

love perfect and without it there would be no editors, devils, nor news.

SPIRIT OF THE RURAL PRESS

About three weeks ago one of Mr. J. H. Dickson's roosters got into a fight and came home all bloody and eyes closed and one of the hens became despondent and jumped on the paling fence and hung herself, but her sister broke her neck and I doctored the rooster and got him all right, and the next week, the day before George Washington's birthday, he got into a fight again and came home all done up, and so the same hen saw him and went the same place and hung herself again, but this time we failed to see her in time, as she was about gone when Mr. Dickson found her and so I dressed her. We had her for George's birthday dinner. This hen was laying every day. Mr. Dickson and my father subscribe for your paper, and they were both witnesses to this. —Hernando correspondence to Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A WISE POLICY

A witty political candidate, running in an agricultural district, after making a speech announced that he would be glad to answer any question that might be put to him.

A voice came from the audience.

"You seem to know a lot, sir, about a farmer's difficulties. May I ask a question about a momentous one?"

"Certainly," replied the candidate, nervously.

"How can you tell a bad egg?" went on the merciless voice.

The candidate waited until the laughter died away.