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West Lexington Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Dining House & Restaurant.

The undersigned begs leave to inform
all many friends and patrons of HOW
ARD CITY that he has removed
from 422 West Lexington Street, where
he had been located for many years, to
522 WEST LEXINGTON ST.,
which he has purchased and newly
furnished throughout.
I am better prepared to serve my cus-
tomers with
MEALS AND LODGING
than ever before. The HALL will main-
tain its old reputation, being supplied
with the
BEST OF LIQUORS, ALES & BEER.
Private Dining Room for Ladies.

I extend a cordial invitation to call and see
the Finest Restaurant in the West End.
Truly,
LOUIS ZITZER, Proprietor.
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Baltimore, with 25 years experience in hospital
and special practice, guaranteed a cure, with
out remedy or caustic, in all diseases of the
Genito Urinary Organs,
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Organic Weakness,
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poned cured in 3 to 4 days. Also blood and
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CURE, NO PAY. Dr. R. is a given notice time
for over 25 years, is especially in treating the
above mentioned diseases can be relied upon for
cure and honorable treatment. Also special
treatment for ladies suffering from irregu-
larities, etc. Board with experienced nurse.
Dr. R. will visit patients out of the city if
desired. Call or write, enclosing stamp for
particulars.

Ally Patients:
"If my daughter could run one
of those flying machines."
"Why do you think so?"
"You just ought to see how she soars
in her graduating essay."—Detroit
Free Press.

It doesn't matter what is done with
Santa Claus. The head of the family
will continue to receive headed slips
a mile too large for him every
Christmas.

IF every boy and every girl,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done;
Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And every wish and every cry
Attentive ears should lend;
If every man, and woman, too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

IF I
How many homes would sunny be,
Which were so glad to see,
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see
If other folks are true;
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us.—
—Lutheran Observer.

AN EPISODE.

"This is a charming spot—for two," he said, seating himself comfortably at her feet.

"We are lucky to find it unoccu-
pied," she said, especially at one of Mrs. Gordon's garden parties. She will be pleased. I don't believe there is a square inch of the lawn to be seen."

"The whole world is here. I know, Miss Lindsay; I have shaken hands with it."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great author."

"Of being notorious?"

"Of not being the honors of the afternoon with the Prince and the latest lion—just imported from South Africa, is it not?"

"And felt like a martyr all the time. But there you have the proof, Miss Lindsay. Don't think I am complain-
ing. Fame and notoriety mean the same—in London. And in this—he indicated the screen of shrubbery which hid the garden from the rest of the garden, but did not shut out the strains of the Blue Hungarians or the hum of many voices—"in this I have my reward. I forgive the lion-hunters."

"A relief to be out of it," she admitted. "Do you know, Mr. Holland, that these books—yes, there are more of them—are a pet idea of Mrs. Gordon's?"

"I don't think her. She is a woman of genius."

She laughed merrily. "Oh, no, she is only an incorrigible match-maker—and finds them useful."

"So she, at least, believes in love?"

"But it is not the threat of a former companion."

"Or in marriage. It is not always the same thing, is it?"

"It should be," he replied, with an air of the deepest conviction. He was looking at her eyes.

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