



Mistress—So you want to leave, Mary? With what motive are you leaving? Cook—It ain't a motive, mum; it's a policeman. — Boston Courier.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years!"—Cassell's Magazine.

Little Boy—I want a dose of castor-oil. Druggist—Do you want the kind you can't taste? Little Boy (anxious to get even)—No, sir; it's for mother. — San Jose Citizen.

Usher—Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during this performance. Ladies—Heavens! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?—Cleveland Leader.

Marie (embroidering)—I need a new stiletto. Elsie—What is a stiletto? May Bingham—Oh, don't you know? It's a book that tells you all about the grand operas!—Sharps and Flats.

"Well, how's things?" "Fine," replied the author. "The critics pronounced my last novel so worthless that I have six publishers bidding for my next book." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Can you tell me how to live 100 years?" The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "if you can give any good reason for wanting to live 100 years." — Stray Stories.

Stranger (mysteriously)—I'd like to get into a gambling game of some sort. Where can I go? Tired Looking Man (whispering)—Over to the office of that justice of the peace. He'll marry you. — St. Louis Star.

Higgins—How were the aeroplane races yesterday? Wiggins—Good, only for the fact that the track was too heavy for making records. Higgins—What do you mean? Wiggins—They were pulled off over Pittsburg, you know.—Puck.

"Ah, Mr. Jimsoll," exclaimed the kittenish lady with the plenitude of powder on her face, "you must remember I am a daughter of Eve." "Well, honestly," replied the blundering man, "you don't look half that old." — Chicago Post.

Mr. Slimpurse (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter is. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich. Miss Galle (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very rich. — New Orleans Picayune.

Suburbanite—I went out to look at that piece of property you advertised as being a stone's throw from the depot. Real Estate Agent—Well? Suburbanite—All I've got to say is that I'd like to meet the man who threw the stone. — St. Louis Star.

Rural Theater Manager—That fellow Shakespeare must be makin' all kinds of money. Traveling Manager—Why so? Rural Theater Manager—Because every repertory troupe that plays this town puts on one or two pieces by him. — Milwaukee News.

"By the way," continued the near-sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?" "It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the iceman is entitled to it." — Chicago Daily News.

"Pardon me, madam, but the way that man across the aisle is staring at you must be very offensive. Do you wish me to interfere?" "Oh, no, thank you. That's my husband." "Your husband?" "Yes. He's very near-sighted and thinks I'm somebody else." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you enjoy hunting?" "No." "Perhaps you have never had favorable opportunities for enjoying the sport. What have you hunted mostly?" "Before I was married I generally hunted for a boarding place. Since then most of my hunting has been for flats." — Chicago Record-Herald.

"Life ain't nothin' but disappointment," groaned the Chronic Grouch. "Cheer up!" urged the Cheerful Mutt. "Didn't you get \$50 for puttin' yer picture in the paper as havin' ben cured o' all yer ills by Bunk's Pills?" "Yes, I did. An' now all my relatafs are askin' me why I don't go to work, now th't I'm cured!" — Cleveland Leader.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you. Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5. An hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 next morning. — Loafer—I say, boss, where did ye serve your time—Sing Sing or Joliet?—Columbian Magazine.

It is expected that the new coal mine near Melbourne, which now yields five hundred tons a day, will be able next year to supply all the requirements of the Victorian state railways.

HOPE TO FREE MORSE

Friends Working to Secure Release of Convicted Napoleon of Finance. Efforts to secure a pardon for Charles W. Morse, the fallen Napoleon of finance, who has begun to serve a sentence of fifteen years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., for violation of the federal banking laws, have begun. His counsel, Martin W. Littleton, and his wife, who has clung to her husband with great fidelity and who disposed of her jewelry and most of her personal effects a few months ago to aid in the fight to secure his freedom, will lead in the movement. Every influence, political and other, will be brought to bear to procure a Presidential pardon, for that is now the sole avenue of escape before the dethroned ice king.

In the great federal penitentiary Morse has been assigned to work as a tailor, and in this occupation he will be obliged to put in eight hours a day. Early to bed and early to rise is the rule of the prison and Sunday, with the few holidays which are interspersed throughout the year, will be the only day of rest. The food, while wholesome, will be of the plainest and will be a remarkable change for a man who has for many years been accustomed to the delicacies of the most luxurious restaurants in New York.

Convicts in the prison are divided into three classes. As long as Morse remains tractable he will be in Class 1 and will be allowed to draw books from the library, receive visitors and write letters. If he becomes bad, in the prison meaning of the term, he



CHARLES W. MORSE.

will sink to Class 2 or Class 3, and those in the latter grade are deprived of all privileges.

The rise and fall of Charles W. Morse forms an interesting chapter in the recent history of New York's financial methods. As a young college man in Maine he engaged in the ice business and prospered, and with a good working capital came to New York, where he formed the Ice Trust, with a capitalization of \$40,000,000. Then he branched into the banking business and soon owned or controlled twenty different financial institutions, using one bank security for securing control of another. Not content with these triumphs, which netted him many millions, he organized the Consolidated Steamship Company, with a capitalization of \$120,000,000. Had not the panic of 1907 occurred, Morse would have been able to swing his great enterprises, but he fell one of the victims of that disastrous financial crash and in a night the title of Ice King, Banking King and Steamship King passed away from him forever. In an endeavor to save himself he misappropriated funds of the National Bank of North America, and it is for this offense he is now a prisoner in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Perfect Coating for Hams.

Mraslin is the name of a substance that is used in Bohemia to coat hams. It is pliable as rubber, tasteless and harmless, and keeps the hams—also meats, eggs, etc., perfectly fresh almost indefinitely. The mraslin can be peeled from the hame almost as easily as the skin from a banana.

Justly Happy.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a happy medium?" "I suppose, my son, that it is one who can earn several hundred dollars a day by making tables and chairs move around the room." — Washington Star.

A Slight Mistake.

Captain of the Territorial Regiment (excitedly)—Seen my baggage anywhere, Private Noggs?" Private Noggs (misunderstanding)—Yes, sir; I seed 'er about five minutes ago walking down the 'ill with the parson.—Illustrated Bits.

Every man has a right to his opinion. If he will keep it to himself.

SOLE SURVIVOR OF A CIVIL WAR SHIP TRAGEDY.



Michael S. Brockett of Enfield, Ill., is believed to be the last survivor of the little group of men who escaped from the steamer General Lyon when it was burned off the coast of North Carolina, March 31, 1865, going down with 480 passengers. The disaster, now almost forgotten, was one of the most appalling of the closing days of the Civil War.

Brockett is living in retirement on a farm. He was disabled for life by injuries received when rescued from the wreck of the burning steamer, and was allowed a pension of \$8 per month for twenty-nine years, and ten years ago, by a special act of Congress, this was increased to \$30 a month. The wreck followed four years of service with the Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, Brockett and his brother going home on a furlough to recuperate from sickness.

GIRLS PLAY REAL BASEBALL.

League of Four Teams in Brookline — Boys Would Meet Them. Suffrage may involve the demonstration of the equality of woman with many in many branches of human endeavor, hence the girls at the Brookline municipal gymnasium are stealthily preparing to cope sufficiently with their chosen part of it—baseball.

At last at the gymnasium, says the Boston Traveler, there is a flourishing four-club league of girls, who play games regularly and conduct themselves in a manner of which any aggregation of baseball players might be proud.

Hitherto the girls have played inside the gymnasium, but the other day they boldly came out into the air—not the open air—for they enfolded themselves in a high and secure fence. Here was played a hotly contested game between the juniors and the seniors of the league—a game which went twelve innings and finally turned in favor of the juniors by the score of 3 to 2.

No men were admitted—no man has ever seen a game in this league—but a cheering gallery of girls saw the fair young athletes, attired in short bloomers and uniforms all of black, play sturdy baseball and fight through the twelve innings of the game.

Where They Ought to Be.

"I wonder," said the wild looking man with the multiplied whiskers. "You wonder what?" asked the meek looking boob with the concentrated eyebrows.

"If the man who figured out the length of a week was referred to as a weekling."

"Sure," said the boob. "They also called the man who discovered ink an inkling."

Whereupon the driver from the asylum backed his wagon up and the pair were dumped in.—St. Louis Star.

A Victim of Draconian Law.

Father (who has caught Patrick stealing)—I thought you knew better than to commit a theft. You know how the law punishes people for small offenses. Patrick—How about you, father, when you stole mother's heart? You never got punished for that. Father—I got a very severe punishment, my son. I got penal servitude for life, and I'm doing it now.—London Tit-Bits.

Fixing the Responsibility.

"I never heard Mrs. Green make so poor a speech." "Yes; wasn't it awful? I'm certain her husband couldn't have written it." — Detroit Free Press.

Money may make the mare go, but it will not banish the nightmare.

DROUTH RESISTANT ALFALFA VARIETIES

Drouth resistance of alfalfas is discussed in bureau of plant industry bulletin No. 169, by J. M. Westgate, agronomist in charge of alfalfa and clover investigations. He says:

In addition to the variegated strains of alfalfa being harder than corresponding strains of ordinary alfalfa, it has also been observed that the variegated alfalfas are usually somewhat more drouth resistant than the ordinary variety. The apparent correlation between hardness and drouth never received an entirely satisfactory explanation. The fact that the hardy, drouth-resistant, yellow-flowered alfalfa constitutes a small percentage of the parentage of these variegated strains suggests the origin of these characteristics. It is possible that the smaller number of stomata observed in both the Medicago falcata and the variegated alfalfa may offer a partial explanation of the drouth resistance, but it is difficult to see how this would materially affect the hardness of strain unless the growth be rendered less succulent during the periods of relative high winter temperatures which sometimes occur. The Grimm alfalfa, sand lucern and Baltic alfalfa have all proved relatively drouth resistant. In certain tests the Grimm alfalfa has proved drouth resistant in North Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Eastern Colorado, Utah and Eastern Washington. The Baltic alfalfa has proved drouth resistant at Highmore, South Dakota.

The following weights of hay are reported to have been produced without irrigation by Mr. Paris Gibson, of Great Falls, Mont., in 1908. Each plot was one acre in extent and the entire product was weighed. The hay was weighed when in the usual condition for stacking and was not entirely dry.

Canadian alfalfa, (variegated), 7,505 pounds; sand lucern (variegated), 6,425; Turkestan alfalfa, 5,490; Wheelers alfalfa (variegated), 5,490; Nebraska dry land alfalfa, 4,700.

The normal rainfall at Great Falls, Mont., is 14 inches.

Kherson Oats.

The Kherson oat was brought from Russia by Professor F. W. Taylor, of the University of Nebraska, in 1896, and thoroughly tested by the Nebraska station as to its adaptability to the corn belt of the United States, according to Farmers' bulletin 222, U. S. department of agriculture, which quotes from Nebraska station bulletin 82 as follows:

"The climatic condition most favorable to the growth of oats does not usually obtain in the 'corn belt,' and it has been difficult to find a variety of oats well adapted to this region. It is a curious fact that although the great corn-producing states are the largest producers of oats, they are not states in which the yield per acre is high. An oat to produce well in Nebraska, and particularly in the central and western part, should be very early in maturing and should not run to straw." Such a variety was found in the Kherson government in Russia, where the soil and climatic conditions (small and uncertain rainfall) are similar to those of the Great Plains.

The Kherson oat is vigorous, but not a rank grower. The straw is very short, the leaves are broad and expose a large surface. The panicles are spreading, i. e., it is not a side oat. The berries are light yellow, small, but numerous, and have a thin hull. It usually weighs well to the bushel and matures very early.

The results of careful tests of the variety in different parts of Nebraska indicate that it is "peculiarly suited to Central and Western Nebraska on account of its habits of growth. Although it usually yields well in Eastern Nebraska, there are other varieties that, in the river counties at least, compare favorably with it. West of that the tests indicate that it is earlier, yields better and weighs heavier than any other variety, with the possible exception of the Texas Red. It has steadily outyielded the Texas Red on the station farm. In the dry season of 1901 it showed remarkable drouth-resisting qualities."

The indications, the bulletin states, are that in introducing the Kherson oats the Nebraska station has rendered a great service to farmers of that large section of our western domain where the rainfall is too scanty or uncertain to insure good crops of ordinary varieties of oats.

Seeding Grains.

A recent bulletin on crops for dry farming, issued by the experiment station of Montana Agricultural college, contains the following regarding seeding grains:

The crops ought to be planted on a moist, well pulverized seed bed. This can best be brought about by plowing in the spring, following immediately with the disc and harrow and cultivating the surface after each rainy period. Early seeding, from August to September 10, is recommended.

For suggestions as to methods of organizing local dry farming clubs or associations, address the secretary, of the Dry Farming Congress, Hutton building, Spokane, Wash.

A Budding Financier.

"I've got a boy in my employ who will be a king of finance some day," said a man who has a factory in New York. "A few weeks ago he sold a pair of homing pigeons to a man in Brooklyn. Two days afterward the pigeons appeared at his window. Another Brooklynite bought them, and again the birds came back. The boy has just made a third sale. I am wondering if I had not better get rid of him before he tries to sell me my own factory."

Short and Sharp.

Urchin—Is this the office of the Bugle? Well, sir, I have come to subscribe for your paper.

Editor (with a genial smile)—Why, sonny, you don't look quite big enough to do such a thing as that.

Urchin—Sir, if a man has to be measured for his subscription at this office I shall subscribe for the Palladium, just across the street. Good day, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Foxy.

Rita (looking at photo)—Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, but he's an awful boonder. Stella—What did he do? Rita—Didn't I tell you? He made an awful fuss with me one season and then asked me if I thought that dad would object to him as a son-in-law. I said no, I thought not, and he went away and proposed to my sister.—Illustrated Bits.

Assisting Him.

"Hello!" "Hello!" "Is this the complaint department of the Daily Bread?" "Yes."

"What's the matter with your thundering old shebang, anyhow! I've been trying for five minutes to get you!" "I know it. I thought I'd give you something more to holler about. What's the kick this time?"—Chicago Tribune.

Correcting a Wrong Impression.

"Mrs. Winkler, what I am going to say will surprise you, I have no doubt, but I love your daughter Minerva, and —"

"Mr. Spoonamore, do you think any young man ever stole a march on a watchful mamma? According to my calculations you were due to say two weeks ago to-night what you have said to me just now."

Slightly Deeper Dye.

"Ever see an Indian policeman?" asked the passenger with the bristling moustache.

"Yes," said the passenger with the skull cap. "I used to know one in Omaha."

"How did he look in uniform?" "Much like the ordinary copper, only a little more copper colored, of course."

His Reason.

"Why do you always leave the house, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howlitt. "Fresh air," said Howlitt.—Harper's Weekly.

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