

## BANDON RECORDER

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BANDON, OREGON

Another crisis is feared in Portugal. The young King insists on paying his father's debts.

A Pennsylvania girl recently coughed up a safety pin. They are the only kind that should be swallowed.

If making rubber from skimmed milk is a success, won't there be danger of the formation of a skimmed milk trust?

The present ruler of the district around Mount Ararat has ordered a motor boat. Gracious! hasn't the flood dried up there yet?

In his latest description of the war between the United States and Japan, Captain Hobson generously refrains from getting us licked.

The saddest sight in a none too joyous world is to behold two "Merry Widows" trying to crowd under one umbrella and still call each other "dear."

A Chicago baby is to be rocked in a \$1,000 cradle. Still it may not grow to be more useful than some persons who were rocked in a sugar trough during their pinkhood.

Mrs. Ed Potter Stillman, who purchased at \$90 each thirty hats without wearing one of them, certainly showed fine discrimination when she chose a millionaire for a husband.

A Hungarian physician claims to have discovered that nearly all modern ailments are due to the habit of sitting. But that isn't going to worry the men who never get up and offer a woman a seat in a street car.

Having a keen recollection of his father, gay Paris looks upon the demure Prince of Wales as an impostor. The present prince is a young man of good habits, and he has had efficient training by a wise father who has seen "wilder" days.

From Peking comes the news that "Chinese rebels with French arms" are defeating the imperial troops. We knew that graft was rampant among the Chinese officials, but grafting French arms upon Mongolian maledictants is remarkable even in these Burbankish days.

A young man has been expelled from the New York Produce Exchange because he advertised that he would guarantee profits of more than 50 per cent to people who would let him speculate with their money. Add another to the list of people who think it is a shame that they can't be "let alone."

The Japanese vessel which the Chinese seized off Manco a few weeks ago, because it had a cargo of rifles, was described in the dispatches as the "steamer Tatsu Maru." This was an error similar to "Yangtze-kiang river," "Kiang" means river in Chinese. "Maru" is Japanese for steamer, and is usually put after the name of steam vessels to distinguish them from sailing ships.

The possibilities of the matrimonial advertisement have been once more disclosed by the revelations made in the Laporte murder mystery. As an institution which thrives by defrauding of a few dollars the ignorant and weak intelligence it has been made especially familiar of late. But as an instrument of more serious criminal enterprise it still needs considerable advertisement. This it is now to receive to the full. Wherever in America people can read the story of Laporte will make its way. The remote mining camps in Alaska and the lumber camps in the Northern wilderness, the loneliest farms, ranches of the far West, the plantations of the South and the most ignorant districts of the great cities will each in their due time be full of the wonder and ghoulish fascinations of this mystery. The name of Laporte will fix itself in the memory of at least a generation. This ought to breed some caution, for a while, at least, in the minds of the susceptible and gullible. The thought of the murderer spinning her wide web to catch victims by the familiar lines of the matrimonial advertisement is one to fix itself in the imagination of the dullest.

It happens to be true that there is a tendency in America to talk at such length about doing things quickly that much of the time which might be spent in getting the things done is spent in bragging about how quickly they are going to be done, says the London (England) Daily Mirror. It happens to be true, also, that while ordinary "slow and conservative" people are pushing steadily forward and reaching certainly, inch by inch, toward the end of their work, Americans will very likely be explaining loudly to everybody the advantages of some invention which does the work so badly and so quickly that it all has to be done over again. The speed of America is also very largely a matter of external appearances and of show. It is like the hurrying and scurrying of the mysterious waiters whom we have all so often seen racing about in crowded restaurants. They rush here, they rush there, they knock over this table and upset that chair; they drop things, and fall and

stumble about. And meanwhile nobody gets served, nothing gets done, and the hungry guests "look up and are not fed." A little work, they think, would be better than so much hurry.

New York has been having an exhibition of nearly two hundred dolls, collected from all nations, and representing centuries of doll development. Dolls are in existence which date back to 4000 B. C. They were found in Egyptian graves, and are simply miniature mummies. But the oldest dolls of Mrs. Starr's unique collection are from Peking, and came from the palace of the Dowager Empress. Mrs. Starr has dolls representing Dutch fishwives, women from Lapland equipped with snowshoes, Indian soothsayers, Mexican runners, French lace-makers, and New England country girls of a century ago. One Egyptian doll was made entirely of mud, except its hair. Another was constructed of a bamboo stick, dressed in a single garment, and with a mass of long black hair. The plith of a tree was carved into a charming doll, and California seaweed was the material of another. A perplexed lady came to the teacher of her grandchildren with a weary plaint as to the indifference of the two little girls to the sound knowledge which interested their three brothers. "The boys love butterflies and stones and shells and plants, and will read every book I give them on natural science. They are eager to know about everything, from the stars in the sky to the weeds by the road side. But Mary and Nelly—what do you suppose is their one enthusiasm?" she asked, dejectedly. "Dolls, I guess," said the wise teacher; "and a healthy passion it is, too. We won't interfere with the course of nature, dear Grandmother-of-boys-and-girls; for until the world turns the other way on its axis, and plants grow with their roots in the air and their blossoms in the ground, we may expect our girl babies to love dolls."

### LIVED AFTER HANGING.

Many Instances of Resuscitation of Persons Who Have Been Executed. Innumerable instances of resuscitation after hanging are recorded, according to Tit-Bits. Henry III granted a pardon to a woman named Inetta de Balsham, who was suspended from 9 o'clock on a Monday to sunrise on Thursday and afterward "came to." Dr. Plot tells of a Swiss who was hung up thirteen times, without effect, on account of the peculiar condition of his windpipe, it having been converted into bone by disease.

Annie Green, a domestic, was hanged at Oxford in 1650 and recovered fourteen hours afterwards under a doctor's treatment. Mrs. Cope, who was hanged at the same place eight years later, also recovered. On September 2, 1724, Margaret Dickson was hanged at Edinburgh and recovered while being carried to the grave. She lived for many years afterward, and was universally known as "Half Hanged Maggy Dickson."

A housebreaker named Smith was hanged at Tyburn in 1705. A reprieve came when he had been suspended a quarter of an hour. He was cut down, bled and revived. William Duell, hanged in London in 1740, revived and was transported. A man hanged in Cork in 1765 was taken in hand by a physician, who brought him around in six hours, and we are told the fellow had the nerve to attend a theatrical performance the same evening.

Richard Johnson, hanged at Shrewsbury on October 3, 1806, obtained a promise from the undersheriff to place him in the coffin without changing his clothes. After hanging half an hour he still showed signs of life, and on examination it was found he had wrapped cords about his body connected with hooks at the neck, which prevented the rope from doing its work. The apparatus was removed and the man hanged effectively.

It may be offered in explanation of the cases mentioned that there was no drop used at executions in those days.

Don't Fold Your Arms.

By folding your arms you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing, says the Family Doctor. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural condition. As soon as you forget yourself, down drops the chest.

We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could, many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continuously folding your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back.

Here are four other hints which should be made habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times each day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day.

The Main Trouble.

Wise—Oh, give us a rest for awhile, won't you? Doubly—Well, every fellow has a right to his opinion, and—Wise—Yes, but the trouble is that he can't be made to realize that there may be a wrong to it.—Indianapolis News.

They always speak of love's young dream, because it so rarely lives to old.

## FINDS AN AMERICAN TYPE.

British Paper Finds It, as Shown in Football and Baseball Cuts. The existence of an American type is denied by R. G. Lindsay of the British embassy at Washington in a recent report on alien immigration into the United States, published as a Blue Book by the British government. Mr. Lindsay, who characterizes the people of this country by immigration as "one of the most remarkable movements of population to be met with in history," says on this point:

"It must take many generations before Americans are physiologically differentiated from Europeans as much, for example, as the French are from the Germans. There is no such thing as an American type, and even if in the towns of Europe it is possible to point out a tourist as an American recognition is effected by mere outward marks, such as the style of dress."

With this opinion the British Medical Journal announces disagreement, which it sets forth in terms complimentary to the physical development of Americans. Says this paper:

"In illustration we would draw Mr. Lindsay's attention to the photographs of college football and baseball teams in many of the American magazines, which exhibit a well-marked and, it may be added, a fine type. What has become of the conventional Uncle Sam, the long, loose-limbed creature of Punch cartoons, we know not. The American of to-day presents a firm, square jaw, broad brow and clear, keen eye, which together usually render recognition of his nationality a matter of no great difficulty."

## QUEER STORIES

Coal keeps best under sea water. The criminal class of London number 700,000.

The painting of the Forth bridge costs \$10,000.

Influenza, like cholera, always travels from east to west.

The sperm whale can stay under water for twenty minutes.

A mole eats as many as 20,000 earth-worms in the course of a year.

In Saxony practically all of the live stock is stall-fed 300 days of the year, and the largest portion the full 335 days.

St. Petersburg authorities have issued an order forbidding the students of the cadet corps to read "Sherlock Holmes" and other stories of a similar character.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation, sold \$5,550,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. There are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

The French government has purchased two bronze busts exhibited in this year's salon by Andrew O'Connor, of Massachusetts. One is a portrait of Robert Newman, and the other the head of an exquisite Italian girl. Mr. O'Connor last year obtained the medal of the second class by the salon judges.

According to Edwin Warfield, lately Governor of Maryland, there's a difference between ex-Governors and former Governors. An ex-Governor is he who went after the office again and didn't get it. A former Governor is he who didn't seek re-election and returned to everyday life. "And I am a former Governor," added Mr. Warfield, in a recent interview in Milwaukee.

The English and American mile is 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet. In France, Holland and Belgium it is 1,000 meters, or 1,094 yards. In Spain it is 1,522 yards; in Russia, 1,167 yards; in China, 609 yards; in Norway and Sweden, 11,600 yards; in Germany it equals three English miles; in Italy, 2,025 yards; in Portugal, 2,250 yards; in Austria, 8,297 yards, and in Denmark, 8,238 yards.

The Frogal Japanese. A college professor who had spent four years at Yale and two in Berlin acquiring his foreign education, lives with his wife at Kyoto, a city, in a rented house, having a little garden, at a total cost of 465 yen a year, or about \$233. This is divided as follows: Rent, \$120; house tax, \$5; servant's wages, \$15; fuel, \$13; light, \$5; clothes, \$25, and food, \$50. His salary is \$400, and he is applying \$100 a year to the debt he incurred to obtain his education. A people who can conquer domestic problems as do the Japanese find no terrors in the economic burden of a war debt.—Boston Globe.

Time Saved.

"Does your husband spend as much time as formerly at the racetrack?" "Not nearly as much," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He has a new system and nearly always goes broke on the first or second race."—Washington Star.

Boil down almost any man's prayers in five words, and you will find them to be: "Reward me. Punish my enemy."

A girl enjoys picking her way daintily over a muddy crossing just as much as her brother enjoys splashing through.

## The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A CONAN DOYLE

### CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

The voices and the footsteps sounded louder and louder, until they were just at the other side of the boundary. They seemed to come from several people walking slowly and heavily. There was the shrill rasping of a key and the wooden door swung back on its rusty hinges, while three dark figures passed out who appeared to bear some burden between them. The party in the shadow crouched closer still, and peered through the darkness with eager anxious eyes. They could discern little save the vague outlines of the moving men, and yet as they gazed at them an unaccountable and overpowering horror crept into the hearts of every one of them. They breathed an atmosphere of death.

The newcomers tramped across the road, and pushing through the thin hedge, ascended the railway embankment upon the other side. It was evident that their burden was a heavy one, for they stopped more than once while ascending the steep grassy slope, and once, when near the top, one of the party slipped, and there was a sound as though he had fallen upon his knees, together with a stifled oath. They reached the top, however, and their figures, which had disappeared from view, came into sight again standing out dimly against the murky sky. They bent down over the railway line, and placed the indistinguishable mass which they bore carefully upon it.

"We must have the light," said a voice.

"No, no; there's no need," another expostulated.

"We can't work in the dark," said the third, loudly and harshly. "Where's the lantern, guv'nor? I've got a lucifer."

"We must manage that the train passes over right," the first voice remarked.

"Here, Burt, you light it."

There was the sharp sound of the striking of a match, and a feeble glimmer appeared in the darkness. It flickered and waned, as though the wind would extinguish it, but next instant the wick of the lantern had caught, and threw a strong yellow glare upon the scene. The light fell upon the major and his comrades, who had sprung into the road, and it lit up the group on the railway line. Yet it was not upon the rescuing party that murderers fixed their terror-stricken eyes, and the major and his friends had lost all thought of the miscreants above them—for there standing in the center of the roadway, there with the light flickering over pale sweet face, like a spirit from the tomb, stood no other than the much-enduring, cruelly-treated girl for whom Burt's murderous blow had been intended.

For a few seconds she stood there without either party moving a foot or uttering a sound. Then there came from the railway a cry so wild that it will ring forever in the ears of those who heard it. Burt dropped upon his knees and put his hands over his eyes to keep out the sight. John Girdlestone caught his son by the wrist and dashed away in the darkness, flying wildly, madly, with white face and staring eyes, as men who have looked upon that which is not of this world. In the meantime, Tom had sprung down from his perch, and had clasped Kate in his arms, and there she lay, sobbing and laughing, with many pretty feminine ejaculations and exclamations and questions, saved at last from the net of death, which had been closing upon her so long.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

The ruffian Burt was so horror-stricken at the sight of the girl whom he imagined that he had murdered, that he lay groveling on the railway line by the side of his victim, moaning with terror, and incapable of any resistance. He was promptly seized by the major's party, and the Nilhist secured his hands with a handkerchief so quickly and effectively that it was clearly not the first time that he had performed the feat. He then calmly drew a very long and bright knife from a recess of his frock coat, and having pressed it against Burt's nose to insure his attention, he brandished it in front of him in a menacing way, as a hint that an attempt at escape might be dangerous.

"And who is dis?" asked Baumser, lifting up the dead woman's head, and resting it upon his knee.

"Poor girl! She will never speak again, whoever she may have been," the major said, holding the lantern to her cold, pale face. "Here's where the coward struck her. Death must have been instantaneous and painless. I could have sworn it was the young lady we came after, if it were not that we have her safe down there, thank the Lord!"

"Where are those others?" asked Von Baumser, peering about through the darkness.

"If there is justice in the country, they will hang for the work of dis night."

"They are off," the major answered, laying the girl's head reverently down again. "It's hopeless to follow them, as we know nothing of the country, nor which direction they took. They ran like madmen, Hullo! What can this be?"

The sight which had attracted the veteran's attention was nothing less than the appearance at the end of the lane of three brilliant lemniscus discs moving along abreast of one another. They came rapidly nearer, increasing in brilliancy as they approached. Then a voice rang out of the darkness. "There are no officers! Close with them! Don't let 'em get away!" and before the major and his party could quite grasp the situation they were valiantly charged by three of those much-enduring, stout-hearted mortals known as the British police force.

These three burly Hampshire policemen, having been placed upon our friends' track by the ostler of the Flying Bull, and having themselves observed maneuvers

which could only be characterized as suspicious, charged down with such vehemence that in less time than it takes to tell it, both Tom and the major and Von Baumser were in safe custody. The Nilhist, who had an inextinguishable hatred of the law, and who could never be brought to understand that it might under any circumstances be on his side, pulled himself very straight and held his knife down at his hip as though he meant to use it, while Bulow, of Kiel, likewise assumed an aggressive attitude. Fortunately, however, the appearance of their prisoners and a few hurried words of the major made the inspector in charge understand how the land lay, and he transferred his attentions to Burt, on whose wrists he placed the handcuffs. He then listened to a more detailed account of the circumstances from the lips of the major.

"Who is this young lady?" he asked, pointing to Kate.

"This is the Miss Harston whom we came to rescue, and for whom no doubt the blow was intended which killed this unhappy girl."

"Perhaps, sir," said the inspector to Tom, "you had better take her up to the house."

"Thank you," said Tom, and went off through the wood with Kate upon his arm. On their way she told him how, being unable to find her bonnet and cloak, which Rebecca had abstracted, she had determined to keep her appointment without them. Her delay rendered her a little late, however; but on reaching the withered oak she heard voices and steps in front of her, which she had followed. These had led her to the open gate, and the lighting of the lantern had revealed her to friends and foes. Ere she concluded her story Tom noticed that she leaned more and more heavily upon him, until by the time that they reached the Priory he was obliged to lift her up and carry her to prevent her from falling. The hardships of the last few weeks, and this final terrible and yet more joyful incident of all, had broken down her strength. He bore her into the house, and laying her by the fire in the dining room, watched tenderly over her, and exhausted his humble stock of medical knowledge in devising remedies for her condition.

In the meantime the inspector having thoroughly grasped the major's lucid narrative, was taking prompt and energetic measures.

"You go down to the station, Constable Jones," he ordered. "Wire to London, John Girdlestone, aged sixty-one, and his son, aged twenty-eight, wanted for murder. Address, Eccleston square and Fenchurch street, City. Send a description of them. Father, six feet one inch in height, deep-set eyes, heavy brows, round shoulders. Son, five feet ten, dark faced, black eyes, black curly hair, strongly made, well dressed."

"Yes, that's near enough," observed the major.

"Wire to every station along the line to be on the lookout. Send a description to the chief constable of Portsmouth, and have a watch kept on the shipping. That should catch them. Let us carry the poor soul up to the house," the inspector continued, after making careful examination of the ground all round the body. "The party assisted in raising the girl up, and in carrying her back along the path by which she had been brought."

Burt tramped stolidly along behind with the remaining policeman beside him. The Nilhist brought up the rear with his keen eyes fixed upon the navy, and his knife still ready for use. When they reached the Priory the prisoner was safely locked away in one of the numerous empty rooms, while Rebecca was carried upstairs and laid upon the very bed which had been hers.

"We must search the house," the inspector said, and Mrs. Jorrocks having been brought out of her room, and having forthwith fainted and been revived again, was ordered to accompany the police in their investigation, which she did in a very dazed and stupefied manner. Indeed, not a word could be got from her until, entering the dining room, she perceived her bottle of Hollands upon the table, on which she raised up her voice and cursed the whole company, from the inspector downwards, with the shrillest volubility of invective. Having satisfied her soul in this manner, she wound up by a perfect shriek of profanity, and breaking away from her guardians, she regained the shelter of her room and locked herself up there, after which they could hear by the drumming of her heels that she went into a violent hysterical attack upon the floor.

Kate had, however, recovered sufficiently to be able to show the police the different rooms, and to explain to them which was which. The inspector examined the scanty furniture of Kate's apartment with great interest.

"You say you have been living here for three weeks," he said.

"Nearly a month," Kate answered.

"No wonder you look pale and ill. You have a fine prospect from the window." He drew the blind aside and looked out into the darkness. A gleam of moonlight lay upon the beaving ocean, and in the center of this silver streak was a single brown-sailed fishing boat running to the eastward before the wind. The inspector's keen eye rested upon it for an instant, and then he dropped the blind and turned away. It never flashed across his mind that the men whom he was hunting down could have chosen this means of escape, and were already beyond his reach.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Esra Girdlestone had given many indications during his life, both in Africa and elsewhere, of being possessed of the power of grasping a situation and of acting for the best at the shortest notice. He never showed this quality more conclusively than at that terrible moment, when he realized not only that the crime in which he had participated had failed, but that all was discovered, and that his father and he were hunted criminals. With the same intuitive quickness which made him a brilliant man of business, he saw instantly what were the only available means of escape, and proceeded at once to adopt them. If they could but reach the vessel of Captain Hamilton Miggs they might defy the pursuit of the law. He had hired a boat near Claxton.

The Black Eagle had dropped down the Thames on the very Saturday which was so fruitful of eventful episodes. Miggs would lie at Gravesend, and intended afterwards to beat round to the Downs, there to await the final instructions of the firm. If they could catch him before

he left, there was very little chance that he would know anything of what had occurred. It was a fortunate chance that the next day was Sunday, and there would be no morning paper to enlighten him as to the doings in Hampshire. They had only to invent some plausible excuse for their wish to accompany him, and get him to drop them upon the Spanish coast. Once out of sight of England, and on the broad ocean, what detective could follow their track?

They reached the ship. The early part of the voyage of the Black Eagle was extremely fortunate. The wind came round to the eastward and wafted them steadily down channel, until on the third day they saw the Isle of Wight lying low upon the skyline. No inquisitive gunboat, or lurking police launch came within sight of them, though whenever any vessel's course brought her in their direction the heart of Esra Girdlestone sunk within him. On one occasion a small brig signalled to them, and the wretched fugitives, when they saw the flags run up, thought that all was lost. It proved, however, to be merely some trivial message, and the two owners breathed again.

The wind fell away on the day that they cleared the channel, and the whole surface of the sea was like a great expanse of quicksilver which shimmered in the rays of the wintry sun. There was still a considerable swell after the recent gale, and the Black Eagle lay rolling about as though she had learned habits of inebriation from her skipper. The sky was very clear above, but all round the horizon a low haze lay upon the water. So silent was it that the creaking of the boats as they swung at the davits, and the straining of the shrouds as the ship rolled, sounded loud and clear, as did the raucous cries of a couple of gulls who hovered round the poop. Every now and then a rumbling noise ending in a thud down below showed that the swing of the ship had caused something to come down with a run. Underlying all other sounds, however, was a muffled clank, which might almost make one forget that this was a sailing ship, it sounded so like the chipping of a propeller.

"What is that noise, Captain Miggs?" asked John Girdlestone, as he stood leaning over the quarter rail, while the old sea-dog, sextant in hand, was taking his midday observations. The captain had been on his good behavior since the unexpected advent of his employers, and he was now in a wonderful and unprecedented state of sobriety.

"Them's the pumps again," Miggs answered, packing his sextant away in its case.

"The pumps! I thought they were only used when a ship was in danger?" Esra came along the deck at this moment, and listened with interest to the conversation.

"This ship is in danger," Miggs remarked calmly.

"In danger!" cried Esra, looking round at the clear sky and placid sea. "Where is the danger? I did not think you were such an old woman, Miggs."

"We will see about that," the seaman answered angrily. "If a ship's got no bottom in her she's bound to be in danger, be the weather fair or foul."

"Do you mean to tell me this ship has no bottom?"

"I mean to tell you that there are places where you could put your fingers through her seams. It's only the pumpin' that keeps her afloat."

"This is a pretty state of things," said Girdlestone. "How is it that I have not been informed of it before? It is most dangerous."

"Informed!" cried Miggs. "Informed of it! Has there been a voyage yet that I haven't come to you, Muster Girdlestone, and told ye I was surprised ever to find myself back in Lunnon? A year ago I told ye how this ship was, and ye laughed at me, ye did. It's only when ye find yourselves on her in the middle of the broad sea that ye understand what it is that sailor folk have to put up with."

"I presume," Girdlestone said, in a conciliatory voice, "that there would be no real danger as long as the weather was fine."

"It won't be fine long," the captain answered gruffly. "The glass was well under thirty when I come up, and it is fallin' fast. I've been about here before at this time of year in a calm, with a ground swell and a sinkin' glass. No good ever came of it."

(To be continued.)

### Where Crime Begins.

"Of course it was wrong," exclaimed the plain citizen. "He accepted a bribe."

"I don't know," replied the politician, "there's nothing wrong about—"

"What? Why, they caught him with the goods and he admits it—"

"Oh! if he was caught at it, of course, it's wrong."—Philadelphia Press.

### Getting Nervous.

Mr. Stubb (reading)—Burglars entered the Van Swell mansion last night and stole the plate.

Mrs. Stubb—Well, do be careful and lock all the doors to-night, Henry. There is an old blue china plate in the kitchen that I wouldn't have stolen for the world.

### High Flyers.

Asker—So this is a club, eh? Are the members conservatives?

Teller—No, half the time they are up in the air.

Asker—Great Jupiter! What kind of a club is it?

Teller—Ballonist.

### Heading Him Off.

Blox—I want to give you a piece of good advice, old man.

Knox—All right; but before you do, let me give you a piece.

Blox—What is it?

Knox—Follow the advice you are going to give me.

### Comfort.

First Tramp—Gee! but I'd like to live in Alaska.

Second Tramp—Why?

First Tramp—Just think of sleeping six months on one stretch!

### One Thing Certain.

Engleigh—I've got a cold or something in my head, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Well, if there's anything there it must be a cold.