

BANDON RECORDER.

Fires Which Never Go Out.

There are domestic fires burning in England today which have never been out for hundreds upon hundreds of years.

At the old-fashioned farmhouses in the dales of Yorkshire peat is still burned. The fuel is obtained from the moors, and stacks of it are kept by the farmers in their stack garths.

The country roundabout is noted for its "girdle cakes," which are made from dough baked in quaint pans suspended over the peat fires.

These fires are kept glowing from generation to generation, and the son warms himself at the fire which warmed his sire and his grandfathers and his grandfathers' sires and which will warm his son and his son's son.

There is a fire at Castleton, in the Whittby district, which has been burning for over 200 years. The record probably is held by a farmhouse at Osmotherly, in the same district. This fire has been burning for 500 years, and there are records to show that it has not been out during the last 300 years.

Could Not Pass the Examination.

A southern woman speaks with pride of the many years of faithful, loving service rendered by her dusky housekeeper. Not only is "Aunt Caline" valued for her executive ability, but her judgment is so wise in most cases that her mistress has come to depend greatly upon her opinion in certain matters.

"Do you think James would be a good man for us to take up into the mountains with us this summer, Aunt Caline?" she asked one day, referring to a handsome young dandy who had been for six weeks in her employ.

Aunt Caline folded her arms and assumed her most judicial aspect. "Missy Kate," she said firmly, "I done watch dat boy eber since he come hyer, an' I done test him. When I tested him in de case of de spring bed I foun' out dat when it come to liftin' dat boy was all take hold an' mighty little raise, Missy Kate, an' dat's a pore sign ob character, in my opinion."

Like Any Other Man.

The following story is told in reference to Mr. Lowell's second marriage: At the time when rumors of the event became current among his friends one of them, a staunch admirer of the first Mrs. Lowell and a firm believer in her husband's permanent widowhood, took it upon herself to deny the gossip every time it met her. Finally, however, the announcement came to her from such extremely good authority that her faith was shaken.

She wrote frankly to Mr. Lowell that she had heard the reports and persisted in denying them, but now began to doubt her right to do so. She begged him to let her know the true state of affairs, whether she was to believe him a never-to-be-remembered husband or, after all, "just like any other man."

The answer was prompt and brief: "Dear Madam—You're like any other man."

They Don't Like Ritalin.

"There's a queer thing about Italian laborers," said a contractor who employs a great many of them, "and that is that they absolutely refuse to work in the rain. Stop a minute and think. Did you ever see a gang of them working in the streets, digging trenches or doing any other manual labor in the rain? Well, you never did and probably never will, just as soon as a shower sets in, no matter how slight, they will scramble for cover. If the rain continues, they will soon complain of feeling sick and knock off for the day. One fellow will have a sore throat, another will be doubled up with pains in his stomach, and others will suddenly acquire severe ailments of all sorts. It is useless to attempt to do anything with them, and pretty soon they will all go trooping home."—Philadelphia Record.

Living Indefinite Ink.

If the shell of the *Porphyrio lapillus* be broken there is seen on the back of the animal, just under the skin, a slender, whitish vein which contains a yellow liquor. When this liquor is applied to linen with a small brush and exposed to the sun it becomes successively green, blue and purple, and finally settles into a brilliant unchangeable crimson. Housewives in New England have growing abundantly on the sea-side rocks in their neighborhoods little living bottles of indelible ink, not to be excelled in beauty or durability by any manufactured product, since neither acid nor alcohol will affect this juice of the whelk.

Missed a Good Dinner.

A doctor living in a certain country town was notoriously fond of good living. He had accepted an invitation to dine with friends, but as he climbed the steps he saw a vision cooking in the kitchen next door.

The neighbors being also his friends he resolved to drop in on them unexpectedly to partake of the venison. They pressed him to share their informal dinner, but when he refused both soup and fish his host began to apologize for the simple fare.

The doctor then confessed that he was waiting for the venison, which he had smelt as he came in.

"Oh, that venison," said his entertainer, "we were roasting to oblige our neighbors, who have a dinner party next door."—London Answers.

The Rib.

The Living Church quotes this from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said, 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

To Show It.

Ringo Ringo—I'm going to bring my wife round to call on you tonight.

Winterby—That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new dress. I don't want my wife to see it just now.

Ringo (grimly)—Why, that's what we are coming for.

Mutual Surprise.

She—When I married you, I had no idea that you would stay away from home so much.

He—Well, neither had I—Life.

POLLY LARKIN

With the month of June comes the flight of the summer sojourners to more pleasant localities than the wind-swept regions of San Francisco. There is bustling around and packing, the study of guide-books and time-tables, the rush for trains and the pleasant journey for the Mecca they have selected to pass a few weeks away from the din and noise, away from the confusion and dust, forgetting the duties and cares that bind them for the remainder of the year. Artists and photographers, students of many languages as well as the many interested in that delightful study, botany, and whole searching parties for subjects for their natural history, and in the woods and valleys of California they can find enough in a single summer's jaunt to fill a menagerie. The other day I met a little lady all ready for a trip to the country, and she had paraphernalia enough for two. She was after bugs and butterflies and the like for some institution East, they sending her some place every summer. She was inquiring all about the country traversed by the California Northwestern Railway. Here Polly was right at home, for haven't I spent some of the most delightful hours of my life in enjoying the magnificent scenery and noting the objects of interest many and varied along this same road? I assured her that she would have to go no further than this favored section of country and that she would find herself lingering with her chosen work when the golden-rod came out to "light her lamps along the road" and the frost kissed the finger tips of autumn causing the leaves to bluish crimson and turn russet and gold. She would find herself in the land of hops and the fields merry with the pickers as they gathered the dainty emerald greens. Here she would find the streams teeming with brook trout, planted and replenished by the California Northwestern Fish Hatchery.

"From your description it is a place to live in, work in and die in," she interrupted, "and I shall go prepared to stay all summer, and possibly fall or until the rain drives me out of this paradise. I shall not be alone, for I have two or three artists who are to go with me, and we expect to pitch our tent by some of your trout streams and then commence to live. These art students are as enthusiastic as I am over this summer outing, and they expect to show some canvases this year that will win them not only praise, but money." Here was my opportunity again to get in a word, and I had something to say of interest to the artists. "That reminds me" (this phrase always seems necessary to hold the interest until you can launch upon your theme and gives the impression that you have the right of way and common courtesy demands that you be given a hearing)—"that reminds me," I continued, "that there is an artist who has recently arrived from the old country and who has grown gray while he mixed his colors and wielded his brushes as he portrayed the scenes that thrilled him in the picturesque Alps, the lights and shadows of London life, the studies that he made in gay Paris in his rooms in the students' quarter and the sublime coloring of the copies he made from the old masters, has just returned from a few weeks spent in the hills and valleys and the fern-clad canyons of the vicinity of the California Northwestern Railway. 'I am going back to spend weeks,' he said. 'What is the matter with your artists who can never rest until they have crossed over into the old world? This is a grand country for the man who is a lover of art and they have the richest of fields for their labor right at their door you might say. Look at your Russian river, now creeping along like some silver ribbon, then plunging and dashing itself into foam as it tumbles madly over its rocky bed between its verdure-clad banks. The sky is as blue as forget-me-nots, and the scene is constantly changing. You don't have eternal spring with the velvety carpet strewn with the first wild flowers, but here comes a change from this verdant green to the sunburned hills with its lights and shadows; then comes your fall with its russet and gold, tints and autumnal colors. This is a grand country, and you don't know it. Wait until I return to my own country and show the pictures I have painted under your California skies, and you will hear the people rave over them. Here you would say, 'how natural,' and that would end it. I want no richer field than this region I am going into. What is the matter with your camera clubs that they have not discovered this inexhaustible source of picturesque and magnificent scenery? Why don't they go there and camp until bad weather drives them home?'"

Right here I could have told him that this part of the country would be dotted with amateur photographers as well as by several experts who had made a study of this lovely pastime, but he didn't give me an opportunity, for he walked out of the room evidently disgusted with the Californian's lack of appreciation of the land beautiful. Here he was mistaken, however, for he will doubtless find many art students and amateur photographers during his summer's sojourn in the vicinity of the California Northwestern Railway this year. He will find also that this section will be filled with campers, and the comfortable farm-houses and the greatest resorts will be teeming with guests, every bit as appreciative of the beauty and wealth of scenery as this artist from the old country.

THE HUMBLE HAIRPIN.

Do you ever realize how much happiness and contentment we lose day by day by our failure to enjoy the present. We are not sure of to-morrow, then why not enjoy to-day? This forever and a day looking into the future for the realization of our hopes and depending on something afar off for pleasure, wrecks the present for us. Still we go blindly on, regretting the past and peering into the future. To-day the desire of our heart may be granted. The friends we love are with us, the day is perfect, dull care has taken wings, and there is a ring of pure joy in everyone's voice. But this is not enough. Suddenly the little cloud of discontent appears. It is not to-day, but the future we are looking forward to, some event that must transpire before we can be perfectly satisfied. We are not contented. But I hear you say, "we must look into the future or we would lose all our ambition; we would become rusty and back-numbers, in fact mere nothings." Yes, I admit that, but in looking into the future we do not have to forget that we have something to be thankful for to-day. Make the most of the happiness and mercies that have fallen to your portion. Let there be a song of gladness in your heart that will show to those around you that you are in tune with the song of birds, the laughter of children and the merry jest of the fun-loving friends, who believe that there is a time to be sad, but this day is not one of the times. We can throw off a great deal of this gloomy foreboding by exerting a little will-power and cultivating it, too, and by this same will-power we can curb to a great extent a restless spirit that is chafing at something all the time until we are a bundle of nerves and succeed in imparting it to others, causing all the soothing restful feeling to take wings. We owe it to ourselves as well as to others to get all the enjoyment we can out of the present.

"Cynthia B.—": Your letter in the query-box was laid over last week for lack of space. Many times these queries come in at the last moment and the delay must follow in answering them. However, they will never go unanswered. You want to know how to go about slipping plants that are difficult to slip by using a grain of wheat. This is the way a well-known florist told Polly, and he managed to slip many of his cuttings from roses, etc. Cut the slip to such a length that you will have two buds to bury in the ground. Slit the slip to the first bud with a very sharp knife and insert the grain of wheat. Plant in a sandy mold and keep very moist. This florist said he scarcely ever lost a slip when he tried this plan and usually got strong, healthy plants.

"Dotty Dimple" wants to know why we can't have a "Foxy Grandpa," or something like that in this paper. Well, dear little "Dotty Dimple," your query got in the wrong box. The editor of your paper will have to answer that question for you.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Vegetarianism and Divorce.
Judge Hagey of Milwaukee, granted Mrs. Louise Koss a divorce from Theodore Koss, a Grove-street merchant on the ground of cruel treatment, the defendant having withdrawn his answer and permitted the case to go by default. One of the charges involved in this case is the husband's insistence that his wife should live the life of a vegetarian. "My husband objected seriously to my eating meat," said Mrs. Koss, and when I went out to visit any friends, sometimes to see my own family, he suspected that I would eat meat while I was away. He insisted on my getting home at 7 o'clock, under the penalty of being locked out. I was never home later than 8 o'clock, and I was locked out two or three times. I was not a believer in vegetarianism.

Uses of Sunflower-Seed Oil.
Cottonseed oil according to the State Department reports, is soon to find a rival in oil from the seed of the sunflower. Experiments made by German chemists have convinced them, it seems of the availability of this cheap raw material, and it may become a valuable article of commerce. It is said to be convertible to many uses, and, besides having possibilities as a lamp oil, may be used for dyeing and cleaning purposes and will be of service in soap making.

The Orange Outang.
It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semierect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with the towering trees, on approaching which it stretches out its long arms, and grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength, and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger presents. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.

Resonated Wrong.
"It's a curious thing to reason," said the Pittsburgh man as he sighed in a sorrowful way.

"I owned a house and lot in a town in our state and was getting a good rent for them when a congregation built a church right on the line. I reasoned it out that the place was spoiled, and when I was offered three-fifths of its former value I made haste to close the deal. I patted myself on the back over that bit of good luck?"

"And wasn't it good luck?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm a clean thousand dollars out of pocket for reasoning behind me. The chap who bought my place had twin babies, a piano, a fiddle and a barking dog, and the congregation hadn't occupied that church over four Sundays when it raised a purse and bought him out for twice the value of the place."—Boston Globe.

Recent investigations made by the Department of Agriculture show that mushrooms are about equal to potatoes in the element of nutrition that goes to make flesh and blood, but that, on the other hand, they do not hold much of the fuel stuff required to keep the body machine running.

A bad beginning makes a good ending sometimes, but more often it makes a very quick ending.

Don't cultivate making enemies; it isn't pleasant to pass men you don't want to speak to.

The face of a child is a living story of its home.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Women are now adopting mice as pets.

Natal was annexed by the British fifty-nine years ago.

Outous are a preventive and oftentimes a cure for malarial fever.

U. S. Jackson of Boston has invented a device to secure privacy on the telephone.

The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses.

Since the art of abbreviation is perfected in America dealers in penknives call 'em pines.

Lead deposits have been found in Stinking valley, Lyeonning county, Pa., and will be developed.

The Netherlands rank in importance second only to Great Britain as a market for American flour.

Philadelphia now boasts a Wayfarers' lodge, where the hungry may get food in exchange for work.

Chicago city council is contemplating the establishing of nine small parks for the benefit of the "no-room-to-live" poor.

The Bulletin des Halles of Paris estimates the number of horses in the world at 7,000,000 and the number of mules and asses at 12,000,000.

A philanthropic society in Philadelphia peddles ice in the summer to the poor at a cent for several pounds and pure sterilized milk at a cent a bottle.

A church is to be erected at Aldershot, England, in memory of the Roman Catholic soldiers—mainly Irishmen—who lost their lives in South Africa.

Telephone wires have been strung through the San Gabriel forest reserve, California, for the purpose of warning the rangers of the presence of forest fires.

From the census of 1890 the United States department of agriculture estimated that we had within our borders 5,500,000 trotting bred or roadster horses.

If one were to swallow a bee or a wasp while eating from the little bottle were to sting one in the throat, decidedly the best thing to do is to eat a small onion.

The Midland Counties (England) Trades federation has voted its opinion that if works were started with the money that would in the usual way be spent in strikes there would be no strikes to spend money on.

The cereals (wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley) raised in the United States during the past five years represent a value to the farmer of \$625,000,000, or an increase of nearly \$1,000,000,000 over the preceding five years.

Intemperance in anything brings its own punishment by lessening the pleasure that thing can afford. One practical lesson appears to be this: If a favorite odor or flavor is no longer fully appreciated, it should be foregone altogether for a period.

Mounted on jet black chargers, with snow leopard skins on their saddles, they are one of the smartest troops in India," writes a correspondent describing the Imperial Cadet corps, organized in India by Lord Curzon for the sons of native princes.

In Lisbon, Portugal, a peculiar feature of an ordinance regarding spitting in public conveyances is that the fine is to be imposed on the conductor, who is held responsible unless he can prove that he has informed the police of the infraction of the rule.

The Spanish Society of Dramatic and Musical Authors has intimated to the Spanish government that it will not allow any of its plays or dramas to be performed at Madrid unless the government grants a subsidy to the new national theater now in course of construction.

No hurtful microbes were found in the air of the house of commons when it was analyzed. The fact was established, however, that the atmosphere of the chamber was too rife with dead. These defects, due to the methods of filtration and ventilation, are to be remedied.

The Paris Academie des Sciences is examining a remarkable theory of the effect that the key to human stature lies in the gland situated in the throat under the larynx. By artificially stimulating this gland it is claimed that any child can be made to grow to maximum height.

Boston is a shade more foreign than Chicago. It has 35.1 per cent of foreign born, while Chicago has only 34.6 per cent. But New York is more foreign than either. The percentage of foreign born is 37 per cent. These three run a close race for the lead. San Francisco comes in with 31.2 per cent.

A device invented by Carl Froeseck for preventing people being run over when knocked down by an electric tramway car has been tested in Berlin and found satisfactory. By means of a revolving cylinder in front of the car the person knocked down is gently pushed aside without injury or bruising.

At the present time many valuable species of big game in South Africa are threatened with extinction. It is proposed to establish regulations for their preservation, and it is suggested that camps should be set apart for the purpose of breeding certain species in order that the country may be restocked with game.

There is just now an observable tendency on the part of our foreign population to distribute itself by nationalities to a certain extent. Two-thirds of the Irish remain in the east. Two-thirds of the Germans go west. Of 1,000,000 Scandinavians 750,000 are in the west and northwest. The Russians, Poles, Hungarians and Italians are chiefly found in New England, New York and Pennsylvania, the Bohemians and Hollanders settle in the central west.

One of Our Pet Phrases.
"Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants harrowing details.

"I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping anyhow."—Washington Star.

The One Time in a man's life when he is supposed to take a back seat is when he goes to church.—Philadelphia Record.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Boston Peculiarity.
When James Kiernan, the Tweedle-punch of the "Flourador" cast, was in Boston recently, the wit of the inhabitants took him unawares, and he barely escaped a violent death in consequence.

Emerging from the theater one afternoon, Mr. Kiernan decided that he would journey toward the depot and meet a friend whom he was expecting. Not being familiar with the street car facilities, he stopped a newsboy and inquired what line he would take to get there.

The young man looked up quickly and replied, "Youse go into the subway and take the elevated."

Kiernan deliberated as to whether it would be best to spoil his shine or not, and before he made up his mind the boy had disappeared. The comedian walked a few steps and approached a policeman.

"Can you tell me which car will take me to the depot?" he inquired.

"Go into the subway and take the elevated," replied the officer, as though he had been used to answering the same question a hundred times a day.

"Then I suppose if I wanted a surface car I would have to go to the top of a skyscraper and come down in a parachute," ventured the comedian testily.

"You're too fresh, young man," declared the bluecoat, grasping his club menacingly. And Kiernan went on his way without further hesitancy. Later he learned that Boston was the one city in America where the elevated road was reached via the subway.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)
"Uncle Joe," Cannon was chairman of the select committee which had in charge the reforming of representatives hall. Among the other things promised the members for this session was an elaborate system of ventilation by which cold air could be forced up through a series of ducts so as to reduce the temperature of the hall and make it comfortable in hot weather. The members have been waiting for the cold air, but so far none has been felt. The temperature in the house is the same as in the senate and in the corridors of the capitol. Congressman Watson walked over to Mr. Cannon one afternoon when there were more members in the restaurant than there were in the house. The Indianan's collar was melted, and his face was beaded with perspiration.

"Uncle Joe," he asked seriously, "where is that cold air you voted money for last session?"

"Yes, where is it?" echoed Mr. Cannon as he mechanically mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "I told those darned fools on the committee that I was not in favor of buying anything I could not see, but they were bound to do it."

Threatened Boycott Won.
The rich Senator Clark wants to put up a flat building in Washington's most aristocratic and exclusive spot—on Dupont circle, next to the Letters' and a couple of doors from the new marble palace of R. W. Patterson of the Chicago Tribune and only a few steps from the new home of the Wadsworths. All kinds of excitement! Indignation meetings to protest at the impudence of these new rich and to devise ways and means to block him! So he was told he would be given the "double cross" in a social way if he did it. Not a dinner of his would they go to, not a dance would their daughters attend, not a card would their footmen leave at his door, and all their friends—in so far as they could be persuaded—would stick up their noses and say cutting things about the senator from Montana. The threat was good. The site is still vacant. The architect was told to call off his pigs.

Destruction of Trees.
Representative Lacey of Iowa is a cherry picker, or was when a boy. This does not apply to political cherries, but to the real things.

"In my native state we used to go out from school to gather cherries," said Mr. Lacey, carrying a debate on the floor. "Once I remember wondering why the teacher took along an ax. I soon found out. It was to cut the trees down, so that we could pick the cherries easily. I am sure there are lots of members here who have had a similar experience."

The Iowa's illustration was to show the reckless destruction of trees of all kinds. He insisted that trees were killed to regard trees as their enemies. That came from the pioneer idea of subduing the forests as they had to subdue the savages. In these days he insisted that trees were civilized, as well as men, and that the fact should be recognized.

To Test Pneumatic Tubes.
Representative Greene of Massachusetts has introduced a bill for the installation of a pneumatic tube service between the capitol and the government printing office. There is a belief at the capitol that if the pneumatic tube service is to be inaugurated here in Washington for purposes of demonstration it could better be done between the capitol and the government printing office than between any other two points in the city. The amount of manuscript and other copy passing between the buildings daily is enormous, requiring constant messenger service.

The Powers Didn't Meet.
In one of the deep window recesses just off the main entrance to the house is a sort of grumblers' corner, where secretaries to members meet nearly every morning. They discuss grievances there and in voluble language discuss the personal characteristics of their employers before these employers arrive. Sometimes this flow of conversation becomes as noisy as the chatter of a flock of blackbirds. The plain citizens who figure in the opening scene of Julius Caesar are not more emphatic than these clerks at \$100 per month.

The other day there was no gathering in the grumblers' corner, and one of the facetious doorknockers posted a sign on the window:

"The powers will not meet today."

Presidents and Alligators.
The president held an informal reception in his office the other afternoon, and a number of visitors were presented to him. One lady introduced herself as from Jacksonville, Fla., and said:

"Mr. President, I have come all this way just to see you. I have never seen a live president before."

Mr. Roosevelt seemed much amused.

"Well, well," he said, "I hope you don't feel disappointed now that you have seen one. Lots of people in these parts go all the way to Jacksonville to see a live alligator. I wonder which kind of tourist feels the most sold."

Loud laughter by the president.

New Grace Reformed Church.
Ground has been broken for the erection of the new Grace Reformed church at the corner of Fifteenth and O streets northwest, more commonly known as "the president's church" by reason of its attendance there.

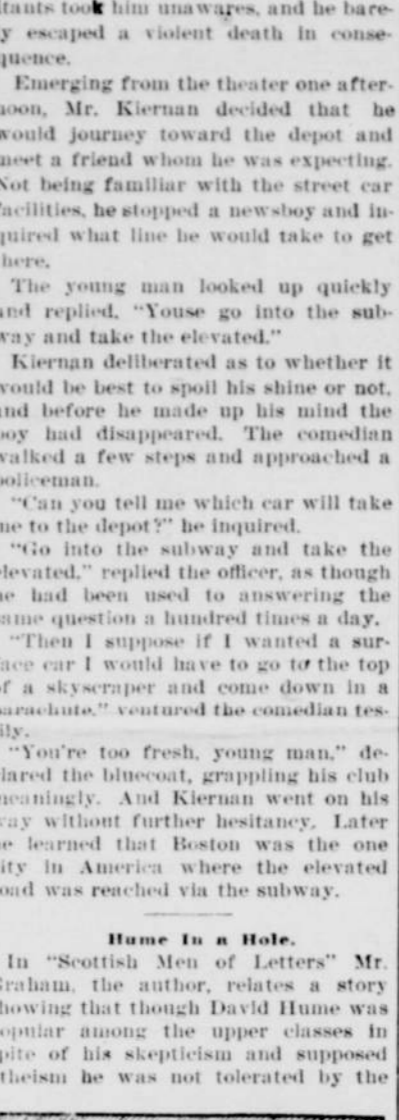
The new church will stand directly in front of the small brick structure now used by the Grace Reformed congregation as a place of worship. It will be built of granite and Cleveland graystone and will cost, including furnishings, except the organ, about \$40,000. The interior will be finished off in quarterned oak in sixteenth century Gothic style. CARL SCHOFIELD.

Infant Prodigy.
Visitor (to little Freddy)—Let's see what you have learned in your school. Now, can you tell me the difference between B and C?

Freddy—That's easy. A bee fits a lubnet, an' a thea fits tub. —New York Times.

Extremes Meet.
"Were you positive enough when you told the old man you intended to marry his daughter?"

"Yes, but he was negative."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.



"TILL DEAR SUFFERING FOR YE IF YE DINNA SAY THE LORD'S PRAYER."

orthodox of the lower class. "One dark night as he walked along a footpath over a boggy ground his ponderous frame fell and stuck fast in the mud. His calls brought a woman to the spot, who sympathetically asked, 'Are you Hume, the infidel?' 'Well, well, good woman, Christian charity bids us help our enemies,' he pleaded. 'I'll die nothing for ye if ye dinna say the Lord's Prayer and the belief, but leave where I find ye.' The philosopher readily obeyed, and the body of the deist was laboriously extracted from the mire by the Christianian."

Wheeler's Story on Himself.
Mr. Wheeler, the brilliant young Kentuckian, has his domicile in the midst of a great tobacco county, a county that has produced 23,000,000 pounds of tobacco in a year. Mr. Wheeler says he has counted in one day 1,800 wagons loaded with tobacco right in the chief city of this tobacco county.

Notwithstanding his familiarity with the growing of the weed, a story of his first law case compares a joke appearing in a yellow lawyer, not yet twenty-one, Mr. Wheeler was engaged as attorney in a quarrel that arose in a tobacco patch. The present congressman waxed eloquent in behalf of his client, and the jurymen were all attention.

"Why, gentlemen," declared he, "I know all about the growing of tobacco. I was raised in the midst of tobacco on my father's plantation. I almost grew on a tobacco vine."

"Then it was," said Mr. Wheeler at the capitol the other day, "that I saw a smile come over the faces of the jurymen. I had slipped. I ought to have said plant. To this day they bring that up against me as a good joke out in Kentucky."—Washington Post.

Couldn't Support the Resolution.
Clerk McDowell of the house tells a story of the Pennsylvania legislature when that body was controlled by the Democrats. They elected a speaker named Patterson, who did not know anything of parliamentary law, but who posed as a second Reed. At the close of the session one of the Democratic members offered a series of resolutions lauding the speaker for his services, but a Republican member opposed their adoption.

"I cannot," he said at the close of a ten minute speech, during which he emphasized all the mistakes which the Democrats had made. "I cannot endorse a speaker who has the vaulting ambition of Napoleon and the intellect of Blind Tom."

Managing John.
"John," she said softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?"

"No," replied John. "Why do you ask?"

"Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother."

And John said he would.

Extremes Meet.
"Were you positive enough when you told the old man you intended to marry his daughter?"

"Yes, but he was negative."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.