FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Feb. 18, 1898.

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

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F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107 and fourth Saturdays in each month. O. W. HURD, W. M. I. G. KNOTTS, Secretary.

General Lyons Post, No. 58. ats second and fourth Saturdays month at 1:30 p. m. J. I. BUTTERFIELD, Commander.

J. L. FURNISH, Adjutant. O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 31 Saturdays in month. Members and visiting thren in good standing are cordially ited to attend. J. J. Anderson, M. W.

O.O.F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge the Florence, Oregon. Brothers in

lorence, Oregon. Broth ading invited to attend. J. J. ANDERSON, N. G. ANDREW BRUND, Sec.

#### CHURCH DIRECTORY

BYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence, sby Terlan Church, Forence, soon. Sabbath service: Sabbath service: Sabbath 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 k a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of ord's supper on 1st Sabbath of ary, April, July and October. body is welcome to all the services. requests Christians to make I. G. KNOTTS, Pastor.

CHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH ervice. Preaching at Glenada cme two Sundays of each month bath-School every Sunday at . m. Prayer meeting every Thurs-evening at the church. Everybody ially invited. G. F. Rounds,

## ATTORNEYS

A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law,

gene, Rooms 7 and 8 McLaren's Building.

E. O POTTER.

.... Attorney-at-Law Frick At the Court House.

E. E. BENEDICT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Florence. : : Oregon.



TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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Home Duties of Indian Children. There are home duties as well as leasures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend a hand in planting, to help in the harvest, and they are often made to do ac tive duty as scarecrows in the newly planted field, where, like little Bopeep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered mar-riageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare ment for drying and could cultivate corn and beans, while a young man who pons and to be a skillful hunter was not sidered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family. - "Home Life Among the Indians," by Alice C. Fletcher, in Cen-

The composition of the first part of Goethe's "Faust" was done at odd intervals during nearly 20 years. The preparation of the second part continued over 26 years.

It is claimed that during the last 25 years but one person for every 3,500,-000 carried by the railroads of Denmark bas been killed.

WANTED-TRUSTWORTHY AND active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. robe, as it was the first article of furni-Position steady. Reference. Enclose ture encountered on entering the room. self-addressed stamped envelope. The When its door stood open, it was possi-OREGON Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago.

THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain-Alas too quickly did they wane! For each some boon, some blessing bore. Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its checkered lot of bliss and pain.

Yet cannot I the wish restrain That I had held them evermore-

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again"—
The sweet, sad years!
—Canon Eell in Leisure Hour.

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and commodious villa and Dovecottam a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Greenlately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be, by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass that nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter-he would on no account allow any one else to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes—but timidly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the burglar that never

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the tragedy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches-she never could put her hand readily on the matches-and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, ere proceeding with her search and her devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions where the gas meter meted cut its dole to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him right soundly for so gentle a little body for what she styled his "absurd fad" about turning the gas off.

some night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit instead of a blue tinted, corrugated candle and a mildly scornful

When Maurice wished to be withering, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to pooh-pooh the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moenshine," and that there were "crowds of costlier cribs to crack than Vernal Choice, you

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense—except upon the meter question—could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle and tucking the little cherub, with sundry croonings, in its bedside cot, retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the ba-by. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green, as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand and the influenza snore of her husband on the other-"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little chest, bless bim. I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so. What could I do to prevent him from taking cold afresh? Happy thought! There's that little wooler wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing table or in the wardrobe, I know. Poor fall fast asleep. The girls help to Maurice! He would willingly go and er wood, bring water and look after find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him tonight for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus soliloquizing she quietly got of bed-for where baby came in fear flew out-pushed the turned back bed clothes gently against her husband's back, so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. a match. ''Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when baby is unwell?" she sighed as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass

knob at the foot of the bed. Slippers she could not find. Nil desperandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the oment she laid a finger on it. The little chernb in the cot coughed in a choking manuer. Light or no light, the wrap must be found, and without further delay the little mother walked gingerly

into the next room. No one could fail to find the wardble to view oneself from the bedroom

door, for it consisted of a three quarter length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her lat-

est costume. "I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness and assisted by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this thought, she ignored the wardrobe for the present, crossed the room to the dressing table, and after sundry clickings of little brass handles and tentative pulls at wrong drawers at last opened the right one, but failed to

feel the wrap.
"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and accordingly closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the ward-robe door with some difficulty and buried herself in its spacious recesses.

Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and consequently apt to be a bit bemuddled on first awaking—more especially in the dark. On this particular night, after apparently dreaming for a full fortnight of "excursions and alarums," he awoke with a violent start. The room, to him, was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sinew taut now. He was fully awake.

"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt the cold sweat start to his brow, "she was right! They've come." He put out his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the bulging bedclothes at his side. He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only one other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare bedroom? No, they had come, after all. Mrs. Green was right. It was

Maurice withdrew his hand, which rested on the hillock by his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the worst first." So thinking, and with a sort of infatuation-which was perhaps bravery—to get a glimpse of the marauder, he stole out of bed, buttoned up his dressing jacket, took the little bedside chair by the back, and thus armed, his heart beating like a muffled drum, stealthily turned the corner between the two rooms.

A faint light came through the landing skylight. Heavens! The villain was at the other end of the room, right opposite the door. What he was doing he could not make out, for he looked like s man seen through mist. The wretch! Just then the draft along the landing took Maurice shrewdly on port fin, an down he went. "What do a few extra feet of gas sig-the bare legs. The influenza asserted it-nify, when three precious lives might self. He fought against it desperately glass. I waited an waited for the beat

with equal fury. Crash! The house with equal fury. Crash! The house enough to get his bearing, an I could see the blue whale, doe, an he measured come of the Du fearful clatter of falling glass, a piere-bow man gettin ready to give him all to 62 feet. What become of the Du the rope he'd take. Then the boat starting shrick, the sound of a body falling on the floor, and all was still but for the wail of the frightened babe in the room he had left.

What had he done? He kneeled down, careless of broken glass, and his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick with apprehension, he groped elsewhere and en-countered a plaited head and a few curling pins. "A match, a match, my kingom for a match!" he would doubtless have said had he not been so terribly

Just then a rectangle of light appeared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little maid in the doorway, a farthing dip in her hand, amazed to see the following tableau vivant: A wardrobe door swinging upon its hinges, with its long mirror broken leg, lying close by; a horrifled man in a nightshirt and dressing jacket, kneeling at the feet of a prostrate woman in a dead faint, a dressing gown and plaits, who was none other than the borrified man's wife.

Maurice Green never turns the gas off at the meter now except when he takes his wife and family away for the summer holiday. Mrs. Green still looks under the bed for possible burglars before retiring for the night, but Maurice has never dared to chaff her since he mis-took his own faint redection in the wardrobe mirror for a desperate burglar. -London Tit-Bits.

"Rope Cure" For Grasshoppe The intelligence of scent of the red legged grasshopper enables it to select its food while on the wing in the air, where, by some process of signaling known only to itself, it gathers a great army of its kind to descend with mass-ed force on the field beneath when a 45 acre field of corn will only afford them

Last year the grasshopper reports sent to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln caused apprehension of an invasion this year, as great quantities of eggs had been deposited in the soil over a large area of country, and those eggs are expected to furnish an army of active "locusta," as they are technically

Farmers call them "hoppers," but the college entomologist talks knowing-ly of "M. Atlantis," "Packardi" and 'Campula pellucida.'' In Utah they have what they call a

"rope cure" for the pest, and every man, woman and child takes part in the performance. It consists of drawing ropes, held taut by persons at each grain, so that Mr. Grassbopper shall end of the story. We remembered the not find any room for the sole of his fellers that jumped, an we seen the big foot, and they keep this seesaw up un-

whither forbears of his ilk have gone.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

The rose shall be my messenger, The herald of devotion. Each petal sweet shall be the seat Of tenderest emotion.

And in the heart of each fair rose

Deep hidden in the core.
There rests my soul, my inner self,
To love but you e'ermore. Each rose will die, each petal fade And wither fast away.

Each freighted heart that speaks my love
Will anguish and decay.

Not so with love—my soul that's hid
Within each rose's core.

That love will breathe and speak and live
Forever, evermore.

Twill live for you and speak to you
When roses cease to be.
Twill breathe the rose's fragrance rare
For thee, my sweet, for thee!
Then haste, my messengers of love,
Tell her my each emotion.
Oh, petals sweet, at her dear feet
Bespeak my fond devotion.
William Manley in New York Tribune.

## A PESKY WHALE.

"There's whales an whales," said the captain suddenly. "Some of 'em is pesky critters an some ain't so pesky.' Smoke went up in clouds and there was silence.

"Reckon you've got something on your mind, cap," said the doctor. "Oh, nothin very particular," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz up Bering sea way two years age—old Liz was my ship, her full name bein Elizabeth J. Barker—an we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around the Horn, an as things happened didn't see another whale till we atruck into the forties. Then, sir, 'long 11 o'clock one fine mornin, we doin about six knots, we raised a whale that

vas a whale." "Big, I bet," said the doctor. "No, not so terrible big," said the ptain, "but pesky. I was standin sings out, 'Hi, cap, look at 'im blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off an dead abeam to starboard he was blowin. He sent up a good spout an then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin, showin a good bit of his length. I hove old Liz to, an we put over a couple of boats. Rowin in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I mention him, 'cause he comes into the yarn pretty prominent. Frank was a good sailor, but one of them fellers that has dreadful little to say. He tended right to business an kept his hatch battened close. Well, as it turned out, the little boat licked the big one an got the first whack at the whale. They put a harpoon into him just over his

the rope he'd take. Then the boat started, slowed a bit an come dead for the ship at a 40 mile clip. I never see a boat travel so. We watched 'em, an when she got within a quarter of a mile blaned interestin. I wonder is that whale goin to sheer off, or is he goin to give us a ram? That boat, sir, travled for us as true as a hair, an I could see the men in her gettin excited. On she came, throwin spray like a liner, and I calkilated if she held her course she'd hit us so near 'midship it wouldn't be worth measurin the difference. Then I see the man in the bow make a pass for the rope with the hatchet, but he was nervous like an missed it, for the atchet went overboard, an be, losin his balance, along with it. The rest of the mashed to fragments; a chair, with a men warn't long decidin what they'd

" 'Jump, you idiot!' yells I. 'Do you want to git stove?' Mebbe he didn't hear, but I reckon it wouldn't made no difference, for as I'm livin, doc, that Dutchman lay himself out on his stomach in the bottom of the boat, grabbed a foot cleat with both hands an hung on for dear life. Well, old whale kept steam on. I could see the boat go down a little by the head as she got close to, us, an I knew the rope was scrapin the ship's keel. We was all holding breath an waitin to see Frank splatter his brains against the ship's side, when the boat went nose down, starn up an under water with a kerchug. She missed

seachin us by about five yard.
"All hands aboard ship leant over to see Frank an the splinters come up, for the boat would sure fetch again the keel an go to hindlin wood. We waited an waited an waited, but, by gum, there warn't no splinters an there warn't no Frank. All of a sidden one of the men sings out, 'By the holy po-ker, look!' I whipped 'round, an there, 20 fathom off our port, was the little whale boat, full of water to the gunnel, an Frank standin up in ber, waiet tleep, holding onto a rowlock for dear life. So help me, doc, that boat was towed clean under old Liz, the Dutchman in her, an come up sound on the "Yes, sir, under the ship slick as a

whistle, as the Dutchman in her. That whale was a scientist, sir. He calkilated right to lese the beat, but, bless you, it's a bigger job than any one wanted to tackle to stave that craft, an as for floatin, she was boxed at each end, across the back, over the fields of end an couldn't sink. But that ain't the put another over, so we turned to look No doubt the agricultural college will at Frank again. There warn't anything find a way to meet another visitation left in the beat to bail with, an he with some exterminating process, when couldn't do nothin but wait on the the migratury locust will migrate to a pleasure of that whale. He traveled he will disturb no more, away from the ship as fast as he come are of his ilk have gone. at it, an he must 'a' gone a third of a

r ile before the boat slacked. Then we seen her slow down an come to a dead stop. 'Line bu'sted,' says I. 'Man a boat an fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an old whale blowed 80 feet high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tail goes, an he under water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an try to pay out line, but it was jammed, an before he could make it loose the boat give a jerk 'round, almost a throwin him out, an come at us again. What I'm sayin is truth, doc. That boat struck another bee line for us. I suppose, more properly speakin, the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kitin! Frank quit foolin with the line an just hung cn. I reckoned the boat was movin faster'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down almost to her rowlocks. We stood

speechless while she was drivin for us.
When she got within 100 yards the
mate took a big breath an let fly.
"'Jump, you — Dutch lubber, or
you're a dead man.' "But he didn't jump an I see him gittin ready for another dive under old

"I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on the rail an when the boat came near enough I let drive at Frank, hopin to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin, dodged an just as the boat went tail up again yelled: "'I can't swim!'

"Down went the boat like a scandin lead, an this time we all slid over to lead, an this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an then about 15 fathoms off our beam up como the boat, bottom up. 'Oh, Lord, groaned the cook, 'he's a goner!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yard afore she righted, an we seen Frank's head boats over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't was so far this time, for he broke water a few hundred fathoms off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen that the harpoon was a good throw an

that the harpoon was a good throw as he wasn't goin to fight long.
"I sent the second boat out after him. but they didn't git far 'fore down goes the whale for the third time, an in a second the little boat slewed again, an we knew he was comin at us. There warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again, while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin to ram. Just when a reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin under us there was a tremendous bang, an every mother's son was throwed flat. Old Liz rolled to sturboard an then back to port an lay rockin while we got up. Reckor you guess what happened, doe. That whale miscalkilated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple of points. He didn's fetch de nough an hit old Lis a welt tha'd like for a moment. It but augmented the force of the explosion. Like a thunder-bolt he sneezed.

There was a muffled exclamation in the room. Maurice rushed forward with uplifted chair. The barglar, too, had seized a chair and was making at him with acreal forward. The board was making at him with acreal forward with the cored forward the cored forward to start off in tow, but she didn't do not hit of her. That settled the business too. We looked over the ratio boat, an there was old blower not alongside. There was our whale, sir, and the cored forward the cored forward the cored forward to get his beautin's I green for the beauting at the cored forward the cored the whale rammed us an the took him off. Hurtt No. He went to work cuttin up that whale along with the rest of 'em. 1 did hear afterward that he was grumblin 'cause 'twas his bucket I throwed at him an it warn's picked up. Right lively whale, warn's

"Right lively," repeated the doctabsently.—Minneapolis Times.

In looking over some stories written and sent by children to the young ple's department of a paper some ourious points were noticed. Part of the stories were wildly imaginative. The heroes of them went through experiences that out-Gullivered Gulliver. But after all their adventures the manikins all the manikins al do. It was go overboard or git smashed to flinders, an when they got within 50 glory and trophies, to react their valory and so f us they all went over but ous deeds and wonderful experiences to

admiring bearers. The child story teller loves a satisfac-tory ending. He has no patience for the ill contrived methods which bring the hero through one experience safely only to plunge him into another and leave him there to get out as best he may. The princes and the knight must marry and live bappily ever after, enjoying the happiness attending such glorides actions before the story ends. Jack must finish all his giants and get home to

supper before we leave him.

In the more humble tales of every life a strong point is the little author's sincere belief in the absolute working of a righteous law. The good boy inva-riably comes out triumphant and is re-warded with kieses and cakes. The bed boy is as surely brought to confus The career of the wicked youth who defice authority will not learn his les-sons, quarrels with smaller boys or takes his father's gun without leave, is cut short by an opportune policeman, by paternal switch or perhaps by a fall out of the boat or, again, by the measles. Somehow the childish author bows that, in his opinion, the law should to satisfied and the wrongdoor should suffer.

It is quite possible that these Matle writers have behaved badly or missed lessons occasionally themselves, but the artless confessions of their moral tales convince ue that they do not do it without pricks of conscience. In the depths of their naughty little hearts they are quite sure that they deserved the fate which they so ingenuously deal out to the doughty heroes of their stories.—
Philadelphia Ledger.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Cumrox thoughtfully, "what that nice, old fashioned lady means by patting 'P. P. G. on her card."

"That means she is going away," replied her daughter.
"Oh, I see, and she waste us to know
that she is going to travel in a Pallman
palace car."—Washington Star.