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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, with northerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MARCH 5.

In the scalp-bounty law resides large opportunity of profit and thrift. It presents itself in various ways. First, the suggestion of "coyote farming."

Another article from the La Grande Chronicle, a paper of the coyote belt, which we reprint today, intimates the hopefulness of this species of farming, as a settled pursuit.

There ought, however, to be a special premium also on propagation of sheep. One man then could raise the sheep and his neighbor the coyotes, and between them they could drive a trade as profitable as that which was said to have existed in Indiana between the physician, the undertaker and the tombstone man.

It will be some help to the coyote hunter. Again, since we have large and numerous coyote states on three sides of us, there is nothing to prevent the coyote overflow to hunters within our borders; and moreover, our enterprising hunters may run over into those states and get all the scalps they want. It is clear that we have here all the possibilities of a permanent and boundless industry.

much out of place in our pageant of yesterday was some of the ancient dross which marked the accession of Edward VII to the throne. The latter did not represent the England of today. They were merely a revival of the practically forgotten traditions of the monarchy. We have our traditions, too, but do not venerate them enough to recall and re-venet them upon momentary occasions of state.

A sorry spectacle, indeed, would a Republic present that during a hundred years had failed to take on any of the graces of civilization, while making gigantic strides along its material lines.

The days of the world are attractive chiefly when set and bound in history. Its todays are far more enjoyable, while its tomorrows are full of promise only because in them lies the promise of continued growth.

BUT IT DOES FIT.

Baker's Farmer and Stockman quotes the following from The Oregonian and says "the argument doesn't fit": "Nature had withheld from man in the Western Hemisphere the physical means necessary to the domestication of animals."

To show why "the argument doesn't fit" the following statement is offered: "It is he who has the native man in the Western Hemisphere has not only failed to become civilized after the introduction of that which it is claimed was withheld from him, but has, as a rule, failed to benefit by the new conditions, and as an evidence that he was not ready for the change, has decreased in numbers to the extent of 90 per cent."

One wonders that such a statement could be put forth seriously. The native man of the Western Hemisphere had been here through countless ages. All his mental, moral and physical powers, all his habits of mind and body, had become fitted to the conditions imposed on him by nature and his environment. His own character had been completely subdued to the elements it worked in.

Transformation of this character during any short period, or even during the period, relatively a short one, since the man of the Eastern Hemisphere came, was impossible. And the more severe the pressure towards such transformation the more sure and rapid was the extinction of the native.

Who ever so tam'd, so cherish'd and lock'd up will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Most wild men will perish rather than submit to the first simple regulations necessary to a basis of civilized life. The few who do not continue their stolidity to the end of the civilized state. A moral and industrial civilization cannot be forced on a people by pressure from without, or but very imperfectly. It must be a growth from within, and that growth must have its roots in humble conditions.

Two MEMORABLE INAUGURALS. The most memorable and most pathetic inaugurals ever delivered by Presidents of the United States were those uttered by Abraham Lincoln, of beloved memory, March 4, 1861, and March 4, 1865.

The environment of Lincoln's first inaugural was in gloomy contrast with the splendid military pageant of yesterday. The temper of people of all parties was stern and apprehensive of coming war. The tone of Mr. Lincoln's famous address reflects the seriousness of his own mood and the greatness and nobility of his own spirit. It has been said that Lincoln, in common with Seward and Carl Schurz, did not believe that if war came it would last more than ninety days, but the solemnity of Mr. Lincoln's first inaugural, the deep earnestness of its eloquent closing appeal to the South by the memories of the Revolutionary graves and battlefields, not to break the bonds of the Union, led us to think that the great President was not at least as grave and sagacious an observer of the situation as General Sherman and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, both of whom predicted that if the South once opened fire the battle would be long and bitter.

Mr. Lincoln was not by temperament an optimist, as was Seward; he was Kentucky born and Illinois bred, so that he knew the Southern temperament thoroughly; he knew their intense sectional pride and high military spirit, and when he delivered his first inaugural he doubtless was full of apprehension not only of impending war, but of a war of long duration and doubtful issue. No mood less serious would have extorted from so many a man, a man so utterly without rhetorical trickery or melodramatic demagoguery, so deep and tender and pathetic an appeal as the closing passage of his first inaugural.

The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature.

This utterance, which has become part of the great literature of the world, was not born in the heart of a man who believed he had nothing but a three months' insurrection before him. It has too deep and solemn a note in it for so light an apprehension.

War followed, and that great, tender-hearted but masterful man delivered his second memorable and still more pathetic inaugural with four years of tremendous war behind him. All the apprehensions that excited his grave and sagacious mind in March, 1861, had been more than realized by the awful events that had taken place. Behind him were the terrible battlefields of Shiloh, "the Peninsular campaign," second Bull Run, Stone River, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. The awful array of the aggregated dead of these dreadful fields rested red on Lincoln's sight when he delivered his famous second inaugural and touched it with the melancholy eloquence of a great Hebrew prophet, Isaiah or Ezekiel. He thought of the thousands that had fallen, and thought, too, of the thousands that might yet fall before victory should be obtained, and so on the eve of Grant's last campaign Lincoln in his great inaugural confessed that his four years' administration had been four years of war, a harvest of death, and that the end was not yet, and then in substance he said: "But if this war continues until the bloodshed shall equal all the blood drawn in the past by the wash from the back of the bondman, we shall confess that all thy judgments, O God, are both just and righteous."

This is not the language but the thought of this great inaugural address, which has become part of the best literature of the world. Indeed, in our judgment Lincoln's second inaugural is his greatest utterance; entirely surpassing his memorable Gettysburg speech. Lincoln's are the greatest inaugurals because they were delivered by a great man deeply stirred to the depths of his strong nature by the solemnity of the occasion. His first inaugural reads like a noble, eloquent argument and prayer for peace; his second inaugural reads at once like a solemn dirge for the dead and a splendid hymn of hope and comfort for the living.

A FAVORABLE OUTLOOK.

President McKinley, who was inaugurated yesterday, has a happy outlook, a great opportunity to do his best for his country, with no subordination to the lower fields of personal politics.

When he was inaugurated four years ago there was no cloud of war with Spain or China in the sky; there was no such vexing problem as the restoration of peace and order in the Philippines before him for solution. Suddenly, in March, 1898, war with Spain was forced upon the President by the people, much against his desire and approval. When war came the President was not prepared for it, and yet, on the whole, remembering that Mr. McKinley belongs to the class of very able and opportunistic politicians, like Seward, rather than to the class of very able opportunists who are both acute politicians and executive statesmen, like Lincoln, he has met his unexpected emergencies with credit.

It may not be truthfully denied that President McKinley has managed to carry the people with him and to retain the confidence of his party in Congress. He is an optimist, like Seward, to whose school of opportunistic statesmen he belongs; he is a genial man, with sufficient subtlety to be able to smile at the misadventures of "Mr. Dooley" and laugh over his satire even as Lincoln did over Orpheus C. Kerr's "Mackerel Brigade"; he is a patriotic man, and yet his patriotism is not soured by sectionalism. It is greatly to Mr. McKinley's credit that he has always met the men of peace and good-will at the South more than half-way; it is to his credit that he was prompt to accept the military services of the ex-Confederate Generals Wheeler and Lee, and still more to his credit that he did not forget these services when the stress of the Spanish War and its consequences became relaxed. There were no votes to be made at the North for McKinley by his pressing the claims of Generals Wheeler and Lee for military rewards, and the action of President McKinley was due solely to his sense of justice and to his belief that no opportunity should be lost which offered a chance to bind all the sections of the country to the Federal flag by a new birth of patriotic memories and associations.

It would not be difficult to point out parts of President McKinley's record that have made his most judicious friends grieve, but it must not be forgotten that a President who is a candidate for renomination and re-election seldom is able to act his very best. The episode with General Miles and General Alger doubtless had its origin in the fact that General Miles was a man of ardent political ambition, who, in event of long and difficult war, might become a dangerous rival to McKinley. His wife, comparatively young, full of health and ambition, possessed the qualities of a social leader which are denied to the President's wife on account of her very delicate physical condition. Mrs. McKinley possesses in a marked degree amiable and gentle qualities that have endeared her to the people with whom she has come in contact during many years of life in Washington, but she is handicapped in many ways by lack of physical strength—a grievous handicap to any woman, whatever her station in life. She, however, bears herself with gentleness and grace, and carries the dignity of her position with true womanliness.

A correspondent recently inquired what "law" Mrs. Nation had violated. In Cloud County, Kansas, some women who preceded Mrs. Nation by some years formed a "hatchet brigade" and smashed the saloons. The county, which was asked to charge that the saloon was outside of the protection of the law, pertinently said that "the mere fact that some are engaged in unlawful business does not give others any lawful right to destroy the property or injure the person of those so engaged without intervention of law."

There was some cause for offense and room for just criticism in Admiral Sampson's opposition to the proposal to grant commissions in the Navy to enlisted men, but it may be conceded that Senator Allen, of Nebraska, greatly overstepped the bounds of legitimate indignation and dignified criticism when in this connection he called Sampson an "arrant coward." There may well be a difference of opinion as to the Admiral's judgment in regard to the proposed promotion of enlisted men to an acceptable Naval officer, but there can be but one in regard to his courage.

A correspondent asks if it is legal to spend left-over school money on desks, pianos, Christmas trees, fly-paper and such like. There is no law in the land against flitting of the taxpayers' money.

Carnegie believes it a sin to die rich. What would he do for the rest of eternity if he should be taken off suddenly unshriven in the midst of his time.

The mouth of the Columbia is not half so dangerous to navigation as the mouth of a disgruntled retiring Senator from an inland state.

It is now said that Aguinaldo would rather fight civilization and benevolent assimilation than the Standard Oil Company.

Enormous Coal Consumption. Prof. R. H. Thurston in Youth's Companion. A very large part of this fuel is employed in supplying the electric light and the quickening of the steam engine, and constantly increasing. Not long ago the burning of 50 tons a day by a steamship was thought remarkable; today there are 100 steamships, each of 2,000 and 3,000 horse power each of which require from 20 to 30 tons an hour, or 500 to 700 tons a day; and the end of the growth in steamships is not yet in sight. Consider the same power be produced by engines capable of converting perfectly all the heat of their fuel into power, the coal needed by great works would be only about eight times as long and the exclusive use of such perfect engines would more than proportionately extend the life of mankind in temperate regions and in civilized countries.

Whether such gains, or any important gains, can be expected through the displacement of the steam engine by a better form of motor, is a question regarding which the greatest authorities are very much at a loss. They are, however, agreed in the conviction that we cannot hope for much further, or any rapid, improvement in the great motor which we now have, and which makes it possible for mankind to do much more work than could be performed otherwise in many days, and to multiply the wealth and comfort and opportunities of all the world.

The progress of this greatest of inventions has been constantly in the direction of greater competition, although of late it has been discovered that the "whirling colliery," a simple steam-driven toy of the ancient Greeks, may compete successfully with the modern machine, and may be made to do considerable work; but no promise of any extraordinary gain by reducing the still great wastes of the heat engines is recognized. Working at high temperatures, as with the gas engines, which operate with flame temperatures, may give some considerable gain, and the range of apparently possible improvement in this form of motor is perhaps much greater than in the steam engine; yet, at best, we must still lose all that proportion of heat which is measured by the weight of the steam that is carried over the heat of the discharged fluid down to the atmosphere.

AMERICAN BONDS BEST.

Higher Interest Necessary to Float European Securities. Chicago Record.

From Berlin the American Consul-General calls attention to the wide difference in the "prime" rates for the bonds of Germany and the bonds of other countries. From the figures produced and from the other conditions the Consul-General concludes that Germany is a severe financial loser in comparison with France and England, the latter do not show favorably in comparison with the United States. It is true that the United States bonds carry with them some privileges which foreign bonds may not possess, but this fact probably has not materially increased their market value. It is not likely that the financial stability or credit of any of the bond-issuing countries is questioned. The bond quotations show that the comparative rates for money in the countries named are: Germany, 6.57; in France and England, 5.26; in the United States, 3.72. In short, the United States borrower has not far from three-fourths of 1 per cent advantage as compared with the German, and about one-third of 1 per cent as compared with the English and French borrowers.

That such a condition would come none of the Senators has for some time been more deeply impressing itself on the public mind as the effect of the deadlocks that have been in evidence in the legislature of a number of the States. It is, however, becoming a fact, and was brought on to the end in the small hours of last Sunday morning, when John H. Mitchell, a former Senator from this State, who has been the "deadlock" only frequently deprives a State of representation, but it often gives rise to scandalous growing out of attempts at bribery.—Binghamton Leader.

COYOTE FARMING NOW.

The Scalp Is Worth Enough Now to Make Business Good. La Grande Chronicle.

The new coyote bounty law provides that all scalps must be taken to the County Clerk direct by the party who kills the animal, when the Clerk will issue a County warrant for \$2, which in most Eastern Oregon counties will be worth its face, therefore of considerable value to the hunter. Under the old law, that the state warrant under the old law, which netted him much less, owing to the doubt that existed as to its ultimate payment.

Another point in the scalp taker's favor under the new law is that he does not have to pay anything to the Clerk for taking his affidavit, whereas under the old law he had to pay 5 per cent of the amount of the bounty or justice who took his affidavit to the killing. After the County Clerk issues the county warrant as above set forth, he reports to the State Treasurer, who then issues a state warrant in favor of the county for two-thirds of the amount.

The new law promises to stimulate the business to such an extent as to make the coyote profitable. Coyote hunting is likely now to become an important industry in this section. But on the general taxpayer the law is a burden and a fraud.

Wages Not the Whole Story.

New York Journal of Commerce. Japanese cotton mills are run 24 hours a day with double shifts, so that the fixed charges of manufacture are reduced to their minimum. In other words, though much higher than a few years ago, are ridiculously small, compared with those in this country. Under these conditions persons who observe economies only on the expense side would expect the industry to be enormously profitable, and it is not six years since we were warned by alleged statesmen in this country and in England that Japanese industries were going to ruin the world. Japanese watches at \$2, bicycles at \$12, and pianos at \$100 were going to throw an army of English and American workers out of employment according to predictions in the House of Commons and Congress. But in reviewing the cotton industry the Kobe Chronicle says that last year only one cotton mill ever closed its doors, and that both ends meet, and 37 lost money. More is involved in industrial competition than a comparison of wage tables.

From Office Boy to President.

Chicago Tribune. There are both encouragement and inspiration for the young men of the country in the career of George B. Harris, who on Wednesday was elected president of the Chicago Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. Mr. Harris became a railroad man in 1866, just 35 years ago. He had no particular "pull" or influence behind him, and was content to begin as an office boy. He worked his way up from the bottom of the payroll to the top, filling in succession a dozen or more positions of constantly increasing responsibility. Starting at the age of 17, he finds himself at the age of 32 at the head of a railroad system controlling more than 800 miles of track. His career is a fresh proof, if one were needed, of the fact that hard work, ability, and concentration of effort were never so sure to reap an adequate reward as they are at the present time.

Dean Stanley's Idea of Music.

Reminiscences of Oxford, by Rev. W. Tuckwell. Hearing Jenny Lind one day sing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," he told her that she had given him an idea of the meaning of music. He said that before, he said, the same feeling had come over him, when, in front of the palace at Vienna he had heard a taffet performed by 400 drummers.

Our predictions last week as to the election of a United States Senator were wrong. A branch of the Republican party called "Mitchellites" concocted a deal whereby the charter of Portland was amended in such a manner as to place the entire patronage of the police and fire departments under the Democratic party. This was done during the last days of the session on the express understanding that the "Mitchellite" Democrats in the Multnomah delegation and what other ones they could control would vote for John H. Mitchell for Senator. The deal was carried out to a successful end on the last night of the session. The result was shipped last June, when Republicans all over the state like Church, Holmes, Dobler, etc., were knifed and beaten.—Wallowa Chieftain.

The solons of Oregon in legislative body assembled finished their arduous labors last Saturday. Up to the very end of the session it looked very much like no one would be elected to the United States Senate, but about fifteen minutes before the time set for final adjournment a ballot was taken in the election of John H. Mitchell to that important position. The Democrats did it. Whether their constituents will approve of their action or not remains to be seen. Without presuming to state a political prophet, we believe they have sacrificed themselves upon the altar of politics. Very likely the legislative hall will know them no more forever. While we believe that it would have been much better for the Republican party to have dropped all the old leaders and have given us a new deal, we do not propose to "kick" over the result. We bear in mind that their constituents are not Republican voters upon the important questions of the day.—Wallowa News.

BEFORE FURTHER COMMENT.

The whittling cannot change any swifter than will the Democrats in their opinion about their party Legislators voting for a Republican for United States Senator. This change of front will be the natural outgrowth of the election of the Portland charter bill by the Governor. The crowd who proposed to turn over Multnomah County and Portland to the Democrats reckoned without it. The only compromise between ambition and lure has resulted as it should result to the utter confusion to party traitors. Both the Democrats, who have again sold their many souls, disbonored their party, and the Republicans, who will not get the potage and must content themselves with soup, and the recent Republicans, although they may have the lead on their competitors, the Democrats, yet they have gained nothing by their apostasy except the satisfaction of having defeated Mr. Corbett for United States Senator.

Former Governor William A. Newell, who had the rare honor of being Governor of the States—New Jersey and Washington—writes in the March "Success" of his romantic experiences as a Congressman in 1849, when he originated the life saving service by offering a resolution in the House of Representatives to appropriate money to save lives imperiled by the sea. Fellow members of Congress at that session were John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Newell says: "Various objections were made to my motion, the strongest of which was that the scheme was impracticable. I laid the matter before a great many Senators and members, speaking to them in person. Ex-President John Quincy Adams occupied a seat just behind mine, and, after the reading of the resolution by the clerk, leaned forward and said to me, 'I would like to see that resolution.' I went and handed it to him. He read it over carefully, and, handing it to me, said, with a smile: 'It is good, I hope it will prevail.' Abraham Lincoln also read it, and said: 'Newell, that is a good measure. I will help you. I am something of a lifesaver myself, for I invented a scow that righted itself on the Mississippi sandbars.'"

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS. Teacher—if you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result? Duty Jones—They'll know you can like you—Pack. Well Satisfied—Bluffers—Duncum is a self-made man, isn't he? Wilfers—Yes. What has he done for you? Bluffers—He seems to be so well satisfied with the job—New York Weekly. "Tell me, dear, how the Washingtons have furnished their new house." "Well, I didn't see a thing in it that cost less than a hundred dollars, but it struck me that if they had studied the matter closer they might have got a good deal more money into the same space."—Life. She—How is it that you were not at Simpson's Christmas party? He—I stayed away for a personal reason. She—May I know what it was? He—It was a matter of a few dollars, but a profound secret. She—I give you my promise, He—Well, I was not invited.—Glasgow Evening Times. Husband (going to his rich uncle's funeral)—Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my pocket, dear. The old gentleman promised to leave me \$10,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears for it. Wife—Suppose when the will is read you find he hasn't left you anything? Husband—in that case you had better put in three.—Tit-Bits.

Dewet. Baltimore American. They sent out a troop of the Royal Baccos. To get. Dewet. They caught it home in the African news. "We'll capture him, surely. This time we'll not lose." Next day in the papers this fact we peruse: "In soaps." A regiment found him entrenched on a kopje.—Dewet. They bellorographed: "Going right up to the top. We'll bring him back with us. The war will then stop." The pistols and muskets and caption then pop. Same news. "We lose." "We've blown him to bits, and have scattered his bones." We've met Dewet. They've called the message again and again. "Dewet has surrendered," they told us. But, then, His captors were marched to a Boer prison pen. Same tale. "We fall." Now Kitchener's weaving a wonderful net. To get Dewet. It stretches across the whole country, but yet, The crafty old burgher will somehow forget To stop where the trigger is due to upset. Dewet yet.

An Early Spring Song. Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. It does not like de Winter. "Wen froe an col' n' rule; But w'en hit come de Springtime I 'ren bitin' de moule; Hit's den I jerks de line— De white man got me gwine— De mule pull strong— De white man got me gwine! De 'ol' crow caw en nigger. "Now, ain't dat hotter foot? 'Whiles I ez free ez freedom, He's right behind de mule." Hit's den I jerks de line— De white man got me gwine; De furrow long. De mule pull strong— De white man got me gwine!

"Four years more of the full dinner pail." Admiral Sampson is now preparing to contribute to the things-ones-would-rather-have-left-unsaid-column. J. Pierpont Morgan received \$3,000,000 for organizing the steel trust. J. Pierpont can hardly be called cheap. Ouida asserts that the world is getting uglier every day. The demand for the lady's novels must be dying out. W. W. Astor has forbidden his publishers to sell his book in America. He might have saved himself the trouble. Naval experts are testing a new explosive at Sandy Hook, and the coroner is wearing a look of pleased expectancy. Atkinson was probably in Washington yesterday with a camera looking for an opportunity to photograph the crown. Now another millionaire is presenting libraries. Mr. Carnegie will, however, probably be able to place all he has on hand. The war in South Africa is costing \$5,000,000 a week. That is almost as much money as James Creelman thinks he is worth as a correspondent. If Gunner Morgan doesn't make the mistake of the more advanced candidate for President, he will find that his present stock of glory is sufficient to last a lifetime. Admiral Sampson should remember that even such a distinguished commander as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., "cleaned the windows and swept the floor and polished up the handle of the big front door" and still became the ruler of the Queen's Navy. Whatever may be said of Mrs. Nation, it is certain that she has faded John G. Woolley's labors in the cause of temperance like a piece of 5-cent calico. If we could only put some of this weather into cold storage for use next summer! Captain William Foster, who died a week ago at Mobile, Ala., brought the last cargo of slaves to the United States. For thirty years he had engaged in the hazardous business of bringing Africans to this country and selling them. Against the advice of his friends, he commanded the Clotilda, the vessel that brought the last cargo of slaves to America. The voyage was full of danger and hardship, and he escaped and more than once Captain Foster was in imminent danger of being hanged by the Union authorities for slave trading. Former Governor William A. Newell, who had the rare honor of being Governor of the States—New Jersey and Washington—writes in the March "Success" of his romantic experiences as a Congressman in 1849, when he originated the life saving service by offering a resolution in the House of Representatives to appropriate money to save lives imperiled by the sea. Fellow members of Congress at that session were John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Newell says: "Various objections were made to my motion, the strongest of which was that the scheme was impracticable. I laid the matter before a great many Senators and members, speaking to them in person. Ex-President John Quincy Adams occupied a seat just behind mine, and, after the reading of the resolution by the clerk, leaned forward and said to me, 'I would like to see that resolution.' I went and handed it to him. He read it over carefully, and, handing it to me, said, with a smile: 'It is good, I hope it will prevail.' Abraham Lincoln also read it, and said: 'Newell, that is a good measure. I will help you. I am something of a lifesaver myself, for I invented a scow that righted itself on the Mississippi sandbars.'"

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PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS. Teacher—if you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result? Duty Jones—They'll know you can like you—Pack. Well Satisfied—Bluffers—Duncum is a self-made man, isn't he? Wilfers—Yes. What has he done for you? Bluffers—He seems to be so well satisfied with the job—New York Weekly. "Tell me, dear, how the Washingtons have furnished their new house." "Well, I didn't see a thing in it that cost less than a hundred dollars, but it struck me that if they had studied the matter closer they might have got a good deal more money into the same space."—Life. She—How is it that you were not at Simpson's Christmas party? He—I stayed away for a personal reason. She—May I know what it was? He—It was a matter of a few dollars, but a profound secret. She—I give you my promise, He—Well, I was not invited.—Glasgow Evening Times. Husband (going to his rich uncle's funeral)—Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my pocket, dear. The old gentleman promised to leave me \$10,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears for it. Wife—Suppose when the will is read you find he hasn't left you anything? Husband—in that case you had better put in three.—Tit-Bits.

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