

PACIFIC COAST NEWS

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Interest in the Growing Western States.

Coal for Market. In the country surrounding Stella, Covilts county, Wash., it has been known for a number of years that croppings of coal have been discovered, and some prospecting and development work have been done.

The Big Buffalo Sold. One of the most important mining deals ever made in the Northwest, whereby the former Big Buffalo mine at Buffalo Hump becomes the property of Charles Sweeney, the Spokane capitalist, has been consummated at Grangeville, Idaho.

New Blue River Ledge. The newly discovered quartz prospects on the Blue river, Or., reported about two weeks ago, are attracting a great deal of attention.

To Plant Tomatoes. The Davidson Fruit Company, at Hood River, Or., has furnished about 75,000 tomato plants to farmers who are going into the business of growing tomatoes for the cannery.

Mohair Pool Sold. A pool comprising 2,981 fleeces of mohair has been sold at Corvallis, Or. The purchasers were F. L. Miller and S. L. Kline, merchants of that place, and the price paid was 28 cents per pound.

Northwest Notes. Fred E. Wilmarth has purchased an interest in the Burns, Or. News.

The material for the Fossil, Or., waterworks, weighing 100 tons, will be hauled from Arlington by team.

The new bridge crossing the Coquille river at Myrtle Point has been completed and opened to traffic. It is the best bridge in Coos county.

The Sugar Leaf Creamery, Coos county, has resumed operations. It will handle 10,000 to 15,000 pounds of milk daily as soon as the roads are good, and will make cheese principally.

George Snodderly, a pioneer of Grant county, Or., died at Long Creek. He was 69 years of age, and went to the Canyon creek mines in 1860. The body was taken to Susanville for burial.

Field Superintendent Larson, of the La Grande beet sugar factory, reports that there is a total of 700 acres of beets planted and the ground is prepared for seeding 800 acres more.

J. F. Birney, of Everett, Wash., has gone to Snohomish to survey a logging camp for Campbell Bros., on Batt's slough, where 700 acres of timber will be handled.

At a Port Townsend custom house sale of seized goods, consisting of silks, cigars and opium, the principal bidders were Chinese, and the opium brought \$10.50 a pound, the regular market price.

Over 500,000 shingles were floating in the bay and strewn along the beach at Port Townsend as a result of the capsizing of the scow towed from Dunsmuir with 1,000,000 shingles on board. Many have been recovered, but the loss will be heavy.

A cattle buyer was on the Lower Coquille river the past week buying and contracting for calves and young stock for parties in Fresno county, California. He made contracts for some 600 head of calves at \$8 per head, to be delivered the first of September.

The Republic company has 52 teams, many of them six horses, on the road freighting from Republic to Columbia, B. C. A six horse outfit hauls 8,000 pounds, and makes the round trip in five days.

There are 219 national banks in

SITUATION IS FAVORABLE.

There Are Bad Features, But they Are in the Minority.

Bradstreet's says: Evidences of the fact that there are now two sides of the general trade situation, where for a year past there was but one, come to sight this week. Different sections of the country and lines of business return different reports, but that the situation as a whole is a favorable one and suffers merely by commiseration with the enormous and almost feverish activity of some time ago, is also evident.

Crop prospects, except in the wheat area of the Central West, and in some hooded sections of the South, remain all that might be wished for. Retail demand is improving and nothing of a definitely depressing character has yet developed.

In the abrupt readjustment of steel and wire prices, the iron and steel industries received a notable shock, but have stood the ordeal very well.

In agricultural products the situation is generally one of sustained strength. Some slight shading in wheat prices is largely the result of flattering winter wheat crop prospects in the sections west of the Mississippi.

Canadian failures for the week number 18, as compared with 19 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets. Onions, \$9. Lettuce, hot house, 40@45c doz. Potatoes, \$16@17; \$17@18. Beets, per sack, 50@60c. Turnips, per sack, 40@60c. Carrots, per sack, 75@85c. Parsnips, per sack, 50@75c. Cauliflower, California 85@90c. Cabbage, native and California, \$1.00@1.25 per 100 pounds. Apples, \$2.00@2.75; \$3.00@3.50. Prunes, 60c per box. Butter—Creamery, 22c; Eastern 22c; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 15@17c pound. Eggs—15@16c. Cheese—14@15c. Poultry—14c; dressed, 14@15c; spring, \$5.

Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$11.00 @12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$18.00@19.00. Corn—White, \$23.00; cracked, \$23; feed meal, \$25. Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20. Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.25; bleached straight, \$3.00; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; graham, per barrel, \$5.00; whole wheat flour, \$3.00; rye flour, \$3.80@4.00. Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$13.00; shorts, per ton, \$14.00. Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$20; oil cake meal, per ton, \$30.00. Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8 1/2 @10c. Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13 1/2 c; breakfast bacon, 12 1/2 c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market. Wheat—Walla Walla, 52@53c; Valley, 53c; Bluestem, 56c per bushel. Flour—Best grades, \$3.00; graham, \$2.50; superfine, \$2.10 per barrel. Oats—Choice white, 35c; choice gray, 34c per bushel. Barley—Feed barley, \$14@14.50; brewing, \$17.00@17.50 per ton. Millstuffs—Bran, \$13 per ton; middlings, \$19; shorts, \$15; chop, \$14 per ton. Hay—Timothy, \$9@10; clover, \$7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton. Butter—Fancy creamery, 35@40c; seconds, 45c; dairy, 25@30c; store, 20@25c. Eggs—14c per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound. Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.50 @4.50 per dozen; hens, \$5.00; springs, \$2.50@3.50; geese, \$6.50@8.00 for old; \$4.50@6.50; ducks, \$5.50@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c per pound. Potatoes—40@70c per sack; sweets, 2@3 1/2 c per pound. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2 c per pound; parsnips, 75; onions, \$2.50@3.00; carrots, 50c. Hops—8@8c per pound. Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@15c; mohair, 27@30c per pound. Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2 c; dressed mutton, 7 @7 1/2 c per pound; lambs, \$2.50 each. Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$5.00@5.50 per 100 pounds. Beef—Gross, top steers, \$4.00@4.50; cows, \$3.50@4.00; dressed beef, 6 1/2 @7 1/2 c per pound. Veal—Large, 6 1/2 @7 1/2 c; small, 8 @8 1/2 c per pound. Tallow—5@5 1/2 c; No. 2 and grease, 8 1/2 @4c per pound.

San Francisco Market. Wool—Spring—Nevada, 14@16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@13c. Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound. Butter—Fancy creamery 18c; do seconds, 17@17 1/2 c; fancy dairy, 17c; do seconds, 15@16c per pound. Eggs—Store, 15c; fancy ranch, 17c. Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00 @20.00; bran, \$12.50@13.50. Hay—Wheat \$6.50@9.50; wheat and oat \$6.00@9.00; best barley \$5.00@7.00; alfalfa, \$5.00@6.50 per ton; straw, 25@40c per bale. Potatoes—Early Rose, 60@65c; Oregon Burbanks, 70c@1.00; river Burbanks, 40@75c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack. Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@6.00; California lemons 75c@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box. Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50 @2.50 per bunch; pineapples, normal; Persian dates, 6@6 1/2 c per

MARVEL AMONG MEN.

PASSES 600,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH HIS BODY.

Before a Gathering of Medical Men a St. Louis Doctor Proves that High Voltage Currents Are Not Necessarily Death Dealing.

Dr. Heber Roberts, of St. Louis, before a gathering of medical men in that city recently, proved that 600,000 volts of electricity could be passed through the human body without injury to it, and that the popular belief that high voltage currents were death dealing is a fallacy. According to Dr. Roberts, the injurious possibilities of a current depends upon its amperage, and the voltage when properly handled is without the power to kill or even injure any one. The experimenter attracted much interest among professional men



DR. ROBERTS RECEIVES 600,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY.

In that city and will no doubt create widespread interest throughout the country among students of electrical therapeutics. In the course of these experiments Dr. Roberts sent a current through his body and thence to a Crooks tube. In this he created an X-ray by means of which a photograph of a hand was taken, showing perfectly its skeleton. The X-ray was of rare brilliancy and penetrating power. But even were this not true the feat would be remarkable in that he is the first man to ever make himself the conductor of a current of electricity of great power enough to create an X-ray.

The secret of Dr. Roberts' success in his experiments is that he employed what is known to be a static current through his body. The static-current has no volume, but great power. It is not the potential energy that kills, but the volume. This may be illustrated by an analogy. A needle might be passed through the body with great rapidity and power, but it would not be as harmful as a thousand needles passed through slowly and with little power. In other words, the power, the voltage, has nothing whatever to do with the physiological effect. It is the number of needles, the amperage. Still the experiment is not without danger. It requires a nice adjustment of machinery to produce the proper kind of current. It requires a thorough knowledge of certain conditions to apply the current perfectly. It requires a familiarity with electric currents to prevent shock. To Dr. Roberts it had little or no danger. "The idea of passing an X-ray current through my body was conceived," Dr. Roberts explained, "while I was making experiments in electrical therapeutics. I became convinced that it could be done if the current were produced by a static machine, and I immediately proceeded to do it. Static currents have no volume and therefore do not kill. The only effect they can produce is that of a slight burning. I was used to this sensation from handling the machine in my practice, and consequently the powerful X-ray stream did not give me the slightest pain.

There are several kinds of farms, profitable ones, too, of which little mention is made to the public. Many herbs are grown on farms devoted to them, and they are a product not overdone by growers. In New York are acres devoted to the growth of peppermint. In Illinois are farms where the castor bean is raised for the castor oil that it contains. Many farms which have lost their productivity could be made to grow sage, catnip, thoroughwort, and the other vegetable necessities of the pharmacopoeia. The business is one of the few that are not ruled by competition. Rose farms are to be found in different sections of the country, and there is a sweetness in this method of earning a livelihood, although that is not all there is in it by a good deal. In California some rose farms are carried on to raise roses for rose jelly.

Both Vegetarian and Cyclist. Count Tolstoy is an enthusiastic cyclist. He declares that he has to thank his bicycle and his vegetarian diet for the robust health which he has so long enjoyed. Twenty years ago his physician advised Tolstoy to avoid too much muscular exercise, but the patient was obstinate, and did exactly the contrary; in fact, he has ever been a lover of sports of different kinds.

Just as Eff'ctive. "There is nothing like being in love to make a man gentle and thoughtful in all his actions."

"No—except a touch of rheumatism between the shoulder blades."—Harper's Bazar.

He Believed It. "They say there is arsenic in playing cards."

"Well, I thought I'd been holding some mighty 'pison' hands lately."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every railroad man's wife joshes her husband a good deal about some woman where he gets his meals at the other end of his run.

from the electrodes on the front of the machine was a copper bar, four feet long. One end of it rested on the wooden floor of the table upon which the patient sits. The patient then placed his foot upon the end of the bar and held it there, making the connection for the current. It was not necessary for him to remove his shoes or any part of his clothing. When the current was turned into him the only sensation he had consisted in the hair becoming erect and rigid. This was caused by the exit of the current which, passing through the cells of the hair and filling them, stiffens them until they looked like tiny bars of iron. In the case of a woman her hair would have stood straight out after this fashion, even though it be four feet in length. "I made a photograph the other day of a woman whose hair is twenty inches long while she was sitting in this current," said Dr. Roberts. "If the hair is wet while the patient is in the pool, and the room is darkened, it will glow with a brilliant blue flame. The other day



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I placed a man on the table and turned the current into him. He had previously stripped to the waist, and wet the hair upon his face, head and chest. When the current began its passage through him he became ghostly in appearance. His beard, head and chest were wreathed in blue flame. Yet he did not feel the slightest disagreeable sensation. Another peculiar feature about this static current is that whenever it finds a point for exit it becomes a blue flame, one-half inch in length. It has heat, yet it does not burn the person from whom it passes." The discovery of Dr. Roberts should be very valuable in the application of electricity to therapeutics.

Frog Showers in Arizona. Every once in a while stories are brought out about extraordinary showers of fish, of bloody snow, etc., the latest being of a ship captain far out on the Atlantic who ran into a dust shower so heavy he had to set his crew shoveling the dust from the decks when the weight began to get dangerous. To this he there added a tale: "It rains frogs in Arizona. The old-timers believe there is no doubt of it, though they can not explain from whence the frogs were originally 'lifted.' But this much is straight—let there be a summer rain along the line of the Southern Pacific in southwestern Arizona, and behold, the next morning every little pool has a myriad of little lean green frogs, with marvelous croaking powers. They don't wait for nightfall like their more civilized brethren elsewhere, but keep up the music by day as by night. They live where water comes only about once a year.

"They can't live over the interim under the sun-baked rocks; they assuredly haven't hopped from the Colorado River, and they are all of a size, to boot. If they didn't come from the ground or from the river, they must have come from the skies. And that's what the Hassayampers firmly believe."—Arizona Graphic.

Herb Farms. There are several kinds of farms, profitable ones, too, of which little mention is made to the public. Many herbs are grown on farms devoted to them, and they are a product not overdone by growers. In New York are acres devoted to the growth of peppermint. In Illinois are farms where the castor bean is raised for the castor oil that it contains. Many farms which have lost their productivity could be made to grow sage, catnip, thoroughwort, and the other vegetable necessities of the pharmacopoeia. The business is one of the few that are not ruled by competition. Rose farms are to be found in different sections of the country, and there is a sweetness in this method of earning a livelihood, although that is not all there is in it by a good deal. In California some rose farms are carried on to raise roses for rose jelly.

What a Kopje Is. No one who has not seen an African kopje can easily realize it. It is not a hill so much as the stump of a hill—what is left of it after ages of denudation, but the special feature of it is that it is almost invariably covered with a breastwork of boulders. Tropical torrents have washed away the earth and all the soluble components of the rock and what is left consists of heaps and lines of detached masses of sandstone, ironstone or granite. The kopjes are the Boers' fortifications and he has any number of them.

He Had to Good Reason. "I've nothing to give you, my poor man, except a piece of pie."

"That'll do, ma'am. I kin eat a pie. Thanky."

"I've you any occupation?"

"Yes'm. I'm a snow shoveler."

"You didn't expect to get any opportunity to shovel snow in this part of the country, did you?"

"None. That's why I come down here. There was too blamed much of it up in Michigan."—Chicago Tribune.

Metric System Adopted in Russia. By a decree of the Czar, the metric system of weights and measures has been adopted for use throughout the Russian Empire, and a commission has also been organized to consider the reform of the Russian calendar so as to harmonize with that prevailing in the other civilized countries.

Khaki Note Paper. Khaki letter paper is the latest, and being linen it might be made out of the very material made into uniforms, from its appearance. This may not mean that it is altogether beautiful.

Small Discounts. The Bank of France last year discounted in Paris 2,101,830 separate bills for less than 100 francs each.

When you have anything to say to a

The Old Cane Pole.

Oh, the old cane pole—how my heart beat high When I used to swing it in the days gone by. When the bending rushes and the long lake grass Furnished hiding places for the hungry bass! When a great big lunger that was temptin' telegraphed a message that he had the bait.

'Twas a sweet sensation that'd stir the soul— Spattin' in the rushes with an old cane pole. My whole anatomy with laughter thrills To see a rod and reel and the other trills. The hifalutin' bass brings into play To snake out art in a scientific way. He'll look round with a pitying smile At the fellow fishing in the good old style. But in every case I will bet my roll That he won't be in it with the old cane pole.

Oh, the old cane pole—there's nothing so fine As to feel a bass tug on a good stout line. For if you've got your nerve and you work it right You are sure to land him in a good square fight; And when you're going home you won't have to guess Where your fish are coming from—you'll have a mess. So let the fancy fishermen cast and troll, But I will spit the rushes with an old cane pole. —Chicago Record.

The Man with the Kodak. O what a great difference in history, What a rich absolution from mystery, We moderns would know Of events long ago, If only a man with a kodak had been At the following events, just to snap shot the scene:

When the Red sea was divided, When the bald-headed man derided Called out bears to eat the children, When the brazen serpent healed them, When Horatio held the crossing; When St. Patrick drove the snakes out, (There are many just such fakes out), When young Jeanne d'Arc led the army; When old Barb'ra Fritchie dared them; Shoo her gray hairs, and they spared them— When King Arthur's knights sat ring-style; When Columbus struck our borders Bearing Isabella's orders, When the Pilgrim Fathers landed—

O if some good man with a kodak had been On hand with his dinky to picture the scene, O what a very great difference in history! What a full absolution from mystery!

Great Schemes. I'm going to write great poems some day, Exactly when I will not say, Just now some things are in the way; I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday. There are pictures, too, I mean to paint; My plans, as yet, are a little faint, But my notions are really new and quaint, As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A drama great I have in mind, As soon as I a plot can find, Striking, original, refined, Perhaps a week from Thursday. I hope to form a stock concern, Enormous dividends I'll earn, Till coupon bonds I have 'to burn,' About a year from Friday.

Or, no—I'll just invent a toy, Some simple gimmick to give joy To each enraptured girl or boy— I'll work on that next Saturday. I can't decide which scheme to choose, Each idea seems too good to lose; Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze— To-morrow's only Monday. —Woman's Home Companion.

Soldiers on Stilts. Improbable as it may seem, says the Paris Messenger, the French army has lately been making experiments with the view of testing the value of still-walking. The result appears to be such as to render their adoption by the French army for special purposes highly probable. They are found to be serviceable not only in placing telegraph wires in very rough country, but also as a means of quickly ascertaining where a river can be safely forded by troops. The stilt man, by the aid of his lengthened legs, can measure the depth of the water with great ease and precision. He can feel about for the shallow places and thus lead the way.

Why She Frowned. "I see those friends of yours, the Rustlers, have their names in the paper again," said the lady who is interested in social topics. "Have they, indeed?" responded Miss Cayenne, languidly. "I didn't know the delinquent tax list had been published again!"—Washington Star.

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At the Seat of War. First Correspondent—A native runner has arrived, but the Boers yankee him and he swallowed his dispatches. Second Correspondent—Oh, well, that's probably more than the public would have done.—Puck.

Indestructible. Mrs. Nuwed (to market man)—I want a chicken that I can fry, or stew, or roast, or fix up any way I like. Market Man—Sure, man, here's one you can do anything you like wid, an' not hurt it.—Baltimore American.

German Progress. During the last thirty years there has been nothing like the urban and industrial development of rustic Germany except that of America. Berlin has increased in population faster than New York. Hamburg, in the last quarter of a century, has tripled the number of its inhabitants. Between 1880 and 1890 Cologne doubled itself. Leipzig has grown more rapidly than San Francisco. The agricultural population of eastern Germany has swarmed into the great industrial districts of the west, and still these are so far from being glutted that the employer holds out yet higher temptations to the peasant to come to the city and leave field work to Russians and Poles. Wages are rising, and hours are becoming shorter. The emigration which formerly streamed fast from Germany is diminishing from year to year. So far is Germany from being crushed by conscription that the splendor and expense of municipal improvements go hand-in-hand with the extraordinary increase of the towns in mere point of population.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

First Artist—Did Mobley make you any offer for your last picture? Second Artist—Yes; he said he'd give me a new canvas for the one I had spoiled.

The Emblem. "Horseshoeing has gone up in price." "Well, can't you let the blacksmith take a whack at good luck once in a while?"

Increasing Anxiety. "This don't-worry button is a fraud." "In what respect?" "Why, every fellow that sees it worries me by wanting me to give it to him."

Her Own Fault. Wife—It really is too bad of you to keep me up like this! Hubby—Not my fault, m' dear (hic). You know where the bed is!—The Cigarette.

A Matter of Contrast. "When? This office is freezing cold." "I can tell you how to make it feel warm." "How?" "Go outdoors and then come in."

A Master Stroke. Clarissa—Clarence, you had better write your offer for my hand to pa on your typewriter. Clarence—Why, dear, that would be bad form. Clarissa—Yes, Clarence, but it would make pa think you were full of business.

The Savage Bachelor. "If you had been at the Browns' golden wedding celebration last night," said the sweet young thing, "you would have altered your views on matrimony." "I wouldn't, either," said the savage bachelor. "If matrimony were not a fake there wouldn't be such a pow-wow raised over a couple that had managed to endure each other for a few years, and don't you forget it!"

One of the Lost Arts. Father—That man should be an example to you, my son. He entered a store as office boy and worked himself up until in a few years he owned the business. Son—He could never do that in these days, pa, when they have cash registers.

A Crying Shame. Uncle—It's disgraceful, Karl, that you have so many debts! Nephew—Isn't it, when I have such a rich uncle?

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Easy to Guess Her Choice. Ostend—Do I get a blke, paw? Paw—Well, it depends, my son. Ostend—Depends on what, paw? Paw—Why, the bonnet that you mother selects. If she selects French straw and flowers, you don't get the blke. If she selects ordinary straw with a single quill, then you do get it.

Information While You Wait. Mr. Spellem, of Highlandtown, writes: "Dere Sur—Please tell me wat is the holesumest food fer children?" "You will find doughnuts about the 'holesumest' articles of diet.—Baltimore American.

The Roadside Idea. Hungry Higgins—What is these here "progressive dinners" the swell aristocrats is havin'?

Weary Watkins—W'y, you git yont soup at one place, your fish at the next place, your meat at the next place—"An' dog-bit at the next place?"—Indianapolis Press.

The Lot of Woman. "You certainly can't call the cel skirt very sensible."

"No, it seems to be decreed that a woman may not show good lines and a good sense at the same time."—Detroit Journal.

Over Scrupulous. Agnes—Why, I don't see how you can think that a young man can be too honest.

Grace—You would if you knew one who was too honest to even steal a kiss.

Comprehensive. On a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader: "To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant."—Woman's Journal.

Purely for Glory. "Do you expect your son to take honors at college?"

"I want him to; yet no matter how many honors he gets. I shall object to him playing professionally."—Philadelphia North-American.

A Hard World. "Frinds are always ridy to push ye up," said the janitor philosopher, "but v'ry few ar thim will put a f'ither bld under ye w'hin ye fall."

A Modest Request. Sergeant (to company barber)—What did you cut this man's hair so short for? Do it over again, and see that you leave it twice as long as it is now!—Punchline.

Very Little. Mr. Bellefield—There isn't much difference between a farrier and a horse. Mr. Bloomfield (resignedly)—Go on. Mr. Bellefield—No; there isn't. For example, a horse is a horse, sure, and a farrier is a horse shoer, too.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Tribune.

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A Prolific Writer. Askit—Whom do you regard as our greatest writer of fiction? Tellit—The weather man.—Baltimore American.

At the Seat of War. First Correspondent—A native runner has arrived, but the Boers yankee him and he swallowed his dispatches. Second Correspondent—Oh, well, that's probably more than the public would have done.—Puck.

Indestructible. Mrs. Nuwed (to market man)—I want a chicken that I can fry, or stew, or roast, or fix up any way I like. Market Man—Sure, man, here's one you can do anything you like wid, an' not hurt it.—Baltimore American.

German Progress. During the last thirty years there has been nothing like the urban and industrial development of rustic Germany except that of America. Berlin has increased in population faster than New York. Hamburg, in the last quarter of a century, has tripled the number of its inhabitants. Between 1880 and 1890 Cologne doubled itself. Leipzig has grown more rapidly than San Francisco. The agricultural population of eastern Germany has swarmed into the great industrial districts of the west, and still these are so far