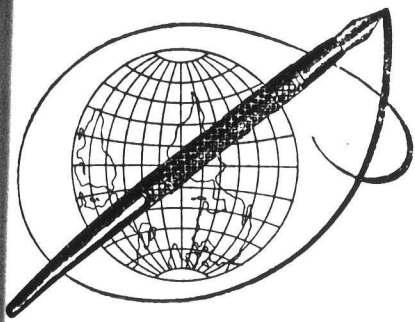


There are Pens & Pens



But—

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Pen

G. F. HUTCHESON,
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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

One of these women who have an antipathy for tobacco entered a street-car the other day, and inquired of the man sitting next to her, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?"

"No, Madam, I do not," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

A Question of Etiquette.

A TENDERFOOT from the East was trying hard to get the hang of things in the mining district. He had acquired tolerable proficiency in the use of rough language, could "tote a gun" with moderate grace, wear a sombrero rakishly, and ride a mustang or a broncho more than passably. But he had not tackled the liquor. That was a feat to make the boldest pause and think twice. Discreetly he undertook his initiation alone but for the evil spirits and the barkeeper.

Flinging his money on the bar, he demanded whiskey with an expletive. The barkeeper turned, took down a bottle and glass, placed them upon the bar, the bottle at the right of his customer, the glass at the left. At the left of the glass he placed a small whisk-broom, and quietly resumed his reading of a thumb-worn book of terrors and horrors.

The tenderfoot was all off his reckonings. He didn't know what on earth to do with the broom. The man behind the bar paid no attention to him. He hated to ask questions. He decided to await developments, to throw himself upon fate. And fate was with him. Presently the Sheriff walked in, threw down a coin, cussed the barkeeper, and ordered liquor. Without a word the caterer handed down a bottle, a glass, and a whisk-broom, placing them in the same order as before. In his right hand the Sheriff seized the