

it up for 10 minutes more and, the sheriff pulled out his watch and got nervous.

"Say, Tom," he says to me, "you know we's got to catch that 10 o'clock train—what are we going to do?"

"Huh?—What's the matter?"

"Leave that to me," said I, and I walked over to Bill and tapped him on the shoulder and all I said was, "Bill, you know you've got to catch that 10 o'clock train and it's half past 9 now."

"Sure," said Bill, "I'd clean forgot!"

Then I turned again to the crowd and said, "Well, the matter has been decided. I reminded me that I have to catch that 10 o'clock train and it's half past 9 now. I'd like to talk to you longer, but I haven't got the time, so goodbye."

"And at that Bill just caught the train in the nick of time," finished the person, after a puff or two of his cigar.

Candidates Taught Their Place.

The North Catalaw Progressive Homesteaders' association, says the Burns Tribune, held a very interesting program last night at the Burns schoolhouse, which was attended by nearly all the candidates running for county offices.

The program was well selected and proved most interesting. Afterwards the candidates were allowed to say a few words.

The meeting was very well attended and the program was a big success. The gathering was the feed given by the ladies following the program.

The Poor Urbanite.

Once American life was typically rural; now it is typically urban. With the urban life go the manners of sophistication. The larger the city the more the sophistication.

chance of natural, unconscious reactions to simple things. A city man is first a city man, and then a man. He is a city man because he is of trouser knees or disposition, he learns to frown upon. He has little of the simple faith of the people who live in the open places, says the Sage. He is a city man because he is in the lightning or the storm clouds; if the constellations should suddenly be scrambled like eggs in a pan he would not know of it until he had read of it in the newspapers. That all this is his fault. He is like one of those fishes without eyes that have been found in the depths of the Mannar reef. He is a city man because of nature because in the course of his daily work he doesn't have much to do with her.

The Super-Sheriff.

Forgers may forge and kidnappers may kidnap, but to get away with it, says the Hillsboro Argus, they must practice their tricks in other countries. The Hillsboro sheriff is a super-sheriff. It was freely predicted that the man who kidnapped his child in Hillsboro last week would make his getaway. But it is long as the hills to the fonger catch. Was a ten-strick. The man jailed last week had been operating in several counties—but he came to grief when he tackled Washington county.

A Tribute.

Come forth, ye men and women, and with ill joy do ye
Arise—salute our president, our Lincoln of
Unfurled the Starry Banner—fling wide the
silken folds
For the man who stands for honor, nor cares
for gain or gold,
Who is the life of his landmen when his com-

Of its intimately sorrow-yet he turned the
When the waves of war were raging loudly
near the shore
The president brought peace to
us once more.
The nation with a brother, the poor a true
friend
In honest, Woodrow Wilson, who hears them
Unraveling many a tangle woven by human
Till he finds the threads of justice; to meet
the people's need
Take heart, ye men who struggle from early
hours till night
And, when the day is ended have scarce
your bread in sight;
For there is a way better, when the war
has ceased to be
And peace even now is whispered in the
No more our children labor. For the mothers
Besought him, and he freed them, with the
seal of his right hand
And, in the summer, a bright
and joyous throng
Beamed with Nature, stinging her
gayer song
Or when the days of autumn have opened
wide the door
Where lie the fields of knowledge, and with

keep time
To the rhythm of the music as they daily
march in line.
And well may fathers, mothers and children
one and all
Arise to bless the ruler who hears the weak.
What though he sakes may darken with
trouble for a day,
Our God is with the president, and gives
him right-of-way.

—MRS. S. PEARSON.

Uncle Jeff Snow Says:

Mrs. Tise Wallover Iowa she knows
enough to be Golden State's slope.
She and old man Tise tried travellin'
in one last year and they got stood
up cumpin' awful grin' to Chicago. She
Iowa such people can't tell her how to
vote. She charged 'em 80 cents for a
shoeshine.