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INTERESTING FIGURES.

Under the head of "Land \$4 A Square Inch," the Los Angeles Herald gives some very interesting figures relative to real estate values in the metropolis of the country.

Great as is the enhancement of real estate values in Los Angeles within recent years, the highest prices that rule here seem very low when compared with figures in some other cities.

A few days ago a sale was made in New York city at that rate. A piece of land was sold at Wall street and Broadway, 30x39 feet, for \$700,000.

The sale noted is believed to represent the highest price ever paid for a piece of land, although there are records approximating it in New York and also in London.

Will land ever sell in Los Angeles at the rate of \$26,000,000? Probably not, but there is even more likelihood of it than there was of such a price in New York two generations ago.

Appreciation in the price of land has been the chief element in the making of large fortunes in Los Angeles as in nearly all American cities.

MUTINY AND ANARCHY. Those who believe revolution imminent in Russia may accept as a criterion of the methods of the rebels—the term is almost too dignified—the action of the crew of the Kniaz Potemkine, the pirate ship of the Black sea squadron, who after murdering their officers and bombarding Odessa, sailed away to live free lives on the ocean wave, until the powers cut short their career.

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Russia today verges upon a crisis similar to that which led to the separation of Poland. That unhappy but most necessary step, which had the sentimentalists and the theorists who know little of the situation are led to deplore, was taken at the instance of Frederick the Great, not to enslave the Poles.

whose friend he honestly tried to be but to prevent the Poles from upsetting Europe. Frederick neatly explained the crisis when he said that if your neighbor's house is afire next door and your own roof blistering, it is best to extinguish the fire next door and inquire into its cause and the justice of its extinction afterwards.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bob's Essay on Chicago.

Chicago is a big place full of people & smoke and dirt & trouble. It is bounded on one side by Milwaukee and on all the other sides by parts of Chicago which are as bad as the middle part.

Chicago is a nice place for you to go when you haven't got rubber heels, because if you think you are going to fall down somebody will be sure to hold you up. I got of this joke myself.

I heard about a little boy who was going to move to Chicago and he was saying his prayers and he said Good buy Lord we are going to Chicago and I guess he was rite, that's all I know about Chicago it ain't much.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Too Bewildering.

"Yes, dear boy, I lost my cane and advertised a reward for it, don't you know?"

"Did you get it back, old chap?" "I got back such a lot of them, don't you know, that it was positively bewildering, and pretty soon it was quite impossible for me to remember how my cane looked—and so I let 'em have 'em all, don't you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Trying to Look Young.

"I suppose you read Dr. Osler's theory that a man of 60 was useless?" "Yes, and it ruined my business. I am the publisher of a book entitled, 'How to Live One Hundred Years.'"

"Indeed! Well, his statement improved my business."

"What line are you in?" "I manufacture hair dye and wrinkle remover."—Columbus Dispatch.

Supposed As Much.

"My husband proposed to me while we were going through a tunnel." "I was quite sure it must have been under some such surroundings."

"Why?" "Because he could never have done so when he could see you."—Galveston News.

Thought.

"Biglins puts a great deal of thought into his work."

"Yes," said the sarcastic person. "He works 10 minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."—Washington Star.

Proof Positive.

Tom—My fiancée was struck dumb when I bought her a diamond studded locket.

Jack—How do you know? Tom—Because she hasn't stopped talking about it yet.

Lower than He Thought.

He—Have I lost my place in your estimation?

She—Not at all. You have merely discovered it.—Smart Set.

Easy Cures.

Dr. Dosem—To what does Dr. Cutter owe his immense success?

Dr. Bleedham—He confines himself entirely to office practice.

Dr. Dosem—Well, I don't see— Dr. Bleedham—People who are able to walk into the office aren't very sick—they just think they are.—Cleveland Leader.

Not Particular.

He—Which one is she going to accept—the lieutenant or the colonel?

She—Oh, it isn't a question of rank, you know.

He—No? What is it, then? She—It's a question of which one proposes first.—Detroit Free Press.

Oliver's Mistake.

Oliver Herford, while recently exploring a remote part of New York, found himself beset by pangs of hunger. Entering a restaurant of a somewhat

Bought Shoes Here.

Davenport Recounts Circumstance of His First Visit.

It was truly a representative body that gathered in the Astorian's modest sanctum Thursday: Major Baker, Third infantry, O. N. G., E. M. Baker, estimable townsman; Frank Patton, who may be given the same distinction; Homer Davenport, J. S. Dellinger, whom a few of us know, and small in importance but ample in proportion, the writer. Of course, the gist of this effort will be cloaked about Homer, lanky, unpretentious Homer, who years ago wasted divers cubic inches of oxygen through the mouthpiece of a brass horn while a member of the famous Silverton brass band, and of late, has found keen delight in making really good-looking people look hideous. As usual, Homer dropped in precipitously, in fact, right in the middle of a conversation in which Major Baker and the writer were participating.

The light in the sanctum is good—very good, a large window substitutes a wall on the further end. Spying a familiar soft hat walking up the Astorian steps (not, in the least, literal) the writer inadvertently forgot Major Baker and Mr. Baker, momentarily and left his revolving chair to greet Mr. Davenport. Mr. Patton accompanied the cartoonist. Mr. Dellinger entered and was presented. The function was wholly different from the routine of a court presentation, it was quite informal. With futile endeavor to appear hospitable—there were two chairs and a stool—the writer muttered:

"Gentlemen, won't you be seated?" "Thanks," said Davenport, after drinking in the situation, like the Westchesterfeldian he is, slipped the soft hat over his right ear, leaned against the wall and cocked one foot across the other, taking especial care to see that the foot was at a precise angle of 45 degrees. Major Baker found a seat upon a desk as did Mr. Baker. Mr. Dellinger lost himself among half a hundred exchanges, Mr. Patton and the writer stood up. For a moment deadly silence reigned. All but Davenport were waiting for him to say something—he has the name of being immensely humorous, and he, in turn, waited for the others to speak.

"Homer was Muddy" vouchsafed the writer seriously, fearing that the cartoonist might have taken offense at an earthy story in the Astorian.

"Just read it in a barber shop. Was that the night— "Hub huh." "The night I was leading the horse?" "Nope. You were leading a strenuous life if memory serves me."

"Ever been here before?" queried Mr. Dellinger. "Well, yes. But not to stay. I used

doubtful aspect, he ordered a mutton chop. The waiter, after a long delay, returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potatoes and a much overdone chop of microscopic proportions and with a reamkable long and slender rib attached. Clapping this down briskly before the famished artist the waiter started to attend to another customer without further ceremony.

"See here," called Herford, "I ordered a chop." "Yessir," answered the man. "There it is."

"Oh, beg pardon; that's true," returned Herford, peering at it closely, "I thought it was a crack in the plate."—Evening Post.

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to come here on the steamers running to Portland and while they were unloading a lot of junk I strolled about. "Is that all?" said Mr. Dellinger, incredulously.

"By jove, bought a pair of shoes here once. Sure. Was coming up here on a steamer just after I was married. I had the upper berth and my wife had the lower. The staterooms were awfully small and I had a duce of a time—so did my wife—trying to lace my shoes. I had to bend all up in a knot, puff like a steam engine and after a lot of work resume my sitting posture and throw the shoe out of the berth. Well I soaked this one"—illustrating the throw by almost hitting Mr. Baker on the nose.

"and that gosh dinged shoe went right out of the port hole. So I had to come up here and buy a pair."

"Fit!" interrogated someone.

"For mountain climbing. We had a cow up at Silverton with a sore foot. She may be wearing 'em yet for'll I know."

"I read in the paper," said Major Baker, "that you had a bad fall from one of your horses."

Yup," assured Homer, turning his left ear to a point where all could see it. It was covered with probably two pounds of cotton and a mixture of a forbidding color.

"That horse's a darn fool," he volunteered.

"Abeyan?" asked the writer, mentioning the name of a splendid Arabian stallion owned by Davenport.

"Nope. Hallulul. He got scared at a car and threw me. Walked several yards on my ear and then they took me to the hospital. The nurse asked me if I had ever been thrown before. I said, 'look here! You get those pants of mine and look at the legs. You will find stitches in 'em and clean up to these here.' I pointed to the six they had just take in my ear, 'every mother's son of 'em will mean a fall from a horse.'"

"Walking on your ear, eh," smiled Mr. Dellinger. "I've heard of the Hanlons doing that."

"Well, I couldn't do so well. I was walking on my left ear and had a horse on my right hip." Davenport's abbreviated moustache stood out like bristles on a boar's back, his lips parted, he smiled, the foot which had remained suspended at an angle of forty-five came to the floor and after separating his long legs from the obstruction the cartoonist sought the street, sallying as he went out:

"Fine thing to run a paper on the main street. All you have to do is to sit in the window, watch for the people, and shout at 'em."—Editor.

Water Rent Due.

Monday will be the last day to pay water rent and avoid the penalty of 25 cents charged against all delinquents.

I'll brave the storms of Chilkoot Pass, I'll cross the plains of frazen glass, I'd leave my wife and cross the sea, Rather than be without Rocky Mountain Tea. Frank Hart's drug store.

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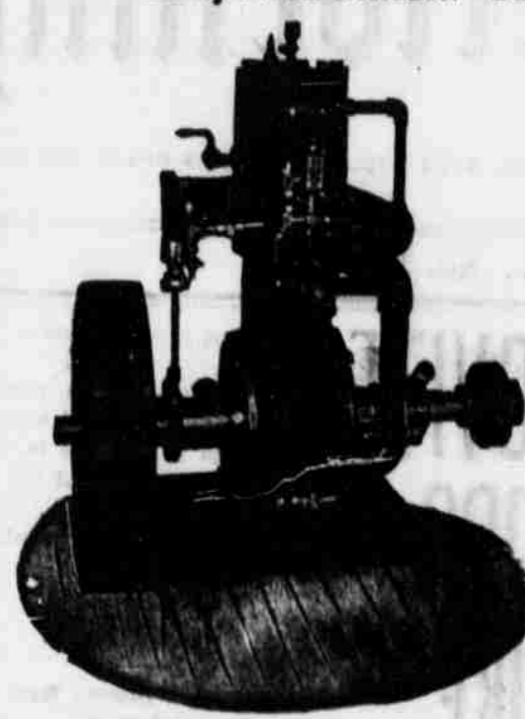
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