

THE RED TRAIL

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XXV.

On his return to the mansion the capataz did not see his master, at which he was extremely pleased, for he desired to delay as long as possible an explanation which, in spite of the wound he so complacently displayed, he feared would turn out to his disadvantage; especially when questioned by a man like the general, whose piercing glance would descend to the bottom of his heart to discover the truth, however cleverly hidden it might be behind a network of falsehoods.

As only a few hours had still to elapse before the explosion of the conspiracy, arranged with such care and mystery, the general was compelled for a while to suspend his schemes for the satisfaction of his love and hatred, and only attend to those in which his ambition was engaged. The principal conspirators had been summoned to Colonel Lupo's, and there the final arrangements had been made for the morning, and the watchword given.

Although the government appeared plunged in the most profound ignorance of what was preparing against it, and evinced complete security, still the President had made certain arrangements for the morning's ceremonies which did not fall greatly to trouble the men interested in knowing everything, and to whom the apparently most futile thing naturally created umbrage.

The general, with the curiosity that distinguished him, was anxious to know exactly the extent of the danger he had to meet, and proceeded to the palace, merely accompanied by his two aides-de-camp. He was too calm to let his feelings be seen. He pretended to be delighted, remained for some time with the President, who appeared to treat him with a friendly familiarity, complained of the rarity of his visits, and his obstinacy in not asking for a command.

Still the general remarked that all the courts were stuffed with soldiers, who were bivouacking in the open air; that several guns had been placed, accidentally, perhaps, so as to sweep completely the chief entrance gate, and, more seriously still, that the troops quartered in the palace were commanded by officers who were strangers to him, and who had, moreover, the reputation of being devoted to the President of the Republic.

After this daring visit, the general mounted his horse, and under the pretext of going for a walk, went all over the city. Everywhere the preparations for the coming festival were being carried on with the greatest activity. Numerous wooden erections, raised for the occasion, filled the space usually devoted to tauromachy, and formed an immense hall of verdure, with pleasant clumps of trees, mysterious walks and charming retreats, prepared with the greatest care, where everybody would go on the morrow to eat the atrocious productions of the Mexican art of cookery.

Exactly in the center of the square a Necatitan tree about twenty feet in height was planted, with its branches and leaves entirely covered with colored pocket handkerchiefs that floated in the breeze. This tree was the Monte Parnasso, intended to serve as a may pole for the leperos at the moment when the bull fights begin, and a trial bull, emballado—that is to say, with its horns terminating in balls, is let into the ring.

All the pulquerias near the square were filled with a hideous, ragged mob, who howled, sang, shouted and whistled their loudest.

In all the streets the procession would pass through the houses decorated; Mexican flags were hoisted in profusion at every spot where they could be displayed; and yet, by the side of all these holiday preparations, there was, we repeat, something gloomy and menacing that struck a chill to the heart. Through all the gates fresh troops continually entered the city, and occupied admirably chosen strategic points.

When a serious event is preparing, there are in the atmosphere certain signs which never deceive the fosterers of revolutions; a vague and apparently causeless anxiety seizes on the masses, and unconsciously converts their joy into a species of feverish excitement, at which they are themselves startled, as they know not to what to attribute this change in their humor.

Hence the population of Mexico, mad, merry and joyous, as usual when a festival is preparing, in the eyes of shortsighted persons, were in reality sternly sad and suffering from great anxiety. The general did not fail to observe these prognostics; gloomy presentiments occupied his mind, for he understood that a terrible tempest was hidden beneath this fictitious calmness. Valentine's gloomy predictions recurred to him. He trembled to see the hunter's menaces realized; and, though unable to discover when the danger would come, he foresaw that a great peril was hanging over his head; and that his ambitious projects would soon, perhaps, be drowned in floods of blood.

Unfortunately, it was too late to desist; he must, whatever might happen, go on to the end, for he had not the time to give counter orders, and urge the conspirators to defer the explosion of the plot till a more favorable moment. Hence, after ripe reflection, the general resolved to push on, and trust to accident. Ambitious men, by the way, reckon far more than is supposed on hazard and those magnificent combinations which are admired when success has crowned them, are most frequently merely the unforeseen results of fortuitous circumstances, completely beyond the will of the man whom they have profited.

The general returned to his house at about 6 in the evening, despairing, and already seeing his plans annihilated. The report of his capataz added to his discouragement, for it was the drop of wormwood which makes the brimful cup run over. He withdrew to his apartments in a state of dull fury, and in his impotent rage accused himself for having ventured into this frightful situation, for he felt himself rapidly gliding down a fatal slope, where it would be impossible for him to stop.

What added to his secret agony was that he must incessantly send of couriers, receive reports, talk with his confidants, and feign in their presence not merely calmness and gaiety, but also encourage them, and impart to them an ardor and hope which he no longer possessed.

The whole night was spent thus. A terrible night, during which the general endured all the tortures that assail an ambitious man on the eve of a scandalous plot against a government which he has sworn to defend.

Sunrise surprised the general giving his final orders. Worn out by the fatigue of a long watch, with pallid brow, and eyes inflamed by fever, he tried to take a few moments of restorative rest, which he so greatly needed; but his efforts were fruitless, for he was suffering from an excitement too intense, at the decisive hour, for sleep to come and close his eyes.

Already the bells of the churches were pealing out, and filling the air with their joyous notes. In all the streets, and in all the squares, boys and leperos were letting off crackers, and uttering deafening cries, which more resembled bursts of fury than demonstrations of joy. The people, dressed in their holiday clothes, were leaving their houses in masses, and spreading like a torrent over the city.

The review was arranged for seven o'clock a. m., so that the troops might be spared the great heat of the day. They were massed on the Pase de Bucarelli and the road connecting that promenade with the Alameda.

We have already stated that the Mexican army, 20,000 strong, has 2,400 officers. Hence, in the enormous crowd assembled to witness the review uniforms were in a majority, for all the officers living on half pay in Mexico, for some reason or another, considered themselves bound to attend the review as amateurs.

At a quarter to 8 o'clock the drums beat, the troops presented arms, a deafening shout was raised by the crowd, and the President of the Republic arrived, followed by a large staff, glistening with gold and lace, and with a cloud of feathers waving in their cocked hats.

General Guerrero had joined the President's staff in his full dress uniform, as Colonel Lupo and other conspirators had also done; the rest, dispersed among the crowd.

In the meanwhile the review went on without any hitch. It is true that the President restricted himself to riding along the front, and then ordering the troops to march past, for he did not dare, owing to the notorious ignorance of the officers and soldiers, risk the execution of any maneuvers, for it would not have been understood, and would have broken the charm under which the spectators were fascinated. Then the President, still followed by his staff, proceeded to the cathedral. We will not say anything about the official reception, etc., which occupied all the morning.

The hour for the bull fight arrived. Since the review no one troubled himself about the troops, who seemed to have suddenly disappeared—not a soldier was visible in the streets; but the people did not think of them, for they were letting off fireworks, laughing and shouting, which was quite sufficient to amuse them. It was only noticed that these soldiers, though invisible about the city, had apparently passed the word to each other to be present at the bull fight. Nearly the whole of the palcos de sol in the circus, that is to say, the parts exposed to the sun, were thronged with soldiers, grouped pell-mell with the leperos, and offering the most pleasant contrast with these ragged scamps, who were yelling and whistling.

The President arrived, and the circus was in a second invaded by the mob. Since an early hour the jamaica had begun, that is to say, the framework of verdure raised in the center of the arena, forming refreshment rooms, had since daybreak been filled with countless numbers of leperos, who ate with cries of ferocious delight.

Suddenly, at a given signal, the gate of the torril was opened and a bull rushed into the arena. Then began an extraordinarily indescribable scene, resembling one of those diabolical meetings so admirably designed by Callot.

The leperos, surprised by the arrival of the bull, darted, shouting, pushing and upsetting each other, over the framework, which they threw down and trampled under foot in their terror, while seeking to escape the pursuit of the emballado, who, also excited by the turmoil, hunted them rigorously. In a second the arena was deserted, the refreshment rooms swept clean, and the performers in the jamaica sought any shelter they could find on the edge of the palcos or upon the columns, from which they hung in hideous, yelling and grimacing clusters.

The bull, after amusing himself for some minutes in tossing about the remains of the framework, stopped and looked cunningly around, and soon noticed the tree, the only obstacle left to remove in order to completely empty the arena.

He remained motionless for an instant, as if hesitating ere he formed a resolution, then bowed his head, made the sand fly with his fore feet, lashed his tail violently, and rushing at the tree, dealt it repeated powerful blows.

The leperos uttered a cry of despair. The tree, which was overladen, and incessantly sapped at its base by the bull, swayed, and at last fell sideways, carrying down in its fall the leperos clinging to its branches. The audience clapped their hands and broke into frenzied bravos, which changed into perfect yells of delight when a poor fellow who was limping away was suddenly caught up by the bull and tossed ten feet high in the air.

All at once, and at the moment when the joy was attaining its paroxysm, several rounds of artillery were heard, followed by a well sustained musketry fire. As if by magic the bull was driven back to the torril, the soldiers scattered about the circus leaped into the ring, and be-

coming actors instead of spectators, drew up in good order and leveled their muskets at the occupants of the galleries and boxes, who remained motionless with terror, for they did not understand what was going on.

A door opened and twenty bandmen, followed by eight officers and escorted by a dozen soldiers, entered the ring and began beating the drums. It was a governmental band. So soon as silence was restored martial law was proclaimed and sentence of outlawry passed on General Don Sebastian Guerrero and his adherents, who had just raised the standard of revolt and pronounced against the established government.

Mexico was once again the prey of one of those scenes of murder and carnage which, since the proclamation of independence, has too often stained her streets and squares with blood.

The President was on horseback in the center of the arena, sending off orders, listening to messages or detaching reinforcements wherever they were wanted. The circus was converted into the headquarters of the army of order, and the spectators, although allowed to depart after some arrests had been effected among them, remained trembling in their seats, preferring not to venture into the streets, which had been converted into real battlefields.

(To be continued.)

USES OF REDWOOD.

California Coast Product a Strong Competitor of Cypress.

In searching for a substitute for ordinary woods employed in construction work, the supply of many of which is rapidly decreasing, it has been found that the coast redwood forests of California offer a product which can be put to excellent commercial use, says the Boston Transcript. California redwood is very durable and its fine working qualities make it a strong competitor of cypress, and also adaptable to many of the uses to which white and yellow pine are put. Redwood, as sold on the market, may be the product of either of the giant sequoias or "big trees," the commercial utilization of which has very properly called forth great protests, or of the coast redwood. Cutting the big trees would mean the speedy extinction of this unique and wonderful species, which is found only in isolated groves and which reproduces abundantly, so that it is a good tree for the forester to utilize for successive timber crops.

It is likely that the lumber trade will encourage the use of redwood more and more in the future, as comparatively little practical use has been made of the products of these extensive forests of California up to the present time. The use of redwood is now about 1 1/2 per cent of the total consumption of lumber. It is estimated that the forests of California have about 75,000,000,000 feet of standing redwood timber and the wise use of these products by conservative lumbering will in a degree make up for the greatly lessened supply of other useful woods.

The Redwood Association has recently requested the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture to make a complete study of the physical and mechanical properties of redwood lumber in order to obtain reliable information concerning its properties. The forest service has decided to comply with this request and will conduct a series of experiments in cooperation with the University of California at the testing laboratory at Berkeley.

Redwood timber for a long time has had extensive use in California, but not until recently has entered the eastern markets. Its use in the East, thus far, has been for shingles, finishing, flooring, siding and laths. It is probable that in the near future its usefulness as a structural material will extend because of the rising price of the commoner eastern woods, and because of its durability and strength in comparison with its weight. Its fire-resisting quality is another argument for its use which has caused it to find favor in the West. Citizens of San Francisco have always held that the fire risk in that city was less than in other cities with an equal number of wooden structures because of this quality of redwood.

Beasts That Weep.

Animals are said to weep from various causes. Grief at the loss of young ones and mates makes the dog, horse, elephant, rat, bear, deer, monkey, donkey, mule, cattle, camel and giraffe shed tears.

Sobbing has been proved in the parrot, though this may be mimicry. The stag at bay and the caged rat have been seen to weep while monkeys have wept when pitted or from terror.

The elephant has wept at the loss of its liberty, and in some cases also from vexation. The dread of punishment has caused captive chimpanzees and other apes to weep.

Joy, pain, fatigue, thirst, ill usage, sympathy, old age, approaching death and pettishness have all drawn tears from animals or at least driven them to a tearful state.—Exchange.

Humorous Divinity.

The small girl had committed some small bit of mischief quite without any wrong intention. Her mother scolded her severely and told the child that she must not only ask her forgiveness, but she must also ask God's forgiveness.

Whereupon the little girl began her prayer: "O God, can't you take a joke either?"—Milwaukee Free Press.

Squeeze in the Stock Market.

Gunner—The pretty young woman speculator seems all excited.

Guyer—Yes, she is interested in a bear movement.

Gunner—A bear movement?

Guyer—Yes, a bug. Her fiancé is about.—Chicago News.

THE RUN-DOWN ORCHARD

Methods to Be Pursued in Bringing It into Good Shape.

A fruit grower residing near Fernald, Whatcom county, Washington, recently informed the Washington State Experiment station staff that his orchard was badly run down, and that he desired information which would enable him to work systematically and persistently until he had the orchard in good shape. Considerable attention was given to this inquiry, Professor A. L. Melander, entomologist, taking care of the problems of insect pests, and Professor W. S. Thornber, horticulturist, advising relative to the treatment of the trees. Professor Melander's reply follows:

"To get rid of the moss and lichens on your trees, wash the tree trunks with lye in solution, one pound to ten gallons of water. To kill the red spiders, apply the sulphur-lime wash when the leaves are off the tree. This will kill the winter eggs. If the mite appear in the summer, use kerosene emulsion, and in this case it will be better to add one ounce of sulphur to each gallon of spray. For the codling moth, spray with arsenate of lead, or Paris green while the blossoms are falling. Give a second spraying ten to forty days later, according to the weather, and spray again four weeks after the first worms appear under the bands. Give the fourth spraying four weeks later. Get after the following pests with the sulphur-lime wash: Cyster shell bark louse; peach worm or twig borer; green or black aphid; blister mite; leaf curl; peach mildew. Find out exactly what each pest is that you discover, and treat accordingly.

"In preparing the kerosene emulsion, use two gallons of kerosene; whole oil soap (or one quart of soft soap), one half pound; water, one gallon. Dissolve the soap in water, but boiling, and add the kerosene, away from the fire. The mixture is then to be agitated violently, preferably by pumping it back on itself with a force pump. After four or five minutes the mixture suddenly becomes creamy in consistency. If well made, the cream will stand for a long time without free oil rising to the surface. Unless otherwise stated, use one gallon of the emulsion to twelve gallons of water, in spraying.

"In preparing the arsenate of lead spray, use one pound of arsenate of lead to forty gallons of water. It is unnecessary to use this stronger, and it is more reliable than Paris green. It is especially useful where there is much rain, for it sticks well and does not scorch the leaves."

Taking up the problems in horticulture, Professor Thornber stated:

"The removal of all insects and diseases is of great importance, but do not forget that careful tillage of the land, then the removal of parts of the tops of the trees, and a careful thinning out of the fruit is of just as much importance. If the orchard has been in sod for years, and the trees are not growing, the only proper thing to do will be to plow up the ground thoroughly and put the soil in first class tillable condition. To do this, I advise you to give the land a thorough plowing in the fall, leaving it more or less rough to weather during the winter. In the spring, as soon as the ground has dried out sufficiently, work the soil carefully with either a disk, or a spring tooth, any kind, in fact, that will cultivate the ground thoroughly. Let the cultivation be continued throughout the next two or three years, till the soil is in an active, virile condition.

"The pruning of your trees will be another important phase. If the trees are large, they will need more or less topping, but do this gradually. Do not remove the entire top at once, or you will produce a crop of water sprouts, and will retard the fruit scions from one to five years. So thin out the limbs, topping back by portions of them, and plan on doing summer as well as winter pruning. If any large limbs are to be removed, the cut surfaces should be painted over with some lead paint of almost any color. Do not use wax nor coal tar. The grafting wax will peel off during wet seasons, and the coal tar will injure the cambium, or young growth, especially in fruit trees.

"Determine what varieties of fruit you have, and their merits. Top-graft the undesirable varieties in the spring, and carefully eliminate all varieties that are not first class. Western Washington is well adapted to the growing of fruit, and none but the best should be grown there. If the trunks of your trees are diseased, or decaying badly, it will not be possible for you to rejuvenate them, but they should be removed, and young trees set in their places."

NEEDS OF SOIL.

Report of Analysis from Samples from Western Washington.

The Washington State Experiment station chemist has recently completed an analysis of several samples of soils which were sent in from localities west of the Cascade mountains in the Pacific Northwest, for examination with reference to fertilizer needs. Professor R. W. Thatcher, director of the station, deems the results of considerable importance in showing the deficiency of certain fertilizing elements which seems

To Can Asparagus.

Cut off the tough ends of the asparagus; wash and put the tops in quart glass cans; fill to the brim with cold water; let them stand for ten minutes, then seal tightly; put a wooden rack in the bottom of your wash boiler, stand the cans on it, cover them over with cold water, bring them slowly to a boiling point, boil four hours. Let them stand until the water is cool. See that the lids are tightened before you lift the jars out of the water.

Cheese Nuts.

A delicious dish to serve with toast or crackers and hot coffee: Chop a pint of English walnuts or blanched almonds. If almonds are used, slightly toast them. Place layers or chopped nuts in a small pan, alternating with layers of grated cheese and grated bread crumbs; season with butter (in dots) and dashes of salt and pepper. Soften with a little boiling water and bake twenty minutes.

to be more or less characteristic of soils in the southeast regions. Following are the results of the analysis:

The sample sent in by J. J., of Ridgefield, Clark county, is lacking in available potash and lime. The most beneficial treatment for this condition of affairs is from 500 to 1,000 pounds per acre of slaked lime, and 1,000 to 2,000 pounds per acre of sulphate of potash, both applied broadcast in the spring after the ground has been well plowed. The applications should be harrowed in well. There is no question but that the soil in the region of Ridgefield needs this sort of treatment.

The sample sent in by F. W., taken from the White river valley between Seattle and Tacoma contains a surprisingly large amount of lime for a West Side soil. However it is very low in potash, and not well supplied with phosphoric acid. Potash fertilizers would therefore be likely to give the best results of any single fertilizer ingredient. I have advised Mr. W. to try about 100 pounds per acre of sulphate of potash, and about 200 pounds per acre of bone meal, applied to the soil early in the spring and well worked in before the crop is planted.

The sample sent in by W. H. W., of Little Falls, Lewis county, is well supplied with nitrogen, phosphoric acid and humus, and fairly well with potash; but is very low in lime. I have advised that 500 pounds per acre of slaked lime be applied after the ground is plowed. It should be well harrowed in. This is all the treatment that the soil of Lewis county needs, so far as we are able to tell by chemical analysis. From Raymond, Pacific county, F. B. S. sends in a sample of red clay soil which we find to contain a percentage of lime only about one-twentieth as great as it should be for the best results. The supply of potash is also very low. I have no doubt that the heaviest application of slaked lime which Mr. S. can make will give very beneficial results on this type of soil, although some of the Pacific county farmers have tried using lime on the upland soil without very beneficial results. For this soil we have recommended about 100 pounds per acre of sulphate of potash.

A. A., of Rosburg, Wahkiakum county, has sent us a sample of soil which we find to be low in lime and potash. The other ingredients are present in fairly good supply. It is probable that the deficiency which has been experienced with this soil is due chiefly to a lack of lime, and perhaps potash also. We have advised the use of from 500 to 1,000 pounds per acre of slaked lime and the use on a small scale, of about 100 pounds per acre of sulphate of potash.

A sample of Kitsap county subsoil has been sent in by G. S. N., of Seattle, which we find to be very gravely deficient in potash. It probably would not produce crops of any kind, without fertilizers of potash. The other ingredients are present in fairly good supply, and so far as we can tell by chemical analysis, need not be reinforced with fertilizers."

NEW HYBRID WHEAT.

Washington Experiment Station Crosses Bluestem and Turkey Red.

The Washington State Experiment station now believes it has succeeded in combining Bluestem and Turkey Red wheat into a hybrid variety which can be grown with superior results in the wheat-raising districts of the Pacific Northwest. This experiment was begun in 1903, and the purpose in view was to grow a winter wheat, which would lack the beards of the Turkey Red, and still possess its attractive qualities as a winter wheat. Bluestem being valuable for flour making purposes, but not well adapted to fall sowing, was crossed with the Turkey Red. The result of a cross produces what is known as a "hybrid," the term simply meaning a union between two flowers or plants of the same variety. In all work of this nature, no definite results are obtainable until the second generation, or, during the second year's growth after the cross has been made. Since the first cross was made, in 1903, each year the station staff has selected the plants that possessed the characteristics of the desired hybrid. Thirteen perfect plants were obtained from the cross of 1903, and now seventeen thousand of them are growing.

The hybrid is peculiar in its intermingling of the qualities of Bluestem and Turkey Red. The straw grown favors Bluestem, but the leaf formation is much like that of the Turkey Red. For this reason Prof. Lawrence, in charge of the experiment, is not absolutely sure that the new wheat will in every way be adapted to all wheat raising districts of Eastern Washington. In nearly all instances the kernel favors the Turkey Red, although in a few instances the grain is white like Bluestem.

JOLLY JOKER

Dot (meeting Johnny)—I have you out. Johnny—What am I? Nobody. Johnny—Goodness, I am discovered!

Pa—Why did you go out in the today without an umbrella, Johnny—I ate salt mackerel this morning for breakfast, and that keeps me dry.

Johnny—Say, dad, if I ate it and you ordered one and ate it, would your phone number be? Give it up, son. Johnny—It would be 8 1-2.

Little Edna—What is "mamma" mamma? Mamma—It's the name a woman has in which she can do another kind of work, my dear.—Chicago Daily News.

He (sententiously)—I always get my mind. She (tartly)—I suppose that is why you have the reputation of being a man of so few words.—More American.

Mother—Whatever are you doing poor dolly, child? Child—I'm going to put her to bed, mummy. I taken off her hair, but I can't get teeth out.—Sourire.

Old Lady (improving the occasion)—You know, boys, it's only the which lies here. Now, what is it to Heaven? Small Boy (tentatively)—'s 'ead, mumm.—Pick-Me-Up.

Nell—Yes, she said her husband died her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Belle—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mistress—Bridget, have you covered the handle on to the water which you dropped yesterday? Bridget—I started to, mumm, but most fortunately I dropped the cement bucket.—Vunch.

The body of the late Major Jones was cremated." "What they got do with it?" "His widow has corked up in a fruit jar. Says in the last of the family jars.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wife, during a quarrel—Fighting right home to mother; so the The Husband—That's right, dear, two evils always choose the less. Pa—don't bring your mother here, she's a Statestman.

Pa—You naughty boy, you've been fighting again! Johnny—No, pa, I'm only trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a little boy. Pa—That was noble act, my son; who was the little boy? Johnny—Me.

Department Store Manager—clerk in the butter department says he not going to lie about our butter more. The Boss—What salary does he get? Manager—Eight dollars a week. The Boss—Give him nine.

Sweet Singer—De Hammer says has a high place in the next show goes out with. Comedian—Well, should say it is high. He sits in ladies and tears up paper for the storm scene.—Chicago News.

Dot—I heard your soldier letter wrote you a birthday letter. Was any war news in it? Johnny—I don't know. You see it was printed on an envelope "Return in five days." I kept it that long and then sent it to you.

Walter Girl (in restaurant)—We got frogs' legs, chicken livers, and brains and—Johnny (turning to Pa)—I say, dad, they must be people who live in this place. Do you think they ought to call in a doctor?

"Is Mrs. Wise at home?" Inquired Mrs. Chatters, standing in the doorway. "I don't know, mummy," replied the servant. "I can't tell you a better look at ye. If ye're on the side of yer nose, ma'am, ain't"—Philadelphia Press.

"Thar, my son, you see what I done fer yer daddy, don't you?" "Maw!" "Why, jest as soon as the printer knowed that he could do for in his head they p'inted him postage at \$90 a year, an' purty soon he'll sellin' stamps what goes on letters."—Atlanta Constitution.

"But," asked the proprietor of the Bongtong apartments, "do you think this man is the best one you can get for janitor?" "The best ever!" replied the manager. "He has been at various times an ice-man and a street-car conductor. He's as sassy and independent as he can be."—Philadelphia Press.

"What I would like," said the young actress, "is a part with a scene in it. I never fail to make a hit when I die." "I don't doubt," replied the heartless manager, "may say that you would make the best hit of your life if you would away somewhere and die right now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Johnny (sitting up in his bed at 12:30 p. m.)—Dad, I'm so thirsty. Lie quietly and go to sleep. Johnny (after a pause)—But, dad, I must have a drink of water. I'm so thirsty. If you don't go to sleep this minute I have to thrash you. A long silence then Johnny replied—All right, dad, you're getting up to thrash me, might bring me a glass of water at the same time.

A man isn't necessarily generous cause he gives himself away.

Often a man imposes on himself when he taxes his memory.