

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

NOT BUILDING LOGGING ROAD

President of Pacific Railway Declares Grade is First Class.

Portland—Who ever heard of a logging road constructed at a cost of \$40,000 per mile?

This question E. E. Lytle, president of the Pacific Railway & Navigation company, propounded when asked in regard to a report emanating from Astoria to the effect that the line being built from Hillsboro to Tillamook will be nothing more nor less than a logging road; that it is not intended for passenger and freight business.

"Why, it is absurd," Mr. Lytle continued, and laughed heartily. "Of course the report came from Astoria; Astoria does not want the road built at all. It never did."

"We are pushing the work as rapidly as possible, and expect to have trains in operation by August 1. At present 1,500 men are engaged on the work, and they are certainly doing something." "The report has it that the road contains too many sharp curves, and too steep a grade to make it practical for passenger traffic," Mr. Lytle was told.

"Curves and grades? We have no steeper grade than the maximum of the Southern Pacific to California, which is 3 per cent, and as for curves, there is not one exceeding 15 degrees. You must not lose sight of the fact that we have 18 tunnels on that stretch of road from Hillsboro to Tillamook. These tunnels should do away with some of the grade that seems to frighten those who might have started the rumor."

"The road will cost in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000, including the cost of equipment, and passenger and freight trains will be operated to supply every demand."

"As far as logging goes, we do not own a tract of timber in that district. Of course, it taps a rich timber country, and logs will, of course, be hauled if they are offered, but it will only be part of the business."

Douglas Roads Improved.

Roseburg—Douglas county made greater progress in the year 1909 than in any year in its history. Over \$106,000 was expended during the year on the improvement of the county roads. It is said that in a few years Douglas county will become as famous for its good roads as it was for its bad ones. Commercial clubs have been organized in the smaller towns, such as Oakland and Glendale, and the Roseburg club occupies as fine club rooms as can be found in the state, outside of Portland. In Roseburg alone nearly \$500,000 was expended in improvements. Eighteen blocks of hard surface pavement were laid at a cost of over \$70,000, and it is expected that about twice that amount will be expended for the same purpose during 1910. Water mains and telephone poles were replaced over the entire business section at a great cost to the respective companies.

Many new buildings were erected, including the new four-story Masonic temple, costing \$25,000; a new Presbyterian church, at a cost of nearly \$15,000, and Hon. J. H. Booth's new residence, built at a cost of \$17,000. About two miles of new 12 foot cement sidewalks were laid in the paved district.

Northern Umatilla Gets Telephone.

Pendleton—After many years of waiting the Holdman country is to have telephone communication with the outside world. The work of distributing the poles has been started and the stringing of wires will follow in a few days. It is said that the line will be in operation by the first of February. This line is considered important for the reason that it will cover a vast expanse of country which has hitherto been without wire communication. The main line will be 20 miles long, will consist of four wires and will be put up in a very substantial manner. In addition to the main line there will be numerous feeders added from time to time until the whole northwestern part of the country is covered. To begin with, 18 ranches will be supplied with the phones, but it is expected that this number will be rapidly increased.

Woodburn Asks \$10,000 for Armory.

Salem—F. W. Settlemier, captain of Company I, Oregon National guard, located at Woodburn, has asked the county court for Marion county for an appropriation of \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting an armory in that city. Captain Settlemier sets forth in his petition that the state military board will set aside a similar sum so that a creditable building can be built at Woodburn adequate for all purposes.

Wallowa Postoffice Goes Up.

Wallowa—Postmaster Tulley has received notice that the Wallowa postoffice will be placed in the third class list January 1, and that his salary will be increased to \$1,200 per annum. The advance is due to the rapid increase of business which this office has shown.

Orchards in Linn.

Albany—The planting of thousands of acres of orchards in Linn county, through the organization of orchard companies, is the real awakening spirit created during the year, and which will mean the dividing up of the present large tracts of land.

LAND READY FOR WATER.

Owyhee Ditch Company, Too, Will Join in Larger Plan.

Ontario—A plan to include all acreage covered by its ditches in the new public irrigation district being formed near Ontario, to water lands below the Malheur river and along the Owyhee river in Malheur county, through the extension of the Boise-Owyhee project is being worked out here. The acreage to be watered may reach 150,000 acres.

Not only do the directors of the Owyhee Ditch company propose to extend its canals to irrigate the arid lands, but it is now proposed to work into the general project a plan by which the so-called wet lands can be included, providing the owners consent to come into the project. Petitions for the creation of the proposed district were presented to the county court of Malheur county at Vale December 5, but a postponement was asked for the purpose of allowing wet land owners to come into the Owyhee district and also give the Trowbridge-Niver company ample time in which to thoroughly inspect the big project, for this concern is entitled to the handling of the bonds. December 19 a meeting was held at which time it was decided to consult with the Owyhee Ditch company to include all of its lands. If an agreement can be reached practically every acre of land lying below the Malheur river will be included in the one irrigation project.

Wallowa's Lumber Industry.

Wallowa—In 1909 the chief advancement in the county was the lumber industry. At the beginning of the season there were only three small mills in the immediate vicinity of Wallowa; at the close of 1909 there were ten mills, many of which have a capacity of 20,000 feet per day. The largest of these mills is the Nibley-Minnaugh Lumber company's mill, located in this city. It is a modern band mill, with a capacity of 50,000 feet per day. These mills will market more than 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually, all of which will be sent from Wallowa.

As the lumber industry increased rapidly in the past year the population of the county increased. Wallowa advanced from a little hamlet to a modern town with many magnificent residences.

Wallowa county built a modern court house within the past year, which is located at Enterprise.

Pendleton Debates to Start.

Pendleton—The preliminary debating for the high school league will commence on the evening of January 14, and on that evening Pendleton will have two teams on the rostrum. One will debate the Athens high school in this city, while the other will meet Weston. The subject for debate is, "Resolved, That life imprisonment, with restrictive power of pardon, should be substituted for capital punishment in the state of Oregon."

Potatoes on New Land.

Clatskanie—E. D. Tichenor is showing splendid Burbank potatoes grown on new land and planted June 1. The land had just been cleared, and but one plowing had been given. The crop was marketed at good prices.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.20; club, \$1.10; red Russian, \$1.09; Valley, \$1.10.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$30@30.50 per ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$32.50@33 ton. Hay—Timothy: Willamette Valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18@21.50; alfalfa, \$16@16.50; clover, \$15@16; cheat, \$15@16; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery extras, 39c; fancy outside creamery, 34@39c per pound; store, 22½@24c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 15½@16; Springs, 15½@16; ducks, 20c; geese, 12c; turkeys, live, 22c; dressed 25c.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 41@42½c per dozen; Eastern, 28@30c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 10@10½c per pound. Veal—Extras, 11@11½c per pound. Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 65@85c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.75 per dozen; cabbage, \$1.50@1.60 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per dozen; celery, \$3.50 per crate; green, 10c per pound; horse radish, 12½c per pound; pumpkins, 1½@1½c; sprouts, 6@7c per pound; squash, 1@1½c; turnips, \$1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack. Hops—1909 crop, 20@21c; olds, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c pound; mohair, choice, 25c pound.

Cascara bark—4½c pound. Hides—Dry hides, 18@19c pr pound; dry kip, 17@18c pound; dry calfskin, 19@21c pound; salted hides, 10½@11c; salted calfskin, 15@16c pound; green 1c less.

Cattle—Best steers, \$4.50@4.75; fair to good, \$4@4.25; medium and feeders, \$3.25@6.50; cows, top, \$3.50@4; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@3.75; bulls, \$3.25@5.50; heavy, \$4@4.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8.50@8.65; medium, \$7.50@8.25; stockers, \$6.50@6.75; Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50@5.75; fair to good, \$4.50@5; ewes, ½c less. Yearlings, best, \$5@5.25; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; lambs, \$6@6.25.

WHERE MEN WILL FLY.

Aviation Field at Los Angeles Is Ideal Place.

Los Angeles, Jan. 10.—On a level and broad field, where but a week ago a herd of cows grazed in peace, a miniature city of tents and plain wooden structures today marks the spot where the first aviation meet in America is to begin, and above which the first competitive trials of speed and endurance between heavier-than-air machines will be seen on this continent.

Aviation camp is 13 miles from this city on the lines of the Pacific Electric extending to the numerous beach resorts along the Pacific coast. On a stretch of high ground at one side of the field a high grandstand has been erected, rising 40 feet in the air and extending for 700 feet along the course over which the trials of air craft and speed contests will be held.

Stretching out across the aviation field from a point in front of the grandstand is a long row of tents that now cover numerous flying machines and will house many more during the ten days of the aviation meet. On another side of the broad field another line of tents are placed and here the United States army dirigible balloons and many other dirigible airships are being assembled, ready to be inflated.

Aviation camp is on ground made historic in the days of the Spanish Dons. It is a part of the famous Dominguez ranch given to Lieutenant Juan Jose Dominguez of the army of Spain in the year 1784, and its extent was determined in the grant by a clause which said that the gallant soldier, for valiant services, was entitled to as large a tract as he could ride around between sunrise and sunset. The soldier waited until one December 21 to ride the boundaries of his land.

PRELIMINARY FLIGHT A SUCCESS

Three Men and Two Women Make Short Balloon Voyage.

Los Angeles, Jan. 10.—The big balloon "New York," carrying its owner, Clifford B. Harmon; Mrs. Alvin French and her niece, Jean French, as passengers, and George B. Harrison and George Duessler, balloon pilots, landed at Casaverduga, in the Glendale valley, at 4:47 yesterday afternoon after a flight of nearly two hours.

The landing was made with ease, and no discomfort or danger attended any portion of this, the initial flight of the aeronauts who have gathered here for the aviation meet events.

An altitude of 5000 feet was attained and observations were taken by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Duessler.

When the great gas-bag was cut loose at Huntington park at 2:55 in the afternoon, its flight was almost straight up until it had attained a height of 1000 feet. Then a strong current bore it to the northward until it passed out of sight beyond the haze that lay over the mountains.

Spectators of the flight believed it was the intention of the aeronauts to attempt to sail over the Sierra Madre mountains, but those on board say this would have been impossible. At a height of 5000 feet another current took the balloon to the westward, and when they were over the Glendale valley the aeronauts decided to come to earth. A distance of about 25 miles was covered.

BOSTON HAS FIERCE CAMPAIGN

No Party Lines, But \$250,000 Is Spent by Various Candidates.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 10.—Boston Saturday night wound up, except for the finishing touches, the fiercest municipal campaign in its history. The election Tuesday will be the first under the new non-partisan plan and for a non-partisan campaign this has certainly been a revelation to the sponsors of the new order of things.

One of the candidates for mayor confesses he has spent nearly \$100,000, and he accuses his chief opponent of having spent more than \$200,000. This charge is not denied. The other two candidates, without a ghost of a chance of election, have spent about \$5000. The various candidates for the city council have probably spent \$20,000, so that the cost of the campaign to the various aspirants figures up close to a quarter of a million dollars.

The ballots on Tuesday will bear the names of the candidates without party or other designation, and the campaign has been non-partisan except so far as the known political affiliations of the candidates have influenced voters.

White Rhino Hunt Begun.

Butiaba, Jan. 10.—The Smithsonian African scientific expedition arrived at Rhino camp, the basis for the hunt for the eagerly-sought white rhinoceros, today. Rhino camp is on the Congo side of the Bar-El-Jabel river. The expedition, as made up in the present hunt, consists of Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit, Mearns, Heller, Loring, Cunningham and 30 porters and boys. They have 200 loads of supplies. The party has temporarily left Uganda for the territory remarkable for the presence of the white rhinoceros.

Jury Justifies Lynching.

Cairo, Ill., Jan. 10.—The grand jury which investigated the murder of Miss Anna Pelley and the lynchings of Henry Salzner and Will James, the latter a negro, adjourned today. The report stated that it was evident the so-called lawless element was not concerned in the lynchings, and "we believe no innocent man met his death at the hands of the mob." Salzner was accused of murdering his wife. James was suspected of causing Miss Pelley's death.

Hookworm in College.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 10.—Consternation prevails among the 100 or more students of Tulare college following the examination of every student for hookworm. It is announced that more than a third of the members of the class were found to be infected.

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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

CHAPTER XII.

Back in bright Paris, now decked in her garden-party dress of chestnut-blossoms, lilacs, and laburnums, some six or seven months afterwards.

Mrs. Saville had spent a very tranquil winter. She had rarely been free from irritation for so long a period.

For a week or two at Christmas she had been a good deal tried by a visit from her son, who, to her surprise, brought his cousin, George Lumley, with him. That over, she settled down again to her books, her fancy-work, of which she was rather proud, her game of whist with some old Grafts and Barons attached to the little court, some of whom had dabbled in diplomacy and even spent a few years in London, and frequent visits to the opera, for almost her only real pleasure was music.

If, six months before, Mrs. Saville had missed her companion when she was absent for a couple of days, the idea of parting with her now would have struck her with dismay. She had softened gradually but considerably—so gradually that Hope Desmond had to look back and recall her first impressions to measure the change.

The weather was fine, the sky blue, and sunshine beautified all things. It seemed impossible not to partake of the general exhilaration which pervaded the atmosphere. Yet Mrs. Saville's expression, if less hard, was infinitely sadder than formerly, and, though Miss Desmond's eyes were calm, and her air composed, there were shadows beneath the former and a somewhat worn look in her expressive face. She was thinner, too, as if she had borne some mental strain.

It was afternoon, and the Champs-Elysees were crowded with streams of equipages pouring out to the Bois. Stemming this current, Mrs. Saville and Hope returned from their earlier drive, and on arriving at the hotel found another open carriage drawn up at the entrance, from which a gorgeously-dressed lady was leaning while she spoke to the porter. He made a gesture towards the new arrival, whereupon the lady looked round and displayed the well-known features of Miss Dacre.

"How fortunate!" she cried. "Here, open the door; let me out!" And she sprang upon the ground.

"My dear Mrs. Saville, I only just heard by the merest accident that you were in Paris. We have been at Pau for two months, and are on our way home."

"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Saville, rather dryly, as she descended very deliberately and submitted to be kissed by her young friend. "I am sorry for your poor father. Why could you not let him rest in peace among his turpids and mangel-wurshels?"

"Why, I must think of myself, you know. How do you do, Hope? I am so glad to see you! I can't say you are looking very flourishing. I suppose you are coming in, so I can pay you a nice visit, though I have a hundred and one things to do. I suppose you have your old rooms, Mrs. Saville. We are at the Bristol. I wonder you stay here, it is so slow."

"Quite fast enough for me; but come up-stairs."

"She is as cross as ever," whispered Miss Dacre to Hope as they ascended to Mrs. Saville's apartments. "I don't wonder at your looking worn out." Hope laughed and shook her head.

"You are comfortable enough here. I must say," resumed Miss Dacre, looking round the handsomely-furnished room, which was sweet with flowers and flooded with soft light, the strong sunshine filtering through the outer blinds.

"Well, dear Mrs. Saville, and how are you after burying yourself alive in Germany all the winter? It is such a queer place to go to."

"I like Germany, and I am remarkably well."

"Well, you don't look so. We had a wild time at Herondyke. I was there for nearly a month. Lady Olivia is quite too good-natured. Then she and the girls came over to Castleton, but your son persuaded George Lumley to go with him to Dresden. A great mistake! Captain Lumley was quite cross when he returned—said it was a God-forgotten hole! I met Mr. Vignolles at Pau"—etc., etc. And Miss Dacre turned on a rapid flow of gossip. As soon as she made a pause for breath, Mrs. Saville said, wearily:

"Miss Desmond, the tea is ready. Give me a cup."

"By all means. The Parisians have improved immensely, but they have not arrived at the height of good afternoon tea yet."

Silence on the part of Mrs. Saville, while Miss Dacre sipped her tea.

"When do you come back to London, Mrs. Saville?"

"Not this year. I may go to Ingfield in the autumn."

"I suppose you know Richard is bringing out a work on 'The Romans

in Lincolnshire,' illustrated, with notes and appendices? It will cost a small fortune, they say."

"They say? Who say?"

"Oh, the literary world. I am thinking of publishing extracts from the Archives of Castleton Forest. There are lots of old deeds and letters in the muniment-room, especially about the Long Parliament times. One must really write something now."

"Indeed! Can't you compile a timetable of the trains between Castleton, Upton, and London, copying Bradshaw freely? It would answer all purposes, and give you very little trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, what an idea! Now I want you to do me a favor. Let Miss Desmond come with me to the Opera Comique this evening. My father has instituted a headache, and I rather want a chaperon. It will not be very late."

"Miss Desmond is perfectly free to do as she likes."

"If you can find any other chaperon I am quite ready to stay at home," said Hope, smiling.

"Now, do not be disagreeable. I want you to come with me."

Hope did not answer and it was arranged that Miss Dacre should call for her favorite confidante that evening en route for the theater.

"I have a hundred and one things to say to you," whispered Miss Dacre when Hope Desmond escorted her to the stair after she had taken leave of Mrs. Saville. "The same mysterious fate still dogs me. I do not know what spell binds George Lumley to silence. Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him! I rather imagined he thought I was going to Dresden last winter—heaven only knows why. You will be ready at 7:30, will you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Hope returned to Mrs. Saville she found that lady's maid removing her out-door garb and arranging her mistress on the sofa as if for a siesta.

"I would have saved you from this infliction if I could," she said, presently, when Hope thought she was going to sleep. "Mary Dacre was always foolish; she is now absolutely idiotic. I am not surprised that Hugh had no patience with her; Hugh was always instinctive. He is like me in many things."

Hope listened with nervous attention, growing alternately red and white. Never before had Mrs. Saville named her offending son, and Hope feared to utter a word that might offend or divert the current of her thoughts.

"I am always doomed to disappointment," she went on, as if speaking out her thoughts. "There is Richard; he will be a dilettante and a nobody all the days of his life. I never wasted any anticipations on him. But Hugh might be anything—a statesman, a leader of men. I would have done anything to push his fortunes. All my hopes, all my ambitions, centered in him; and you know—you must have heard—how he repaid me."

"Yes, I have heard," returned Hope, in such tremulous accents that Mrs. Saville looked up, as if surprised and touched by her keen sympathy. "It seems very cruel."

"Seems! It is. To be forgotten, thrown over, for the sake of a pretty face, a whim of passion, after years of devotion! It is intolerable; it is not to be forgiven. An unsuitable wife is a millstone round a man's neck that will drag him to perdition; but I leave her punishment to him. He will tire of her, and he will curse the day he ever saw her, and sacrificed his mother and his career—everything—to a passing fancy."

"It was a terrible mistake, a—"

"Are you ill? You look white and faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville, roused to attention by the sudden cessation of her voice.

"Only a little giddy and dazed; the sun was so strong to-day," returned Hope, steadying her voice by a strong effort. "I felt faint when we were driving round the lakes. But, dear Mrs. Saville, may I say that greater blame attaches to the girl who allowed your son to sacrifice himself for her, than to him?"

"No doubt she is a designing mixx. But she will find that she reckoned without her host when she caught my son. Existence as the wife of a poor naval officer is not quite a bed of roses."

"And suppose she proves a devoted wife, prudent, careful, self-denying; would you not in time forgive her, and pardon him for his misfortune in falling a victim to—her designs?"

"You suppose what is highly improbable; but even if this woman prove a gem of the finest water, that will do nothing towards pushing my son in his career. All must come from him; and a wife endowed with money

or interest, or both, can do so much for a man. Maddening as all this is, what embitters me most is my son's contemptuous disregard of me. To marry without a word of notice, an attempt to win my consent, was an insult."

"But Mrs. Saville, if I may venture to speak on a subject so near your heart, do you not think that the hopelessness of gaining your consent held him back from making the attempt?"

"It should have held him back also from such ungrateful disobedience. He knew he would break—no, not break my heart—mine is not the kind of heart which breaks—but harden it with a hardness that pains, with a dull, indescribable aching." And she pressed her hand on her bosom.

"Oh, yes, it was wrong—terribly wrong," cried Hope, and there was a sound of tears in her voice. "But you know your son's nature. Rightly or wrongly, he loved this girl with all his heart, and she was singularly desolate, friendless, penniless. How could he desert her, being the man he is? how could he help her effectually save as her husband? It was imprudent, I know, and very wrong, but not unpardonable. Dear Mrs. Saville, think how unhappy your son must be, parted from you as he is, and oh, think of the sad future of self-reproach and regret you are creating for his unhappy wife."

"Do not talk such sentimental rubbish to me, Miss Desmond. It is not like your usual quiet good sense. Has Mr. Rawson placed you with me to plead Hugh's cause? If so, it is wasteful ingenuity. I will not be talked over; nor does Hugh think it worth while to make any attempt at reconciliation."

"Probably he fears it would only embitter you were he to try."

"No; it is pride and obstinacy. He has something of my own nature. How proud I was of him once!"

"And so you will be again," cried Hope, cheerfully. "Foolish, faulty, he may be, but he has done nothing unworthy of a man of honor. Does a marriage of affection incapacitate a man from distinguishing himself in his profession? Do you not believe that when the heart is satisfied and at rest, the intellect works more freely and clearly?"

"And do you think that the heart will long rest satisfied when the lot of its owner is poverty and obscurity? There, that is enough. I will not hear excuses or pleading for my son. If I thought Mr. Rawson suggested such interference, I would beg you to leave at once."

"Which I can do to-morrow, if you wish," said Hope, her pale cheek flushing quickly, though she spoke with a pleasant smile.

Mrs. Saville laughed. "You know I should not like you to leave me," she said, more gently than Hope once thought she could ever speak. "Nor need you do so, if you will avoid vexed questions." Hope bent her head. "Tell me," resumed Mrs. Saville, "if you did leave me, what should you do?"

"I am not absolutely without resources," returned Hope, "and I should try to find pupils or some similar employment to this."

"But you would prefer staying where you are?"

"Yes, very, very much."

"There is a tone of sincerity in your words. Pray read to me for a while, and let us have no more agitations."

This long-wished-for opening appeared to Hope to have done very little good. She wrote an account of it to Mr. Rawson. Indeed, her correspondence with the Rawson family was very constant. Every week a thick letter went to Miss Rawson, and every week came a punctual reply. Sometimes these letters sent Hope to her daily task with a soft, happy smile on her lips; sometimes her quick-falling tears bedewed the paper as she read. But, through smiles and tears, she never failed in her duty to her employer, who grew more and more dependent on her daughterly care and attention.

(To be continued.)

Waiting for a Full Crop.

A new postoffice was established in a small village away out West, and a native of the soil was appointed postmaster. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter. He called upon the postmaster, and stating the cause of his visit, asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail bag hanging up in a corner, and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't nowhere nigh full yet."—Harper's.

The Best Part of the Speech.

Young James had never heard his papa speak in public, and it was thought time to take him to hear his father deliver a lecture. During the evening a stray dog which ventured upon the platform was disposed of as gracefully as possible. On the way home James was asked how he liked his father's lecture, and gave the answer, "It was all right, papa, but I liked the part where you put the dog out the best."—The Delinquent.

Her Hope.

"This play in its intensity," said the so-out-between-the-acts young man, "fairly takes my breath away."

"I only wish it would!" gloomily remarked the lady in the next seat.—TM Bits.

A Requisite.

Stayalight—Oh, Miss Wobbins, may I come to see you again?

Miss Wobbins—Well, I can not see how you can get very well, unless you go this time!—Life.