OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

SEARCH FOR PLATINUM.

Government Experts Investigate Prospects in Coos County.

Marshfield—That platinum exists in Coos county seems to be the opinion of experts and that the development of the mineral is being looked into by men of money there is no doubt. Dr. D. T. Day, who has charge of the mineral division of the geological survey in Washington, D. C., has been making investigations. He was sent out for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of platinum mining developments along the coast. He is quoted as saying that he has found some platinum in the ore examined so far, and has stated that he will give instructions to miners as to how to save the platinum which he believes is now lost in large quantities in the process of mining for gold. A. L. Macdonald of Schenectady, N. Y., where mining machinery is manufactured, is accompanying Dr. Day. They have gone down the coast to make further investigations. The results of the work will be of vast importance to the mining interests of Coos and Curry counties.

CO-EDS TO HAVE HOME.

Society Women of Eugene to Assist in Building Bungalow.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—To build a handsome bungalow to serve as the general headquarters and center of co-ed student life at the university of Oregon is the unique plan of a number of prominent Eugene society women, including the wives of several university professors.

The bungalow is to cost about $2000, and will be constructed along craftsman lines. It will have one large room for meetings and social affairs, with a small kitchen, bath and rest room. The building will be constructed on a lot just outside the college campus, owned by the University Young Women's Christian association, which will be in charge of the bungalow after it is completed.

President Campbell is much pleased with the interest the women are taking in the bungalow.

Big Orchard Near Dee.

Dee—Portland people are preparing to plant 500 acres to apples south of Dee. The building of the Mount Hood railway from Hood River to Dee and the establishing of the Oregon Lumber company's plant here has in three years settled the valley along Hood river. Many fine apple orchards have been set out. Logged-off lands have been cleared and where three years ago stood the giant firs now are seen buildings and orchards.

Largest Hatchery in World.

Salem—The largest salmon hatchery in the world, to be owned and operated by the state of Oregon, will be formally opened at Bonneville, Monday, November 15. The new central hatchery cost more than $12,000, and has an egg capacity of 60,000,000 and nursery ponds sufficient to feed 5,000,000 young fry. The hatchery is now nearly completed, and is being operated under the direction of Superintendent J. W. Berrian.

Autos Take Place of Stage.

Prineville—J. H. Wenandy of Bend, who has for the past two years operated the stage line in conjunction with the D. I. & P. company between Bend, Redmond and other points to Shaniko by way of Madras, has disposed of his entire stage and livery business excepting some holdings in Bend, and has put five up-to-date automobiles into the stage service covering all points in the interior.

10,000 Bushels of Potatoes.

Oregon City—J. H. Brown, of New Era, comes very near being the "potato king" of Oregon. He raised 10,000 bushels this year, beside 3400 bushels of wheat and 250 bushels of clover seed. Mr. Brown ships nearly all of his products to California, where the excellent results of his scientific farming are well known.

Linn County Gets New Town.

Albany—The Linnhaven Orchard company, which plans to set out a 3000-acre orchard in the northern part of Linn county, will establish a new townsite. It will be called Linnhaven. The site of this new town has not been definitely chosen, but it will be near the center of the colossal orchard.

Capital Stock Increased.

Klamath Falls—At the adjourned meeting of the Klamath Watersuers' association the capital stock of the association was increased from $2,000,000 to $6,000,000 by 9000 majority, while the proposition to increase the par value of the stock from $20 to $30 per share was lost by 2145.

Poultry Show for Pendleton.

Pendleton—At the meeting of the Umatilla-Morrow County Poultry association, January 25, 26 and 27 were set as the dates for the big exhibition of birds. Great interest is being manifested, and it is expected that there will be the finest display of poultry in the history of this section.

Big Turnip at Dallas.

Dallas—William Shewey is exhibiting a turnip which measures 34 inches in circumference. It is solid throughout and very heavy. The turnip was grown on fern land a few miles from town.

Dry Land Potaoes.

The Dalles—A. H. Fligg has taken 1,330 sacks of potatoes from 14 acres, grown by the dry land farming process. Mr. Fligg is exhibiting numerous specimens weighing three pounds each.

Hopyard Sells for Good Price.

Dallas—R. E. Williams and I. N. Yoakum have purchased of Thomas Holman 100 acres of hopyard, located near Eola, for $20,000 cash.

FARMERS ARE COMING.

Kansans Take Contracts to Buy Large Acreage Near Grants Pass.

Grants Pass—Development of the country by the colonization method has been started in Rogue river valley. Several large projects have been advanced that has caused a general movement in this direction, particularly the talk of an electric line from Grants Pass to Ashland.

Another feature that has gone far toward the rapid development of much land has been the inauguration of a large irrigation system for both high and low land.

A project to colonize 3,000 acres within a few miles of this city was announced a few days ago by W. B. Sherman, who says he has contracts with sufficient people to take up this land in 40 and 80-acre tracts. Nearly all the buyers are farmers from near Kansas City, and they and their families will begin to arrive shortly. The advance guard will select the improved land this fall, in order to be prepared for the spring crops. Following in the spring another body will arrive, and within a year the entire tract will be settled with Eastern farmers.

The price to be paid by the colonists for the unimproved land will vary from $8 to $20 an acre.

"Fake" Label on Apples.

Hood River—The members of the Hood River Apple-Growers union, which comprises 90 per cent of the orchardists, are up in arms over the report from New York that quantities of apples were on the market there bearing the wrappers of the union which were not up to the high standard of quality maintained by that organization. The wrappers of the union are regarded as an absolute guarantee of high quality in the east, and when these apples were found to be inferior in selection and pack, many complaints poured in upon Steinhardt & Kelly, who bought the entire output of the union this year.

Douglas Plans Good Roads.

Roseburg—This year Douglas county spent $106,000 in good road building. That the work is to be continued, only on a larger scale, is proven by the purchases recently made by the county court. Several weeks ago the court purchased the rock quarry and bunkers vacated by the Warren Construction company, upon the completion of the company's paving contract in this city. This included all crushed rock that had been left by the company.

New Sawmill for Wallowa.

Wallowa—Plass Bros., a well-known sawmill firm of Elgin, have shipped their machinery to this city, where they will consolidate with the Bear Creek Lumber company, a new corporation recently formed. The Plass mill will be installed on the new company's holdings to cut the timber for a new mill, which will be installed next season. The company will put in a new band saw with a capacity of about 40,000 feet per day.

Beet Weighs 30 Pounds.

Eugene—Ole Casperson has brought back to Eugene a beet grown in his garden that beats all beets in this section. The vegetable weighs just 30 pounds.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Bluestem, $1.05; club, 95c; red Russian, 92½c; Valley, 94@95c; Fife, 92@93c; Turkey red, 96c; 40-fold, 95@96c.

Barley—Feed, $27@27.50; brewing, $27.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, $33; cracked, $34 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $28.50@29 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, $14@17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $18@20; alfalfa, $15@16; clover, $14; cheat, $13@14.50; grain hay, $14@15.

Butter—City creamery extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 30@36c per pound; store, 22½@24c. (Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices).

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 40@42½c per dozen; Eastern, 30@34c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 13½@14½c; springs, 13½@14½c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15@15½c; geese, 10½c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@21c; squabs, $1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9@9½c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 9½@10c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, $1@2.25 box; pears, 75c@$1.50; grapes, 50c@$1.15 per crate, 10@12½c per basket; casabas, $1.25@1.50 per dozen; quinces, $1@1.25 per box; cranberries, $8.50@9.50 per barrel; persimmons, $1.50 per box.

Potatoes—Oregon, 50@60c per sack; sweet potatoes, 1¾@2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dozen; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, ¾@1c; cauliflower, 90c@$1 per dozen; celery, 50@85c; corn, $1@1.25 per sack; horseradish, 9@10c per dozen; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, $1.50; pumpkins, 1@1¼c; radishes, 15c per dozen; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, $1@1.10; tomatoes, 25@60c; turnips, 75c@$1 per sack; carrots, $1; beets, $1.25; rutabagas, $1.10; onions, $1@1.25 per sack.

Hops—1909 crop, 23½@25c; 1908 crop, 20c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; Mohair, choice, 24c.

Cattle—Best steers, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.85@4; medium and feeders, $3.50@3.75; best cows, $3.25@3.50; medium, $3; common to medium, $2.50@2.75; bulls, $2@2.50; stags, $2.50@3.50; calves, light, $5.25@5.50; heavy, $4@4.75.

Hogs—Best, $7.85@8; medium, $7.50@7.75; stockers, $5@6.

Sheep — Best wethers, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.75@4; best ewes, $3.75@4; fair to good, $3.50@3.75; lambs, $5@5.35.

REFORESTATION IS EASY.

Observations of a Practical Timberman Clearly Set Forth.

(By J. S. Young, Inman-Poulsen Logging Co., Kelso, Wash.)

The Timberman: As the question of conserving our present forests and reforesting our logged-off lands is now commanding so much attention, a few observations from one who has given the subject considerable thought may not be out of place.

People who are dealing with statistics and theories tell us that our forests will be practically exhausted in fifty years, at the present rate of cutting; and as the rate of consumption will undoubtedly increase, it would seem that our only hope of a supply for future generations is in growing more trees.

The question of conserving and protecting our forests and raising another crop of timber to take the place of the one we are now cutting and destroying is purely an economic one, and not governed by academic theories. Hence, we will conserve and protect our present forests, plant and raise a new crop of trees on our logged-off lands just as soon as we find out that it pays to do so.

The writer remembers doing a lot of hard work, in early life, along with many others, destroying our forests that we might raise grain and garden truck to eat and hay for our stock; and why? Because these things to us had a value, and trees had none. We could not eat them and nobody wanted to buy them. But mark the change today. The trees have a value; our forests are at the present time one of the chief sources of wealth to the states along the Pacific Coast, and where the conditions for reforesting are so favorable, they can be made a source of wealth for all time to come. But as approximately only 20 per cent of the standing timber of the country is in the hands of the government and about 80 per cent under private ownership, the question of reforestation presents some serious difficulties.

What is the age of our present forests? What are the means to be employed to reforest our logged-off lands? What length of time will it take? What benefits can be derived? And then the great question, Will it pay?

To the first question, I would answer: "From 100 to 400 years." The national government is at the present time gathering the data to answer questions two and three.

The writer has made some observations regarding the growth of timber, which lead him to believe that growing timber will pay. I have found trees 135 years old 52 inches in diameter on the stump, that cut over six thousand feet of merchantable lumber. The annual growth showed these trees were 24 inches on the stump at 40 years and at that time should cut 900 feet of lumber. From my observations, extending over several sections of timber, 100 trees 16 to 18 inches in diameter can be grown on each acre in 40 years and these will make 30,000 feet of merchantable lumber; these same trees will cut 75,000 feet at the end of 125 years. The question is, What will be the value of this 30,000 feet of timber grown on an acre in 40 years or the 75,000 feet grown on an acre in 125 years? I will hazard a guess that 30,000 feet of standing timber will be worth $8 per thousand in 40 years, and that an acre of land planted to fir trees will earn $6 per year for the entire period, not counting the small trees that can be taken out and utilized for wood, posts and poles during the 40 years.

I do not think there is any use to which we can put our mountainous, rocky, logged-off lands that will yield as much wealth, though to the individual 40 years is a long time to wait for a harvest, but not long to the state or nation.

To my mind, the phase of the question that presents the most serious difficulties is the problem of taxation. I have no hesitation in saying that our present system of taxation, particularly regarding growing timber, is all wrong. I do not propose to discuss the matter as to whether the timber interests have paid too much or too little of the taxes in the past or at the present time, but a system that does not tax the growing crops of the farmer, the gardener, or the fruit grower, and taxes the growing crop of timber over and over, and at a rate that will confiscate the entire crop in 30 to 35 years, when it takes from 40 to 100 years to raise this crop, is certainly open to valid objection. As a substitute for our present system of taxing timber, based on values, I would advocate a cutting tax to be paid when the timber is cut; a portion of this tax to be set aside to bear the expense of reforestation by the state; and a portion to pay the expense of protecting our present forests from fire and depredation.

I shall not attempt in this article to enter into the details of such a scheme. I am told on good authority that raising trees by the state or national government pays in European countries. If so, why not here on our western coast, where the conditions are almost ideal?

(Concluded next week.)

Cook's Photos Assailed.

New York, Nov. 15.—Professor Herschel C. Parker, of Columbia University, who was a member of Dr. Cook's Mount McKinley party, in a lecture before the Patria club of New York, declared that after a thorough consideration of the evidence, he was convinced that Dr. Cook did not get within 10 miles of the peak. "The photographs which Dr. Cook claims are of the summit," he said, "were taken from Brown Ridge, 20 miles away. I know positively that they are not pictures of the main peak."

Freed, He Sues Heney.

San Francisco, Nov. 15.—A. R. McKinley, one of the United Railways detectives, who was arrested several months ago on a charge of stealing documents from the office of District Attorney Langdon, entered suit today against Rudolph Spreckels, William J. Burns, Francis J. Heney, Harry Wilbur and "John Doe" Burns for $50,000 damages for conspiracy and false imprisonment. The charge against McKinley was dismissed last week.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Miss Desmond had been little more than a week at Inklefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been dispatched with a message respecting some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and thence on to the grounds.

The lady of the house was not there but lounging comfortably in her especial chair sat a gentleman, who, directly Miss Desmond entered, rose and made her a bow—a bow which proved that bowing was not yet quite a lost art. He was a tall, elderly man of uncertain age, slight and elegant, with fine aquiline features and light-blue laughing eyes that looked as if boyhood still lingered there in spite of the wavy hair that curled round a rather low but well-shaped forehead. He was carefully, admirably dressed, and indescribably fresh and cool, though it was a burning August day.

"Allow me to explain my appearance here," he said, in a pleasant, youthful voice. "I have taken the exceedingly uninteresting journey from London to this place, and I now await its amiable mistress's pleasure as to whether she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major-domo has conveyed my pasteboard to the august presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forward a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept.

"Pray, has Mrs. Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight."

"And you—have you been here all that time?"

"Not quite."

"Ah! what wonderful resisting power! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mental inanition." Miss Desmond laughed—a sweet, well-amused laugh.

"And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out ozone—no, what do they call it?—electricity—to such a degree. There is nothing to me so soul-destroying, so deadening, as suburban rusticity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer myself."

"Then pray do not. I do not sit down because I am not going to stay. I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talkative personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then." And he sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. "You see," he went on, "this sort of place is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too near for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country."

Here the butler appeared, and said, "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, if you will come this way." The gentleman rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond.

"What an amusing person! I wonder who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely,' thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." She too left the room by a different exit and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from it, and, except for the bed, it was furnished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing table, and, unlocking a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

She had written for a considerable time when the sound of wheels and horses' feet drew her to the window, from whence she saw the gentleman with whom she had spoken in the drawing-room descend the hall door steps to enter a very rusty fly or station cab. He had a comically rueful expression of countenance, and, looking round over the front of the house, his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought; then, smiling at the idea, it struck her very like an "expulsion.' "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe—even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness."

She paused a moment, then locked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Saville's boudoir.

She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs. Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly.

"Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an importunate fool; but I am not so overset that I cannot attend to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he has already returned the plans of the cottages to the builder."

"Then he must get them back," very sharply. "I will walk over myself to the vicarage. I want movement. Did you happen to see Lord Everton?"

"The gentleman who has just left? Yes; he was in the drawing-room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible men in England," continued Mrs. Saville—"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. He has only existed for pleasure his whole life, and even now pleasure still pleases. His sense of enjoyment has been his ruin. A trifler of the most trifling description, without an ambition or an aim; worst of all, reckless of how he may throw others into temptation or difficulty. He has injured me past forgiveness, and yet he comes meandering here to try and talk me over to induce me to pardon the cruellest injury that could be inflicted. I told him my opinion fully; but to be seriously angry with such a creature is like taking a howitzer to shoot a humming-bird. Come, Miss Desmond let us go out into the open air. What o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall walk round the grounds until it is time to find the vicar."

They paced somewhat slowly across the grounds to a wooded rising ground on the left of the house, from which a view of it and its surroundings could be obtained, and when they had accomplished the ascent Mrs. Saville sat down, as if tired, on a seat placed at the best point of outlook. Her companion had observed that the keen, active woman was stronger in spirit than in flesh, and felt a sort of pity for this rich, prosperous, resolute lady.

"What a sweet, beautiful place this is!" she exclaimed, after gazing at the scene before her for a few minutes. "I think it is the most charming I have ever seen."

"Then you have not seen much," returned Mrs. Saville, testily.

"That is true. I have not seen any fine places in England, and the palaces and chateaux abroad are so melancholy; but who could desire anything beyond the exquisite, graceful, homelike beauty of Inglefield?"

It was, in truth, a delightful abode, sheltered on the east by the upland from which they now looked down; the ground sloped steeply from the opposite side, giving a wide view over a richly-wooded country; while the house, gardens and grounds occupied the level space between. Fine trees stood about, for Inglefield was an old country-house dating tolerably far back, built in the half-timbered style, the first story of fine bricks, the upper part beams and plaster, with high chimneys and many-gabled roofs. The large additions made by Mrs. Saville's father had been carried out in strict accordance with the original plan, and the garden designed to suit it also. A circular lawn, surrounded with flowering shrubs and dotted with several large spreading trees, separated the house from a wide avenue which opened exactly opposite the entrance, overarched by a double row of great old elms at either side. Beyond, on the left, from a wooded hollow, through which a trout-stream had been widened and dammed into a miniature lake, glimpses of which could be caught when the sunlight fell upon it, rose the smoke from some unseen chimney.

"Home-like," repeated Mrs. Saville. "There is an immense amount of nonsense talked about home. I wish you could see Kingswood, Lord Everton's place; it is one of the finest seats in England—full of family treasures and historic relics—and he would not make the faintest effort to retain it. He might have entered diplomacy—or taken a foreign appointment and saved money. But he is quite content to derive his income from the rent a Manchester millionaire pays him for his ancestral halls, when he might have married the millionaire's daughter and kept it for himself."

"Well, if the daughter was not the sort of woman he could love, he was right," said Miss Desmond, thoughtfully. "Suppose she was not companionable, that he could not love her; the finest place in the world could not make up for that."

"You are a foolish child! The thing called love soon evaporates. Rank, importance, high position, last; and duties due to one's station fill up life satisfactorily. It is a low, mean conception of existence to spend it in personal pleasure."

"Yes, certainly. You are right," eagerly. "To live for one's self alone, in any way, is miserable. But one has a right to try and be happy if it does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"You have been tolerably poor, from what you say," said Mrs. Saville, not unkindly. "Have you been happy?"

Her interlocutor paused before she replied, "Yes, on the whole I have been happy. Sometimes it has been trying to feel shabby and to be unable to get a new dress, to know that lovely pictures and delightful music were within your reach, yet inaccessible. The worst is to want nice delicate things for some one you love and not to be able to get them; that is bitter. Still, nothing can be so poverty-stricken as to have no one to trouble about, no one to love or live for, no one to love you."

"It is, then, very unfortunate for a person of your disposition to have lost your home," remarked Mrs. Saville, coldly.

"It is sad enough; but I have been fortunate in finding friends like Mr. Rawson and his daughter. It is better, too, to believe that there is some pleasant sheltered nook round the next turn of the road than always to look for sandy deserts. Loneliness is the worst evil of all; it is what I fear most."

Mrs. Saville did not answer immediately; then she said, abruptly, "What is your name—your Christian name?"

"My name? Hope Desmond."

"I thought so. It is very appropriate. You have given me a curious mental picture. I suppose it is true, though it is incomprehensible to me, but you give me the idea of being sensible and accurate. Do you not feel that your life has been lost, fruitless, passed as it has been in this constant struggle?"

"No," cried Hope, her dark eyes lighting, and lifting her head with an unconscious but dignified movement. "It has had much sweetness, and I have been of some use. Though I am not clever, I have done what I could; and that will always comfort me. I do not fear the future. Work will come to me. I would not change with any one. I prefer to remain the 'me' that I am."

"You are an unusual specimen, Miss Desmond, and really a profound philosopher; yet you have refinement and taste, aye, and culture enough, to enable you to enjoy beauty and elegance, literature and art. I congratulate you; only, if every one was as easily pleased the world would stand still."

"Perhaps so," said Hope Desmond, with a sigh. "I can only see life according to my lights."

Then, after some minutes' silence, she observed how prettily the smoke curled up from among the trees down in the hollow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saville, "I suppose Lord Castleton has arrived. Inglefield Court belongs to him. It is an older and much damper place than this. I must call to-morrow." She heaved a deep sigh as she spoke. "Miss Dacre is one of the fortunate ones according to my estimate. She is her father's sole heiress, and takes the title, too, when she succeeds him. She is pretty, rather accomplished, and decidedly popular. I used to see a good deal of her at one time; now——" She paused and frowned, then, rising, she said, peremptorily, "Come, I feel rheumatic; I have sat here too long."

Few words passed between the companions till almost at the gate which opened from Mrs. Saville's grounds on a foot-path which crossed the vicarage fields, when that lady said, suddenly:

"I expect my son to-morrow."

"Your eldest son?"

"I have but one son," returned Mrs. Saville, icily.

(To be continued.)

One on Mark Twain.

Years ago Mark Twain, who has recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man." "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."—Philadelphia Record.

A Sporting Event.

"My husband doesn't mind walking the floor with the baby at night any more," said Mrs. Binks.

"Why is that?" asked Mrs. Jinks.

"He makes believe it's a Marathon," said Mrs. Binks." "He covered the twenty-six miles before 10 o'clock last night."—Brooklyn Life.

A Most Important Crop.

"How do you desire to be uplifted?" is the question a writer in the New York Sun puts into the mouth of the commissioner at the farmer's door.

"Wal," replies Farmer Hayrick, "ye might start in by growing a better class of city boarders."—Youth's Companion.

Fair Warning.

He—If I'd known how sarcastic you were, I never should have married you.

She—You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden" when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?—Boston Transcript.

Hasty Marriage.

Clerk at Marriage License Bureau—What's the lady's first name?

Prospective Bridegroom—Heavens! man. I never thought to ask her.