

IN THE MINING WORLD

Value of a Knowledge of Geology to the Prospector.

(By Earl Douglas, University of Montana.)
The study of the remains of plant and animal life that have existed in past ages is like history, astronomy and fossil languages, politics and all other branches of human knowledge; it is mighty interesting when one gets interested in it. But it is extremely difficult to get very deeply interested in something that we know nothing about. There are so many branches of knowledge that one cannot know everything. But the subject on which I am asked to write is, I believe, of vital interest to the miner and prospector. Our knowledge of it was not developed for their special benefit, but because of the interest and fascination of the subject itself.

Though I never spent a week in search of mineral veins, I have a fellow feeling for the prospector. In the first place, there is a charm in outdoor life in tramping over the hills and mountains and through the deep ravines and rocky canyons; in going into camp tired enough to make rest sweet, and hungry enough to devour with the keenest relish the ham, bacon, coffee, flapjacks and anything else that happens to come along that is eatable; and in sleeping in the pure air under the blue tent of the sky with the whispering of the pines and the varied voices of the mountain streams to charm away worldly cares and lull to sleep. It seems so good not to have to wear stylish clothes, especially if one has none to wear; to be where there is no fear of trespassing on any man's land, and to fear nobody's dog; to feel that the world is yours as much as anybody's, and whatever riches you may find buried in its treasure house you can call your own.

The prospector descends into the dark mine, submitting himself to slavery while he may be "grub stake" himself and be a free man for the rest of the year and have a prospect of "striking something rich" and becoming as wealthy or more wealthy than his employer.

The mine owner is much the same kind of a man, but he has the advantage in having more money to start with, and is looking for a place where he can invest his money in a "good proposition" and get richer.

With both mine owner and prospector intelligence and judgment are needed. It is true that sometimes those who have learned little from books and nothing from experience have blundered onto rich leads; but if the truth were summed up I think it would appear that a very large percentage of good mines have been found by men of experience, who have worked in mines, have seen and handled the ores and have observed the rock in which they occur. I firmly believe, too, that a man's chances of finding the treasures hid in the earth would be increased many fold by adding to his experience that of other men, by studying the mode of occurrence of ores, the rock formations in which they occur—in fact, the better knowledge of geology and mineralogy he possesses and the better his power of observation and judgment the better his chances of success. The same holds true of the dealer in mining property. It is true that these sciences are large ones, but it is just as true that the chances of failure without the necessary knowledge are fully as large. If a sick man, ignorant of the properties of drugs, were turned loose in an apothecary's shop he might blunder onto something that would help him, but the chances would be against him. We need not be scared by the voluminous books on geology with their frightful looking names. There are simple, interesting books, giving the most important information, and written especially for prospectors and mining men, and for the understanding of them, no previous knowledge of geology and mineralogy are needed. These may lead to deeper study later. But someone will say that certain minerals have been found where no experienced prospector would search and where geologists have said they cannot occur. The trouble is an old miner comes from California, to Montana and begins to look for gold here. He knows just how the rock looks in which it occurs where he mined in California, and he is looking for the same kind of rock and the same looking ore, but he probably will not find it. An old Montana miner goes to Colorado and meets with the same disappointment. His views of the occurrence of ores are too narrow. The prospectors meet with a many different kinds of rocks and under a great variety of conditions; and one would have to know the geology of the whole world to know all the conditions in which they occur; yet there are certain underlying truths that, if understood, will vastly increase the chances of success and save not only many years but many life times. Many brother geologists—perhaps I ought to say uncle geologists, for it is they are of the generation that is passing away—have studied a certain region and have judged all the world by that. I might whisper to you, too, that not all who talk and write on geological subjects know just what they are talking about, and I have no doubt you have thought of that before reading this article.

A recent report from Boise, Idaho, is to the effect that a fabulously rich body of gold ore has been encountered in the low mine, owned by Judge W. B. Heyburn. The mine is located near Quartzburg.
Okanogan Gold Mines, Ltd., is the name of a corporation capitalized for \$300,000 which has been incorporated to take over the property of the Okanogan Free Gold Mines, Ltd., which has property in Okanogan county Wash.
A unique gold dredge has been built by the Hammond Manufacturing Company of Portland, Oregon, for the Monarch Gold Mining & Dredging Company, which will be taken to Cape Nome. The dredge is on rollers, and may be moved from place to place at the will of the engineer while the machine is in operation. It is constructed to work the ground below tide water. It is capable of excavating to a width of 25 feet and six feet deep without moving. The gravel is raised by a chain of buckets, screened and passed over copper plates.

BRADSTREET'S REPORT.

The Distributive Trade Is Seasonably Dull.
Bradstreet's says: Distributive trade is dull, seasonably so in most instances, and prices of manufactured products are generally weak, but exceptions to the former are found where crop conditions are exceptionally promising and in the case of prices where the readjusting movement has been overdone on the down side.

The upward rush of wheat prices culminated at the close of last week and the reactions and the irregularities since, mainly due to heavy realizing, would mainly point to the movement having been temporarily at least overdone. Advances from the North are of little more than half a crop of wheat, but estimates as to the output in bushels vary accordingly as the government reports of \$16,000,000 bushels, or the commercial estimate of 200,000,000 bushels in yield last year in the three states are used as a basis.

Sugar is at the highest price reached at this time for 10 years past, owing to the active canning demand and the strengthened position of raw.
The war in China is chargeable with the advance in tea, not only from the former country, but from Japan, some interruption in transportation being apparently looked for if the Asiatic trouble increases.

Heavy rains are complained of in the entire cotton belt east of the Mississippi river, and the crop is generally "in the grass."
Reports from the iron and steel trade are as pessimistic as ever. Nominally quotations at Pittsburgh are unchanged. Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 3,184,144 bushels, against 4,615,180 bushels last week.

Failures for the week number 185, as compared with 167 last week.
Failures in the Dominion of Canada number 18, as compared with 28 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.
Onions, new, 1 1/2c.
Lettuce, hot house, \$1 per crate.
Potatoes, new, 1c.
Beets, per sack, 90c @ \$1.
Turnips, per sack, 75c.
Carrots, per sack, \$1.
Parsnips, per sack, 50 @ 75c.
Cauliflower, California 90c @ \$1.
Strawberries—\$1 per case.
Cabbage, native and California, \$1.00 @ 1.25 per 100 pounds.
Tomatoes—\$1.50 per case.
Butter—Creamery, 22c; Eastern 22c; dairy, 17 @ 20c; ranch, 15 @ 17c pound.
Eggs—19c.
Cheese—12c.
Poultry—14c; dressed, 14 @ 15c; spring, \$3.50.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$11.00 @ 12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.
Corn—Whole, \$23.00; cracked, \$28; feed meal, \$23.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.25; blended straight, \$3.00; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; Graham, per barrel, \$3.00; whole wheat flour, \$3.00; rye flour, \$3.80 @ 4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$18.00; shorts, per ton, \$14.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$20; oil cake meal, per ton, \$20.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8 1/2 @ 10c.
Hams—Large, 18c; small, 18 1/2; breakfast bacon, 12 1/2c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 57 @ 58c; Valley, 58c; Bluestem, 60c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.35; Graham, \$3.85; Superior, \$2.10 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 35c; choice yellow, 30c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$14.00 @ 15.00; brewing, \$16.00 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$12.50 per ton; middlings, \$18; shorts, \$13; chop, \$14 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$10 @ 11; clover, \$7 @ 7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6 @ 7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 35 @ 40c; store, 25c.
Eggs—16c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon, full cream, 15c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.00 @ 4.00 per dozen; hens, \$5.00; springs, \$2.50 @ 4.00; geese, \$4.00 @ 5.00 for old; \$4.50 @ 6.50; ducks, \$3.00 @ 4.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 14 @ 15c per pound.
Potatoes—40 @ 50c per sack; sweets, 1 @ 2 1/2c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2c per pound; parsnips, \$1; onions, 1 1/2c per pound; carrots, \$1.
Hops—2 @ 8c per pound.
Wool—Valley, 15 @ 16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10 @ 15c; mohair, 25 per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2c; dressed mutton, 7 @ 7 1/2c per pound; lamb, 5 1/2c.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$5.00 @ 6.50 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, \$4.00 @ 4.50; cows, \$3.50 @ 4.00; dressed beef, 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2c; small, 8 @ 8 1/2c per pound.

San Francisco Market.
Wool—Spring—Nevada, 18 @ 19c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10 @ 15c; Valley, 10 @ 20c; Northern, 10 @ 12c.
Hops—1899 crop, 11 @ 13c per pound.
Butter—Fancy creamery 18 @ 19c; do seconds, 17 1/2c; fancy dairy, 17c; do seconds, 15 @ 16 1/2c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 13 1/2c; fancy ranch, 17c.
Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00 @ 20.00; bran, \$12.50 @ 13.50.
Hay—Wheat \$6.50 @ 10; wheat and oat \$6.00 @ 9.50; best barley \$5.00 @ 7.00; alfalfa, \$5.00 @ 6.00 per ton; straw, 25 @ 40c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, 60 @ 65c; Oregon Burbanks, 80c @ 90; river Burbanks, 85 @ 65c; new, 70c @ \$1.25.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$3.75 @ 3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00 @ 5.00; California lemons 75c @ \$1.50; do choice \$1.75 @ 2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50 @ 2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6 @ 6 1/2c per pound.

"MARCH ON," HE SAID.

KITCHENER RUNS AGAINST A BARBARA FRIETCHEL.

Boer Maid Bids Defiance to British Chief of Staff—Unable to Destroy the Home Without Injuring Her, Kitchener Follows Jackson's Example.

"Forward, gentlemen!" said Lord Kitchener to his staff at Rightman's farm in South Africa when Rightman's girl defied them to burn the house on the veldt, and to break up a Boer harboring place. It was the Barbara Friechele incident over again, and Rightman's girl was the heroine of it. Kitchener did what Stonewall Jackson ordered done forty years before.

"March on!" he said, and dictated a message to headquarters saying that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out, owing to "unexpected opposition."

Rightman's girl was the unexpected opposition, and the story makes one of the finest incidents of the Boer struggle. This Barbara Friechele is young, and Whittier's heroine was a gray-haired woman. Rightman is a prominent Boer leader, a God-fearing, scriptural-reading Dutchman, who lives on a farm in the Prieska region. He fights during a six weeks' campaign, then gets leave of absence and goes home to the rude little farm house on the South African plains, gets a change of clothing, food in his knapsack, rounds of fresh ammunition, and sets off again to lay traps for the English, and to pick off men with his sharpshooting rifle. Rightman is responsible for many humiliating disasters to the British.

—a pretty figure. The chief of staff "peeled again." "Forward!" and the staff spurred behind him, while the rugged troopers felt a strange throbbing under their khaki uniforms for the brave little woman who was watching them ride away. "March on," he said.

The line is familiar. The picture every man and woman has conjured, every boy and girl has dwelt upon, until Barbara Friechele is just as much a part of the great civil struggle in this country as were the great guns and the great gun carriages.

"Forward!" Rightman's girl was left in the doorway of her farm—a heroine of the struggling Boers in a country invaded by English, as Barbara Friechele was a heroine of Frederick in a country filled with Confederates.

CHEAPEST OF RAILROAD FARES
Russia's Great Efforts to Encourage Emigration to Siberia.
The Russian Government is now providing transportation to emigrants from European Russia who are willing to make new homes in Siberia at rates of fare that have probably never been equaled for cheapness.

The third-class tickets sold on the Russian and Transsiberian railroads were believed to be about the cheapest in the world, but the fourth-class tickets which the Government has recently caused to be offered make the others a costly luxury by comparison.

These tickets are sold to any one of 141 stations in Siberia and they are good from any point in Russia. The fourth-class passenger, for example, from Moscow to Tobolsk pays for that long journey only two roubles, or a little over \$1. On the other hand, if he wishes to go clear to Vladivostok by the railroad and its steamer connection,

now complete, a distance of about 5,000 miles, he has to pay 4 1/2 roubles, or \$3.60.

The Government thus practically gives free transportation to those inhabitants of Russia who will move into the fertile agricultural and industrial regions that have recently been opened in Siberia. The czar and his advisers are very anxious to secure the rapid development of Siberia, and so great efforts are making to fill the new regions with an industrious population.

In the past three years about 600,000 Russian peasants, stimulated in every way by their Government, have removed to Siberia, and to-day its population is about 6,000,000.—New York Sun.

An Important Position.
The man who is known as the "navvener" in the tobacco trade has a high-grade position, since he has few competitors. He is responsible for the flavor of all grades of goods made, and sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out; it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the condition under which it has grown. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during a rainy season. Tobacco grown at different ends of the same State, or in different States, are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result, navveners range in salaries all the way from eight to ten dollars per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year.

Upset His Plans.
"Did you ask papa?" she questioned, eagerly.
"Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a dream.
"Why, did he refuse?"
"No, but he said when I asked to take you away from him I was asking to take away the light of his life; that the home without you would be a prison cell."

"Well, all papas say that, you big, tender-hearted fellow."
"I know," he responded, huskily, "but it isn't that."
"What is it, then?"
"Can't you see? He expects me to take you away from home, and I wouldn't have the nerve after he talked like that to stay—and—er—well, don't you see?"
"I see," she answered, coldly.—Indianapolis Sun.

Club Status Explained.
"Maria," said Mr. Smart, "whenever I go to the club I always think of the verse, 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' I alter one word and feel perfectly happy."
"Which word do you change?" asked Mrs. S.
"I say, 'Now I am where the weary cease from troubling and the women are at rest.'"
"John Smart," said his wife severely, "you should change a word in the last part of that. It should be, 'Where the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"
—Philadelphia Call.

Rightman's Girl Barring Gen. Kitchener.
He is one of the keen-eyed, bushy-whiskered Boer farmers who have trekked the country over, and who appear to have been born with a curious instinct for military tactics. He can plan an attack, and he knows how to retreat with victory. Rightman's house has been a rendezvous for Boer recruits and a refuge for wounded Boer soldiers.

Rightman's Girl in Charge.
In Rightman's absence Rightman's girl takes care of the house, the fields, the herds. Just "Rightman's girl," the dispatches say, and so far as history goes she has no other name. She is a pretty young girl. She knows how to spin and weave and brew and bake and set the milk to cool in a spring house under the hill. She knows the history of her race, and if need be, she would take up a rifle and fight for the country.

NUMBER 135.

Silent Example that Exerted a Potent Influence for Good.

One human being's consciousness of another, however brief, often makes some difference in a life. Mutual influence is a mental and moral fact. A lady gives a pleasant example of this in the Universalist Leader. A housekeeper, after several complaints to her grocer because unsound fruit had been sent her, was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of green melons, accompanied with this assurance:

"You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do I will gladly refund the money you pay for them."

She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods. "Why?" exclaimed the man. "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market."

The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignments, was "135." After that the lady always bought Number 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition or in quality.

Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon the housekeeper, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight or "scamp" her work. Number 135 seemed to be looking at her.

One particular that deepened this impression was the non-appearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 135 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper felt her face flush when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous.

The summer and autumn passed, but the sermon of the faultless fruit continued to preach to its buyer when she could buy no more. Careless lapses of duty frequently brought up the thought "Number 135 would not have done that." She remembered and thanked the unknown man whose integrity had strengthened and helped her. His recitade represented to her the presence of the silent teacher.

The above instance is but one among thousands of the power of involuntary influence. A good man's life is one of the moral tonics of society. His silent example is in itself a blessing to the world.

Dr. Conan Doyle's new book of short stories will be called "The Green Flag and Other Stories."

Queen Victoria is about to publish another selection from her diaries, according to the Outlook. The profits will go to one of the war funds.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Senator North," which has been running as a serial in the Times of London, will shortly be brought out in book form both in England and America. The theme of the book is said to be a somewhat daring essay in fiction.

Arthur Morrison's new book "To London Town," has just come out in London. He is a wiry, thin man of middle height, with a curiously dry voice, and rather emphatic, jerky way of speaking. Mr. Morrison is also a great collector of Japanese prints and lives near Loughton, where most of his work is done. When in London he is generally to be found at the Savage Club.

William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Magazine is in the market. It has been excellently edited by Sir Douglas Strachan and Lord Frederick Hamilton, with splendid pictures, exquisite specimens of process work and first-rate literature, but so far it has not been possible to build up a shilling monthly magazine in England on the lines of the first-class magazines in the United States.

The famous Guyot de Villeneuve library has been sold at Paris for \$142,000, the collection having previously been valued by experts at \$120,000. The sale occupied four days. The highest-price was an exquisite Book of Hours; superbly illustrated, which belonged to Marshal de Boucaut, and it realized \$13,800, having been purchased by its late owner for \$8,000 in 1887 from an English collector.

Where Instructions Failed.
An East End little girl was going to a party the other day, and her mother gave her a few lessons in etiquette. "When they pass the cake to you the first time," said the fond mother, "take a piece and say 'Thank you.' When they pass the cake the second time, if they insist, politely take a small piece and say, 'Thank you, very much.' The third time the cake comes around do not take any, but thank the lady."

With these explicit instructions well in hand the little girl went to the party, where she enjoyed herself immensely. Upon her return her mother said: "Well, my dear, did you remember what I told you about the cake?"
"Yes, mamma," replied the little girl, "but you did not tell me what to say when they passed the cake the fourth time."
"What did you say?" asked the anxious mother.
"I said what papa says: 'Take the thing away.'"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Club Status Explained.
"Maria," said Mr. Smart, "whenever I go to the club I always think of the verse, 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' I alter one word and feel perfectly happy."
"Which word do you change?" asked Mrs. S.
"I say, 'Now I am where the weary cease from troubling and the women are at rest.'"
"John Smart," said his wife severely, "you should change a word in the last part of that. It should be, 'Where the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"
—Philadelphia Call.

Older a man gets the less he is worth the day after he has been to a party.
The more faults a man has, the louder he demands perfection in others.

Fully half the people are said to be "not right."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Young Obed Perkins—It wasn't right for you to go to see Cynthia while I was going with her, Seth. She won't keep company with me at all now.

Young Seth Wheatly—Well, it weren't just adzackly right, Obed, I'll admit. But you see, it were this way: While yer just as good a-lookin' feller as I am, you know Cynthia's a gal what's got a all-fired good education, and she's a paterficer that she gits a feller what uses good grammar. That's my strong pint, Obed, and natcherly she tuck right to me.—Indianapolis Sun.

Hard.
Writing poetry fills me with passionate longings. It enralls me. It makes me soar, as it were.
"Hump! Reading it after you write it makes me sore."

Unwelcome Friendship.
"I want to say to you," roared the red-faced passenger, "that I am a friend to the Boers, all the time."
"Well," said the slim passenger, who was in a corner of the car, where he couldn't escape, "I hadn't thought much about it, but if you are with them I am sorry for them myself."—Indianapolis Press.

A Working Basis.
"I want to marry your daughter," said Foxey.
"Have you spoken to her yet?" asked the father.
"No," replied the suitor. "You see I want to get your refusal, so that I will have something to work on."—Philadelphia North American.

The Professor Knew.
"Professor," the seeker after knowledge inquired of the great toxicologist, "if a tarantula were to bite you, what would be the first thing you'd do?"
"Yell!" replied the scientist promptly.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dying Race.
Jennie—"Herbie, it says here another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?"
Herbie—"Well, don't know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying."—Brooklyn Life.

A Natural Tendency.
"I guess Blinx has just had a raise in salary," said the confirmed cynic.
"Has anybody told you so?"
"No; but he goes about saying he thinks the world is getting better, and that the danger from trusts is greatly magnified, and that human nature isn't so bad after all. That's the way a man nearly always talks just after he has had a raise in salary."—Washington Star.

The Same Old Story.
Tailor—"Will you have your coat in man-o'-war style, sir?
Customer—"Man-o'-war style? What are you talking about?
Tailor—"Why, a broad side, sir."

In the Cafe.
Carte—I tell you that waiter is a gentleman from head to foot.
D'Hotie—You mean from tip to tip.

In the Throng.
Ida—Do you see that man with nut-ton-chop whiskers? Doesn't he look bold?
May—He looks very sheepish to me.

On the Stand.
Smythe—Haven't seen Diggs in an age.
Woodfall—He's on the race track now.
Smythe—Newmarket?
Woodfall—No; Pretoria.

The Lasting Effort.
Sandy Pikes—Yer don't look well dis mornin', Billy.
Billy Coalgate—No, I'm still feelin' de effect of de grip.
Sandy Pikes—De regular induezny grip?
Billy Coalgate—Now! De bulldog's grip.

South African Winter.
The South African winter begins toward the end of April, and lasts until September. It is a very common fallacy to suppose that it is always warm, if not hot, under the southern cross; it can be cold enough to "freeze the tail off a brass monkey," as the miners say. Here and there, but very rarely, there will be snow. It may freeze on the uplands, and at a 5,000 foot or greater elevation above the sea. During the day it is cold but clear, bright, dry and eternally sunny, with a cloudless blue sky and an exhilaration of atmosphere unequalled in any other part of the world.—Montreal Weekly Star.

Baseball in Japan.
The Japanese ride American bicycles and play base-ball, and they use American expressions in connection with the games, as "one strike," "home base," etc.

The squirrel on the other side of the tree never comes to the hunter who waits.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Not Good Yet.
Mrs. Sparrow (to Mucks, locked up for disorderly behavior)—"Well, Mucks, are you a good boy now? Aren't you sorry for being so naughty?"
Mucks—"No; but you can come again in ten minutes."

Uncertainty.
"There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud, and the melancholy friend responded: "You never worked in a weather bureau, did you?"—Washington Star.

Revelation.
Maud—"Tell me all about it."
Mabel—"Well, when it began he was on his knees."
Maud—"And how did it end?"
Mabel—"In the end—er—I was on his knees."—Town Topics.

She Knew.
"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.
"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.—Detroit Free Press.

After the Convention.
Party Worker—"See here, you told me that you were confident of success?"
Defeated Candidate—"Well, of course, I meant that, in the nature of things, some candidate or other was bound to succeed."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Audacious Duet.
Jones—An auditor tells me, sir, that you had the audacity to propose to her! What have you to say to that?
"Nothing, sir, except that your daughter had the audacity to accept me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cheated.
"What is Jimmy crying about now?"
"Oh, we had a little blaze and put it out ourselves. He's mad because we didn't call out the fire department."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Treasurer.
Jones—You used to complain that your wife was constantly asking you for money.
Henry Peck—O, that was when we were first married. All that's changed now.

Jones—She doesn't do it any more?
Henry Peck—No, I ask her for it, when I can sum up sufficient courage.—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.
Punston—See here, old chap, what do you mean by taking my jokes and passing them off as your own?
Funston—Well, you see, it's this way; I'm a good-natured sort of fellow and don't mind taking a joke from a friend.—Chicago News.

Preparing for the Harvest.
"Isn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?"
"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injun relics for the summer boarders to find."

Don't Judge by Appearance.
Lulu—"From outward appearances, I don't think much of him."
Dolly—"Ah, but the inward appearance of his pocketbook is lovely."—Philadelphia North American.

Talking Business.
"Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?"
"Minister! That's an insurance agent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Measured Term.
Tailor—"Will you have your coat in man-o'-war style, sir?
Customer—"Man-o'-war style? What are you talking about?
Tailor—"Why, a broad side, sir."

In the Cafe.
Carte—I tell you that waiter is a gentleman from head to foot.
D'Hotie—You mean from tip to tip.

In the Throng.
Ida—Do you see that man with nut-ton-chop whiskers? Doesn't he look bold?
May—He looks very sheepish to me.

On the Stand.
Smythe—Haven't seen Diggs in an age.
Woodfall—He's on the race track now.
Smythe—Newmarket?
Woodfall—No; Pretoria.

The Lasting Effort.
Sandy Pikes—Yer don't look well dis mornin', Billy.
Billy Coalgate—No, I'm still feelin' de effect of de grip.
Sandy Pikes—De regular induezny grip?
Billy Coalgate—Now! De bulldog's grip.

South African Winter.
The South African winter begins toward the end of April, and lasts until September. It is a very common fallacy to suppose that it is always warm, if not hot, under the southern cross; it can be cold enough to "freeze the tail off a brass monkey," as the miners say. Here and there, but very rarely, there will be snow. It may freeze on the uplands, and at a 5,000 foot or greater elevation above the sea. During the day it is cold but clear, bright, dry and eternally sunny, with a cloudless blue sky and an exhilaration of atmosphere unequalled in any other part of the world.—Montreal Weekly Star.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUM