

# Saving Sale

2 of Regular Prices  
RAILROAD FARE

There is a whole store full  
that because of the back-  
overstocked.

et "humpy" to fill up on  
put the price so as to pro-  
duce doing now in this sale,  
our R. R. fare on any \$12  
k's advertisement or any

re—More in last week's

think of it, bright, new  
goods going at such prices,  
and regular prices are lower  
st stores at any time.

### Trimmed Hats at \$5, O Hats at \$3.50, \$5 Hats at \$2.50.

all flowers, shapes, etc., clear-  
half price or near it, and styles  
most any woman, girl or child.

### Men's Cotton Under- gar Selling at One Third Under Value.

### Gowns Reduced.

Seven different styles to choose  
from. Reductions like these: \$1.50  
to \$2.00, \$1.75 kinds \$1.19, \$2.25  
to \$2.75, \$1.48, \$2.75 kinds at \$1.90.

### Choice of Under- garments and all Under- garments priced.

you will stop and figure the  
of cotton laces and embroid-  
you'll find you will be about  
cent ahead by buying these:  
styles at \$3.69; \$3.50 styles  
\$9; \$2.75 styles \$1.90; \$2.00  
\$1.48; \$1.50 styles 98c.

### Cotton Drawers

trimmed with laces, in-  
or embroideries. On sale  
at 38c, 49c and 98c.

### Supreme Orange Lodge

Following is a list of the offi-  
of the ensuing year elected at Van-  
Orange Lodge meet at Van-  
B.C. The next meeting of  
Orange Lodge will be held next  
at Midland, Ontario. For De-  
pendent Master, Col. Sam Hughes,  
was in the running.

nd Master, Dr. T. S. Spruak,  
Markdale, re-elected.  
y Grand Master, Lieut.-Col.  
Scott, Walkerton.  
y Chaplain, Rural Dean Wil-  
Walsh, Brampton, re-elected.  
nd Secretary, William Lee, Fu-  
nd Treasurer, W. J. Parahill,  
nd re-elected.  
nd Pastors, J. F. Harper,  
nd re-elected.

Director of Ceremonies, Cap-  
George McSpadden, Vancouver.  
y Grand Treasurer, J. H. C.  
nd re-elected.

nd Lodge Auditors—J. F. Pe-  
Minden, Ont., and W. H. Stea-  
Warwick, Ont., both re-elected.  
y Grand Lecturers—A. W.  
Toronto, Ontario West; A. W. San-  
erson, Ontario East; A. W. San-  
Ontario East; Joseph McGill,  
ntoba; A. H. Carmichael, Alber-  
William Cox, Quebec; A. Ander-  
British Columbia; Benjamin  
h, Saskatchewan; A. O. McKay,  
Edward Island; T. H. Ham-  
Nova Scotia; T. F. Holt,  
foundland, and H. F. McLeod,  
Brunswick.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

Fastest Time across the American  
Continent by any Railroad

### Trans-Canada Limited

cross-continent trains. From  
to every Tuesday, Thursday and  
Friday at 1.45 p.m., during  
**JULY AND AUGUST**  
to Vancouver in little over three  
and a half days.

### Palace Sleepers Only

is reserved from Toronto only to  
points west of Winnipeg.

### Board for Muskoka

ains now running over direct C.P.  
line. Four fast trains each way  
every weekday. Splendid boat con-  
ditions. Tickets, both reservations

## Pure Paris Green

Paris green is certainly  
the best of the year, but  
the consoling thought  
about this matter is that  
we guarantee both the  
price and purity of the  
article we sell.

### There's nothing equal to Paris Green for the des- truction of potato bugs

Unfortunately many  
get hold of some of the  
poor grades of which  
there are many on the  
market and results are  
not satisfactory. Our  
Paris green is pure and  
can be depended upon.  
Price 35c pound, 3 lbs.  
for \$1.00.

### We also sell Bug Death and No Bug.

## A. Higginbotham,

DRUGGIST, LINDSAY  
Nearly Opposite Post Office.

## Little Local Lines

### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

No  
transient advertising of any kind  
whatever will be accepted at this  
office after Wednesday noon.—Tf.

—Girl wanted for general work. Ap-  
ply at Morton's Confectionery.—Tf.

—The 15th Regiment returned home  
from camp on Saturday last.

—The case against A. J. Soanes for  
the alleged selling of a fish in an un-  
fit condition, has been adjourned un-  
til Friday of this week.

—The garden party held on the rec-  
tory lawn last Friday evening under  
the auspices of the St. Paul's church,  
was a most decided and enjoyable  
success.

—The Board of Education and the  
Tax Council both held interesting  
sessions Tuesday evening this week,  
full reports of which will be given  
next issue.

—The special services held here on  
Saturday, Sunday and Monday, by  
the Salvation Army, were very suc-  
cessful and pleasing to the Army offi-  
cers, Col. Sharp, Capt. Ritchie En-  
sign Riley and other outside talent  
assisted in the speaking and music.

—Mrs. Robinson, Bolton street,  
Deseronto, celebrated her 92nd  
birthday recently and is in good  
health of mind, body and estate.  
Grand children and great-grand chil-  
dren sent messages of congratulation  
from many and various parts of the  
world.

—Mr. George Moore has bought  
a better house, the price being  
as said, in the neighborhood of  
\$1000. Mr. Moore is well known  
in Lindsay having at one time con-  
ducted the Grand Union.

—Mr. R. H. Miller will remain for one month  
with Mr. Moore.

—Among those who were successful  
in passing final examinations before  
the Ontario Medical Council the fol-  
lowing names are noted: J. J.  
Hamilton, Bethany; W. R. Mann,  
Ingram; A. W. McTherson, Pet-  
burgh; W. C. M. Morris, Port Hope;  
W. H. Black, Oshawa; W. C. Shier,  
Lindsay.

—Col. Higgins has been receiving  
many expressions of commendation  
from the lodges of the Orange Order  
throughout the Dominion for the  
stand taken by him in Parliament  
in regard to the emigration of French  
peasants to this country. The resolu-  
tion passed by Bell's Corners L.O.O.L.  
concludes a strong endorsement of his  
policy in saying that he "may long  
be spared to defend equal rights for  
all and special privileges for  
none." May his tribe increase.

—The Petrolia Orangemen after  
a similar resolution of appreciation.

—Judge McMillan, of Lindsay, was  
in the city on Friday.—Peterboro  
Review.

—Mrs. Williams and daughter, Ret-  
tice, Fair avenue, spent the holiday  
in Oshawa with friends.

—Mrs. Thos. Pottle, of Brantford, is  
visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jolliffe,  
Fair avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Weldon, of Toron-  
to, visited the latter's mother, Mrs.  
Reuzin, this week.

—Mr. W. T. Cooke, of Sutcliffe &  
Son's staff, spent the holiday in Osh-  
awa.

—Mr. C. Graham, of London, was  
the guest of his parents here on Sun-  
day.

—Mr. H. S. Walsh and Mr. T. Cun-  
ningham, of Toronto, spent Sunday  
with the former's parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. W. H. Walsh.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Miller, of A.  
Allen's, wholesale furriers and gat-  
ters, Toronto, spent the holidays in  
Lindsay.

—Mr. T. Buckley, formerly of the Strat-  
ford Herald, but now of the W-  
W. staff was renewing acquaintanceship  
here on the first of July.

—Mr. R. Bryans, of the firm of Bak-  
er & Bryans, has sold his interest in  
the firm to other members of the  
company.

—Mr. B. E. Miller, of Toronto, re-  
presentative of the Easterbrook & Red  
Rose Tea Co., St. John's, N.B., is  
visiting his mother here this week.

## THE TERROR'S DINNER

### "Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

### BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which  
the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took  
the Terror's Nerve Away.—The Re-  
sult and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named  
Turpin established a restaurant in  
Yuma, and among Turpin's original  
employees was a waiter named Job  
Straight, who could shoot with great  
precision, play draw poker with un-  
varying success and pack eighteen  
plates of miscellaneous grub upon one  
bare arm at one time. He could exe-  
cute all the prevailing melodies either  
on piano or guitar, and he possessed  
the most tremendous baritone voice  
ever heard in Arizona. Why, men some-  
times went to Turpin's just to hear Job  
deliver gastronomic orders. No per-  
fect description can be given of that  
voice, however, except to say that at  
times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from  
near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a  
Christmas dinner who took a startling  
concoction as an appetizer and then  
dropped third-like at a table and rough-  
ly shouted to Straight:  
"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some  
grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recover-  
ing his reserve limit of equanimity,  
he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb  
from the frescoed tablecloth and whis-  
ked a bill of fare from the varie-  
gated castor and placed it before the  
new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in  
tones that could give Straight's ordi-  
nary, everyday baritone a caste and  
checkmate it in five moves. "I don't  
want to read your damned old tract,  
I don't care a darn what you come into  
the world to save sinners. Bring me some  
grub—g-r-o-b!"

"What do you want?"  
"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you  
to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"  
"What's that?"  
"I've given my order, you baldheaded  
old cigar store sign, and I want you to  
get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to  
the cook in accents that would have  
paralyzed Carl Formes had that old  
baso profundo been living and heard  
them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the re-  
verberating response from the cook  
upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in  
the restaurant, and their eyes were at  
once turned to the young person from  
the Bend, and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken  
a big catfish and cut it into four strips  
and rolled these strips in batter, so  
that they much resembled the viand or-  
dered, and after placing them in the  
frying pan he stuck his head out of the  
kitchen and shouted to Job:  
"You want them rattlers rare or well  
done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory  
in a cyclonic way, and the terror re-  
plied in as violent a tone and manner  
as he could command, "Well done, with  
plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."  
And then Job thundered to the cook:  
"Well done, with plenty of moccasin gravy  
on the side and brochettes of sand  
crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous deaf  
silence in that restaurant, and all eyes  
were again cast upon the terror and  
the waiter. The former turned ashen  
pale and began to weaken perceptibly,  
while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve  
all the market affords," muttered Job.  
"Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy  
or brochettes in a mode. Maybe you  
ain't hungry!"  
"Hey! You've got me—I ain't hungry,  
so help me, I couldn't eat a single hard  
boiled egg. Countenance that damned  
order, old man, and I'll pay all ex-  
penses and set 'em up as long as any-  
body can drink. Best pardone, gentle-  
man, all. My first attempt to be a ter-  
ror—pardone me, gentlemen. It's my  
last!"

## THE TERROR'S DINNER

### "Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

### BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which  
the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took  
the Terror's Nerve Away.—The Re-  
sult and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named  
Turpin established a restaurant in  
Yuma, and among Turpin's original  
employees was a waiter named Job  
Straight, who could shoot with great  
precision, play draw poker with un-  
varying success and pack eighteen  
plates of miscellaneous grub upon one  
bare arm at one time. He could exe-  
cute all the prevailing melodies either  
on piano or guitar, and he possessed  
the most tremendous baritone voice  
ever heard in Arizona. Why, men some-  
times went to Turpin's just to hear Job  
deliver gastronomic orders. No per-  
fect description can be given of that  
voice, however, except to say that at  
times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from  
near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a  
Christmas dinner who took a startling  
concoction as an appetizer and then  
dropped third-like at a table and rough-  
ly shouted to Straight:  
"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some  
grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recover-  
ing his reserve limit of equanimity,  
he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb  
from the frescoed tablecloth and whis-  
ked a bill of fare from the varie-  
gated castor and placed it before the  
new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in  
tones that could give Straight's ordi-  
nary, everyday baritone a caste and  
checkmate it in five moves. "I don't  
want to read your damned old tract,  
I don't care a darn what you come into  
the world to save sinners. Bring me some  
grub—g-r-o-b!"

"What do you want?"  
"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you  
to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"  
"What's that?"  
"I've given my order, you baldheaded  
old cigar store sign, and I want you to  
get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to  
the cook in accents that would have  
paralyzed Carl Formes had that old  
baso profundo been living and heard  
them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the re-  
verberating response from the cook  
upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in  
the restaurant, and their eyes were at  
once turned to the young person from  
the Bend, and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken  
a big catfish and cut it into four strips  
and rolled these strips in batter, so  
that they much resembled the viand or-  
dered, and after placing them in the  
frying pan he stuck his head out of the  
kitchen and shouted to Job:  
"You want them rattlers rare or well  
done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory  
in a cyclonic way, and the terror re-  
plied in as violent a tone and manner  
as he could command, "Well done, with  
plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."  
And then Job thundered to the cook:  
"Well done, with plenty of moccasin gravy  
on the side and brochettes of sand  
crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous deaf  
silence in that restaurant, and all eyes  
were again cast upon the terror and  
the waiter. The former turned ashen  
pale and began to weaken perceptibly,  
while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve  
all the market affords," muttered Job.  
"Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy  
or brochettes in a mode. Maybe you  
ain't hungry!"  
"Hey! You've got me—I ain't hungry,  
so help me, I couldn't eat a single hard  
boiled egg. Countenance that damned  
order, old man, and I'll pay all ex-  
penses and set 'em up as long as any-  
body can drink. Best pardone, gentle-  
man, all. My first attempt to be a ter-  
ror—pardone me, gentlemen. It's my  
last!"

## THE TERROR'S DINNER

### "Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

### BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which  
the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took  
the Terror's Nerve Away.—The Re-  
sult and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named  
Turpin established a restaurant in  
Yuma, and among Turpin's original  
employees was a waiter named Job  
Straight, who could shoot with great  
precision, play draw poker with un-  
varying success and pack eighteen  
plates of miscellaneous grub upon one  
bare arm at one time. He could exe-  
cute all the prevailing melodies either  
on piano or guitar, and he possessed  
the most tremendous baritone voice  
ever heard in Arizona. Why, men some-  
times went to Turpin's just to hear Job  
deliver gastronomic orders. No per-  
fect description can be given of that  
voice, however, except to say that at  
times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from  
near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a  
Christmas dinner who took a startling  
concoction as an appetizer and then  
dropped third-like at a table and rough-  
ly shouted to Straight:  
"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some  
grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recover-  
ing his reserve limit of equanimity,  
he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb  
from the frescoed tablecloth and whis-  
ked a bill of fare from the varie-  
gated castor and placed it before the  
new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in  
tones that could give Straight's ordi-  
nary, everyday baritone a caste and  
checkmate it in five moves. "I don't  
want to read your damned old tract,  
I don't care a darn what you come into  
the world to save sinners. Bring me some  
grub—g-r-o-b!"

"What do you want?"  
"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you  
to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"  
"What's that?"  
"I've given my order, you baldheaded  
old cigar store sign, and I want you to  
get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to  
the cook in accents that would have  
paralyzed Carl Formes had that old  
baso profundo been living and heard  
them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the re-  
verberating response from the cook  
upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in  
the restaurant, and their eyes were at  
once turned to the young person from  
the Bend, and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken  
a big catfish and cut it into four strips  
and rolled these strips in batter, so  
that they much resembled the viand or-  
dered, and after placing them in the  
frying pan he stuck his head out of the  
kitchen and shouted to Job:  
"You want them rattlers rare or well  
done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory  
in a cyclonic way, and the terror re-  
plied in as violent a tone and manner  
as he could command, "Well done, with  
plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."  
And then Job thundered to the cook:  
"Well done, with plenty of moccasin gravy  
on the side and brochettes of sand  
crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous deaf  
silence in that restaurant, and all eyes  
were again cast upon the terror and  
the waiter. The former turned ashen  
pale and began to weaken perceptibly,  
while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve  
all the market affords," muttered Job.  
"Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy  
or brochettes in a mode. Maybe you  
ain't hungry!"  
"Hey! You've got me—I ain't hungry,  
so help me, I couldn't eat a single hard  
boiled egg. Countenance that damned  
order, old man, and I'll pay all ex-  
penses and set 'em up as long as any-  
body can drink. Best pardone, gentle-  
man, all. My first attempt to be a ter-  
ror—pardone me, gentlemen. It's my  
last!"

## THE TERROR'S DINNER

### "Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

### BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which  
the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took  
the Terror's Nerve Away.—The Re-  
sult and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named  
Turpin established a restaurant in  
Yuma, and among Turpin's original  
employees was a waiter named Job  
Straight, who could shoot with great  
precision, play draw poker with un-  
varying success and pack eighteen  
plates of miscellaneous grub upon one  
bare arm at one time. He could exe-  
cute all the prevailing melodies either  
on piano or guitar, and he possessed  
the most tremendous baritone voice  
ever heard in Arizona. Why, men some-  
times went to Turpin's just to hear Job  
deliver gastronomic orders. No per-  
fect description can be given of that  
voice, however, except to say that at  
times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from  
near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a  
Christmas dinner who took a startling  
concoction as an appetizer and then  
dropped third-like at a table and rough-  
ly shouted to Straight:  
"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some  
grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recover-  
ing his reserve limit of equanimity,  
he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb  
from the frescoed tablecloth and whis-  
ked a bill of fare from the varie-  
gated castor and placed it before the  
new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in  
tones that could give Straight's ordi-  
nary, everyday baritone a caste and  
checkmate it in five moves. "I don't  
want to read your damned old tract,  
I don't care a darn what you come into  
the world to save sinners. Bring me some  
grub—g-r-o-b!"

"What do you want?"  
"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you  
to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"  
"What's that?"  
"I've given my order, you baldheaded  
old cigar store sign, and I want you to  
get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to  
the cook in accents that would have  
paralyzed Carl Formes had that old  
baso profundo been living and heard  
them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the re-  
verberating response from the cook  
upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in  
the restaurant, and their eyes were at  
once turned to the young person from  
the Bend, and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken  
a big catfish and cut it into four strips  
and rolled these strips in batter, so  
that they much resembled the viand or-  
dered, and after placing them in the  
frying pan he stuck his head out of the  
kitchen and shouted to Job:  
"You want them rattlers rare or well  
done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory  
in a cyclonic way, and the terror re-  
plied in as violent a tone and manner  
as he could command, "Well done, with  
plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."  
And then Job thundered to the cook:  
"Well done, with plenty of moccasin gravy  
on the side and brochettes of sand  
crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous deaf  
silence in that restaurant, and all eyes  
were again cast upon the terror and  
the waiter. The former turned ashen  
pale and began to weaken perceptibly,  
while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve  
all the market affords," muttered Job.  
"Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy  
or brochettes in a mode. Maybe you  
ain't hungry!"  
"Hey! You've got me—I ain't hungry,  
so help me, I couldn't eat a single hard  
boiled egg. Countenance that damned  
order, old man, and I'll pay all ex-  
penses and set 'em up as long as any-  
body can drink. Best pardone, gentle-  
man, all. My first attempt to be a ter-  
ror—pardone me, gentlemen. It's my  
last!"

## THE TERROR'S DINNER

### "Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

### BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which  
the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took  
the Terror's Nerve Away.—The Re-  
sult and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named  
Turpin established a restaurant in  
Yuma, and among Turpin's original  
employees was a waiter named Job  
Straight, who could shoot with great  
precision, play draw poker with un-  
varying success and pack eighteen  
plates of miscellaneous grub upon one  
bare arm at one time. He could exe-  
cute all the prevailing melodies either  
on piano or guitar, and he possessed  
the most tremendous baritone voice  
ever heard in Arizona. Why, men some-  
times went to Turpin's just to hear Job  
deliver gastronomic orders. No per-  
fect description can be given of that  
voice, however, except to say that at  
times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from  
near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a  
Christmas dinner who took a startling  
concoction as an appetizer and then  
dropped third-like at a table and rough-  
ly shouted to Straight:  
"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some  
grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recover-  
ing his reserve limit of equanimity,  
he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb  
from the frescoed tablecloth and whis-  
ked a bill of fare from the varie-  
gated castor and placed it before the  
new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in  
tones that could give Straight's ordi-  
nary, everyday baritone a caste and  
checkmate it in five moves. "I don't  
want to read your damned old tract,  
I don't care a darn what you come into  
the world to save sinners. Bring me some  
grub—g-r-o-b!"

"What do you want?"  
"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you  
to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"  
"What's that?"  
"I've given my order, you baldheaded  
old cigar store sign, and I want you to  
get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattle-  
snakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to  
the cook in accents that would have  
paralyzed Carl Formes had that old  
baso profundo been living and heard  
them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the re-  
verberating response from the cook  
upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in  
the restaurant, and their eyes were at  
once turned to the young person from  
the Bend, and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken  
a big catfish and cut it into four strips  
and rolled these strips in batter, so  
that they much resembled the viand or-  
dered, and after placing them in the  
frying pan he stuck his head out of the  
kitchen and shouted to Job:  
"You want them rattlers rare or well  
done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory  
in a cyclonic way, and the terror re-  
plied in as violent a tone and manner  
as he could command, "Well done, with  
plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."  
And then Job thundered to the cook:  
"Well done, with plenty of moccasin gravy  
on the side and brochettes of sand  
crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous deaf  
silence in that restaurant, and all eyes  
were again cast upon the terror and  
the waiter. The former turned ashen  
pale and began to weaken perceptibly,  
while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve  
all the market affords," muttered Job.  
"Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy  
or brochettes in a mode. Maybe you  
ain't hungry!"  
"Hey! You've got me—I ain't hungry,  
so help me, I couldn't eat a single hard  
boiled egg. Countenance that damned  
order, old man, and I'll pay all ex-  
penses and set 'em up as long as any-  
body can drink. Best pardone, gentle-  
man, all. My first attempt to be a ter-  
ror—pardone me, gentlemen. It's my  
last!"