

CAMPING OUT

To now the happy season
When weary months have
A lot of things together,
And for every day
They want to share the pleasure
They've often heard about—
The season of enjoyment
That's found in camping out.

In woodland or by streamlet
They pitch their little tents,
And often they're dozing,
"Well, this is just romance!"
They're about and snug
And fast, to their delight,
That they're subsisting
A wondrous appetite.

They're often heard rejoicing
That they so wisely planned
To spend their summer outing
Where everything is grand,
And often they're exclaiming
That others can't enjoy
The pleasures found in camping,
With nothing to annoy.

But when the hungry skaters
Discover their retreat,
It's anything but pleasant
The way those insects eat.
Then Willie swipes green apples,
And there is more dining
Because the nearest store
Is seven miles away.

The days of golden sunshine,
Of course, can't always last,
And by and by the heavens
With clouds are veiled,
The rain comes down in torrents,
And campers wildly shout
As to the hill they haste—
Because they're flooded out.

The worn and weary campers
Then sadly travel home,
Each to the other warning
He nevermore will roam,
But when by neighbors questioned
They're showing nerve sublime,
For each of them is saying,
"We had a splendid time!"

The Whole Story.
"You see, he said I was a fool."
"Yep."
"And then I soaked him."
"M-h-m."
"And that was where I proved it!"—
Indianapolis Journal.

A Boy With a Bright Future.
One of the tasks set to a boys' class was that of writing a short letter to the master. One youngster added a P. S. which ran, "Please excuse bad riting and spelling, as I avent been taht any better."—Tit-Bits.

Remarkable.
"He must be wonderfully clever with the pen."
"Why?"
"Even his wife sometimes reads what he writes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Worth a Cent.
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
He carried a bank account home.
—Cleveland Leader.

Diplomacy.
Today the American ambassador was dining with the queen of England.
"Can anything," her majesty was exclaiming feelingly, "ever again close the door between these two great nations?"
"Well, you may be right if you know," replied the ambassador humorously.
Here the queen playfully smashed his excellency over the head with the coffee urn.
"Ain't you terrible!" she protested, and changed the subject.—Detroit Journal.

Illus.
"Say, nobody ever caught a fish here. There's no good trying it."
"That's just the beauty of it. You can fish and fish and fish, and you ain't bothered pulling the things out."
—Flegende Blätter.

A Personal Impression.
"Of course," said Senator Sorghum, "Dewey is a remarkable man, but—" "You are not going to qualify your praise?"
"Well, I admire his courage and all that, but I must say that when a man with his opportunities stands up and refuses to run for office it sets a mighty bad precedent."—Washington Star.

Why Freddie Doesn't Wear One.
Cholly—How's Freddie getting on with his mustache producer?
Algy—Why, he's thrown it up!
Cholly—Really? How's that?
Algy—He says it required such an amount of rubbing in that it wore away the hairs as soon as they grew, besides being a terrible strain on his strength.—Puck Me Up.

HOW A BULLET TRAVELS.

Lessons the Soldier is Taught in Learning How to Shoot.
The soldier is taught that the bullet travels through the air in a curved line called the trajectory, and that three forces act upon it—first, the exploded charge, tending to drive it forward in a straight line along the line of fire; second, the force of gravity, and third, the air resistance. At 300 yards, owing to these forces, the bullet, traveling at the rate of 3,000 feet a second, will have fallen about two feet. In the excitement of firing at close quarters the aim will invariably be too high.

It has been calculated that when the enemy approaches within 500 yards the soldiers will instinctively fire as much as two feet or three feet above their heads. Now, it has been found by experiment that the fact of firing lay-onets will cause the bullet to drop a distance of about 2 1/2 feet in 500 yards, and therefore when about this distance from the enemy soldiers are instructed to fix lay-onets in order to counteract the excessive elevation of their aim.

The recruit learns that the mean extreme range of the bullet is 2,500 yards, and that the longest shot ever observed was 3,700 yards. He is taught the penetrating power of his weapon, a subject full of interest. To take one or two examples, rammed earth gives less protection than loose; bullets easily find their way through joints of walls, while a concentrated fire of about 150 rounds at 200 yards will breach a nine inch brick wall.

Only experience can teach a soldier how much he must aim to the right or left of his mark to counteract the force of the wind. A side wind has more effect on the flight of the bullet than a wind blowing directly toward the front. The soldier must learn the habits of his rifle, since some shoot higher or lower than others. Every rifle, like every marksman, has its own individuality.—Pearson's Weekly.

AN INCIDENT IN HAITI.
Illustrating the Peculiar Treating Custom in Vogue There.
Of course there is in Haiti a small circle of native born creoles, who are naturally born ladies and gentlemen, exquisite in their courtly manners and most desirable as friends. Then the white men who are living there, as I have already mentioned, are characters. If they take a liking to you, all they have or can capture in years. The following will illustrate this characteristic.

My host and a friend were walking through the leading thoroughfare of one of the towns when the friend suddenly came to a standstill and, placing his long nervous index finger on mine host's breast, remarked:
"My dear boy, in here they make the best cocktails in Haiti. I have spent three fortunes in ascertaining myself of the truth of this. Let's go in and try one."

There was a prompt adjournment from the pathwalk to the interior of the building, a few minutes of delightful, expectant silence as the ingredients were shaken together, a mutual bow, followed by disappearance of the liquids.
Friend—How do you like that?
Mine Host—Delicious!
Friend—Let us have another.
Mine Host—Certainly, only this second one is on me.

Friend—No mistake, my boy, they are both on you. I've no money.
It is the unexpected that happens, especially in Haiti, the anecdote—Henry Sandham in Harper's Magazine.

Chickens in Haiti.
The natives call the island "Eye-to." Nearly every one I have met who can speak English at all drops the "h" and picks it up after the manner of the London costermonger and his cousins, the cockneys and "Arry boys. Apples in Eye-to are apples. It is a great chicken country, the variety of poultry depending entirely on the color of the complexion of the incoming president. If he be yellow, the "yaller loggeds," Dominique is permitted to thrive alone in his glory. Every black legged chicken is killed, and any person caught harboring one is bound to suffer. On the other hand, if the president be black only black legged poultry is in the fashion. The "yaller logs" are destroyed. Similar conditions prevail in Santo Domingo—Victor Smith in New York Press.

Smelling a Railway.
Do you know that a railway track has an odor? The fact was learned from a blind man who was walking with a friend amid strange surroundings in Westchester county last week.
"Is a train coming?" he asked.
"Why do you ask?" his friend inquired, for, though there was a railway track a few hundred feet ahead of them there was not the slightest sound to indicate its presence.
"I smell the rails," he answered.
He did smell them, and though his friend's nose was not nearly so sensitive, he could with his head within an inch of the rails detect an odor like that from slightly heated iron filings.—New York Herald.

How Him Good.
Arkansan—It's an ill wind blows no body some good.
Easter—How about a cyclone?
Arkansan—Same thing applies. Last one went through here brought me a horse and wagon, a cow stable and a good, steady farm hand, things I've needed for two years.—Ohio State Journal.

Information.
"Is your daughter enjoying her musical studies abroad, Mrs. Filindamer?"
"Oh, so much! She writes that she goes to five dances every single week."

A Persistent Suitor.
Kitty—I can't imagine anything more disagreeable than a proposal from that man.
Ruth—I can.
Kitty—What, for goodness sake?
Ruth—A half dozen.—Detroit Free Press.

Real Eloquence.
"Admiral Dewey can put a great deal in a few words."
"Yes; the Spanish knew what he meant when his first gun said 'Bang!'"
—Chicago Record.

PAW BUILDS A SHELF

OR, RATHER, TRIES TO DO SO FOR GEORGIE'S BENEFIT.

Not the Usual Lesson That He Is Taught to Convey Fell With a Ball Throw, and Little Albert Got Most of It.
"What I mean," paw said yistady when He got Home, "is more Exercise. Ever since you got the Food poison by the Jollies and I disallowed to cut on my Wheel at noon my liver don't put in Full time any more, and I feel like the other feller the next mornin after lectin. I wish I could get some of the pepel around here to join a Ball team or something."

"I'd tell you what," maw says. "If you want exercise so much, Spoken you put up that shelf I've wanted back of the sink fer about a year and a half."

So paw Told me and maw and little Albert to Hunt up the Saw and Hatcher and Some nails and He would do it. Then He Set down on the Back steps and whistled the Gory Camp mornin till we found Them the Kitchen.
"It's a Good Thing I was Bro't up on a Farm," paw Says, "Givin the pup a kick what never ruined its appetite. There's where people turn to Do anything. Look at the Grit men of our Land. They was nearly all Bro't up on Farms. That's where they turn flow to Handle tools and Think for Themselves and plan. It makes me sad sometimes to Think our Boys ain't got the charnet I Had. Where are they a man bro'd and Bro't up in the city what could go to work and Do a Job like this? They would Haft to go and Spend a Doler or so to Get Some Carpenter to put it up Bees they never Had the charnet to turn How to Handle Tools."

So He Got the Board saved in two, and when He Held it up where the shelf was to go it was too short, and paw says:
"It's almost a pity you Didnt turn to mature things Before Cuten Them when you was on the Farm."
"Say," paw says, "if you wouldn't Talk so much nicely a person would Have time for serious thots wunst and awhile. Gitt me that other Board up out of the Soller."

It was a purty Good Fit the next Time, and paw got a Box and Set it up on one end and put it on the kitchen chair, so He could reach where the shelf was to go. And Then he told maw to Steady the Thing while He stood on top and nailed.

He got one nail Drive in purty Good and Didnt sock Down more than a Half a Bucket full of plaster. But when He was pounder in the next one maw went to ketch little Albert and pull him away so the Board wouldn't Hit him if it fell, and she joggled the Box paw was standen on, and He missed the nail and Hit his thumb, and it Sounded like when maw or the Hired girl Hits the Headstak with the butt end of the roben pin to make it Tender.

I felt almost as bad for paw as I do for the girl that Teaches our Sundry school when She tries to sink a so low and Her Silvery Tones breaks in two in the middle. So he drop the Hatcher and the Board come down, knock the tin wear around so it made a racket like when they throw the book agent out of the up stairs Wlode on the Stage, and paw grabbed His thumb and started to jump. But the Box and the chair went over the other way, and He fit with one foot in the Dishpan and the other in the Sink.

After maw got the thumb Saked with witch Hazel and Tide up and paw was restin comfortable little Albert says:
"Say, paw."
"Yes, paw."
"Some day when you ain't Bizzy and they ain't enny other excitement goin on will you please do that agin?"
Poor little Albert. He's such a sweet innocent Child it never Braks my Hart to see him suffer.—George in Chicago Times-Herald.

Self Approval Intended.
"Nobody ever accused me of being a politician out of a job," said Senator Sorghum blandly.
"No," answered the guileless person who takes everything literally, "it was only the other day I heard some one saying you came pretty near being mixed up in every job that came along."—Washington Star.

Fallacious Assertion.
"How absurd to say that 'all the world loves a lover!'"
"Isn't it true?"
"Certainly not. How can it be true so long as the lover usually has rivals?"—Chicago Post.

Supremely So.
She—I wonder if you are as happy in our love as I am?
He—Me? Why, I wouldn't change places with Dewey!—Indianapolis Journal.

Vocal Improvement.
"Is your daughter enjoying her musical studies abroad, Mrs. Filindamer?"
"Oh, so much! She writes that she goes to five dances every single week."

LIFE AND LOVE.

True love is of a birth sublime;
It knows not space, it knows not time;
It has a garden from above,
For love is life, and life is love.

You, with your dearest gift of scorn,
Would seek to make true love forlorn;
Yet know where'er you wish may rise
That love is life, and life is love.

You find true love before my eyes,
And then with a sweet surprise,
You cannot spoil the treasure true
That love is life, and life is love.

We mortals are compact of change,
We have a thought of wondrous range—
For boy and girl, for man and wife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

Let well to judge by human skill
What earnest woe true love will kill
It stands through all your nearest strife,
That life is love, and love is life.

I match remembrance with your word,
The truth may pierce you like a sword,
The truth may be a keen edged knife,
Yet life is love, and love is life.

False love is like the wishing sheet
Flung in mere and blinding heat,
The sheet where you dare not move
—Love is life, and life is love.

—Walter Horatio Pater in Langman's Magazine.

A WORLD OF TROUBLE.
Why the Apartment House Manager Had a Case of the Blues.
The manager of the apartment house, a well fed, well featured, well dressed man, was standing in the main doorway of his establishment, which, by the way, is owned by an out of town capitalist, who is not the most generous providor in the world and insists upon the flat being conducted upon the most economical lines. The manager was not happy, however fair he may have appeared to the eye, and he heaved a long drawn sigh as a friend approached and greeted him.

"What's wrong?" inquired the newcomer.
"Oh, we've all got our troubles!" was the vague and lugubrious reply.
"You oughtn't to have any."
"But I have, just the same."
"What, for instance?"
"Well, I'm worried sick because I haven't got an elevator boy."

"There shouldn't be any difficulty in removing that trouble, I should say."
"There is. I've tried 49 and can't get one to suit."
"You must be very hard to please."
"It isn't that," sighed the manager. "It's all right, but it's this way: The old man insists on having the elevator boy wear a uniform, and he furnishes it. Uniforms cost money, and when the last boy retired he left a brand new uniform, and the old man won't get another. That's the rub. I can find plenty of boys of sufficient intelligence, ample experience, industrious habits, good moral character, and fine address, but I'll be darned if I can get one that the uniform will fit, and there you have it. Now what the dickens am I to do? Ain't that enough trouble for any one man?"—Washington Star.

A Painful Discovery.
"It was about the witching hour," said the suburbanite. "I had left the station some distance behind me and was on my way up the road toward home. I had got comfortably cool by that time, and the charming influence of the starlit night possessed me and made me feel at peace with all the world. Nor did the fact that I and my new suit had made a bet with the friends I had been visiting detract from the fullness of my self satisfaction."

"All went well until I came to a street crossing my road. At the corner was a street lamp, which from some cause was not lit, and from this lamp fluttered what seemed to be a handkerchief. You know I am a little bit near sighted.
"I reached over to take it, but it was touched by the wind and waved just beyond my grasp. I reached over farther, leaning full against the lamp post. This time I was successful, and I found that the supposed handkerchief was a piece of paper on which was written in bold and dashing letters the legend 'Fresh Paint.'"
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BICYCLE HEADQUARTERS



AGENT FOR THE BEST WHEEL EVER BROUGHT TO THIS COAST.

The "RAMBLER"

I also handle another good wheel, The "IDEAL"

If you want to save money and repair bills buy a "RAMBLER"

All kind of bicycle repairing done on short notice, if bicycle parts are needed drop me a postal card, all mail orders are promptly attended to. All work is guaranteed, if the work is not satisfactory call and get your money.

I also handle bicycle sundries

If you want a good Sweater send in your order.

C. W. BRANT,

West Side Office, Independence, Ore.

TALKING OF DREAMS.

A Little Experience That a New Orleans Citizen Had.

"Do you believe in dreams?" said a man about town. "Of course nobody likes to admit it, but I have just had an experience that makes me chary about asserting such faith. One night about a week ago I had a very vivid dream, in which I found myself on a familiar scene in the heart of the city. A street car was about to pass, and after hesitating, as one sometimes will, I had a sudden impulse and darted forward. I would have had time enough to get across safely, but I caught my toe on the rear rail and fell sprawling on my face right in front of the car.
"Oh, the horror of that moment! I heard the reformer fling his long like and I saw a confused movement in the crowd and then something here me down with the weight of mountains. I knew I was falling crushed under the wheels, but I felt no pain, and the ghastly thought flashed to my mind that my head had been cut off.
"It seems grotesque to tell, but I woke huddled in sweat in a spasm of terror. That obscene dream was repeated three times in succession, and now let me tell you the sequel. This morning I was hurrying up Canal street and very foolishly started to cross a car just as the conductor rang his bell.
"As I did so I suddenly recognized the very corner of my dream. I even remembered an old baggage barrel with some plants leaning against it that stood on the curb and the discovery startled me so terribly that I lost my balance, caught my foot on the rail and fell headlong right across the track just as the car started. I was so close that I struck against the edge of the steps as I went down."
"Well, what happened?" exclaimed a breathless listener.
"Nothing," replied the narrator. "The car was going the other way."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HER MOTHER KNEW.

Was a Student of Human Nature, Not a Mind Reader.

Mother—And so you engaged yourself to that young man at Idlewild Springs, did you?
Daughter (sheepishly)—Yes, ma, I promised to become his wife.
"It was on a beautiful moonlight evening in June."
"Why, yes, ma. How did you know?"
"And the hotel band was playing a delightful waltz by Strauss."
"Why, yes. Who told you?"
"And you two were in the arbor on the lawn."
"Yes."
"And the fountain sparkled in the moonlight and made music which seemed like a fairy echo to the sweet melody which floated out from the distant orchestra."
"Yes, how."
"And the lake with its fleet of pretty boats gliding about the softly illuminated waters seemed like a bit of lovely Venice dreaming at your feet."
"Yes, yes. But how did you know all this?"
"I know it must have been under some such combination of circumstances that he proposed or you would never have said 'Yes' to such an adde pated nincompoop as that."—New York Weekly.

Golfing Intelligence.



Jones has recently taken up golf. He is already proficient in one department—the art of addressing the ball.—Punch

Spoken in Irritation.
"Just think of having a \$10,000 sword in the house!" exclaimed Mrs. Blykins.
"Well," exclaimed Mr. Blykins as he took a small dose of dyspepsia medicine, "I'm glad I haven't any. It would become grotesque. If we had a \$10,000 sword, some of the women folks around here would think it was just the thing to sharpen lead pencils or lift carpet tacks with."—Washington Star.

Little, but Dignified.
"Show me some of your undershirts, please, Signor."
"Yes, sir, that's what's best too large. Size 30 would fit you a great deal better."
"I am buying them, sir, for my youngest son. Kindly attend to the particular vocation for which you draw your salary and show me some \$88, all wool."—Chicago Tribune.

Proof to the Contrary.



Now that they were married, the ugly old man had a confession to make to the lovely young woman.
"I'm not rich," he faltered in much apprehension.
She did not start as if stung; far from it. Indeed, she smiled, not unkindly.
"No matter," she replied. "Everybody who sees us will think you are rich, and credit is just as good as money."
Moreover, it was no small comfort, if one must be married, to be married to a person whom one need not treat with respect unless one feels like it.—Detroit Journal.

To Stop Nosebleed.
To stop nosebleed cut some blotting paper about an inch square, roll it about the size of a lead pencil and put it up the nostril that is bleeding. The hollow in it will fill the space between the tube and the nose and will very soon congeal and thereby stop a flow of blood. —New York Times.

Enspersating Edith.
"Harry, my new frock is either perfectly stunning or else it is hideous."
"How do you know?"
"I met Edith Binks when I was out, and she didn't even mention it."—Detroit Free Press.

Credit.
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How It Happened.
Jones—What a funny looking house that is across the street.
Smith—Isn't it an oddity, though? I understand the owner instructed the contractor to follow all the plans suggested by his wife.—Ohio State Journal.

Mon quito incapable of writing themselves down fools in the old way do it very readily with the help of a stenographer.—Detroit Journal.

There are many people who will never grow rich, because their habit is to spend all they get.—Evening Wisconsin.

Painted Paragraphs.
The hog pen is mightier than the fountain pen.
It doesn't make a miller despoetic to buy his meek.
The fox makes his best time when he travels for his health.
The inside of an airship should be decorated with fly paper.
There is always an ill feeling between the doctor and the patient.
In time of peace prepare for war.
The honeymoon can't last forever.—Chicago News.