

OUR ANSWERS

AN AMBIGUOUS ANSWER

LADY LESTER was at her wits' end. That was the way she put it in her colloquial dialect. Also, she did not know which way to turn, but this was owing to the lack of routes rather than any indecision in selection.

The fact was that she had adopted the popular proverbial method of risking all on a single throw of the dice, and it had turned up ace. Reduced to prose, this meant that she had strained (and indeed overstrained) every nerve in order to present a thoroughly smart appearance and give her daughter a complete London season, in hope that that damsel would make a good catch, settle herself comfortably in life, and be off her mother's hands for the future. Alice Lester had insisted on this till her mother, with much misgiving, consented. In consequence Lady Lester had spent the greater part of her yearly income in two months, and run into debt as well. The end of the season was approaching and the catch had not been secured. It seemed that the effort had been fruitless, and the consequences would have to be faced.

Lady Lester knew as well as possible that the only way to pay her debts was to sell capital. This would reduce her already slender income. Besides, how she and Alice were going to live and preserve a decent appearance on the small amount of income left for the remaining five months or so of the year was a question which made her inclined to scream whenever she thought of it.

She was a handsome woman, tall, stately, fortunate in the possession of a figure that did not age, clever and discreet in replying the ravages of time. She usually wore black, partly because it was intensely becoming to her, partly for economy's sake. She presented a marked contrast to her daughter, who was petite, pliant, dainty, with rousseuse features. Taking the pair together, they were as attractive a mother and daughter as one could hope to see, if it had not been for the eternal discontent written on their features.

Her troubles had not improved Lady Lester's temper.

"If you had only," she said peevishly to her daughter, "given half the encouragement to Lord Wimberley that you have to that wretched Anderson, you might be Lady Wimberley, off my hands, and able to help me a little out of this scrape."

"It's no fault of mine," said Alice, sullenly. "I did all I could to encourage the stick, wasted no end of dances on him, wore what he liked, and made him next to ask him for his box seat at the meet of the Coaching Club."

"Well, you got it," interposed her mother.

"Yes, and everybody, of course, thought that it meant something, but I knew better. I am quite sure that he never intended to offer it to me, and that my offering myself was not agreeable."

"Then why didn't he say that he had given it away already?"

"That's a mystery to me. But I know perfectly well that he did not give it to me for love of me, and also that he obviously thought before taking my very plain hint—"

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"So you had a good time on that excursion, Mrs. Wiggins?"
"Oh, just grand."
"Did you have any adventures?"
"I think so; I got on the wrong train going, lost my pocketbook and umbrella, broke my spectacles twice, and got on the wrong train coming home."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Men's Opinions.
"You can't tell some women anything."
"Of course not; they won't stop talking themselves long enough to let you."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Which He Never Got.
Customer—I want to get a ton of coal.
Dealer—What size?
Customer—The legal 2,240-pound size.
If you please.—Philadelphia Press.

Just Think of It.

Dear Mother—My birthday will soon be here, and as I write this I sit with my window open. Think of doing this in New York in January.

Strike a Success.
Cahill—Was the strike a success?
Cassidy—It was. After being out six weeks we succeeded in git'tin' back our jobs.—Puck.

Began Like One.
Mamma—Once upon a time there was a goose that laid golden eggs—
Little Eddie (interrupting)—Is we to believe this story, mamma?
Mamma (amused)—Just as you please.
Little Eddie (with a sigh of relief)—Oh, I thought perhaps it was a Bible story.—Brooklyn Life.

Shakespearean Criticism.
"Feller name o' Shakespeare fooled our folks purty well las' week," said Mr. Meddlergrass. "He gave a show called 'Julius Caesar' down to the o'ry-house, an' blamed of the whole thing wasn't made up out o' pieces that's been spoke at the school exhibitions here for twenty year."—Baltimore American.

A Common Paraphrase.
Josher—They say that Mrs. Newrocks simply won't be snubbed.
Bighed—Well, there wouldn't be anybody in society unless they had had ancestors just like her.—Life.

Inconceivable Proof.
Belle—Do you think Chapple loves me?
Grace—I know it. He told me to-day that he was going to shave off his mustache so he could devote more thought to you.—Smart Set.

The Result.
Towne—Newman took part in an automobile race not long ago.
Brown—That so? How did he come out?
Towne—On crutches, about a month later.—Philadelphia Press.

When She Doesn't Sing.

Australian the Poor Man's Paradise.
The cheapness of living in Australia is proverbial; it is a veritable poor man's paradise. In the butchers' shops you see two penny and four penny tickets on the meat, and provisions of local production are equally inexpensive. In the eating houses or coffee houses—a great feature of town life there—you can get a square meal, consisting of a steak or chop, bread and butter and tea, for sixpence. There are no tips for waiters in the Antipodes. The Colonials are enormous tea drinkers, and on an average partake of the cheering herb seven times a day. Boarding houses—another prominent feature—are rendered almost essential in a land where the domestic servants command a wage of a pound a week, with every evening out and leave to practice the piano and keep a bicycle.

Of One Mind.
Tess—Yes, Charlie and I agree perfectly. He thinks I am just too sweet for anything, and—
Jess—That proves it.
Tess—How do you mean?
Jess—I mean that, of course, you agree with him.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Excuse.
Clara—What is your ideal in being engaged to a man old enough to be your father?
Maud—I didn't know but I would marry him.

Got What They Wanted.
Their Caller—I don't see why Count Parchesi and his American wife should quarrel.
Miss Davis—Their interests clash, do they not?
Their Caller—Not to any marked degree. She wanted a foreign alliance, and he a foreign allowance, that's all.—Harlem Life.

Punished.
"What are you reading, Dorie?"
"Papa's poems."
"Been naughty?"—Punch.

One Instance.
"Thomas," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "can you give a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions?"
"Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker. "My Aunt Abigail gained a hundred pounds in flesh in less'n a year, an' her skin didn't crack a particle."—Chicago Tribune.

The Question with Him.
"The question," replied Prince Tuan, "is whether or not there shall be any partition of China."
"It occurs to me," said Prince Chung, "that the main question is whether or not there shall be any partition of you and I."—Baltimore American.

How to Keep in the Swim.
"Mrs. Fotheringy Jibbs came to my reception without an invitation."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; she explained to me that she felt sure my omission of her was an oversight."—Indianapolis Journal.

Running Expenses.
Jones—They say the running expenses of Slobb, Jobb & Co. eat up all the profits.
Smith—How so?
Jones—Slobb was running for Congress and Jobb was playing the races.—Puck.

Plain Evidence.
Wife—What shall we name the baby, John?
Husband—I have decided to leave that entirely to you, my dear.
"John, you've been drinking again!"—Smart Set.

And Do It First.
Askit—What is your understanding of the Golden Rule? Does it mean: "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by?"
Bizness—No; my interpretation is: "Do unto others as you would 'like' to be done by."—Philadelphia Press.

The Professor's Dilemma.
Booker—Prof. Delvington is in a terrible quandary.
Hooker—Why, what's the trouble?
Booker—He has discovered a new disease and can't find any germ for it.—Chicago News.

A Sure Indication.
"Here," said the agent of the steamship line, "are a few of our circulars and booklets, giving detailed descriptions of winter tours to out-of-the-way places on our vessels."
The bank cashier paled and shrank back with a gesture of alarm.
"Take 'em away!" he gasped. "If one of the Directors 'ud see those things sticking out of my pocket, he'd put a bunch of experts on my books! Take 'em away!"—Washington Post.

A Surprise.
"What's the matter with Jones? He looks troubled."
"Well, you know he was desperately in love with Miss Gaygry, and one night he thoughtlessly asked her to marry him, and—"
"She refused him!"
"No, she accepted him."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

On His Mind.

Teacher—Who can name the bones of the skull?
Bobby—I've got 'em all in my head, but I can't think of them.

Thought He Ate the Tires.
Star Boarder—Well, even if this is an age of improvements, they have not yet found a substitute for the Thanksgiving turkey.
Mr. Gourdapp—I don't know. I think they've done some stewed automobile last year.—Baltimore American.

Oveerdid It a Little.
Rev. Mr. Saintry—I was very sorry that I couldn't fill my pulpit last Sunday, but I hope you liked my substitute.

Surface Indications.
From "A Book on Dartmoor," written by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, comes a story which might have come from a less trustworthy source:
The wild and romantic country of Dartmoor consists of a table-land with rugged peaks or tors, and all but impassable marshes. After a dry summer it is easy to pick one's way across parts of which at other times are full of pitfalls. At one of the latter periods a man was cautiously threading his way across one of these treacherous marshes when he saw a hat lying brim downward on the sedge. He gave it a gentle, good-humored kick in passing, and almost jumped out of his skin when a choked voice called out from beneath:
"What be you a-doing to my 'at'?"
"Be there now a chap under'n?" exclaimed the traveler.
"Ees, I reckon, and a boss under me likewise."

Logical Reasoning.
An amusing little English book entitled "Children's Sayings," just published, contains the following: "Two little children being awakened by their nurse one morning and told that they had a new little brother were keen, as children are, to know where and how he arrived. 'It must have been the milkman,' said the girl. 'Why the milkman?' Because he says on his cart, 'Families Supplied.'"

Hand Magnets in Machine Shops.
One of the chief troubles in machine shops is the frequency with which workmen are wounded more or less painfully, and even dangerously, by flying splinters striking the eye. A hand magnet is always kept convenient for the purpose of drawing these splinters out of the eye, and one of the latest productions is an electro-magnet designed expressly for this work.

Princess Royal.
The title of Princess Royal, borne by the Empress Frederick of Germany before her marriage, is not given to the eldest daughter of English sovereigns, but only to the first child should it happen to be a girl.

Every time a woman wipes her face on a new towel, she is reminded of the discomforts of her early married days, when everything around the house was new.

Good servant girls are as scarce as if servant girls had enlisted in the late war, and hadn't been mustered out yet.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

Activity is becoming more pronounced in the wool markets.

R. G. Dun & Co. says: Business in the East and particularly along the North Atlantic coast has been catching up with the rest of the country a little this week, so that in the lines where complaint has been heard of late the tone is better. This comes from the working off of retail stocks which the owners feared would have to be carried over to next season. In builders' hardware the buying has been notably better, and the distribution in the grocery jobbing trade has been given a considerable stimulus. Even the laggard dry goods market has shown a good measure of improvement, though in cotton goods there is still much to be desired, for the larger buying has not brought any improvement in the general tone, and in some directions the market is slower than a week ago.

Footwear is firmly held at unchanged prices, with good buying of spring lines in the Boston market. Western trade is less active and some orders have been countermanded.

No disposition appears in the movement of iron and steel products. Mills are rushed with orders and new contracts are taken at full prices. Pig iron is freely bought and prices tend upward. Billets and other partially manufactured forms are firmer, and finished goods would command higher prices if immediate delivery could be secured.

Grain markets are devoid of wild fluctuations, although many reports are circulated regarding the condition of winter wheat, but it is too early to secure definite information. News from India and Australia indicate a larger crop than last year's.

Failures for the week in the United States were 253 against 201 last year. In Canada, for the same period they were 39 against 33 last year.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Market.
Onions, new yellow, \$2.50 @ 3.
Lettuce, hot house, \$1.60 per case.
Potatoes, new, \$18.
Beets, per sack, \$1.
Turnips, per sack, 75c.
Squash—2c.
Carrots, per sack, 75c.
Parsnips, per sack, \$1.25 @ 1.50.
Celery—60c doz.
Cabbage, native and California, 2c per pound.

Butter—Creamery, 25c; dairy, 15 @ 18c; ranch, 16c @ 18c pound.
Cheese—14c.
Eggs—Ranch, 20c; Eastern 20c.
Poultry—15c; dressed, native chickens, 13c; turkey, 15c.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$15.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$19.00.
Corn—Whole, \$23.00; cracked, \$24; feed meal, \$24.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$30.

**Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.40; blended straight, \$3.25; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; Graham, per barrel, \$3.25; whole wheat flour, \$3.25; rye flour, \$3.80 @ 4.00.
Milletstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$15.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$23; oil cake meal, per ton, \$29.00.**

**Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, price 8c; cows, 7c; mutton 7c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 10c; veal, 10c.
Hams—Large, 11c; small, 11c; breakfast bacon, 13c; dry salt sides, 8c @ 9c.**

Portland Market.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 55c; Valley nominal; Bluestem, 57c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, \$3.40; Graham, \$2.80.
Oats—Choice white, 45c; granular, 43c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, \$16.50 brewing, \$16.50 per ton.
Milletstuffs—Bran, \$16.00 per ton; middlings, \$21.50; shorts, \$18.50; chop, \$16 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, \$12 @ 12.50; clover, \$7 @ 9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6 @ 7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50 @ 55c; store, 27c @ 30c.
Eggs—14c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$3.50 per dozen; hens, \$5.00; springs, \$2.00 @ 3.50; geese, \$6.00 @ 7.00 doz; ducks, \$5.00 @ 6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11c per pound.
Potatoes—10 @ 50c per sack; sweets, \$1.65 per 100 pounds.
Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1c per pound; parsnips, 85c; onions, \$3.25 @ 2.75; carrots, 75c.
Hope—New crop, 12 @ 14c per pound.
Wool—Valley, 13 @ 14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10 @ 12c; mohair, 25c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers \$4.75; ewes, \$4.50; dressed mutton, 6c @ 7c per pound.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.25; light and feeders, \$5.00; dressed, 6 @ 7c per pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, \$4.50 @ 4.75; cows, \$4.00 @ 4.50; dressed beef, 6 @ 7c per pound.
Veal—Large, 7 @ 7c; small, 8c @ 9c per pound.

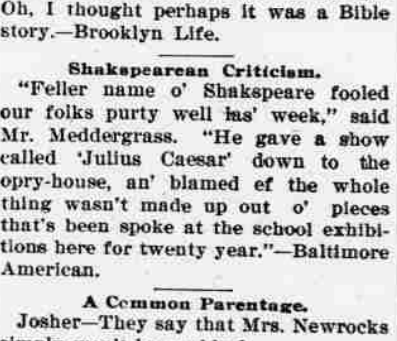
San Francisco Market.
Wool—Spring—Nevada, 11 @ 13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10 @ 14c; Valley, 15 @ 17c; Northern, 9 @ 10c.
Hops—Crop, 1900, 15 @ 20c.
Rutter—Fancy creamery 21c; do seconds, 17c; fancy dairy, 19 do seconds, 14c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 22c; fancy ranch, 26c.
Milletstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00 @ 20.00; bran, \$15.00 @ 16.00.
Hay—Wheat \$9 @ 13c; wheat and oat \$9.00 @ 12.50; best barley \$9.50 alfalfa, \$7.00 @ 10.00 per ton; straw, 55 @ 47c per bale.

**Potatoes—Oregon Burbanks, \$1; Salinas Burbanks, 75c @ \$1.05; river Burbanks, 35 @ 60c; sweets, 50 @ \$1.00.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75 @ 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 @ 3.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6 @ 8c per pound.



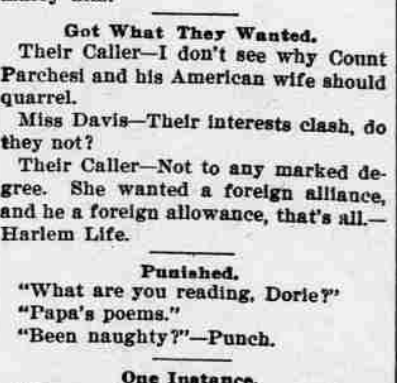
Dear Mother—My birthday will soon be here, and as I write this I sit with my window open. Think of doing this in New York in January.



Teacher—Who can name the bones of the skull?
Bobby—I've got 'em all in my head, but I can't think of them.



Harry Downtown (to country sweetheart)—Miss Milkyweigh, do you play and sing "When the Cows are in the Corn?"
Miss Milkyweigh—Lord bless you, no! I get the dogs and chase 'em out.



Got What They Wanted.
Their Caller—I don't see why Count Parchesi and his American wife should quarrel.
Miss Davis—Their interests clash, do they not?
Their Caller—Not to any marked degree. She wanted a foreign alliance, and he a foreign allowance, that's all.—Harlem Life.