Damages Enough.

An old colored woman on one occasion was injured in a railway collision. Her friends urged the necessity of suing the wealthy railroad corporation for damages

ages. "I'clar' to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "ef dis ole nigga ain't git more'n nuff o'damages! What l'se wantin' now and what l'se done gwine to sue dat company foh is repairs."

Too Classic.

The New York Trilume thinks that musical criticism has gained a new and piquant term from Captain Bullock, a Western frontlersman and captain of the forest rangers of the Black Hills. Captain Bullock was the guest of the President at a recent White House musi-

resident at a recent while House musi-cale. At the close of the programme of classical music some one asked him how he had liked the entertainment. "I am afraid," he said, dryly, avoiding

1 am atraid," he said, dryly, avoiding the earnest entreaty in his wife's eyes, "I'm afraid it was a spell too far up the gulch for me." gulch for me.

President Roosevelt, who heard the comment, turned to Mrs. Bullock and said, with a smile:

"Mrs. Bullock you'd better take care of the captain's pistol. I know that out in his country they shoot the fiddler when he dosen't play the tunes they want " mant





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