

"I SMELL BEER,"

Some two or three years ago we sat in the County Treasurer's office in the early days of June, when people by the score were coming in to pay their taxes before the sales began. Among those who came were two young men from our city, who stopped on their way up from the train and took a schooner of beer each. As they stood by the treasurer's desk, awaiting their turn, a well dressed lady, Mrs. Blank of Waukegan, came in, and as she approached the treasurer's desk also, took a sniff or two and then exclaimed: "I smell beer; have you any beer here, Mr. Treasurer?" No; he had not, for he is a prohibitionist in sentiment, though he votes his party's regular ticket. But that did not satisfy the Waukegan white ribbon lady: where was that beer, she smelled it: beer was offensive to her; gentlemen, the real true gentlemen, would not drink beer: the county officers should not smell of beer, etc.

As we noted the light crimson blushes creep back of the ears of our Park young men our sympathies went out for them, and we suggested to the lady that we just then saw a man go by the window with a pony of beer, or an empty beer cask, on his shoulder: we guessed that was what she smelled, as the window was raised its full height. "No, Sir; No Sir," she said, "the beer is on the inside, —and it was,— she meant no pun,— it is no empty beer cask passing by, that I smell: it is here in this building, in this room somewhere;" and our young men squirmed a bit.

Whether the good woman knew what a roasting she was giving our Park fellow-citizens we could not say, but evidently she knew just what she was doing, and enjoyed it immensely, for she kept up her fire till the young men paid their taxes as hastily as they could and left the room, and it is safe to say, never repeated that experiment.

Moral: Don't take a pony of beer when you go to the county building to pay taxes; you don't always know whom you may encounter.

We venture the remark, that Waukegan lady—she owns property in the Park—seldom had a more delightful forenoon than the one when she delivered her lecture to our young men.

Chase & Sanborn's

Importations.

Teas and Coffees.

are.

Absolutely Uniform.

and of the

Highest known Quality.

We handle

These Goods exclusively.

EVANS BROS., = Sole Agents.

JAS. H. DUFFY

Express, Baggage and Dime Parcel Delivery.

Trunks, 25c.; Parcels, 10c.

To or from any part of the city.

Furniture and Pianos Moved,

— Packed and Shipped.

Goods handled with greatest care.

Prompt attention given all orders.

Are responsible for all goods while in our hands.

TELEPHONE 56.

J. H. DUFFY, Manager.