THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, OCTOBER 14, 1900.



Attainment.

He had read "The Boy Detective,"

Dick" and all the rest; And he longed to whiri the lasso o'er the wild and woolly West-

Hurl the swift, unerring lamo, and to make

its dreamy coll Snake the victim from this wale of mundamy trouble and turnoll; And at last the lofty pinnacis he mounted at

assistant third dog-oatcher and "The He'z

-Los Angeles Times.

CAME OUT IN THE WASH

Embarrassing Experience of Reporter Who Was Sent to "Write-Up" a Group of Elopements.

It happened to a young and compara tively new reporter on a Chicago paper. The time was early one Sunday after noon, and he was the only man immediately available.

"I want you to go to Oshkosh, Wis.," said the city editor, hurrying into the room, "and you have barely time to jump into a cab and make the train. Here's some expense money and a dispatch from our local correspondent that will evplain what ou're after. Send in a good story." Then, as the reporter rushed for the elevator he called after him: "You'll probably find the telegraph office closed Sunday night. Hunt up the operator the first thing, or you may never get him."

On the train the young man had an opportunity to find out what he was going after, and it certainly looked like a good story from a news point of view. Three girls belonging to prominent families had mysteriously disappeared from a college located at Oshkosh, and two possible explanations were given. One was that they had eloped. They ewere inseparable companions, had rooms in the same boarding-house, and a rumor of a triple love affair had been current for some time. If this should prove not to be the case, the college authorities were satisfied. that they had been drowned. Lake Winehago was frozen over at the time, and one boy reported that he had seen them far out on the ice, which was known to

be liberally sprinkled with air holes. A triple elopement or a triple tragedy? Three beautiful girls-for all girls are beautiful in these circumstances-belonging to prominent families, speeding away from home and classmates with angry fathers in pursuit, or lying cold in death m of th ake! It cer

the managing editor. They demurred and he argued. Finally they became desper-We live across the lake," explained one

of them at last. "Oh!" said the reporter.

"And our washing is done at home." "Oh!" he said again. "And they failed to sand it over to us

last week, and we wanted some clean clothes for Sunday, so there, now! I hope your prying old paper is satisfied." And they all blushed more furiously than ever. The young man's curiosity was satisfied

-very much satisfied-but it wasn't until he got back to Chicago that the full meaning of his dispatch, "No story. Girls went after their wash." was understood in the home office.-Chicago Evening Post.

"PAW'S" IDEA OF IT.

He Discourses of Certain Traits of "Hewmun Naitcher."

"I can't see," maw told paw after we got gathered around the Family surckle the other nite, becoz it was too cold to try to Stay out and mingle with the muskeatos, "why they try to Go on finding the North pole. I see Sumbuddy else just got Pack from there without quite

ot Pack from there without quite teaching it." "That's what I was explaining," paw anserd. "It's hewmun naltcher. You can't stop them, becoz nearly everybuddy Reaching It."

IT FETCHED JACK.

"Do you think the moon has any power of attraction?" "It drew a proposal out of Jack last night."

Like

That's the hole trubble. If it keeps saying it's foolish and wouldn't do er. wouldn't be for poor old hewmun naticher nobuddy would ever feel of a Burs saw to see if it was sharp. It's the same thing that makes lots of peeple get, "Oh, about like the middle of a Frog same thing that makes lots of peeple get married. You can tell the fello' that sticks out his finger and tutches the bunz pond along tords Christmus," paw sed. "It wouldn't be so Bad if we Didn't haft saw that it's Sharp, but he wants to see for Himself, and if forty millyun peeple with experiunce went to a person that made up His mind to Get married with only seven Dollars in his pocket and a due Bill in for next week's wages and Told him he would be sorry as soon as the to send relief expedishens to Bring the explorers Back as soon as they holst a Flag thurty Seven feet neerer the pole than ennybuddy ever Got before. That costs good munny that might be used for publishing Speeches Statesmun were agoing to make in Congress if they Didn't get lief to Print, and sending millions of them out all over the country where they won't ever get Red. Told him he would be sorry as soon as the Giammor got rubbed off Do you think he would s'pose their words Come from the hart?

"No! There's where poor old hewmun naitcher makes reason totter on Her

Off His Feet.

Lets his heart become so mushy that

An' he wakes an' lays a thinkin'

Tisn't of'n that he loses half his hankerin

nightly solitude. Looks ridiculous to see him goin' round with

An' when nobody sin't lookin' lettin' go of

But I reckon that the Maker when he shaped

Knowed about what He was doin' when He

It was at a dance I met her down to Daly'

Built up trimmer than a Jersey, with the

est ridin' chap. Had a sort o' lovin' glitter bunched up in her

When I got to dancin' with her there's

brero cl'ar to heel. I seemed to float on nothin' as waltzed around the hall-

hug her up so clus That the same warm blood seemed minglin'

Like it was a feelin' lonesome an' was huntin'

Bin a feelin' mighty restless an' oneasy even

since; Somethin' stings me in the bosom till it fair-

ly makes me wince. Keep a thinkin', thinkin', thinkin' o' that little rancher girl

Till my brain is in a tangle-a sort o' crazy

Fatr Exchange.

"That you should always heartless be

Would be most sad," she said. "So since your's now belongs to me, Please take my heart instead."

To Millicent I said, one day,

"You act a robber's par. For when at love I wished to play You stole away my heart."

in the veins of both of us. could feel her heart a beatin' right agin my

show thought my toes fur sartin never

bellered when I squeezed her, let me

play the devil with the rough-

springs a tender leak.

streak,

fur food,

dreamy eyes.

him out of clay

built him that-away.

sort o' girly snap

purty eyes,

from its base.

thrillin' sort of feel.

touched the floor at all.

hardened breast,

That is apt to

easy sighs,

-"Georgie," in Chicago Times-Herald.

Sign of Good Sense. "If everybuddy would get to thinking it was a sine of good Sents for a man to go out and get so a Hog with decent Protective League to Hold Monied fambly connections wouldn't like to get seen in his cumpny it would be a sad day for some of the Real estate men that are

quaint, delightful little mountain viltrying to lead blaimless lifes and make lage in South Carolina," said an old the world a nobulier Better place, becom they mitent be able to rent their bildings for more'n half as mutch as the saloons clubman, the other evening, "and I found give. "It's a wonder the preachers never that About that skeem, too. If they would

a Fool for going to church next Sundy I bet they would haft to Bring all the loose chairs up from the Basement and get poleas proteckshuh so the wimmen and Children wouldn't get crushed in the Crowd."

"Of corse," maw told him when she Got a chance, "I spose you no what you're talking about, But I was wondering why Peeple go on trying to find the North Pele" Pole.

resorts. Everything was amazingly good and reasonable, and I marveled how the natives had been kept unspolled. "One afternoon during the first week of my stay I found out. I was sitting on porch of the little hotel when a bug-

PRESERVING SUMMER RESORT.

Idiots in Bounds.

the gy drove up and a well-dressed man de-scended. He was a new arrival, who had been taking a ride in the mountains. "What do I owe you?" he asked of the countryman who drove the rig. 'Oh, I reckon a dollar's enough,' drawled the other. 'Pshaw!' exclamed the stranger;

it's worth more than that. Here's a \$2 bill."

"The money was about to change hands, when a broad-shouldered chap from Louisville who had been staying at the hotel all summer jumped up from a chair at my side and stepped between

"Hold on!" he said firmly. 'We can't allow that. Give the driver what he asks, but no more.' 'Well, I don't see this is any of your busine that that this is any or your business, drawled the newcomer, in great surprise. I propose to make it my business,' re-torted the Louisville man. 'Give him a dollar and let him go.' I'll be hanged if I will,' said the stranger, getting red. 'I'll pay him what I blamed please.' "Then you'll have me to lick,' said the Kentuckian calmly, and peeled off his coat. The other man took a look at his torso and weakened. 'Oh, well, he said, it isn't worth fighting about,' and with he tossed the countryman a dollar and strode inside.

"'We have to do this in self-defense,' said the Louisville man apologetically, as he resumed his seat. 'A few of us discovered this resort, and now we're trying to keep it uncontaminated. About all the pleasant loafing places in Europe and America have been spoiled by confounded idiots who have more money than brains and insist on overpaying for everything they get. The consequence is that they buil prices to such an extent that fellows of moderate means like myself can't afford to take a vacation, and some of us old boarders have quietly organized a protective league to hold things down to a reasonable level. We have had to lick two New Yorkers and a dude from Phila-

TRAGEDY OF THE TYPES.

the Poetle Muse.

"Never mind," the editor interrupted, "I will look it over at my leisure, and if I can use it I will do so." if I can use it I will do so." There was a "wild, hunted" look in his eyes when he rushed into the office the next morning and dropped down on the chair that the editor pushed forward. this preacher-who, as some define him, is a cross between an impossibility and

"I spent several weeks last Summer in After he had panted for a moment he sald: "I am-here is my card!"

clubman, the other evening, "and I found a rule in force there which could be you. You are the young man who brought adopted with advantage at numerous a poem in yesterday to submit far pub-other localities. I went to the place by lication. I think it was in the paper this morning, wasn't it?" mere chance, and one of the first things

mere chance, and one of the first things that impressed me after my arrival was the total absence of the extortion one usually encounters at even the smallest "New that you call the matter to my mind, I do."

"But I say, here's your knife." "Look here! Don't be so obstreperous I've lost no knife." "Well, Laura is not a fictitious name, Laura is really the name of the lady the "My friend told me to take this knife lines were written for. I told Laura I and keep it until I could give it to a man



Laura's mother to know about it. I love Laura. But let me read-no, don't be This preacher was also a Texas ploneed frightened-only two lines-as it appears The fact that he was born in this Em-

the paper: LINES TO LAURA:

Ah, beardless girl, if you were like Your kindly mother is, I trow-After the editor had thought about it for a moment, he asked: "What do you propose to do?"

"Run!" said the poet, and he started at once-Chicago Times-Herald.





was writing the poem; also I permitted | ugiler than myself. Take this knife-it

pire State, does not account, however, for his awful deformities about the face, Like most mortally ugly men, he is married

to a woman of fine appearance. He was delivering a lecture on the pioneer days of Texas in a hamlet not far

note, and a singer after the sweetest

order. That he is the ugilest man in all the region goes without controversy. If

he visits a city they meet him with a

closed carriage. Every man wants to

send his neighbor to walk with him

One day a certain gentleman presented

a failure-with a fine pocket-knife. The

present was made on the condition that when he met an uglier man than himself he must give that man the knife and state

that condition as a reason for so doing. Time wore away until this deformed ap-

parition met a certain other preaches

through the village street.

in Texas. A colloquy ensued. "Here's your knife."

"I haven't lost any knife."

"Oh, Lord," he said, "we recognize the

from the capital of Hunt County. He in-troduced his lecture with a prayer. Dur-

Dewey avenue. Good-bye, and don't forget the excursion; won't cost you a pen ny.' The suave young man ran after a car and Herr Hopf examined the ticket. He also read the circular that had a map of the town. Then he went back and consulted the frag. "Lona, here was a chance for an oud

ng. I dake der dag off tomorrow und ge und see der scenery and get der fresh all all for nudding." "All righdt, Louis, but don't be a chum

with a noted evangelist in the North, blubbered out a prolonged grunt, and said, "Oh Lordy mercy!"

After it was all over I said to him: "P---, what in the world possessed you?" "Well, sir," he replied, "I imagined I

could see that prayer in the process of being answered. Think of a woman hold-

ing that varmint in her arms,"-Galves

HERR HOPF BUYS & LOT.

His Fran Shows Wherein He Was

"Von Chump, Vonce."

Herr Hopf and the blue pitcher were

"Good evening, Mr. Hopf," greeted the

latter, "here is a free excursion ticket.]

am in the real estate business now. Com

out and see our new town. Buy yourse

those lots dirt cheap. In one year they'l be worth five times the price we ask to

day. Take my advice and buy one or

a home in the suburbs. We are selli

naking their regular twilight excursi-

when the suave young man arrived.

ton News.

for vonce, no. Don't go oudt und spens noney on rocks and bushes and dink i ras a city lot, vonce."

Next day Herr Hopf went on the excurdon. He was met at the station by o of the land company agents,

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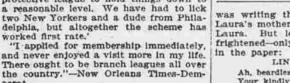
"Now, if you want a good investment," said the agent, "buy on Banner street." "But vere vas Dewey avenue, h'm?" 'Dewey avenue? There it is over here."

"Dere vas nudding dere but a gully."

"That's all right, in six months there can be a row of cottages there." In stumbling over the uneven surface the Teuton kicked up a lump of flint substance. It resembled uncut crystal Presently he found several lumps.

"By chimay." he thought, "dere must be a debasit on der lot no vone knows of vonce. It may be breclous. Der lot va theap; I'll buy und haf der blace mir He sought the land agent and had th

deed signed on the spot. Then the Teuton went home with a big



and never enjoyed a visit more in my life. There ought to be branch leagues all over the country."--New Orleans Times-Democrat.

and Predicament of a Rash Wooer of

Preempted.

From the white peaks that gleam in the

moonight Like a garment that graces a soul To the last white sweep of the prairies Where the black shadows brood round the

I've nanned from Peru to Point Barrow,

And this is the source of my sorrow. As you will be forced to agree When you learn how reintless Misfortune Has dumped all her tailings on me.

worked with my pardner all Summer

Crosscutting a cussed old creek, Which we never once thought of locating

We found there beaches of ruby

Embracing all classes of men.

sad, I will admit-

been in it yit!" -S. E. Elser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

And mountains with placers and les And all save the sky was preempted

By salt-water sailors and Swedes.

Unless we located the streak. We traversed the toe-twisting tundra, Where reindeer root round for their feed, And the hungry Laplanders who herd then Devour them before they can breed.

We're too slow for the new breed of miners,

Who locats by power of attorney, And prospect their claims with a pen; Who do all their fine work through agents

And loaf round the town with the sports

On intimate terms with the lawyers, On similar terms with the courts, --Samuel C. Dunham, in New York Sun.

cers and leads.

But I've never located a claim Till I'd full persuaded my conscience That pay dirt pervaded the same;

moonlight

pole.

ing the invocation he grew eloquent.

posy.

tainly was a fine Monday morning story.

Hired a Hack.

As the city editor had predicted, the telegraph office was closed when the young man reached it, so he hired a hack and started after the operator. He was wist enough to know that the best story that ever hapened is of no use to the man who cannot get it to his office, and operators are easier to find at 9 o'clock than they are at 11 or 12

This one was found at the home of his best girl, and it required some little financial persuasion to induce him to leave her and open the office. However, he promised to be on hand when the Chicago man got back from the college, which was a mile or two away, so the latter started after his story. It was what might be termed a "rush

job." Time was everything, and it was getting late. The new reporter feit that his reputation and, in a measure, his future, rested upon his getting a full and graphic tale to the home office at the earlest possible moment, and the judicious investment of a few dollars with the "cabby" resulted in putting the horses in a gallop.

The boarding-house of the girls was lo cated with some difficulty, and only after numerous inquiries, but he finally reached it, rushed up the steps and rang the bell rigorously. "I came to inquire about Miss Jones," on the creek, Ehe's a bunch o' samey sweetness quicker than a lightnin' streak;

he said when the door was finally opened. That wasn't her name, but for the purposes of this narrative it will have to "Step in," said the woman at the door. "T'll call her."

"You'll-you'll what!" he cried. "T'll call her," she repeated. "You said you'd like to see her, didn't you? He hadn't said so, but he thought it ad-visable to answer "Yes," and then, as he stepped into the hall, he asked rather doubtfully, "Is Miss Smith here, too?" "Yes," was the reply. "Til call them

"And-and Miss Brown?" "Oh, yes."

Nice Predicament.

The young man was actually guite weak when three pretty young women entered the room and looked at him inquiringly. It was a nice predicament for an enterprising journalist to be placed in. What was he to say to them? None of the questions he had intended to ask the boarding-house keeper and their classmates would suit the present emergency. However, there might still be a story back of it all, so he suggested, as delicately as he could, that word had been received in Chicago that they had left town without getting permission of the college authorities, as was required by the rules, and were last seen on Lake Winnebago. They admitted that this was ect, but they did not see why it and interest the people of Chicago. correct. They had not asked permission to go be cause they did not care to explain their reason for wanting to absent themselves. This admission looked promising, and he promptly intimated that he would like to know where they went. "Across the lake," they said. "Why?"

They blushed and said it was not a matter that would interest newspaper read-ers. He persisted in presenting the question, and told them it was rumored they had eloped. They blushed again, but denled that there was any truth in the story. He urged that as the paper he d gone to the expense of sending him to Oshkosh to get the facts he would very much like to learn the true inwardness of the affair, if only to satisfy

to save hewmun lifes that way tthan by He had not the lo of a poet, and as a UGLIEST MAN IN TEXAS. thrown, and the First thing you no, smash she goes like a Fat lady falling spending the munny to rescue Artick ex-plorers that didn't haft to go in the first matter of fact he had never mistrusted before that he was one. But he He's a Preacher, and His Face Would a giri, and love makes poets of us all. down the seller stairs. He couldn't take place. Stop a Clock. other peeple's word for it, But had to go "Well, do you Think M'll ever be "Here," he said, offering a folded sheet of paper to the editor, "is a little thing 1 have written, and I thought perhaps There is a man in Texas who is a living Found?" All "Yes," paw sed, "some day H'll get ruwonder. He is a preacher of no small haft to Do to get peeple to try things is

embrace again." The leader of the choir, now touring

dance of Thine own hand "You dake der samples to der man do kept us under the shadow of Thy wing, has der minerals in der window," he tol the frau at supper, "und he vill dell yo Remember our loved one at home. Watch over us. Preserve us as the apple of Thine eye and bring us safe to her loved vot it was. I had to go by der brewe

ind haf no dime." When he came home the next evening the fran met him at the door.

Louis, did you buy der lot alretty?" "Yah!

"Vot did der mineral man say, Lena?" "He said de samples van auddin' rock candy. He said dot somebody eatin' it und dey dropped some und vas a sucker dot vud buy a gold bri votl

The way to the market of love is alight With the smile of the dawn and the dew. And the lanes are all rosy with pansy and So happy to have you pass through.

The goods at love's market are varied and rich And the price of each purchase a bliss; So you stoop to the little red lips that await And pay the sweet debt with a kins. The wares that are sold are the apples of

mirth, The blossoms of tenderness, fair;

Love's Market.

And then there are laughter, and music, song. All shown on the market stands there

You go through the lane where the song bird's refrain

Fills the morning with rendels of bilas, And each purchase you make, for the

market's sake. You pay the sweet debt with a kiss,

You will meet many market-men going that

way. . With hearts full of loving to buy

A smile from the face of a fair little maid To hang in their chambers on high. You will see many people with baskets to fill,

As they pause at the counters of bliss, To purchase a word that is tender with hope, And to pay the sweet debt with a kiss.

There are maidens who wait on the stands

1. -

and the stalls, And they offer you beauty and grace, With a smile that is full of the soul of the

As he shines with his fair morning face: to you sigh and you buy and you go the fair way.

With basket o'erbrimming with bliss, As you stoop to the little red lips that await To receipt the sweet debt with a kies.

-Baltimore News.

The Spirit of War. It stole to birth on a peaceful earth In the sting of a foolish jest, And it crept to the ken of idling men In the need of its guilty quest. It passed in the might of an injured right From doubt to deep applause, Till it fed the fire of a blinded ire In the guise of a holy canse. It blotted the lease of a palvied pence As it sped through the Senate hall. And it flew full free with a Power's decre-In the crash of a bugle call. It rushed with the clank of the sabered rank And the vulture screamed to its kind As it swept to the fore with a blood what roar And the thundering hoofs behind. And it called upon Death with its hot-drawn breath And they drank where the life-blood fell, And they reigned where they fed on the screeching lead From the mouths of a loosened Hell.

But a cry, heart-wrung, from a woman'

tongue As the rumbling death-cart passed Uprose from the sod to a tender God, And he turned from War, aghast. -Thomas Bloket, in the Bookman.

"Did dey sign der deed?" 'Yah!' "You yas yon chump, yonce."

-Chicago News,

"Two Eeligant Liars."

A certain very smart stock broker wa appointed captain in one of the Iris nilitia battifions. He was warned the the plausible old soldiers of this new o pany would get the better of him. only smiled at the idea. Soon after t regiment was embodied the color-serge came to his Captain's room with an soldier, who wished to speak to the o The man was admitted, and er.

plained that he had heard from his will who was ill, and-"if you plaze, sor, co I have 48 hours' lave?

"You say you have heard from you wife?" said the Captain, smelling @ ra and beginning to turn some imagin correspondence on his table. "I have, sor."

"Ahl" replied the officer, "I have hear from her, too, and she asks me not give you leave, for you only go home get drunk and break the furniture."

"She wrote that, sor?" "Yes." "And does that mean, sor, that I can

have my lave "It does."

The man saluted and went to the doo then turning suddenly round he said, " you plaze, sor, may I say sumething can idential between man and man?" "Well, what is it?" answered the Cap

taln. Well, sor, under this roof are two the most cellgant liars that the Lor ever made-I'm not a married man."

"The Major," in Today,

Pretty Raneld Cheese.

"Recently I visited a small town ; the southern part of Kentucky," says correspondent of the Denver News, "a called on the only merchant of the plafound him opening a case of axle great

He took off the lid of one of the am boxes of yellow grease and left it m "Soon an old colored man came in, a

noticing the axie grease, said: "'Good morning, Massa Johnson! Wh am dem little cheeses worf?" "About 15 cents, I reckon. Sam," an

the merchant 'S'pose if I buys one you will from

de crackers.

"Yes, Sam." "Sam put his hand into his pocket ar ished out fifteen cents, and Mr. Johnso ok his scoop and dipped up some

ers. "Sam picked up the uncovered box a the crackers and went to the back pe of the store. Then he took out his in

"Another customer came in, and J Johnson lost sight of his colored frim for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store a said:

"Well, Sam, how goes it?" "'Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers all right, but dat am de ransomest obse I ebber eat!" "-Youth's Companion.

Jud's Advantage. Old Dan'i Wilkison was rich, he'd traveled Some Pumpkins. everywhere; He'd been to Egypt and he'd seen the ruins that are there; He'd been to Europe and around to China and Japan Dan'l Wilkinson was what they call 014 traveled man. old Jud Parker he was poor, like lots of others are; had to work away and save-he'd nev He traveled far, And one day him and Dan'l they were talkin' at the store, And Jud was goin' on because he hadn't gadded mora. "I'd like to see the world," says he; "I'd like to have a chance To go to England, Germany and Italy and But nol I've never got acrosst no line soparates rest of this big planet from these here United States!" The Then Wilkinson he set a while a-pullin' his goatee, pretty soon he says to Jud, quite solems And ike, says he

the clock. My livin' here should make you jes' as proud as you kin be, in peril, an' it all depends

At a very rapid gait, But in vain are all its struggles For at last it meets its fat Here a faithful hen is missing, There an ancient chanticleer, And among the tender pullets There is havoc that's coop there's lamentation, the In the hennery there's woe, which will be the next to There are many piles of feathers

plainest evidence To the M. E. Conference

> That the brethren must decide, And by long and busy sessions Oft their strength is sorely tried; And to save them from exhaust There must be good things to est, So the chickens have to suffer When the M. E. parsons meet.

You want to brace up, Mandy, when you me comin' round, I'm a person of importance. It has suddenly been found That the question of this Government, an' whether it shall last Must finally be answered by the way my vote is cast. The orators have said it; they have said it loud an' long; They said it so emphatic that, of course, they can't be wrong. . So act respectful, Mandy, not familiar-like an' The country is in peril, an' it all depends on me. I am the solid citizen; the man who tills the The waters have grown troubled an' they're hollerin' for oil. So, Mandy, don't you bother me with talk start me out off-hand a-doin' errands out o' doors. Lifting up her pure white blossom of a child's when I'm meditatin', don't you give my An' mind a shock By rattlin' pans or kettles or a-windin' of

Lighting up her pars while blossom of a child's unclouded face, Lighting with her blue eyes shining every hard and lonely place. I've a loyal little sweetheart, and her years that count but three Are worth more than gens of gold, for this time heart bulkers in ma true heart believes in me. -Harper's Bazar.

The Conference Chicken. I've trudged and I've starved and I've fromen All over this white, barren land, And it's coming from the chickens Being roasted, boiled or fried. Where the sea stretches straight, whits and Where the timberless white mountains stand;

Cochins, Hamburgs, Wyandottes And all other breeds are going Into skillets, pans and pots.

And again 'tis heard ere noon; There is squawking in the evening, Late at night the same old tune. Now and then some fowl goes sprinting

While those still surviving wonder

Scattered all around the town, And & lot of people wonder What is mowing chickens down: But the squawking and the fragrance That McKeesport's serving chicken

There are questions of importance

-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"You've never got outside this land! That" But think of them poor devils, Jud, that ain't

-Washington me.

Autumn in Lost Creek. Tisn't of'n that a rider gits a sentimental I love the Autumn when the breezes sigh, In McKeesport there's a fragrance lovelorn mmidens, through the That is wafted far and wide wavin

When little birdles chirp a last good-bye Shanghais, Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns, And pull their freight toward the Souther love it for the vig'rous health it brings

The energy which all our souls doth flood, And we no more need same fras and things To knock impurities from out our blood... When not a pimple comes to disenhance The smoothness of a maiden's countenance. There is squawking in the morning.

the Autumn when the leaves begin To turn the color of the golden fawn, When fellows all the harder strive to win Their girls for wives as Winter cometh on. When in the chaparral the feathered gro Doth cower at the hunter's stealthy fee

And files no longer buss around the house And get in things we have prepared to eat. When cheery Bob White's whistle in the woo And fiannel' lingeris feels mighty good!

"Think how much nobuller it would Be

love the Autumn when the breezes shake pointed needles from the solemn pines clouds bunch up in masses, and the When

purty eyes, That'd thrill you to a finish, start you feelin' fur the skies, An' the sunny smile that flickered now an' break Away and through the silts the warm su shines.

But paramount to all, I love it, for True lovers then can sit out in the daik With no mosquitoes jimmin' 'round to mar then acrost her face Was the sort t'd knock a feller's independence The sweet felicitation of the spark, Ahl nothing stirs the soul from top to bottom With calm, complacent bliss like lovely Au

Went a gallyflutin' through me from som tumn. -Denver Times.

Winter's Message. Mister Winter, sen' a breeze Blowin' high en low; Tell me: "Ef you want ter freeze me in the do'!

Heah my fros', on heah my snowime in de do'i

- Mister Winter, please come 'long-Whar you loafin' at? emme heah de fiddle song-Lemme heah de fiddle song-Carve de 'possum fat! Den he holler high en low, "Rise en lemme in de do' !" Summer lef me high en dry-Slam de do'-ker bla-am Kick dat log twell red sparks fir-
- Take yo' mawnin' draml Winter holler high en low, "Rise en lemme in de do'!"

am sure of a retreat By my own bright chimney corner darling at my feet.

Ain't no good at workin' cattle like I used -Atlanta Constitution to on the range Ant I'm skeered sometimes a thinkin' if there My Little Sweetheart. 've a loyal little sweeheart; though the worl

doesn't come a change will git the wheels a-bussin' in my heart an' have to go should turn from me, would only cling the closer and my happy Fur a mental overhaulin' to the crazy house

-Denver Times

Heighol comrade ba. When I face the world's rough weather, 1 -Kansas City Star.