

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

WOOL SEASON GOOD.

Yield is Large and Prices High and Growers Satisfied.

Portland—The Oregon wool season of 1909, which has now been brought to a close, has been one of the most successful in the history of the state. The yield was large and the price high, and the growers are entirely satisfied with the result. It has also been a profitable year, so far as it has gone, for the dealers.

The wool clip of Oregon this year netted the farmers of the state about \$4,000,000. They have also received very good prices for their mutton, sheep and lambs, and are altogether in as prosperous a condition as the farmers in other parts of the state who have devoted their energies to raising grain.

It has been an ideal year for the Oregon sheep men with the weather right at every season to produce the best results. As a consequence, the output was larger than it has been in recent years and the quality was better. At the same time there was a sharper demand from buyers and prices were higher.

The quality of the wool was excellent. It was of better staple than last year, though of heavier shrinkage, owing to the dry spring. The average weight of the fleeces was placed at 9 1/2 pounds, the heaviest average ever known in the state. The wool sheared fully one pound to the fleece more than it did last year.

The highest price paid during the season in Eastern Oregon was 23 cents, which was realized on a part of one clip at Shaniko. The larger part of the best grades sold between 20 and 22 cents. Some scouring wools went at 13 cents, and other coarse grades moved at prices up to 17 cents. For the clip, as a whole, the average price was about 19 1/4 cents.

CLEARING UP LAND TITLES.

Special Agents Making Visit to Klamath County.

Klamath Falls—H. P. Jones, a special agent of the general land office, and Peter Ogden Applegate, state land agent, have arrived from Salem to inspect some lands about the lakes the titles of which are in question between the state and the United States.

The greater part of the lands in this section have long since been classified either as government or as belonging to the state under the swamp land grant of March 12, 1860, but there are some odds and ends still undetermined. The classification of these becomes very important, since the Klamath basin is now coming into its own and the rich alluvial lands about the lakes will soon be in great demand.

Messrs. Applegate and Jones went up the Klamath lake by launch to begin their examination of the low lands at the head of the lake and will probably spend several days in their investigations.

Remove Government Dredge.

Marshfield—Captain Peters, who has had charge of the government dredge Oregon at work in Coos bay, has returned from Portland and announces that the dredge is to be removed in a week and taken to the Columbia river for repairs. The work started here is as yet uncompleted, but the efforts of the people to keep the dredge here were fruitless. It is quite likely now that the port commissioners will build a dredge of their own.

Complains of Late Trains.

Salem—A. F. Will, of Aurora, has complained to the railroad commission of poor train service maintained by the Southern Pacific at Aurora. The train due to arrive at 9:25 o'clock in the morning is from two to four hours late regularly, says Mr. Will, and that city had about as well not have any train as far as it is an accommodation to passengers and shippers.

Government to Build Dredge.

Pendleton—The government has commenced advertising for bids for a \$10,000 bridge across the Umatilla river at Cayuse station. The appropriation for the structure was made last winter. The bridge will have a carrying capacity of 20 tons. The building of the bridge will form an important link in the construction of the proposed road to Wenaha springs.

Governor Benson Invited.

Salem—There has been received at the governor's office a copy of the official call for the fourth annual session of the Dry Farming congress at Billings, Mont., October 26, 27 and 28. A feature of the congress will be governors' day, when the governor of a number of the Western states will be present.

Apple Fair for Hood River.

Hood River—The apple growers of Hood river valley held a rousing meeting at the Commercial club rooms last week for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, and to lay plans for an annual apple fair. C. D. Thompson was elected chairman and W. H. Walton secretary.

Coos Plans Own Dredge.

Marshfield—Now that positive announcement has been made that the government dredge Oregon is to be removed from this harbor, the port commission will probably at once begin construction of a larger and better dredge to be used permanently for improvements on Coos bay.

CROPS IN GRANT HEAVY.

Wheat and Fruit Will Bring Farmers Good Prices.

Prairie City—For the first time in the history of the John Day valley, the products of the soil will be thrown upon the market. With the coming of the railroad this fall the fruit and grain raisers will be able to send their supplies to Baker City and all railroad points.

According to reports received here there is a short fruit crop in many sections of Eastern Oregon. Grant county never had a better yield of all kinds of fruits and grains than this year. Heretofore apples have been fed to the hogs and fruit could be had for the picking. This summer contractors are buying the fruit in the orchards. It will be boxed and shipped to railroad points.

The flour mills of the John Day valley are paying \$1 a bushel for wheat. Although the yield is much in advance of previous years, there will not be enough wheat to supply local demands. The people of Grant county have immense tracts of land that have never been cultivated, and now that the land is contiguous to the railroad the wheat yield should be very materially increased.

Wheat of Grant county compares favorably with wheat raised in the lower counties. In fact, the Blue mountain wheat is of superior quality, especially where it has been irrigated.

Umatilla-Morrow Fair.

Pendleton—The annual Umatilla and Morrow counties' fair which will occur here this month is causing considerable interest and activity. Preparations are being made for agricultural exhibits which will eclipse anything ever seen in this section of the state. Special features are being arranged for the entertainment of the crowds, the latest being a "broncho busting" contest for which a local firm has put up a handsome saddle as a prize. It is expected that the best riders in this section will be here.

Conserve Waste Water.

Arlington—The John Day Power company, composed of Oregon and Washington irrigation enthusiasts, is preparing to develop the immense water power of John Day river, about 14 miles west of Arlington. The energy of this water, which has been idling away its strength for ages, will be converted into electricity and distributed over three or four counties. The company hopes to be ready by next spring to furnish Arlington and neighboring towns with electricity for lights and power.

Kozer Returns from East.

Salem—Insurance Commissioner S. A. Kozer has returned home from his trip of investigation in the East. While in San Francisco Mr. Kozer spent several days with Governor Benson, who, he reports, is in better health than for some time. While in the East Mr. Kozer attended the national convention of insurance commissioners and also looked into the methods employed by the insurance commissioners of the Middle Western states.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 95c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85 1/2c; valley, 90c; Fife, 87c; Turkey red, 87c; fortyfold, 89 1/2c. Barley—Feed, \$26.50 per ton; brewing, \$27.50.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$12@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17@18; mixed, \$15.50@16.50; alfalfa, \$13.50; clover, \$11@13; cheat, \$13@14.50.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 34c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 29@33c; store, 21@22c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/4c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 30c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 16 1/2c per pound; springs, 17c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, young, 14c; geese, young, 10c; turkeys, 20; squabs, 1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11@11 1/2c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 9 1/2@10c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 per box; pears, \$1.25@2; peaches, 50c@1.10 per crate; cantaloupes, \$1.50@2; plums, 35@90c per box; watermelons, 1@1 1/2c per pound; grapes, 50c@1.75 per crate; casabas, \$1.50@2 per dozen.

Potatoes—\$1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 3c per pound.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50c@1; corn, 15@20c; cucumbers, 10@25c; onions, 12 1/2@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 5@10c; radishes, 15c per dozen; spinach, 5c per pound; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 50@75c per box.

Hops—1909 contracts, nominal; 1908 crop, 14@15c; 1907 crop, 11c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, 23@25c; mohair, choice, 24@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top, 4.50@4.60; fair to good, \$4@4.25; common, \$3.75@4; cows, top, \$3.40@3.65; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls and stags, \$2.7@3.25; common, \$2@2.50.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, 3/4 less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.60.

Hogs—Best, \$8.75; fair to good, \$8@8.50; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

SUGGESTIONS FROM FARMERS.

Census Director Durand Invites Their Practical Co-operation.

Washington, Sept. 6.—The farmers of the United States are naturally very much interested in the census of agriculture and farms that will be taken April 15, 1910, as one of the subjects to be covered by the thirteenth decennial census. Many are showing their interest by writing to the census bureau for the purpose of making comments upon census information regarding agriculture as presented in the past. The director of the census welcomes all such suggestions and gives them careful consideration, as he is anxious to have the results of the coming census correspond as nearly as may be to the desires of the people most interested.

In addition to studying carefully these suggestions, the director has on his own initiative requested certain professors of economics and agriculture of the more important universities of the country, and other persons who have specialized in agricultural matters, to come to Washington for a short time for the purpose of studying carefully and criticizing plans now under way. Especially is it desired to obtain their opinion relative to the questions to be asked and their form, as the results to be obtained will so largely depend upon the character of the schedule and the manner in which the questions are propounded. These suggestions, coming from outside experts, are proving to be of great value, and it is believed that in consequence of this preliminary study more valuable and accurate data will be obtained than could otherwise be secured. After these special students and experts have made their preliminary studies, formal conferences are held in the office, in which the whole matter of the character of the schedules and the best methods of securing the information are thoroughly gone over.

The department is also seeking to secure the advice and co-operation, as far as possible, of the officers and experts of the department of agriculture, of the state agricultural colleges, farmers' societies and like organizations.

SANTA FE STIRS UP RIVALRY.

Officials Call Hasty Conferences on Schedules.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—The manager of the Santa Fe road has made a definite proposition to the Postoffice department to put on a new mail and express train between Kansas City and Los Angeles that will reduce the present running time by ten hours. This will require a trip of over 1,800 miles to be made in 50 hours, or at the rate of over 37 miles an hour, including stops.

When it became definitely known today that the Santa Fe had agreed to take ten hours off the latest schedule between Kansas City and Los Angeles, consternation reigned in the official ranks of the Western roads. Conferences were held on all sides, agents of competing lines were dispatched to Washington with instructions to learn at all cost the position the government is likely to take in the matter, and orders were hastily issued by the Rock Island and Southern Pacific for time-card meetings.

NATURAL BRIDGE FOUND.

Rock Span 274 Feet Long Discovered in Utah.

Salt Lake, Utah, Sept. 6.—With a span of 274 feet and more than 300 feet high, a natural bridge, said to be the largest known, has been discovered by members of the Utah Archaeological society, who have returned from an expedition along the Colorado river, in Northern Arizona and Southern Utah.

The bridge is located four miles north of the Arizona line in the state of Utah, six miles east of the Colorado river. On its top were found imbedded several fossils of remarkable size, indicating the presence in earlier times of giant animal life.

The party brought back photographs as well as a collection of rare pottery and baskets used by the cliff dwellers centuries ago.

Decisive Battle Is Expected.

Pera, Sept. 6.—The culmination of the border affrays between Turkish troops and the Montenegrins occurred near Cusink, a city in Turkish territory, where a pitched battle was fought, according to advices received here today. There were heavy losses on both sides and a number of casualties reported. Among those injured were five Turkish women. The Montenegrins fired upon the Turks, according to the dispatches. Armed forces are now facing each other on the frontier, and a decisive battle is expected.

Open Road to Promotion.

Omaha, Sept. 6.—D. C. Buell and G. W. Sievers, appointed at the instance of E. H. Harriman to conduct a technical school for instruction of Union Pacific railway employees, opened the institution today. More than 100 applicants were on hand, ranging from section hands to draughtsmen in the engineering department. The school is designed to fit employees of the road for better positions and is open to them without expense.

Many Lost in Java Flood.

Batavia, Java, Sept. 6.—It is estimated that 600 natives have perished in the floods in Southeastern Java. The damage to property and crops has been enormous.

The Main Chance

BY Meredith Nicholson

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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Saxton, standing with Fenton in the dark hall, referred to his watch again.

"Shall we go in?" he asked.

The lawyer dropped the knob of the door and drew back out of the way.

"It's too bad it's glass," said Saxton, setting his shoulder against the wooden frame over the lock. The lock held, but the door bent away from it. He braced his feet and drove his shoulder harder into the corner, at the same time pressing his hip against the lock. It refused to yield, but the glass cracked, and finally half of it fell with a crash to the floor within.

"Don't hurry yourselves, gentlemen," said Fenton, coolly, speaking through the jagged edges of broken glass. Saxton thrust his hand in to the catch and opened the door.

"Why, it's only Fenton," called Margrave in a pleasant tone to his associates, who had effected their exits safely into a rear room.

"It's only Fenton," continued the lawyer, stepping inside, "but I'll have to trouble you to wait a few minutes."

"Oh, the meeting's adjourned, if that's what you want," said Margrave.

"That won't go down," said Fenton, placing his package on the table. "You're old enough to know, Margrave, that one man can't hold a stockholders' meeting behind locked doors."

"The meeting was held regular, at the hour and place advertised," said Margrave, with dignity. "A majority of the stockholders were represented."

"By you, I suppose," said Fenton, who had walked into the room followed by Saxton.

"By me," said Margrave.

"How many shares have you?" asked the lawyer.

"I suppose you think I'm working a bluff, but I've really got the stuff this time. To be real decent with you I don't mind telling you that I've got exactly twenty-five hundred and ninety-seven shares of this stock. I guess that's a majority all right. Now one good turn deserves another; how much has Porter got? I don't care, but I'd just like to know." He stood by the table and ostentatiously played with his certificates to make Fenton's humiliation all the keener. Margrave's associates stood at the back of the room and watched him admiringly. Fenton's bundle still lay on the table, and Saxton stood with his hands in his pockets watching events. There had been no chance for him to explain to Fenton his reasons for seeking the offices of the Traction Company and it had pleased Margrave to ignore his presence; Fenton paid no further attention to him. He wondered at Fenton's forbearance, and expected the lawyer to demolish Margrave, but Fenton said:

"You are quite right, Margrave. I hold for Mr. Porter exactly twenty-three hundred and fifty shares."

Margrave nodded patronizingly.

"Just a little under the mark."

"You may make that twenty-four hundred even," said Saxton, "if it will do you good."

"I'm still shy," said Fenton. "Our friend clearly has the advantage."

"I suppose if you'd known how near you'd come, you'd have hustled pretty hard for the others," said Margrave, sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Fenton, with the taunting inflection which gives slang to the phrase. He did not seem greatly disturbed. Saxton expected him to try to make terms; but the lawyer yawned in a preoccupied way, before he said:

"So long as the margin's so small, you'd better be decent and hold your stockholders' meeting according to law and let us in. I'm sure Mr. Saxton and I would be of great assistance—wise counsel and all that."

"You're a pretty good fellow, Fenton, and I'm sorry we can't do business together."

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't." Fenton took up his bundle and turned to the door.

"I suppose you've got large chunks of Traction bonds, too, Margrave. There's nothing like going in deep in these things."

"I've been hearing for four years that Traction bondholders were going to tear up the earth, but I guess those old frosts down in New England won't foreclose on me. I'll pay 'em their interest as soon as I get to going. And say!" he ejaculated, suddenly, "if Porter's got any of those bonds don't you get 'em with 'em. It's a big thing for the town to have a practical railroad man like me running the street car lines; and if I can't make 'em pay nobody can."

"You're not conciliated or anything, are you, Margrave?"

"By the way, young man," said Margrave, addressing Saxton for the first time, "we won't charge you anything for breakage to-day, but don't let it happen again."

Margrave lingered to reassure and instruct his associates as to the adjourned meeting, and Saxton went out with Fenton.

"That was rather tame," said John, as he and Fenton reached the street together. "I hoped there would be some fun. These shares belong to a Boston friend and they're for sale."

"I wonder how Porter came to mislead them," said Fenton, grimly. "You'd better keep them as souvenirs of the occasion. The engraving isn't bad. I turn up this way." They paused at the corner.

He still carried his bundle and he drew from his pocket now a number of documents in manila jackets.

"I have a little errand at the Federal Court. The fact is, that Mr. Porter owns

all of the bonds of the Traction Company."

Saxton nodded. He understood now why the stockholders' meeting had not disturbed Fenton.

"This is an ugly mess," the lawyer continued. "It would have suited me better to control the company through the stock so long as we had so much, but we didn't quite make it. You're friendly to Mr. Porter, aren't you?"

"Yes; I don't know how he feels toward me."

"We can't ask him just now, so we'll take it for granted. The court will unquestionably appoint a receiver, independent of this morning's proceedings, and if you don't mind, I'll ask to have you put in temporarily, or until we can learn Mr. Porter's wishes."

"But—there are other and better men—"

"Very likely; but I particularly wish this."

"There's Mr. Wheaton—isn't he the natural man—in the bank and all that?" urged Saxton.

"Mr. Wheaton has a very exacting position and it would be unfair to add to his duties," said the lawyer. "Will you keep where I can find you the rest of the day?"

"Yes," said John; "I'll be at my office. But you can do better," he called after Fenton, who was walking rapidly toward the postoffice building.

Wheaton sat at his desk all the morning hoping that Fenton would drop in to give him the result of the Traction meeting; but the lawyer did not appear at the bank. A dumb terror possessed him as he reflected upon the events of the past day. It might be that the shares which Margrave had forced from him would carry the balance of power. He went to the telephone and called Evelyn to ask her how her father was and to report his delivery of the papers in her father's box to Mr. Fenton, as instructed. Evelyn spoke hopefully of her father's illness; there were no unfavorable symptoms, and everything pointed to his recovery. It was very sweet to hear her voice in this way; and he went to his desk comforted.

CHAPTER XVII.

A week had passed since Saxton's appointment to the receivership and Wheaton went to and from his work with many misgivings. Several of Wheaton's friends had confided to him their belief that he ought to have been appointed receiver instead of Saxton, and there was little that he could say to this, except that he had no time for it. He had become nervous and distraught, and was irritable under the jesting of his associates at The Bachelors'. There was a good deal of joking at their table for several days after Saxton's appointment over Margrave's discomfiture, to which Wheaton contributed little. He felt decidedly ill at ease under it. Thompson, the cashier, had come home, and Wheaton found his presence irksome.

He had seen Margrave several times at the club since their last interview at the bank and Margrave had nodded distantly, as if he hardly remembered Wheaton. Wheaton assumed that sooner or later Margrave would offer to pay him for his shares of Traction stock. But while the loss of his own certificate, under all the circumstances, did not trouble him, Margrave's appropriation of Evelyn Porter's shares was an unpleasant fact that haunted all his waking hours.

One evening, a week after the receivership incident, he resolved to go to Margrave and demand the return of Evelyn's certificate. The idea seized him hold up on him, and he set out at once for Margrave's house. He inquired for Margrave at the door, and the maid asked him to go into the library. They were entertaining at dinner, she told him, and he said he would wait. He walked nervously up and down in the well-appointed library.

He heard the hum of voices faintly from the dining-room. Margrave came in presently, fat and ugly in his evening clothes. He welcomed Wheaton noisily and introduced him to his guests, two directors of the Transcontinental and their wives, who were passing through town on their way to California.

Mrs. Margrave and Mabel greeted Wheaton cordially. Mabel was dressed to impress the ladies from New York, and was succeeding. Mrs. Margrave was oppressed by the presence in her home of so many millions and so much social distinction as her guests represented, and she contributed only murmurs of assent to the conversation which Mabel led with ease, discoursing of yacht races, horse shows and like matters of metropolitan interest. Wheaton was glad now that he had come; Margrave's guests were people worth meeting. As soon as Wheaton felt that he could go decently, he rose and shook hands with the visiting gentlemen and bowed to the ladies. Margrave took him by the arm with an air of great intimacy and affection and walked with him to the hall, where he made much of helping Wheaton into his overcoat.

"I wanted to see you on a business matter," Wheaton began, in a low tone.

"Oh, yes," said Margrave loudly, "I forgot to tell you that check. I've been terribly rushed lately; but in time, my boy, in time!"

"Oh, not that! I mean that other certificate." Wheaton was trying to drop the conversation to a whispering basis as he drew on his gloves. Margrave had again taken his arm and was walking with him toward the front door, talking glibly all the while. He swung the door open and followed Wheaton out upon the front step.

"A glorious night! glorious!" he ejaculated, puffing from his walk. His hand wandered up Wheaton's arm until it reached his collar, and after he had allowed his fingers to grasp this lingeringly, he gave Wheaton a sudden push forward, still holding his collar, then raised his fat leg and kicked him from the step.

"Come again, Jim?" he called pleasantly, as he backed within the door and closed it to return to his guests.

Wheaton reached his room, filled with righteous indignation. He might have known that a coarse fellow like Margrave cared only for people whom he could control; and he decided after a night of reflection that he had acted handsomely in saving Porter's package of securities from Margrave the night of the encounter at the bank. The more he thought of it, the more certain he grew that he could, if it became necessary to protect himself in any way, turn the tables on Margrave. He called Margrave a scoundrel in his thoughts, and was half persuaded to go at once to Fenton and explain why Margrave had been at the bank on the night that

Fenton had found him there.

Wheaton continued to call at the Porters' daily to make inquiry for the head of the house. On some of these occasions he saw Evelyn, but Mrs. Whipple was always there; and he had not seen Evelyn alone since she gave him her father's key. Other young men, friends of Evelyn, called, he found, just as he did, to make inquiry about Mr. Porter. Mrs. Whipple had a way of saying very artlessly, and with a little sigh that carried weight, that Mr. Raridan was so very kind. Wheaton wanted to be very kind himself, but he never happened to be about when the servants were busy and there were important prescriptions to be filled at the apothecary's.

On the whole he was very miserable and when, one morning, while Porter's condition was still precarious, he received a letter from Snyder, postmarked Spokane, declaring that money was immediately required to support him until he could find work, he closed that issue finally in a brief letter which was not couched in diplomatic language. The four days that were necessary for the delivery of this letter had hardly passed before Wheaton received a telegram sharply demanding a remittance by wire. This Wheaton did not answer; he had done all that he intended to do for William Snyder, who was well out of the way, and much more safely so if he had no money. The correspondence was not at an end, however, for a threatening letter in Snyder's eccentric orthography followed, and this, too, Wheaton dropped into his waste basket and dismissed from his mind.

(To be continued.)

DANCING AND FIGHTING.

In Montenegro They Have Their Own Way of Doing Each.

The national dance of Montenegro is the kolo, somewhat similar to the horo of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the prince and his warlike deeds.

The kolo is always danced at any great national festival and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

"I never saw any dances in Northern Albania," says a writer in the Wide World, "though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beautiful maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegro markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar at Scutari could never picture these stern men dancing or at play."

"They never smile and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. When fighting the Turks the Montenegrins evince a heroism and utter fearlessness that is remarkable. The strongest men carry bombs, or rather hand grenades—things the Turkish soldier particularly abominates."

"I was once told how a certain man whom I knew well saved his hand from destruction. They were fairly cornered and the Turks closing in, when the bomb thrower stood up amid the hail of bullets, lit the fuse with his cigarette, and rushed toward the soldiers, who, seeing his intention, promptly made tracks.

"It was, of course, lucky that the Mohammedan soldier, who does not much mind being sent to paradise with a bullet, thinks his chance of eternal bliss very doubtful if he is blown up with dynamite. The nerve required to be a bomb thrower is worthy of a little reflection. He must absolutely expose himself and as the fuse is very short the ignition must be coolly considered."

"If premature it means the destruction of himself and comrades, and when it is fairly alight the bomb must be thrown with mathematical exactitude. In other words, the man must leave his cover and charge an overwhelming force alone and not throw till he is close up to it."

Turning the Tables.

"Here," said Johnson, entering the dealer's shop in a rage, "I thought you guaranteed that parrot I bought two days ago to be quite free of objectionable habits. Why, it has done nothing but swear since I got it."

"Ah! sir! it's wonderful how soon them birds get corrupted in new quarters. I should ha' been more careful who I sold him to. I didn't think you were that sort of a gent," and Johnson found himself outside, feeling like a culprit before he quite understood what happened.—Answers.

Helping Him Along.

"See here," said Blank to the alleged humorist of the village weekly, "what do you mean by using my name so often in connection with your jokes—Blank says this and Blank says that, etc.?"

"My dear boy," replied the party of the funny part, "I do that because it attracts attention. Nearly all our readers know you, and when they read those jokes they invariably say: 'Well, that's certainly a brilliant remark—for Blank.'"

Same Sensation.

"Were you ever surrounded by wolves?"

"No; but I used to open the dining room doors at a summer hotel."—Kansas City Journal.