CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Preaching hours at 11 and 7:30.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:45. Epworth league at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—Jas. Moore, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.—J. M. Green, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—W. T. Wardle, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Bible school at 10. Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Bible class and prayer meeting Thursday evening.—L. Green, pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening at the Dallas college chapel. Sunday school at10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—A. A. Winter, pastor,

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Aqua ammonia rubbed into and around a sting will often cure the pain.

If scars are rubbed nightly with olive oil they may be greatly lessened in the course of time.

Poultices are best reheated in a steamer over boiling water. One may be heating while the other is in use about the patient.

Earache may be cured in many instances by heating some salt, turning it into a cloth and holding the ball thus formed inside the ear.

For burns use a dressing of saturated soda or equal parts of linseed oil and limewater, vaseline, sweet oil, butter—any bland oil—but on no account glycerin, which is irritating.

Keep handy a little bottle of spirits of camphor, and when you are attacked by sneezing as an evidence of having taken cold, take five drops on sugar. Take three doses, one every hour, and you need fear no ill effects.

An excellent remedy for pains in the back of the neck or side, the result of being exposed to a draft, is a plaster composed of vaseline and mustard, two parts of the first to one of the latter. Mix and spread on a piece of muslin, applying to the affected region.

For Over Sixty Years.

An old and well tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

CARE FOR HORSES.

Of All Animals Man's Best Friend is Probably Most Abused.

When will men learn to take the proper care of horses? asks the Epitomist. They are abused more perhaps than any other animal. There are so many ways in which they are imposed upon and neglected. Of course there is something in the kind of stock, but the finest can be so hampered by ill treatment that they rapidly depreciate, while an ordinary horse, cared for as he should be, will appear to good advantage and do his owner excellent service. Horses should be fed well, fed regularly and with the proper food. Keep them with an appetite they grow tired of the same food constantly set before them, just as people do if the same bill of fare is placed before them for days in succession.

Never allow your horse to grow puny. Watch him. If he leaves his feed something is wrong. Begin in time to prevent this. See that his gums are in a healthy condition. Once a month smear some pure pine tar in the trough where the corn is to be placed. Save all the eggshells, and when they are well dried pulverize and mix with soot from the chimney and a handful of salt and put in the trough. They will eat a little at a time, and the mixture will give them a relish for food. Hickory wood ashes are good if mixed with salt and kept in a trough in the lot where they can lick it at pleasure. In the spring a little nux vomica is good mixed with meal and salt and kept in the trough. With a little timely care they may be kept thrifty and well. Keep the feet in good condition and avoid split hoofs. Give attention to the mane and tail. It detracts so much from the appearance of a horse if these ornaments are neglected. Currying is a positive necessity and should be well done daily.

Horse Sense.

The horse submits to man's authority for the reason that he is made to believe that man is the stronger, says Midland Farmer. He is kind and tractable from being treated kindly and handled lovingly. What a horse is once taught, no matter how young, he never forgets. When the colt is running by its mother's side it can best be taught valuable lessons. Man's strength can then easier overcome it. The more you talk to and handle a colt the more it will know and the kinder it will be. No one should permit a colt to have the mastery in strength, and for this reason small boys should not be permitted to handle colts until the colts have been subdued in this respect.

A Boy's Record.

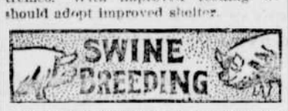
Master Glen Hanson of St. Albans, Vt., nine years old, is quite a sheep raiser. From nine sheep he has raised fifteen lambs, and they are all nice ones. One sheep had triplets, five had twins and three had single lambs, making in all sixteen lambs, of which one died. If there is another nine-year-old boy who can beat this record then wants to know it, and he will try to do better next year.—Wool Markets and Sheep.

A correspondent of Rural New Yorker writes: "I intend to put clover in our silo and feed during the summer. I do not want to run it through the cutter. Shall I put it in green or let it wilt a little?"

In reply, through the same medium, H. E. Cook says: "You cannot put the clover in too green. I should expect if put in uncut that you would have to use water and do considerable treading unless the amount put in is large and consequently makes for a heavy pressure. If cut fine the water in the stalks and leaves will equalize and appear as though water had been added. It might be more convenient and it certainly would handle much easier to allow it to wilt for an hour and then run water on after putting in. We must not forget that all forage plants contain less water than corn and are therefore not as easily kept in the silo. Keep in mind also that silage for immediate use should have the same attention that we give for the winter food. There is often a disposition to use less care when it is to be fed out at once. I thought so myself some years ago, but found the error of my way when we fed the stuff. I should if the job was mine and the quantity not large cut it and pack it just the same as for winter use."

The Silo and Beef Making.

Now, when we come to the producing of beef my knowledge is mostly second-hand, but I am acquainted with a number of feeders in our rich limestone valleys of southern Pennsylvania who are making beef by the use of silage in combination with other suitable feeds, and they market the finest animals at the best prices, writes L. W. Lighty in Stockman and Farmer. They sell a lot of hay at big prices and have more money to spend or put at interest than any one else. For these and other reasons I believe that silage will reduce the cost of beef production as much as in dairy products. In growing young dairy animals I found silage to do wonders. Occasionally I meet a man who tells me that silage makes animals delicate and they cannot stand the cold. Possibly cattle that are expected to "rough it" had better be fed on dry feed. Succulent feed of any kind has a relaxing effect on the system; hence it is not in condition to withstand extremes. With improved feeding we should adopt improved shelter.



An Indian Territory letter has this to say of the old time "razorback," still common in some mountain communities and portions of Florida as well as in the territory:

In the Choctaw country "razorbacks" are known as "wind splitters." At a recent agricultural meeting there a farmer from northern Missouri who had come down to operate some leased land tried to advise the natives what kind of hogs to raise.

"You must improve the breed," said he. "Send away and get some full blooded hogs to cross with these 'wind splitters,' and in a few years the Choctaw country will be filled with high grade hogs."

"That's whar you am mistaken, cose," said one of the natives. "We has tried that scheme, and it do not work. The half breed pigs kain't keep up with the wind splitter sow when she starts out ter feed, and they starve to death. It takes a 'wind splitter' pig to run with a 'wind splitter' sow."

Dr. Henry Wallace, editor of the big agricultural paper of Iowa, was down here recently. He saw some of the "wind splitters."

"You should develop a better breed of hogs," said he to one of the natives in the way of advice.

"Why so, kernel?" asked a native.

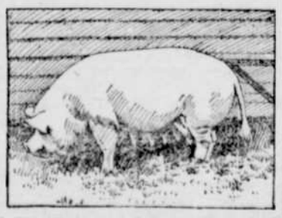
"So they will produce more meat," said Dr. Wallace.

"We don't raise hogs for pork down here, kernel," said the native. "We raise 'em for speed, so they can outrun the thieves."

When to Sell.

The principle we have always followed is, when hogs are ready to go, let them go. The higher the price the more profit can be made in feeding heavy hogs, but we would not think of growing hogs over 250 pounds unless we had no youngsters coming on. We believe that when hogs are 4 cents and under the proper weight at which to sell them is 175 pounds; when they are 5 cents, 200 pounds; when they are 6 cents, 225 pounds; when they are 7 cents, 250 pounds.—Wallace's Farmer.

A Champion Sow.



This fine, large white sow, Battesford Model, was champion in her class at the Royal show in 1902.

Vermin on the Breeding Sow.

If the sow is not free from vermin when she farrows, the matter of correcting this should be attended to as soon as possible after the pigs are able to run about, writes a correspondent of New England Homestead. When I find a spot back of the ear on the point of the shoulder well covered with small lice I coat it with a little melted lard, rubbing the lard along the backbone. This will very shortly destroy the lice. I find it also advisable to put lard on her shoulders, under her hams and around the root of her tail. Lard is best when the pigs are young, as it does not injure the skin of either the sow or pigs.

For the best growth of the pigs the sow should come to her full milking capacity gradually, then the pigs will get a good share and receive their full feed without injury. It will take a week or ten days to get the sow on full feed. The number of pigs will, of course, to a great extent govern the amount of feed she will consume.

High Prices For Hogs.

At a late sale of Poland-China hogs at Disco, Ind., sixty-eight head were disposed of at an average price of $285. No animal sold for less than $100, and the top price was $1,700, paid for a sow. Such prices are of course greatly out of the ordinary, but there is money to be made out of hog raising rightly followed in nearly all sections of the country.—Farm and Ranch.

Salt and Charcoal.

Salt and charcoal should be kept in reach of hogs at all times, says Tennessee Farmer. They will help themselves when their systems require it. A little turpentine in the slops occasionally is valuable as a preventive of disease.

Pig Notes.

Pick up early fall pigs and winter them in warm pens on skimmilk and oil meal. Dress and sell in the earliest spring at about 125 to 150 pounds, before prices drop too far.

The squealer isn't the best feeder. Don't raise this type.

GROW RYE.

An Ohio Man's Plan For Easy and Profitable Farming.

Rye is a crop that can be grown and harvested by live stock with very little if any loss. It is the only small grain crop with which we are familiar that can so successfully be handled in this way, says an Ohio Farmer writer. The crop can be best utilized by the use of sheep and hogs. No man can have a very definite idea of how much there is in the crop till he makes it a study and puts forth a strong effort to sow it everywhere he can on his farm. On our farm of eighty-six acres, with seasonable rains, there will be rye growing in October on forty-five acres, more than one-half of the farm, that will furnish pasture for a great amount of stock and can best be saved by pasturing hogs, breeding ewes and lambs being fatted for market.

For twenty years the land has been kept regularly in rotation, wheat, clover and corn, the hay and corn being fed out on the farm and the manure, with much hauled from town, put on the land. Under this treatment the land has grown gradually better. There is a vast amount of labor connected with this system that we are forced by circumstances beyond our control to abandon as far as possible. Rye crops without harvesting and thrashing will be the principal feature in bringing this about. Farmers often will not grow it as we do and "hog it down" for fear of the voluntary crop spoiling the clover crop following.

As to this, a volunteer crop of rye which we had in clover would have been an advantage had we wanted to make hay of the crop. The rye prevented the clover lodging, as it would surely have done without it. Cut for hay, the rye in it would not have been any detriment, but an advantage if fed out on the farm as it always is here. If stacked in the field there was enough rye in it if the stacks were carefully raked down to shed the rain.

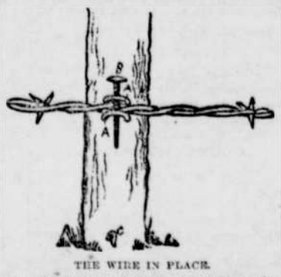
Using rye instead of wheat and not harvesting it brings us up against the fact that we are without bedding for the stock. For a time no doubt this need can be met by purchasing straw, as many farmers within an area of two or three miles sell their straw to men buying it for factory purposes.

There is no small grain crop grown that is better to start clover in than rye, and this advantage is much enhanced when the crop is not cut, but allowed to fall on the land and be gathered by the stock on the farm. For late fall, winter and spring pasturing sheep will be found the most desirable animals to use, as they will not injure the land by tramping when wet as other animals will. Carrying the plan through the year, the only element barring success is lack of moisture.

This plan will prove practicable and profitable on thousands of farms where wheat has been grown for years past and is still being grown, never paying expenses, the land constantly growing poorer, while the use of rye will continually add to the fertility of the soil and pay a profit as it goes along. It will not come in a lump as when a grain crop is sold, but it will be coming in all the time.

Letting Down Wire Fencing.

It is frequently desirable to lower the strands of a wire fence so that stock may be changed from one field to the other without putting in a gate or cutting the wire. Of course this is not practicable where a wire is stretched tightly, but on many feed lot fences or where a wire fence is placed around a straw stack the wire cannot be



THE WIRE IN PLACE.

stretched very tightly. American Agriculturist suggests that in such cases a little device which it illustrates can be used for these temporary lots very satisfactorily. Drive two staples, A A, into the tree about half an inch apart. Put the wire in place. Then drop the wire nail, B, into position. This will hold the wire until it is desirable to lower it. Take out the nail, press the wire down to the bottom of the post and place it under the hook.

Seventy Cent Wheat and Other Things

Commenting on the general unprofitableness of growing wheat on small and often hilly farms in Pennsylvania, L. W. Sighty says in National Stockman: "Let us learn from our neighbors. I am acquainted with a number of men who planted apple trees on land where they formerly grew from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Last season $120 and over was the gross income per acre, and this season they expect still better results. One of my neighbors planted peach trees on land that scarcely made him fifteen bushels to the acre in a good season, and last year the gross income was over $100 per acre, while this season he is selling peaches at $3 and $5 per bushel. Other parties laid their land down to permanent meadow, and the hay brings from $30 to $60 per acre. While in many cases, as in my own, where the land is devoted to the growing of crops to be turned into dairy products the income may not be so large, it still is more to the acre than fifteen bushels of wheat brings at 70 cents per bushel."

A crop that pays may not pay as well as it should.

Potash

is a plant food which all crops must have. Without sufficient Potash to feed upon no crop can reach that point where it pays *best*.

Experiments have demonstrated the value of Potash.

We will send free, to any farmer who will write for it, a little book that will give facts in full.

GERMAN KALI WORKS
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An Ancient Chariot.

The most interesting object found in the tomb of the Pharaoh Thothmes IV. by Theodore Davies, who has been excavating in the valley of the tombs at Thebes, is the chariot of the dead monarch. The body of it alone is preserved, but in a perfect condition. The wooden frame was first covered with papier mache made from papyrus and this again with stucco which had been carved both inside and out into scenes from the battles fought by the Pharaoh in Syria. The art is of a high order, every detail being exquisitely finished and the faces of Syrians being clearly portraits taken from captives at Thebes. The chariot is, in fact, one of the finest specimens of art that have come down to us from antiquity. Along with the chariot was found the leather gauntlet with which the king protected his hand and wrist when using the bow or reins.

The Cocos Island Treasure.

The story of hidden treasure in Cocos island which was believed by several capitalists who backed a futile expedition to the south seas, whence they recently returned filled with indignation, is very old. As early as 1855 the schooner Julius Pringle left San Francisco for Cocos island with a party of treasure hunters lured by that same yarn about treasure that had been stolen from churches in Peru and buried in that faraway land. After several months they returned in disgust. Some Stockton people backed a similar enterprise several years ago. A Captain Gessler was the promoter. He secured a concession from the Costa Rican government and spent about two years in making excavations on the island in search of hidden gold.—He merely wasted his time.—San Francisco Town Talk.

Peculiar Magnetic Disturbances.

A party sent out by the United States coast and geodetic survey to make accurate surveys of the northern country along the Alaskan coast line made a special investigation of the peculiar magnetic disturbances which have made navigation difficult in certain localities. Near Skaguay these disturbances are very severe, the deflection of the needle being so great that the compass is rendered almost useless in that vicinity. It was found that this strange state of affairs was due to the abundance of magnetic rock in the locality. This rock is present in immense quantities on Douglas island and on the mainland, and near Skaguay it is especially abundant. Professor Barnett says that there is almost a perfect magnetic pole at that point.

Domestic and Foreign Envelopes.

In the United States we use an envelope that is thick enough to render the contents invisible and tough enough to withstand the wear and tear of the mail pouch. The consideration of postage never worries us. In Europe it is different. The thinnest of paper is used for envelopes, but the inside is stamped in colors to make it opaque. The writing paper is seldom so thin.—New York

MY HEROINE

[Original.]

"What place is this? How and when did I come here? Whatever it is, I don't like it. The walls are bare, and there is no furniture except the bed I lie on, that washstand with its bowl and pitcher and those queer looking bottles.

"I'm not going to stay here. I'll get up, dress myself and find out what this all means.

"No, I can't do that. I'm weak as a kitten. That I'm ill is plainly evident—how ill I don't know. I wonder if I'm going to die.

"This won't do. I must occupy my mind. Fortunately, we authors can always do that. Let me see. What was I doing when I was last at work? I have it. I was conjuring up a new heroine."

Whether there was an interval between this point and what followed I don't know. I may have slept; I may have been unconscious. At any rate, standing in the middle of the floor looking at me was a young woman. She appeared to be about twenty-three years old. Her dress was similar to that of the portrait of my great-grandmother when she was young. There was some adornment to the head which I could not make out, but it resembled the cap of a Quakeress. Around her neck and shoulders was a white kerchief. She wore a spotless muslin apron. Her dress was of some gray material. That face! Can I ever forget it? Oval, the cheeks round, the complexion fair, the mouth small and sensitive, the hair and eyes black. But to say that the eyes were black is nothing. They were full of feeling, of sympathy. My soul went out to her in an instant.

Here is my heroine. That is her personnel, and I am sure from her appearance she is as lovely within as without. Judging from her dress, she must have lived not less than a hundred years ago. It may be 200. Possibly she was with William Penn when he founded the Quaker City. I shall have to brush up my remembrance of what I have read of those times, for I have no books here, and I must set my heroine in the midst of pioneer scenes. But that part of my work can wait. For the present I'll occupy myself with my skeleton, or, rather, my plan, for skeleton is not a good word, though an expressive one, and somehow, feeling that this romance is keenly near my own self, I don't like grewsome expressions. (I wonder why we authors so often forget that our readers have selves.)

She is Alice Gray. Alice is a pretty name, and Gray is quite appropriate to a Quakeress. She loves whom? Penn was a marvel of manly beauty. I might make him the hero. No; the heroine is mine. There shall be no hero unless he is unworthy of Alice Gray and in the end she turns to me for the sympathy I would give her.

There, she is getting away from me. Why is it that an author's characters will fly about like a fish hooked to the end of a line? And whence comes this Howard Stanley, the younger son of an earl? He has a dissipated look, and yet Alice is infatuated with him. How can she be pure and listen for a moment to this noble brute?

She is strolling beyond the limits of the village. It is autumn, and she gathers goldenrod, which she encircles with sprigs of crimson leaves. Thinking only of these, she wanders into the forest. Stanley misses and seeks her. Suddenly a hideous painted face springs up before her. Stanley, who is now not far behind, sees it, too, and, turning, runs like the wind. A shot, the savage falls. A simple yeoman advances with a smoking rifle.

Who bade this hero come out of the forest? Go back. My heroine will be full of gratitude. She will despise the cowardly noble and bestow her love on the lowly yeoman. Any one could shoot an enemy unconscious of his presence, but, womanlike, Alice will magnify the act into one of heroism—a heroism which even if genuine I am not trying to depict. Thus does my plan as well as my characters constantly run away with my intentions.

But by this time I have no intentions. I am a part of my story, too intense a part. My temples are throbbing. Alice and I are sitting on a high backed settle. The floor is covered with what we would now call rag carpet. The great high clock ticks in the hall. Her hand is in mine; her's delightfully cool, mine burning. She is looking into my eyes.

"Do you love me?" I ask.

"I have sacrificed for you."

What a singular reply!

I awake as from slumber. The morning sun shines in at the window. A man stands at my bedside looking down at me. I know at once that he is a physician. I am in a hospital.

"Am I all right, doctor?"

"Of course you are. Your asking the question proves that. You've been down with a contagious disease. We found but one nurse who would volunteer to take your case. It is her nursing that has saved you."

The door opened, and a trained nurse came in with a breakfast tray. She was Alice Gray.

My vision must have been strained to mistake her uniform for the dress of a Quakeress. And now that my brain was clear I was surprised that her face was familiar to me. I had met her once a long while ago and passed a delightful evening with her.

"Do you often volunteer for such diseases?" I asked.

She turned away. "She is not a trained nurse," whispered the doctor. "She came here as a friend of yours and asked permission to nurse you."

Then I had an explanation of the words, "Do you love me?" and the reply, "I have sacrificed for you."

F. A. MITCHEL.

Self Satisfied Britons.

A variety of circumstances during the last half century, says a writer in London Truth, have brought a multitude of Englishmen to a level of prosperity which satisfies most of them. They say: "We make sufficient for our reasonable requirements. We do not wish to work more or harder, and we do not wish to risk our money in trying experiments which might possibly be unsuccessful. We will carry on our business as it has been handed down to us, and if others experiment at their own risk with the new methods and inventions and succeed we will consider the matter ourselves." That is the attitude of mind of the average Englishman. A little adversity would soon alter this system of looking at things, and with the example of America to give them a lead our manufacturers and tradesmen would soon recover their energy and enterprise. Rome was not built in a day, nor was it ruined in a day. It takes many generations to ruin a country.

FERRY'S SEEDS MEET ALL NEEDS

Experience has established it as a fact. Sold by all dealers. You sow—they grow. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants.

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

SKIN DISEASES THE OUTCROPPING OF BAD BLOOD

And while not always painful are aggravating beyond expression. With few exceptions they are worse in spring and summer when the system begins to thaw out and the skin is reacting and making extra efforts to throw off the poisons that have accumulated during the winter. Then boils and pimples, rashes and eruptions of every conceivable kind make their appearance, and Eczema and Tetter—the twin terrors of skin diseases—Nettle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and such other skin troubles as usually remain quiet during cold weather, break out afresh to torment and distract by their fearful burning, itching and stinging. A course of S. S. S. now will purify and enrich the blood, reinforce and tone up the general system and stimulate the sluggish circulation, thus warding off the diseases common to spring and summer. The skin, with good blood to nourish it, remains smooth and soft and free of all disfiguring eruptions.

I suffered with Eczema of the hands and face for over a year, it was not only annoying and painful but very unsightly, and I disliked to go out in the streets.

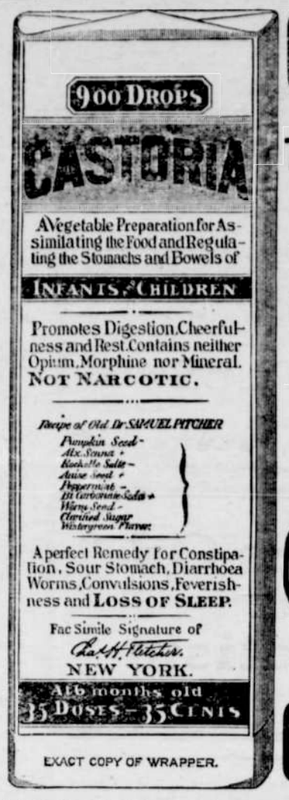
I tried at least a dozen soaps and salves and became very much discouraged until I read in the paper of the cures performed through the use of S. S. S. I had little faith at first but determined to give it a month's fair trial at least. I am pleased to state that I soon noticed a slight improvement, sufficient to decide me to keep it up. After the use of six bottles my skin was as smooth and soft as a baby's. This was a year ago and I have never had any trouble since.

MISS GENEVA BRIGGS.
216 So. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

SSS

Send for our free book on diseases of the skin and write us if you desire medical advice or any special information. This will cost you nothing.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Connecting at Lyle with the

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and all other Klickitat valley points.

Steamers leave Portland daily, except Sunday, at 7 a. m., connecting at Lyle with C. R. & N. train for Goldendale at 5:30 p. m., train arriving at Goldendale at 7:35 p. m. Steamers arrive The Dalles 5:30 p. m. Steamer leaves The Dalles daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a. m.—C. R. & N. train leaving Goldendale at 6:10 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving at Portland at 6 p. m. The palatial steamer Bailey Gatzert leaves Portland 7 a. m. for The Dalles Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; returning arrives Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Round trip tickets to any point between Portland and The Dalles on this steamers Dalles City and Baily Gatzert, only 50 cents.

For detailed information of tickets, berth reservations, etc., call or write to Alder street wharf, Portland, Or.

H. G. CAMPBELL, Manager.

A TRIUMPH.

The Results of Classleigh's College Education.

Hardgrind—You are going to send your boy to college, eh?

Classleigh—Certainly.

Hardgrind—What for?

Classleigh—Because I firmly believe that a college education is of inestimable benefit to any man.

Hardgrind—You do, do you?

Classleigh—Of course I do. There can be no argument about that.

Hardgrind—Oh, of course not. Well, now, let's see how much your college education benefited you. How much of your Latin do you remember?

Classleigh—Well—er—not very much, I'm afraid.

Hardgrind—Huh! Of course not. How much Greek?

Classleigh—Er—hem—well, to be frank, none at all.

Hardgrind—Humph! Do you remember a working quantity of the higher mathematics?

Classleigh—Doggone 'em, I remember I used to flunk with painful regularity.

Hardgrind—Exactly. So a whole lot of good your college education does you, don't it?

Classleigh—Well—er—hem—I—

Hardgrind—Oh, come, old man, own up.

Classleigh—Well, by Jove, I'll bet they haven't yet forgotten up at the old place how I used to lead the college yell!—New York Times.

A Trifling Oversight.

"I don't see what's the matter," exclaimed the amateur cook. "I'm sure I followed instructions, but it hasn't done a bit of good. It looks to me as if the thing was in just the same condition now as when I put it in the oven."

The experienced housewife looked thoughtful and asked many questions. Then she investigated the gas range.

"Perhaps," she suggested gently, "if you tried it again and turned on the gas and lit it this time the result might be more satisfactory."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Bridegroom Explained.

"Do you take this woman for better or for worse"— the pastor solemnly repeated, and then the bridegroom interrupted him.

"Well, you see, it's this way, parson," he explained. "She's the last one of five sisters, an' I hed to take what was left. If I'd spoken up sooner I might 'a' had my pick o' the lot, but I kep' on waitin' an' waitin' an' finally hed to take the leavin's. That's really the best answer I kin give to your conundrum, parson. Go ahead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth and so forth.

Cleverton—And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life.

Arranged.

"And now," whispered the lover as he caught her in his arms, "what shall we do about the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Don't worry about it," replied the eloping damsel. "Papa said he'd pull it up again so I couldn't get back."—Philadelphia Press.

Wondered Why.

"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that an Indiana woman has thirteen husbands."

"I wonder why they don't get together some time," Mr. Henpeck absent mindedly replied, "and try to be revenged."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Sense of Humor.

"Is your wife's sense of humor very largely developed?"

"Yes, but in a biased sort of way. The first time I made known my serious intention of marrying her she laughed at me."