

An audible snicker spread over the audience.

"The bulschool——"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends——"

A sigh of relief went up. He has his feet under him again.

He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"—is the woolbark——"

He gasped and sat down.

THRIFTY FARMERS

Apropos of a statement that the railroads were laying off men as a bluff to get permission to raise freight rates, President Rea of the Pennsylvania railroad smiled ironically and said:

"He who should try to prove today that the railroads are prospering would get as mixed up as the Pike county farmer.

"An angler said to a Pike county farmer:

" 'You can't raise much on these stony hills, I reckon?'

" 'Oh, yes, stranger, we generally get fine crops,' the farmer replied.

" 'But you don't raise much grain?'

" 'Sure we do. We raise barley. We raise a sight of barley back here in Pike. I don't know what we Pike county farmers would do if it wasn't for our barley crops.'

" 'What do you get for the stuff.'

" 'Oh, we don't sell it. We don't sell a grain of it.'

" 'Feed it to our stock? No, siree! You don't catch