

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

ROAD FRANCHISE SECURED.

Eastern Capitalists Said to Be Interested in Coos Bay Project.

Marshfield—The terms of the franchise granted to J. H. Somers and J. F. Clark for an electric railroad on the county roads have been made public. The commissioners have given them the privilege of choosing between the road from Myrtle Point to Roseburg or the Coos bay wagon road from Sumner to Myrtle Point. The franchise provides that those receiving the franchise must select one of the two routes and begin work of construction within six months and have half of the line completed within eighteen months, and all completed within Coos county in two years.

The same parties promoted the efforts of the Coquille Mill & Mercantile company at Coquille in securing a franchise for a road through that city. Somers and Clark have not yet divulged their plans further than to state that outside capital will be interested.

TROUBLE OVER BOUNTY.

New Oregon Law Is Misunderstood in Umatilla County.

Pendleton—From present indications there is to be much trouble relative to the payment of bounties on coyotes when the new law goes into effect. Though the new law does not operate until May 22, all coyotes killed since February 1 are subject to bounty. Hundreds of the destructive animals have been killed in this county since that date and the trouble is to come from these scalps.

Copies of the law have been received and it has been discovered for the first time that all four feet, as well as the scalp, must be attached to each hide, and it is this provision that has been disregarded by the killers. Though hundreds of hides are ready to be presented the day the law goes into effect, it is not believed that more than a score of them have the claws attached.

Rogue Bridged at Woodville.

Medford—The court of Jackson county has ordered construction of a new steel bridge across the Rogue river at Woodville, below Gold Hill, which will open a large agricultural district adjacent to Woodville but across the river. The trade of this section has hitherto been diverted to Grants Pass but now the little city will get all of the trade of that section. A planing mill, a box factory and a brick yard have recently been added to the industries of Woodville and work has just started on a large brick schoolhouse.

Forest Made Into Orchard.

Grants Pass—From the primitive forest to a field of 50 acres planted to thrifty pear trees, apple trees and Tokay grapes is a task that has just been accomplished by W. B. Sherman, of this place, within five weeks. Just a little over a month ago this same 50-acre tract was studded with pine, fir and underbrush. Today the improvements placed thereon have increased this property three-fold in value. The tract of land in question lies up the river near Tokay Heights, and is within plain view of town.

Two-Day Festival at Lebanon.

Lebanon—The committee appointed by the Lebanon Business Men's league to make arrangements for the Lebanon strawberry fair has announced that Friday and Saturday, June 4 and 5, have been decided upon as the dates for this festival. The committee has invited the ladies of Lebanon and vicinity to join with them and have a rose festival at the time of the fair. It was also decided to hold a horse show at the same time. The horse exhibition will occur Saturday afternoon, June 5.

Complaints Against Rates.

Salem—D. B. Chamberlen, of Cottage Grove, a poultry raiser, has filed an informal complaint with the railroad commission in which he charges that the rates on fancy poultry and eggs enforced by the Southern Pacific are prohibitive. M. C. Smith asks that the Southern Pacific be compelled to construct a small freight shed at Walker, a flag station on the Southern Pacific, toward the southern part of the state.

Presbyterians Plan Big Meet.

Interest in the Presbyterian Brotherhood convention in Portland June 8 and 9 is increasing. A banquet will be given the first night of the convention, the second day being devoted to addresses and conferences by leading laymen of the state. The convention will close the second evening with a mass meeting addressed by officers of the National Brotherhood.

Face Potato Famine.

Marshfield—Coos county is facing a potato famine and it is expected that the prices will soar higher and reach the record mark in this locality. There are practically no old potatoes obtainable and dealers are offering as high as 2 cents a pound. The shortage is not confined to Coos county but the district in general is affected.

Willamette to Get Stadium.

Pendleton—That Willamette university, at Salem, is soon to have the largest athletic stadium in the Northwest, and that it is sure to become the center for intercollegiate and interscholastic meets, is the statement given out here by President Homan, when in Pendleton recently.

WILL SPEND MILLIONS.

O. R. & N. Company Gives Out Plans for Extensive Improvements.

Salem—According to evidence introduced before the commission in the Eastern Oregon grain rates investigation, the Oregon Railway & Navigation company contemplates the expenditure of more than \$3,500,000 during the next year, beginning June 1. Testimony to this effect was offered by the railroad company to show that a reduction of the rates at this time would be unfair.

The largest item in the detailed statement presented is that of the bridge across the Willamette river at Portland, for which plans have been perfected. This structure is to cost the railroad company \$1,250,000. The next largest item is for straightening the track and eliminating curves between The Dalles and Coyote, \$1,000,000.

The statement also includes the purchase of more depot ground at The Dalles at a cost of \$71,000; ground for and the construction of a roundhouse at Pendleton to cost a total of \$48,000; a new station and additional grounds at Baker City to cost \$38,000. The other items include straightening track and ballasting the main line and improving branch lines. The entire amount aggregates \$3,528,738 85.

The hearing is the final one in regard to the grain rates which have engaged so much of the time of the commission for the past 12 months. It will probably be some time before the result of the hearings will be known.

Buy Jackson Timber Road.

Medford—With the sale of the Pacific & Eastern railroad to J. R. Allen, of New York, during the past week, the hopes of Southern Oregon residents that the road be extended to the timber belt northeast of this city above Butte Falls have risen tremendously, and reality values in the country along the line of the proposed extension have made a corresponding increase. It seems that at last the road is to be completed, and with its completion one of the largest standing timber belts in the Northwest, as yet untouched by the woodman's axe, will be made accessible.

Ontario Demands Action.

Ontario—Protesting against the action of private interests who have filed on water rights in the Owyhee river without taking active steps to reclaim the land, representatives of the Commercial club, of Ontario, Weiser, Payette and Vale, met in this city and forwarded a petition to the Oregon and Idaho delegations in congress urging an early commencement of the Malheur irrigation project. There are approximately 145,000 acres of fertile land in this district.

Freewater Realty Active.

Freewater—Sales of real estate have been active this week, Hall and Korts having sold 11 acres of alfalfa land at \$200 an acre for Nelson Allen to Miss Grundy, of Boston, Mass.; 40 acres of alfalfa land from Harry Badgero to J. Adrain, for \$5,000, and nine acres of fruit land from W. F. Korts to J. J. Gauner at \$300 an acre. Fred Moreley has sold his livery barn in Freewater to J. Usher, of Walla Walla. Fruit is looking good.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Fruits—Apples, 65¢@\$.25 per box; strawberries, Oregon, 12½¢ per pound. Potatoes—\$1.75@2 per hundred. Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; parsnips, and 1.50; beets, \$1.75; horseradish, 10¢ per pound; asparagus, Oregon, 75¢@\$.1.25 per dozen; lettuce, head, 20¢@50¢ per dozen; onions, 12½¢@15¢ per dozen; radishes, 15¢@20¢ per dozen; rhubarb, 2¢@3¢ per pound. Wheat—Bluestem milling, \$1.30@1.35; club, \$1.20; valley, \$1.17; red Russian, \$1.17½@1.20. Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36 per ton. Barley—Feed, \$34.50 per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$41 per ton. Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$14@18 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18@20; clover, \$11@12; alfalfa, \$13@14; grain hay, \$13@14; cheat, \$14@14.50; vetch, \$14@14.50. Butter—City creamery, extras, 28c; fancy outside creamery, 27¢@28c; store, 18c. Butter fat prices average 1½ cents per pound under regular butter prices. Eggs—Oregon ranch, 24¢@25¢ per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 15½¢@16¢; broilers, 28¢@30¢; fryers, 22¢@25¢; roosters 10c; ducks, 14¢@15¢; geese, 10¢@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, 22¢@30¢ per dozen. Veal—Extras, 8¢@8½¢; ordinary, 7¢@7½¢; heavy, 6¢@6½¢. Pork—Fancy, 10¢ per pound. Hops—1909 contract, 9c; 1908 crop, 8¢@8½¢; 1907 crop, 3¢@4c; 1906 crop, 1½c. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16¢@21c; valley, fine, 24c; medium, 23c; coarse, 22c; mohair, choice, 24¢@25c. Cattle—Steers, top, \$5.50@5.75; fair to good, \$5@5.25; common to medium, \$4.50@4.75; cows, top, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$3.75@4.25; common to medium, \$2.50@3.50; bulls and stags, \$3@3.50; common, \$2@2.75. Hogs—Best, \$7.50@7.75; fair to good, \$7.25@7.50; stockers, \$6@6.50; China fats, \$6.75. Sheep—Top wethers, \$4.50; fair to good, \$3.50@4; ewes, ½c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4.50; fair to good, \$4@4.25; spring lambs, \$5@5.50.

DEMONSTRATE "MOONSHINING"

Reconstructed Illicit Still to Be Shown at Seattle Fair.

In a romantic gulch near the Pay Streak of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, in a place shaded by lofty firs and hidden by a dense growth of vine maples and yellow broom, will be found a typical "wild-cat" still. This pest of the mountain revenue officers will be reconstructed from a still destroyed in the Tennessee mountains years ago, and the battered copper kettles and rusted worm will again be mouted for duty.

No corn, however, will be boiled into the "oil of joy" in the exposition, "wild-cat;" only the operation showing how it used to be will be demonstrated. All the settings of the illicit distiller have been gathered from the high hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the corn will be shelled, the fires kept up and the trail watched by a bunch of long bearded gentlemen, grown grey in practicing their unsanctioned profession.

The arsenal of weapons of offense is made up largely of Winchester 44s, but scattered within easy reach will be seen the long barreled squirrel gun with which "Grand Pap" got meat for the family, and incidentally made new jobs for governmental employment aspirants. The "wild-catter" represents a class unable to withstand the encroachments of certain brands of progress, and his once highly respected calling has fallen into ill repute and the operator of the mountain still is no longer looked upon as a prominent citizen.

ROBBERS LOOT TRAIN.

Union Pacific Overland Limited Held Up Near Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., May 24.—Four masked men held up and robbed Union Pacific passenger train No. 2, known as the Overland Limited, a few miles west of the city just before midnight Saturday night, and secured seven mail sacks, believed to have contained a large quantity of registered mail.

They evidently got on the train at some point west of here. The holdup occurred about five miles west of the city limits, in a deep cut along the recently constructed Lane cut-off.

The robbers climbed over the tank and forced the engineer to stop his train, and then proceeded to the mail car. The clerks were forced to open the door and hand out seven pouches of registered mail.

Once they secured the bags, the robbers hurried away in a southerly direction, and permitted the train to proceed. The passengers were not molested, and as soon as the robbers left the scene of the hold-up the train came to this city.

The chief mail clerk was singled out by the robbers and ordered to point out the registered mail. This he did, and the robbers gathered up seven pouches. The leader then remarked: "This is all we can get into our automobile."

HAS NEW FORMULA.

Major Nichols is Successful in Color Photography Experiments.

Spokane, Wash., May 24.—Major Nichols, U. S. A., of Fort Wright, a veteran student of photography, has been successful in reproducing colors by developing the negative with a formula of his own.

For years he has devoted considerable attention to color photography and has studied the discoveries of Lumiere, of France, founder of the system. He recently sent to New York for some of the Lumiere plates, which have met with little success by the photographers of the country.

"I tried a little experiment of my own, with the result that I have been able to produce some negatives which show the colors of the object in detail," said Major Nichols this morning.

He showed some plates which were taken on the military grounds and contained the most minute detail in coloring.

"My side line is devoted to the making of lantern slides," continued the major, "and it is my intention to take a quantity of plates of this kind to the Islands in August and to devote considerable of my spare time to making pictures of tropical scenery."

Estate Left to Family.

New York, May 24.—H. H. Rogers, a short time before his death, distributed a portion of his fortune among his four children. It is understood he gave \$4,000,000 each to his son, H. H. Rogers, Jr., and to his three daughters, Mrs. E. W. Benjamin, Mrs. Urban H. Broughton and Mrs. W. R. Coe, \$16,000,000 in all. The remainder of his estate, mainly in the form of stocks and bonds, will be disposed of by his will, which has not yet been made public. The main part of the estate is divided among the widow and children.

Honduras Sends Apology.

El Paso, Texas, May 24.—Official information has been received here that one of the more recent causes of friction between the republics of Mexico and Honduras, the violation of the Mexican consulate at Tegucigalpa, a few weeks ago by Honduran soldiers, has been smoothed away. President Datvilla, of Honduras, has apologized to Mexico for the act of his soldiers. The Honduran troops invaded the Mexican consulate to arrest a fugitive.

Porto Ricans Cool Off.

San Juan, R. R., May 24.—The full text of President Taft's special message to congress on Porto Rican affairs has been received by mail, and after reading it carefully, the Republican leaders praise it highly as a statesmanlike document.



Race for a Wife

—BY—
HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Look here, Nellie," said the squire, at length, "you can't imagine for one instant that I have any intention of coercing Maude on the point. Only give it a trial. Be reasonable. You say she cares for no one else at present. Let her see young Pearman, and like him, if she can. If not, there's an end of it; but if she could fancy him, it would be well for all of us. Ruin stares us in the face—this would avert it. She, poor girl, will be left but indifferently off should anything happen to me; this insures her position, and luxuries. I don't see why it shouldn't be," and Denison shot a keen glance at the pale face opposite.

"I will do what you would have me, Harold," returned his wife, quietly. "I don't think that I have ever seen Mr. Pearman, but I had formed such high hopes for Maude! I never crossed you yet; it is not likely I should begin now, when you're in such trouble. But, oh, I do wish Glinn could be saved in any other way!"

"You have been a good wife to me, Nellie dear," said the squire, as he rose, and pressed his lips to Mrs. Denison's fair cheek. "You don't see this in the right light, but you will when you think it over. Meanwhile, you will do what I want—oh?"

"I will tell Maude when you deem it necessary," returned the soft voice of his wife; "but, Harold, I can't think it right; though you know best."

"You have not thought it over as I have. Do so, and you will change your mind," said Denison, as he left his wife's boudoir.

Sadly mused the wife over her husband's communication. Quiet, unobtrusive woman as she was, yet Eleanor Denison had been brought up from her cradle a thorough believer in the dogma of caste, and even her gentle nature rebelled at the idea that a daughter of hers should wed the son of a low-born attorney. We know her passionate idolatry of Maude, surpassing even a mother's love. It is easy to picture the bitter tears she shed after that morning's interview. She was a woman naturally given to weeping.

No passionate storm of lamentation, but a gentle shower of mourning. As Harold Denison's wife she had had manifold opportunities of practicing her vocation, yet I doubt whether he ever left sauntering tears running down her cheeks than he did that bright spring afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seldom did eye rest on a prettier picture than was made by Bonnie Maude Denison this early April morning. The close-fitting French grey merino dress, with the plain linen collar and cuffs, set off her beautifully molded figure to perfection, while the cerise neck-ribbon just relieved and gives warmth to her somewhat neutral-tinted rose. Moreover, that she had just returned from a successful raid on the conservatory, a snow-white camellia and its blood-red sister quaintly twisted in her glossy brown hair, sufficiently attested—those crown jewels of the floral world looking more in place now than when adorning their parent stems.

"Good morning, sweet mother mine," cried Maude, as Mrs. Denison entered the breakfast room. "Only look at the plunder I've brought you! I found old Judkins' flowers unguarded this morning, and I gathered and plucked. Isn't that a bouquet, mamma, to greet you in April?"

"Yes, love—glorious. No need to tell me Judkins was away, or never would his pots have been despoiled in this wise." "No, cross old thing! He thinks flowers were made only to look at on their stems, and not to wear or decorate rooms."

The entrance of Harold Denison here checked conversation. He nodded a careless "Good morning" to his daughter, and then plunged moodily into his correspondence. He found nothing there, apparently, to raise his spirits. At length, thrusting his letters into his pockets, he rose.

"Well," he said, "things look blacker and blacker. It's no use struggling; the sooner my scheme is tried, the better. Do what you promised yesterday. Delay is useless."

"But, Harold—" pleaded his wife as the ever-ready tears rose to her eyes. "Don't be foolish. It's our only chance. Understand," he said, crossing over to his wife's chair, and lowering his voice so that his daughter could not catch his words—"just put it before her in a common sense way this morning. How can you tell she will object. She can do as she likes about it. I have no wish to coerce her in any way; but, mind, tell her the whole truth. It is only fair the proposal should be laid before her. I'll come up to your room after luncheon, and you can tell me how she takes it;" and, turning on his heel, Harold Denison left the room.

"What's the matter, my mother," said Maude, as she stole to Mrs. Denison's side, and passing her arms round her neck, laid her fair, fresh young cheek against the pale, worn, troubled face. "More of these dreadful money miseries, I suppose; but don't look so tearful over it. Papa looks so gloomy, and you so sad, it's enough to frighten poor me. Even if he has lost some more money, I suppose we shall always have enough to live upon; and if you and I, mother, can't live new dresses for ever so long, that's nothing to be very sad about."

I am afraid Maude Denison is displaying an ignorance of the world, and a disregard to the vanities and gossaws thereof, that may seem a little high-strained; but recollect that she is but eighteen, that the Xminister was her first ball, and that, owing to her father's pride and strained circumstances, she has lived a very secluded life.

Few were the strangers that came within the gates of Glinn of late years. Harold Denison scorned to entertain unless he could do so with all the old lavish

profusion—that prodigal hospitality of former times which had entailed such bitterness in his present daily bread. His wife, naturally an extremely sensitive woman, shrunk also from mixing in society in a much more humble and modest way than she had been wont to do. She was not of the temperament to face the half-whispered comments and upraised eyebrows of her country neighbors: "Poor thing! I hear he has run through everything; even the carriage horses have to be put down." Remarks of this kind were past her endurance, and so it was that since she left school, some two years ago, Maude had led a very secluded life.

True, many an old friend of the Denisons had offered to take care of the girl to various gaieties in the county, even if they could not induce Mrs. Denison to come to their houses and chaperone her own daughter; but all such invitations had been met with a brief though courteous refusal. Poor lady, she had more than once pleaded in her darling's behalf; but, wrapped in his own selfish pride, Harold Denison said fiercely, he would be patronized by no one.

And so Maude grew up like some wild flower, though not "born to bloom and blush unseen." For are there not already two who would fain pluck the wild flower and gather it to their bosoms if they may?

Did Maude know she was handsome? Of course she did. She wanted no Xminister ball to tell her that. What girl over fifteen, in the most primitive of nations, having beauty, is unaware of it? If there are no looking glasses, are there not deep peuced waters that will serve as such?—Nature's mirrors where-by to wreath wild flowers in the hair? Maidens of our advanced civilization may be haunted with misgivings. Given the face of an angel, can we tell how it may stand the "make-up" that fashion seems to have decreed in these days? How dark eyes and eyelashes will go with golden hair is, of course, an open question. I can fancy the nervousness of those dusky Indian belles till they have ascertained the effect of paint and pigments, and what anxious moments our remote ancestresses must have had when they first put on their wood!

Thus it came about that Maude Denison had been out but on very few occasions, and had it not been that her godmother, who having gold to bequeath, was too important a person to be trifled with, had insisted on bearing her off, she had never seen that memorable Xminister ball.

Twelve o'clock, and the sun shines brightly into Mrs. Denison's boudoir, throwing rich tints through Maude's brown tresses, and lighting up the pale face of her mother; that joyous, tearful, capricious, womanish April sun—so like a woman in its glowing strength, so like her, again, in its overclouded weakness! Poor Mrs. Denison is still pondering on how to begin the dread task her lord has set her. She knows that glozing phrase of "not wishing to coerce the girl's decision," is but the meanest mockeries; she can look back upon that airy preface of "not that I wish to sway you, my dearest Eleanor," in so many cases, and remembers too well that whatever may have been her misgivings or dislikes, the program has generally been carried out in its original integrity. She has borne these things meekly. They concerned but herself; now they threaten her daughter. Weak woman as she is, she would fain stand at bay here. Still, though intuitively knowing that it was false, there is the specious reasoning of her husband's, that the thing ought to be submitted to Maude herself. Again the tendrils of her affections are twined round dear old Glinn; she feels what a bitter wrench it would be to say farewell to the old place. Above all, there is the strong will of that selfish husband, whom she still loves so dearly, under whose thrall her life has passed.

CHAPTER IX.

What slaves these weak women are to those miserable clay idols they have set up only to fall down before and worship! Adoration is the main part of a woman's love. How they still revere these worthless images, despite the daily proof they have as to what miserable potter's ware they are composed of. But they go on, even when bruised and beaten, still firmly believing in their old romantic ideal. Oh, yes, women will shut their eyes to many things sooner than give up that dream of their girlhood. They would sooner remain blind than awake to find themselves utterly bankrupt, and their account far overdrawn at Cupid and Company's. A woman will forgive the man she loves everything except inconstancy, and only clinging the closer to him through crime or trouble. But there must never have arisen a doubt in her mind that she is not still sole mistress of his heart; and with all his faults, Harold Denison had never brought the tears to his wife's eyes in this wise.

But I am wandering far away from the mistress of Glinn, still musing on her unwelcome task. Like her, I am loth to begin, though the miserable story must be told, for the furtherance of this narrative. It is stealing the bloom off the girlhood of such a maiden as Maude when you first break to her that she is put up to auction as veritably as if she stood in the Constantinople slave market. The Turk has suppressed it; but in the West the trade goes on merrily, and Lord Penance finds it quite as much as he can do to rectify the mistakes that occur from ignoring natural feeling in the contract.

"Maude dear," at last observes Mrs. Denison, "whom did you like best of all your partners at the Xminister ball?" "Like best!" and Maude's great grey eyes opened wide as she uncoiled herself from the sofa upon which she lounged, intent on the latest novel Maudie had furnished. "What makes you ask that, mother?"

"Never mind! Tell me."

"Well, I don't know; I never thought

about it. Gus Briden was nice, and Charlie Tollmache—he's a dragon of some kind, you know—he was great fun, and valued very well. Then there was Mr. Handley, not very young, but I got on very well with him. I think, though, I liked dancing with Green best; he can valse—and then we had such laughing over other people; but he got sulky towards the finish, I'm sure I don't know why. I'm very fond of Green, you know, mother, but he bullies me and can be very nasty at times, and the finish of that ball happened to be one of those times. I don't know why," continued the girl, meditatively, "unless it was my dancing with that Mr. Pearman; what could that matter to him?"

"And did you and Green part on bad terms?"

"No; I came down and gave him his coffee before he went away, and he kissed me—and so we parted friends."

I think I had been Grenville Rose, I should have preferred Maude being a little more reticent about the kiss. Still, the slight hesitation in her speech, the slight flush that crossed her cheek as she alluded to it, were favorable signs to an astute observer. He had kissed her as his cousin all his life—why should the recollection make her blush and hesitate now? Young people situated in this way may like each other for years; the explosion of some aesthetic force suddenly awakes love. More often than not the train is lit through the precautions taken to prevent it. The doctrine of separation is in high favor among chaperones, but they often forget that when using it with a view to a contrary result.

"But you don't say anything about Mr. Pearman, Maude; did you like him?"

"Well, he was pleasant and amusing enough. I only had one quadrille with him, you know. But Green scolded so about my dancing with him at all; and said he wasn't 'form,' or 'bad form,' or something or other—meaning, in short, that I ought not to have stood up with him. If he wasn't fit to be danced with, mother, why did they introduce him to me?" and Maude raised her pretty eyebrows, as if she had propounded a regular poser.

"I see no reason in the world. He is not one of the old county families, but his father is very rich, and he will take his place, ere many years are over, in the county. It depends, of course, a good deal upon how he marries. Suppose he fancied you, now, Maude—we are very poor, you know—what would you say to it?"

"I—Mother, dear, what makes you ask such a question? I'm sure I don't know. Glinn is happy home enough for me at present. But I don't think, if I did marry, I should like there to be any doubt about my husband being a gentleman; and they—that is, I mean Green—didn't seem to think he was."

"Green, my dear, is prejudiced. Young Mr. Pearman has had an university education, and though his father was a nobody, he mixes, I'm told, with all the best people round."

"Well, it don't much matter; I'm never likely to be called on to decide. I think I'd rather not, if it was so. But you don't mean to say, mother, you are trying to fit me with a husband out of my ball partners? Oh, you scandalous match-making mamma!"—and Maude laughed merrily.

"But suppose I was, whom would you choose?"

"Oh, dear, none of them. If it came to the worst, I should say I was engaged to Green."

"My dear Maude!"

"No; dear Maude never had the chance yet; he never asked her, and I don't think it at all likely he ever will. But I tell you what, mother, if I really was in such a quandary, I think I should ask him. I could tell him afterwards, you know, it was only to get myself out of a scrape, and Green's been doing that for me always—"

"Stop, Maude, and listen seriously to what I have to say to you: Mr. Pearman has asked in earnest to be allowed to pay his addresses to you. Your father recommends you to think over it quietly and soberly. Bear in mind that we are very poor, and that he will be very rich."

"Mr. Pearman wants to marry me," and the girl's face changed into a stare of blank astonishment; "why, I never saw him but once."

"No, love; but it is true, for all that."

"Well, mother, I can hardly believe it. On my word, I'm obliged to Mr. Pearman. I presume he thinks girls, like household fruit, are a mere question of what you will give for them. Best let him know, mother mine, that your daughter is neither to be wooed nor won in that fashion."

Acquired Wisdom.

The Man—"I wanted to get married when I was 21, but my father said I didn't have sense enough. So I waited until I was 30."

The Maid—"And you married at 30!"

The Man—"Oh, no; at 80 I had too much sense to want a wife."

Awkward.

Hubble—"My dear, if I can not leave the office in time for dinner tonight I will send you a note by a messenger."

Wife—"You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your coat pocket.—London Opinion."

Two Records.

"My sturdy old grandfather came over in the steerage. Forty years later he went back in the Lusitania."

"Not so much. I know of an effete duke who accomplished the same trick in four weeks."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Keeping Faith.

Boss—"Mark those shirts \$3 each. Clerk—"The cost price is only 64 cents."

Boss—"I don't care. Don't our advertisements say that we are selling regardless of cost?"—Cleveland Leader.

His Favorite.

"Are you fond of repartee, Mr. Green?" asked the hostess.

"Not any," answered the rural guest. "I prefer coffee."

Before and After.

Green—"All men are equal before the law."

Brown—"Yes, but after it they are not!"