

BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS

If the present rapidity of growth is maintained Seattle will reach the hundred thousand point before another year has passed.—*Seattle Journal*.

Undoubtedly, dear *Journal*, but which do you mean, population or miles square?



"Awtha, deah boy, you're going it rathaw stwong, I fahney. Yes, I know, Chawley; but I pwoposed to Miss Quiz lawst night, you know, and she said I'd bettah waise a mustache first. I've heard soda is good to waise things, you know.

Tacoma's fast train—George Francis.

Mrs. HARDUP—John, just see the new suit I got at Fitem's to-day.

Mr. HARDUP (who never pays for anything)—Well, I suppose I'll have a new one, too.

LINES TO OLLIE.

Oh, Ollie, little Ollie!
 With the black and beady eyes,
 To love thee is mere folly,
 Thou wilt mock my sickly sighs.
 Gay Ollie, merry Ollie!
 With thy laughter bubbling o'er,
 Thou hast chased my melancholy,
 Like a black dog, out of door.
 Vain Ollie, shallow Ollie!
 Can I love thee when I know
 That for some insipid Cholly
 Thy love plant will spring and glow?
 Oh, Ollie, foolish Ollie!
 Thy non-comprehending stare,
 With thy head aside like polly,
 Speaks thee weak as thou art fair.
 Still, Ollie, charming Ollie!
 Thou hast stol'n my heart as fee
 For a kiss stol'n 'neath the holly;
 Cruel, give it back to me.

IDA WHITTIER.

Brother Wanamaker's new stamp put in an appearance a few days ago, and as I wanted to send a letter east I purchased one. As the letter was a big one, and as the stamp was small and thin and was already red in the face from its exertions in trying to fill the position vacated by its predecessor, I was somewhat afraid to try it; but I was assured that this one was amply able to carry the letter, even to the dead letter office, where nearly all the mail goes now-a-days. I gave it a trial, and have since learned that the little red thing has more influence than I gave it credit for, and that not only did the letter reach its destination but that the letter itself was read when it got there.

A teacher in the LaGrande school was telling her pupils about some mummies having been recently exhumed in Egypt, when a stupid girl raised her hand and said: "Please, Ma'am, were they dead?" She is still wondering why it was the class smiled.

He plead he loved her so,
 And begged her not to go;
 She laughed and shook her pretty head
 And with a pouting lip she said:
 "I must, dear air; for know
 I have another—so
 Good-bye!" V.



"OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE."

ETHEL—Who is that poor old man, papa?

PAPA—Why, that's Foolsby, who deeded his property to his children so there would be no quarrel over his will.