

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

CHAUTAUQUA IS READY.

Prominent Speakers to Address Gathering at Gladstone Park.

Oregon City—The sixteenth annual session of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua assembly will be held at Gladstone Park, near Oregon City, July 6 to 18, inclusive. The program for the 13 days' session has just been completed and it is expected thousands of people from Portland and every part of the Willamette valley will attend the session.

The Chautauqua association was organized three years ago and is now on a firm financial basis. This year's program will be an especially entertaining one. The one figure that stands out above the rest is Dr. Frank G. Smith, pastor of the Warren avenue Baptist church, of Chicago. Dr. Smith was in Seattle two years ago in attendance at the National Christian Endeavor convention, and on his way home stopped for an afternoon at Gladstone Park and lectured once. He will lecture on Wednesday evening, July 7, on "The Hero of the Age," and on the following afternoon will speak on "Our Nation—Her Mission, Her Hopes, Her Perils."

Other lecturers of more or less renown are Dr. Elmer I. Goshen, of Salt Lake City; Sylvester A. Long, of Dayton, O.; Dr. Eugene May, of Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry Albert McLean, president of the Washington commission for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition; Dr. Matt S. Hughes, of Kansas City, Mo., and Dr. Eli McClish, of Los Angeles.

TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS MADE.

Geological Survey Furnishes Valuable Lane County Data.

Salem—Advance sheets of a topographic map covering 138,000 acres of the Willamette valley between Eugene and Junction City have been received in Salem. This area was surveyed during the summer of 1908 by the state engineer in co-operation with the United States geological survey. The finished map, to be published for distribution, can be obtained for 5 cents a copy by addressing the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. The map shows at a glance the irrigation and drainage possibilities of this section and will prove invaluable to the commercial interests of Eugene. It shows but one or two houses to the square mile. By promoting and encouraging the practice of irrigation and more intensive and diversified farming, this map, it is believed, should show from 30 to 60 houses to the square mile.

Forest Grove Wants Railway.

Forest Grove—Trouble is being experienced in securing right of way between this city and Verbort for the United Railways, and unless settlers along the route agree to terms within the next few days it is probable that the line will not be built to this city. The business men of Forest Grove are doing all in their power to induce the owners of property to sell the right of way, as failure of the line to build to this city would not only be a great loss to the town, but would also retard the growth of the country adjacent.

Condon Needs Rain Quickly.

Condon—Weather conditions for the past month have been most unfavorable in this locality. There has not been any rain for over two months. Grain is looking well and growing, some of it beginning to herd out, although it is only about a foot in height. Farmers who were interviewed say that if a good rain comes within 10 days it will be all right for the wheat. Others say that they will not have more than half a crop. A number of fields through the country have been allowed to go to weeds.

Flowing Wells at North Powder.

North Powder—After finding a strong flow of artesian water on the Chris Johnson ranch, a mile southeast of town, at 187 feet, the Gilkinson & Butler well boring outfit has left to put down a well for the Mt. Carmel school, six miles west of here. This is the fourth artesian well found in and close to North Powder at less than 500 feet. A. Lun's, 181 feet; A. Hutchinson's, 200 feet; H. E. Hall's, 424 feet. The water is clear, cold and free from alkali in every instance.

Shops Are to Be Rebuilt.

Salem—The board of trustees of the state insane asylum has reached an agreement with Lowenberg, Going & Company, in regard to rebuilding the shops at the Oregon penitentiary, recently destroyed by fire. The state will rebuild the shops, replace the line shafting and three of the machines needed for general use. The exclusive foundry machinery, which the stove company tried to induce the state to buy, will be purchased by the company.

Loraine Farms Are Sold.

Eugene—The Churchill Mathews company, of Portland, has closed a \$65,000 deal for a number of farms in the Loraine country. It is presumed the purchasing company will plant these tracts to walnuts and fruits. The farms include the choicest in that section of the country. The company holds options on several other places in the same neighborhood.

Purchases Near Burns.

Burns—Dr. Homer Denman, of North Dakota, has purchased the Warm Springs property of D. M. Loggan. The ranch is one and a half miles from the survey of the Oregon Eastern and the same distance from the new townsite of Harriman.

COST OF SPECIAL SESSION.

Blunders of Legislature Require \$4,500 to Rectify.

Salem—A detailed statement of the entire cost of the special session of the 1909 legislature has been issued by Auditing Clerk Corey, of the secretary of state's office. It cost the taxpayers but \$4,500. The last special session, called in 1903 by Governor Chamberlain, cost \$5,600.

The largest item of the 1909 session was the mileage paid to members. More than \$2,500 was paid members of the lower house and \$1,453.30 was paid to the senators. Services for clerks, stenographers and other help in the house amounted to \$130 and the same item in the senate reached \$165. Cost of revising the house journal was \$40 and for revising the senate journal \$56. The regular session cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

California Capital to Klamath.

Klamath Falls—Southern California capital is to be interested in Klamath Falls if the transfer of the large tract of land adjoining the city on the west is completed. John J. Fitzpatrick, representing a number of San Diego capitalists, has taken an option on 500 acres of land belonging to Moore Brothers. The option is for 30 days and involves approximately \$40,000. The land involved lays in West Klamath Falls and reaches from Lake Ewauna to the Upper Klamath lake. There is a water front of almost two miles.

Dufur Plans Horse Show.

Dufur—At a rousing meeting of the horse owners of this vicinity it was unanimously decided to hold a horse show here Saturday, June 19. There will be 18 different prizes given for the different classes of horses. John Hix, president of the Dufur Horseman association, has the matter in charge, assisted by Henry Menefee, secretary, and H. E. Moore, treasurer. Much interest is being taken in the matter by the farmers and business men.

Good Meeting Assured.

The coming Pacific Coast Brotherhood conventions of the Presbyterian church are getting hold of the men of the church. The ministers are taking a back seat while the laymen are running things. The program of the Portland convention includes the names of leading laymen of the state and the national officers of the Brotherhood. Every Presbyterian business man in the state is being invited to attend.

Spotted Crops in Morrow.

Heppner—Crops in Morrow county are badly in need of rain. In most sections grain is still looking well, and a heavy rain within a reasonable time would insure a good crop. However, in the Ione and Lexington sections and the north end of the county, grain is already badly burned and only a light crop can be expected at the best.

Rain Helps Klamath.

Klamath Falls—Recent rains give assurance that there will be at least a partial yield on all dry land ranches. The rain was general throughout the entire county, and farmers feel confident that the yield on all dry farms will be almost up to the average, no matter if this should be the last rain of the season.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem milling, \$1.30@1.35; club, \$1.20; valley, \$1.17.

Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$35 per ton.

Oat—No. 1 white, \$40.50@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.

Fruits—Apples, 65c@\$.25 per box; strawberries, Oregon, 12 1/2@15c.

Potatoes—\$1.75@2 per hundred.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; carrots, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.50; beets, \$1.75; horseradish, 10c per pound; asparagus, 7 1/2@12c per pound; lettuce, head, 25@75c per dozen; onions, 12 1/2@15c per dozen; radishes, 15c per dozen; rhubarb, 2 1/2@3c per pound.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 28c; fancy outside creamery, 26 1/2@28c; store, 18c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2 cents per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 23@24c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 15 1/2@16c; broilers, 25@30c; fryer, 22@25c; roosters, 10c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$2.50@3 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 8c per pound; ordinary, 7c; heavy, 6c.

Hops—1909 contracts, 10c per pound; 1908 crop, 8@8 1/4c; 1907 crop, 3@4c; 1906 crop, 1 1/2c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 17@22 1/2c per pound; valley, fine, 24 1/2c; medium, 23c; coarse, 21c; mohair, choice, 24@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top, \$5.25@5.50; fair to good, \$4.75@5; common to medium, \$4@4.50; cows, top, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$3.75@4.25; common to medium, \$2.50@3.50; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; 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@7.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.50; fair to good, \$3.50@4; ewes, 1/2c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4.50; fair to good, \$4@4.25; spring lambs, \$5@5.50.

GREAT FAIR IS READY.

President Taft Will Press Solid Gold Key at Noon June 1.

Seattle, Wash., May 31.—When President W. H. Taft presses the golden key in the White House at noon, Pacific Coast time, June 1, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition will be opened, complete in every detail. Officers of the fair have made good their promise of preparedness on opening day and during the last week there has been a rush night and day to have the exhibits in order. The finishing touches were put on the grounds early this week.

President Taft will use a telegrapher's key, made from the first gold taken from the Klondike, and set with the identical nuggets taken out by the discoverer of the Northern Eldorado, August 16, 1896. The key has been mounted on a slab of Alaska marble, and was presented to the President of the United States by George W. Carmack, discoverer of the Klondike gold fields.

The opening program at the exposition grounds will begin at 9:30 o'clock with a parade of United States army troops, mariners and sailors from the Pacific cruiser fleet and from the Japanese warships under Vice-Admiral Ijichi. Col. T. C. Woodbury, U. S. A., acting commander of the Department of the Columbia, will be grand marshal. His chief aide will be Captain A. M. Weatherill, U. S. A., who has been assigned to the exposition by the war department. The marching soldiers and sailors will be reviewed by the American and Japanese admirals and the visiting governors at the head of the court of honor.

The exercises at the natural amphitheater will begin at 10:45 o'clock, with an overture by Innes' band. The invocation will be offered by Bishop Edward O'Dea, of Seattle. A short address will be given by Director-General I. A. Nadeau, and the band will play "Gloria Washington," the official march of the exposition. James J. Hill will deliver the opening address. He will be followed by J. E. Chilberg, president of the Exposition. Bishop E. W. Keator, of Olympia, will pronounce the benediction.

The program at the amphitheater will be timed to close at noon, at which hour President Chilberg will signal the president of the United States that the fair is ready. There will be an exchange of messages, after which the signal will be given from the White House which will start whistles blowing in all parts of the city.

Flags will be run up on all of the buildings and the artillery companies will fire a national salute.

WHEAT PANIC CLOSED.

Patten Fixes Price at \$1.34 and Refuses to Send it Higher.

Chicago, May 31.—May wheat walked out of the pit of the Chicago Board of Trade today with head up, firm step and not a sign of wavering anywhere—the second time in the history of the board when a wheat corner was carried through successfully to the final day of the option. The only other successful deal was that in September wheat conducted by B. P. Hutchinson, more than 20 years ago, when the price touched \$2.

Opening at \$1.34, which was a cent higher than the close of yesterday, the market remained steady during the trading hours, finally closing at the opening price. Mr. Patten's brokers stood ready all morning to sell to anyone who wanted to buy at the quoted price, and they also stood ready to buy from anyone who wanted to sell at that price. It is estimated that the trading in the option amounted to about 150,000 bushels.

It is believed that Mr. Patten has about 6,000,000 bushels of cash wheat on hand to dispose of. Experts say that, owing to the recognized scarcity of milling wheat, he will be able to sell his possessions at prices ranging from \$1.25 to today's closing quotations. It is said that within the last few days local millers have paid from 1 to 2 cents above the May price to get milling wheat.

Draw French Capital.

Paris, May 31.—Morgan, Harjes & Co. have formed a syndicate for introducing the common shares of the United States Steel corporation on the Paris Bourse. The news has not yet been made public here, but it is expected that it will create a sensation. In financial circles the matter is regarded as of far-reaching influence. For years American bankers have been knocking at the door of the Paris exchange in order to draw on the enormous surplus represented by the savings of the French investors.

Barred by Garlic on Breath.

Chicago, May 31.—A man has no right to go to a theater if his breath reeks with the odor of garlic and the management has a right to exclude him. This was the decision of Municipal Judge Heap today in the case of James La Mantia against Susanna Lange, proprietor of a nickel theater. La Mantia asked \$700 damages. Testimony showed that two other Italians visited the theater a few nights before and were ordered out.

Strikers Steal Dynamite.

New Orleans, May 31.—A dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, says the strike over fruit shipments has grown intense. Several cases of dynamite were taken from the Lopez Mining Company by the strikers. Many men have been poisoned. The steamers are all tied up to the docks and are without crews.



Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Grenville had made up his mind that he was powerless; but still, all the same, Maude's letter must be answered. This, again, was not so easy to do. When the girl you are in love with appeals to you fearfully to save her from being married to somebody else, the obvious course would seem to be to run away with her yourself. But, as George Elliot says, "Running away, especially when spoken of as 'abandoning,' seems, at a distance, to offer a good modern substitute for the offer of sanctuary; but seen closely, it is often found inconvenient and scarcely possible." So, though to emulate young Lochinvar and bear off your fair Ellen of Notherby may seem the proper thing to do on the first blush of such occasion, yet, on mature reflection, it may prove hardly feasible. Mrs. Lochinvar must be clothed and fed, while the reiving and raiding by which that adventurous gallant doubtless supported the lady of his love would, in these days, be known by the prosaic term of "robbery with violence." The attention of Colonel Henderson and his myrmidons, the grave consideration of his countrymen, and an eloquent oration, rather to his disadvantage, by a criminal court judge, would probably be the termination of young Lochinvar's career in these days.

What is he to write? What is he to say? Can you not guess? Of course he will sit down and do the very thing he should not. He can't help, but he can complicate her troubles. Love is essentially a selfish passion. Having no consolation to offer her, no assistance to render her, he betakes himself to his desk and pours forth his story of love and lamentation. He exhorts her not to marry Pearman, but gives her no hint of how she is to combat the difficulties that surround her. He pours forth, in good, honest, genuine terms, the tale of his love; he dwells on the certainty of his having a home ere long to offer her through his own exertions, and winds up with a tremendous peroration about having loved her from her cradle. He has done nothing of the kind. His love is a child of something under a twelvemonth's growth; and though I fear all lovers romance fearfully, they thoroughly believe in their figments at the time. Then comes another sheet of postscript about "can she love him?" he shall know no rest till he gets her answer. And after it is all done and posted, Grenville Rose feels more uneasy than ever. He is not thinking so much of poor Maude's troubles as what will she say to his declaration of love? He racks his brain for every trace of favor she has shown him all the past year. Sweet and cousinly she has been ever, but no sign of love can he recall. Fool that I have been!" he mutters; "I have been so careful not to give her a hint of my feelings. I wish I had that letter back. No, I don't. I don't know, in short—" and the last fragment contained pretty well the gist of Grenville's thoughts at present.

CHAPTER XI.

Maude, as she has already explained, has been having a hard time of it at Glimm these last two or three days. Life has been all so easy to her so far, that she hardly realizes the facing of this, her first genuine trouble. She is awaiting the post anxiously this morning; Gren is certain to write to her by return, and her belief in Gren is unbounded.

Once more the icy breakfast table she so dreads. Her father looks at her as a culprit who would subvert the old Grecian story, and sacrifice her parent instead of presenting her throat to the knife. Mrs. Denison evidently looks upon her as a sainted martyr. She loves and sympathizes with her daughter; she approves of her spirited refusal, but she cannot desert her old idols. "The king can do no wrong." Harold Denison's opinion must be hers outwardly, though in her heart of hearts she may rebuke herself for not being on her daughter's side.

"A letter from Grenville for you, Maude," said her father, as he threw it across. She and her cousin were regular correspondents, so that it excited no remark; yet the mother noticed that the girl, instead of tearing it open as was her wont, slipped it quietly into the pocket of her dress. Maude felt as if she possessed a talisman against her troubles, and determined to read it in the solitude of her own chamber, and there she betook herself as soon as breakfast was over.

Her cheek flushed as she perused it, and the large grey eyes opened wide with astonishment. Grenville's tale of passionate love would have moved most girls, albeit he has not as yet in these pages figured to any great advantage—still Grenville Rose had a shrewd enough head upon his shoulders, and was a comely man to look upon, to boot. He told his love well, and few maidens, even if they do not reciprocate it, can listen unmoved when that old-world story is passionately told them. There was plenty of warmth in Grenville's fervent pleading, and after reading the letter through twice, Maude dropped the paper on her lap, and, utterly oblivious to her troubles, fell into a reverie.

It seemed so strange. She had loved and admired Gren as long as she could remember, but she had never thought of him in this way—at least, she did not think so, and yet, almost unconsciously to herself, of late she had been more solicitous about gaining his good opinion and pleasing him than of yore. "To think Gren should care about me in this way!" she murmured; "and I—do I love him? I don't know. He's nicer, and better, and cleverer than anyone I ever met. Why didn't he tell me this when he was here last? I think I'd rather have heard it from himself. Ah! but doesn't he tell me why not?" and the girl once more took up the letter and read:

"All this, my darling, has been on my lips for months, but how could I tell you?—how could I seek your love who

had not even a home to offer? What the struggle has been to see you so often, and yet keep down what surged within me, I only know. When I kissed your cheek at parting last time, I nearly clasped you in my arms and poured out the secret of my soul to you. I did not; it seemed madness—it is perhaps madness now; but, my darling, I could not lose you. When you tell me that another seeks the prize I covet, right or wrong, I must speak. Maude, you must decide between us. Can you trust me, and wait?"

Once more the letter fell in her lap, and the softened grey eyes and slightly flushed face argued well for Grenville Rose's wooing.

"Yes," she muttered, softly, "I think I love him now as he would have me; and if I don't quite yet—for it seems all so new to me—I know I could shortly. Gren, dear, what am I to write to you? I think it must be 'Yes.'"

It was wrong, she thought, to keep Gren in suspense when he was so dreadfully in love with her; so that night's mail bore a timid, fluttering little note, the receipt of which produced a tremendous state of exhilaration in that young Templar.

But poor Maude, after the first flush of exultation that enters the breast of every girl at a welcome declaration of love, quickly awoke to the fact that her position was not a whit improved by it. She confided her engagement to her mother, and for the first time in her life Maude beheld Mrs. Denison really angry.

"I'm surprised and disgusted with Grenville," said that lady. "It's too bad of him, taking advantage of a child like you in this manner. I like him, always have liked him, and, under different circumstances, would have sooner seen you his wife than any man's I know. But he can barely keep himself as yet, and must know that his thinking of a wife at all is foolish in the extreme, and that thinking of you is simply absurd. He's behaved very badly, and if you don't promise to write and break it off, you can say, by my desire, I shall tell your father all about it."

"Oh, mother, you won't do that," said Maude.

"Not unless you oblige me," said Mrs. Denison, sternly.

Poor Maude was electrified. That the mother she had been always accustomed to pet, and do as she liked with, should suddenly rise against her like this, was past her comprehension. Yet to anyone who has made character his study, nothing can be more in accordance with the usual law in such cases. Weak, feeble characters, when, either from caprice or driven by necessity, they exert such power as may be in their hands, invariably do it tyrannically and despotically.

Mrs. Denison has suffered of late from the stern rule of her lord and master. In spite of all her love for her daughter, she has become dimly conscious that there will be no peace at Glimm unless Maude yields assent to the ukase Harold Denison has promulgated. Women of her class can suffer, but they cannot resist. Even now she would not urge Maude to marry Pearman. But that her impetuous nephew had dared to entangle her daughter in an engagement, especially at this time, roused as much wrath within her as her nature was capable of. Most mothers, I imagine, would deem she had grounds for indignation.

All this while Pearman has not been idle. Slowly, but surely, the legal notices and proceedings progress, and Harold Denison knows full well that within three weeks ten thousand pounds must be found, or Glimm must go to the hammer. The Pearmans conduct the campaign with scrupulous politeness. It is quite in accordance with the old traditions of the Battle of Fontenoy. They apologize for every fresh process, and allude to it as a mere matter of form. They affect to believe that there can be no doubt Mr. Denison will easily pay them off at the expiration of the notice of foreclosure. The old gentleman even indulges in popularity on the subject.

"Mean to have the very last day out of us, I see, sir; and quite right, too," he chuckled, upon meeting the squire one day.

"Yes, Pearman," was the grim retort; "I learned the exacting of my pound of flesh, to the last pennyweight, in your hands. I have not forgot my lesson. You burn it into your pupils' minds pretty deeply."

a thing. I'm sure I hope the calling of the mortgage is no inconvenience; you can easily raise it elsewhere. But Sam's got so deep in the racing now, that we must get that sum together before the Two Thousand. I wish he wasn't; but he's clever, Sam is—clever in his way—too great a gentleman for me. No offense, sir, I hope; but I'm a plain man."

CHAPTER XII.

Harold Denison touched his hat haughtily, and rode home; but the old squire's artful speech still simmered in his brain. Why should it not be? It would cut the tangled knot of his difficulties. He had made inquiries. Young Pearman had been brought up a gentleman, and visited in several good houses in the county. He naturally a little exaggerated this to himself, to justify the course he intended to pursue; nay, for the matter of that, had been pursuing for some days. His wife had told him that she had laid the Pearman proposition before Maude, and that the young lady had declined, with thanks; since which intelligence he had bullied Mrs. Denison, and snubbed or treated his daughter with cold indifference. The heads of the family can make contumacious children conscious of their high displeasure without any unseemly rating—indeed, that may be looked upon as mere mild and salutary punishment compared to the other—that other which, to speak metaphorically, consists in being condemned to the domestic ice house. It is hard to describe, still there will be few of my readers who, if they have had the good fortune not to experience it, but must have seen some culprit enduring that slow punishment—meted out more often, perhaps, to daughters than sons. But don't we all know it; the chilling rejoinder that meets any attempt at geniality—the austere look that seems to say it is hereby that we should presume to forget the measure of our offending—the moral thorn always awaiting us should we show any signs of relapsing into cheerfulness? Bah! those physical torturers of the middle ages were mere bunglers at their craft.

From this time poor Maude's life was made heavy to bear. Harold Denison sent for her to his study, and himself put Pearman's proposal before her. He enlarged upon its advantages, and declared that it was her duty to save the property to her descendants; on her head it rested whether the Denisons of Glimm should cease to exist, as of course her future husband must take her name. For himself, he cared not—he was an old man, and it mattered little to him. Any foreign watering place was good enough for him to wear out his miserable life in. He deplored the follies of his youth. It was sad that a father should plead before a daughter in this wise. He could bear anything but the thought that the Denisons of Glimm should be expunged from the roll of the county in which they had dwelt and been known since the Wars of the Roses; all this it was in Maude's power to avert. Why could she not marry this man? He had been brought up a gentleman, and mixed in the best society in the county. If not quite her equal in blood, he would repair the shattered fortunes of the family. Such matches were made every day. The destiny of the plutocracy was to strengthen the aristocracy. Far be it from him to put any pressure upon her, but it was his duty as a parent to lay the whole case before her.

Gallantly did Maude fight her battle, and though at the end of this long interview she stood with flushed and tear-stained cheeks to listen to her father's final exordium, she was still resolute in her refusal.

But the struggle was too unequal. Under the pressure put upon her by her husband Mrs. Denison had not only made Maude write a letter of renunciation to Grenville Rose, but had penned him a very severe philippic herself, in which she insisted that all correspondence should cease between them. She had further, under the threat of revealing everything to Mr. Denison, extorted a promise from Maude that she would write no more to her cousin. She knew her daughter well, and felt implicit confidence that, her word once pledged, truth would be kept.

I have described the first stage of the attack. It is a common enough story, as many a woman could bear witness to, as far as the general details go. Can you not easily guess the result? She was a high-spirited girl, and bore herself bravely in the beginning; but cut off from all communication with her lover, she gave way at last to the moral pressure brought to bear upon her, and, with pale cheeks and heavy eyes, whispered her mother "that they might do with her as they liked; if she couldn't marry Gren, she didn't care who it was."

(To be continued.)

A Boy's Way.

Harold was going to a party that evening. As the weather was rather doubtful his father gave him a half dollar and told him to get a cab if it rained when he came home.

It did rain, and rained hard. When Harold came home he was drenched.

"I thought I told you to get a cab if it rained," said his father.

"And so I did," was the reply. "I had a dandy ride, and came home on top, beside the driver."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Power of a Will.

Hojax—There goes Mrs. Jim Jones. They say she married Jim Jones to reform him and has succeeded by mere force of will.

Toindix—But she is such a frail little thing! How did she manage it?

Hojax—By giving him to understand that if he didn't brace up and do better she would will all her money to charity.

His First Cigar.

"Ah, my lad," sighed the benevolent old gentleman, "it certainly makes me feel bad to see you smoking that vile cigar."

"Den we can shake, mister," responded Tommy, making a wry face. "It makes me feel bad, too."—Chicago News.

Very Slight, Indeed.

Binks (who has given Jinks a cigar).—You'll find, old chap, that is something like a cigar.

Jinks (after a few puffs).—By Jove! there is a slight resemblance. What is it?—Royal Magazine.