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 devel-opments 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 accompany ing 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 com-

President Campbell is much pleased with the interest the women are taking tire output of the union this year. 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 Logged-off lands have been cleared and where three years ago stood the giant firs now are seen buildings and

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, past two years op rated the stage line in conjunction with the D. I. & P. company between Bend, 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

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

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 asso-ciation, 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 exhibit-ing a turnip which measures 34 inches in eircumference. It is solid through-out and very heavy. The turnip was grown on fern land a few miles from

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.

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 ations is in growing more trees.

land has been the inauguration of a The question of conserving and prolarge irrigation system for both high

A project to colonize 2,000 acres within a few miles of this city was announced a few days ago by W. B. Sherman, who asys 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 do so, 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.

\$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 main tained by that organization. pers 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 en-

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 Several weeks ago the court purchased the rock quarry and bunkers vacated by the Warren Construction growth showed these trees were 24 inches on the stump at 40 years and at

New Sawmill for Wallowa.

Wallowa-Plass Bros., a well-known awmill firm of Elgin, have shipped their machinery to this city, where they will consolidate with the Bear Creek Lumber company, a new corporation re-cently 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.

He Casperson has brought back to Eugene a beet grown in his garden that beats all beets in this sec- vidual 40 years is a long time to wait member the b-b-bright shining dollars Redmond and other points to Shaniko tion. The vegetable weighs just 30

Portland Markets.

Wheat-Bluestem, \$1.05; club, red Russian, 921/2c; Valley, 94@95c; Fife, 92@93c; Turkey red, 96c; 40-fold, Barley-Feed, \$27@27.50; brewing,

\$27.50 per ton, Corn-Whole, \$33; cracked, \$34 per

Oats-No. 1 white, \$28.50@29 per

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@36e per

pound; store, 221/2@24c. (Butter fat prices average 11/20 per pound under

regular butter prices). Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 421/2e per dozen; Eastern, 30@34e per dozen

Poultry-Hens, 131/2@141/2c; springs, 134@144c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, 15@154c; geese, 104c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; dressed, 20@21c; squabs, \$1.75

@2 per dozen. Pork-Fancy, 9@91/2c per pound. Veal—Extras, 9½@10e per pound. Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 box; pears, 75c@\$1.50; grapes, 50c@\$1.15 per erate, 10@12½e 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@60e per sack;

sweet potatoes, 1%@2e per pound, Vegetables—Artichokes, 75c per dez en; beans, 10c per pound; cabbage, 400 le; 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@1½c; radishes, 15e 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; me-

dium, \$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@

REFORESTATION IS EASY.

Observations of a Practical Timberman Clearly Set Forth.

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

The Timberman: As the question of onserving our present forests and reforesting our logged-off lands is now ommanding 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 e practically exhausted in fifty years, at the present rate of cutting; and as he rate of consumption will undoubtlly increase, it would seem that our aly hope of a supply for future gener-

tecting our forests and raising another or speed the parting guest at the door crop of timber to take the place of the of the country tavern. He drove a one we are now cutting and destroying pair of beautiful, spirited horses, and is purely an economic one, and not gov. erned by academic theories. Hence, we he excited the envy of every beholder, will conserve and protect our present as he took the ribbons in his hand. forests, plant and raise a new crop of swung out his long whip and started. trees on our logged-off lands just as If her husband's heart was swell-soon as we find out that it pays to ing with pride, Pepceta's was bursting

we might raise grain and garden truck the farmhouse came in sight she be-to cat and hay for our stock; and why? gan to scan the landscape for the fig-Because these things to us had a value, are which had been so vividly im-and trees had none. We could not cat pressed upon her mind. hem and nobody wanted to buy them. But mark the change today. The trees groomed, whirled the light wagon have a value; our forests are at the along the road at a rapid pace and as The price to be paid by the colonists have a value; our forests are at the for the unimproved land will vary from wealth to the states along the Pacific Quaker, Pepeeta saw a little child Coast, and where the conditions for reforesting are so favorable, they can be and a woman moving quietly among made a source of wealth for all time to the flowers in the garden; but David come. But as approximately only 20 himself was not to be seen. A tear fell from her eyecountry is in the hands of the governnent and about 80 per cent under private ownership, the question of refor estation presents some serious difficul-

What is the age of our present for-ests? What are the means to be emloyed to retorest our logged-off lands? What length of time will it take? What benefits can be derived? And then he 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

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 company, upon the completion of the company's paving contract in this city. From my observations, extending over this included all crushed rock that had to 18 inches in diameter can be grown 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 limber 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 "Nonsense, child! What do we want stranding trainers will be seen to be better the birds have nests to rest in for a little while. Are we never going to have a home?" "Nonsense, child! What do we want with a harbypare." It is better to be of land planted to fir trees will carn \$6

> which we can put our mountainous, rocky, logged-off lands that will yield Look at the play of the muscles under for a harvest, but not long to the state that we coaxed out of the tightly b-b-

> To my mind, the phase of the ques tion that presents the most serious diffi- you ask of life? What else can it g-gculties is the problem of taxation. I give?" have no hesitation in saying that our present system of taxation, particularly egarding 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 disappointment with an unerring in-a system that does not tax the growing stinct. It was exactly as she thought. crops of the farmer, the gardener, or At the last instant, David's heart had the fruit grower, and taxes the growing failed him. rop of timber over and over, and at a rate that will confiscate the entire crop burried through his "chores," excused in 30 to 35 years, when it takes from 40 to 100 years to raise this crop, is certainly open to valid objection. substitute for our present system of reforestation by the state; and a portion to pay the expense of proteeting our present forests from fire and depre-

I shall not attempt in this article to enter into the details of such a scheme. am told on good authority that raising trees by the state or national govgrament pays in European countries. If o, 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 Her schel 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 considermit," he said, "were taken 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. Me Kinley, one of the United Railways detectives, who was arrested several months ago on a charge of stealing documents from the office of District 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.

Hogs—Best, \$7.85@8; medium, \$7.50 against Rudolph Spreckels, William J. Burns, Francis J. Heney, Harry Wilburns, Fra

The Redemption

of Pavid Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VI. Early the next morning the two adventurers took their departure. The upon the landlord and the "riff-raff" who gathered to welcome the coming he excited the envy of every beholder, The writer remembers doing a lot of did not understand had prevented her hard work, in early life, along with from telling the doctor of her intermany others, destroying our forests that

The swift horses, well fed and well groomed, whirled the light wagon they passed the humble home of the Quaker, Pepeeta saw a little child

A tear fell from her eye, and her thin quivered. With the utmost effort of her will she could not repress these avidences of her disappointment, and with a spasmodic motion she clutched he arm of the driver as if it were that of Destiny and she could hold it back. So sudden and so powerful was the grasp of her young hand, that it turned the horses out of the road and all but upset the carriage. With a olent jerk of the reins, the astonishd driver pulled them back, and ev laimed with an oath:

You little wild cat, if you ever d-dso that again, I will throw you into the d-d-ditch!'

"Excuse me!" she answered humbly, owering under his angry glances. What is the matter?" he asked. ore kindly, seeing the tears in her

"I do not know. I am nervous, guess," she answered, sadly. "Nervous? P-p-peeta Aesculapius

ne-rous? I thought her nerves were made of steel? What is the m-m-mathe asked, looking at her anxlously. His gentleness calmed her, and she answered: "I am sorry to leave a place where I have been so happy! Oh!

standing timber will be worth \$8 per with a h-h-home? It is better to be thousand in 40 years, and that an acre always on the go. I want my liberty. It suits me best to fly through the per year for the cutire period, not counting the small trees that can be counting the small trees that can be calken out and utilized for wood, posts p-p-prison. I should tramp back and forth in it like a polar bear in a c-cand poles during the 40 years.

I do not think there is any use to cage. B-b-be gay! Be happy! How can you be sad on a morning like this wealth, though to the indi- the smooth skins of the horses? Rebuttoned breeches pockets of the gray-

> "It does not make me happy! I shall never be happy until I have a home," she said, still sobbing, and trying to conceal the cause of her grief from herself as well as from her husband. She had divined the cause of her

backed Q-Q-Quakers. What more do

On the preceding evening, he had himself from giving an account of the adventures of the day on the ground As a of fatigue, and retired to his room to cherish in his heart the memories of taxing timber, based on values, I would that beautiful face and the prospects advocate a cutting fax to be paid when of the future. He could not sleep. For the timber is cut; a portion of this tax hours he tossed on his bed or sat in to be set aside to bear the expense of the window looking out into the night. and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber his dreams were haunted by two faces which struggled ceaselessly to crowd each other from his mind. One was the young and passionate countenance of the gypsy, and the other was that of his beautiful mother with her pale, carven features, her snow-white hair, her pensive and unearthly expression. They both looked at him, and then gazed at each other, Now one set below the horizon like a wan, white moon, and the other rose above it like the glowing star of love. Now the moon passed over the glowing star in a long eclipse and then disappearing behind a cloud left the brilliant star to shine alone.

When he awoke the gray dawn rerealed in vague outline the realities of that Dr. Cook did not get within 10 plans. He sprang from his couch which Dr. Cook claims are of the ing in his veins, and the rapturous looks with which Pepeeta had received his promise to be her companion still made his pulses bound. He hurriedly put a few things into a bundle and

stole out of the house. As he moved quietly but swiftly away from the familiar scenes, his heart which had been beating so high from hope and excitement began to sink in his bosom. He had never dreamed of the force of his attachment to this dear place, and he turned his face toward the old gray house again and again. Every step away from it seemed more difficult than the last and his feet became heavy as lead. But he pressed on, ashamed to acknowledge his inability to execute his purpose. He came to the last fence which

ay between him and the bridge where

he had agreed to await the adventurers, and then paused. He was early. There was still time to reflect. Had the carriage arrived at that moment he would have gone; but it tarried, and the tide of love and regret bore back to the old famillar life. "I cannot go. I cannot give

it up," he murmured to himself. Torn by conflicting emotions, inclining to first one course and then another, he finally turned his face away from the bridge and fled, impelled by weakness rather than desire. He did not once look back, but ran at the top of his speed straight to the old barn and hid himself rom sight. There, breathless and miserable, he watched He had not long to wait. The dazzling "turn-out" dashed into view. On the high seat he beheld Pepeeta, saw the enger glance she cast at the farm house, followed her until they arrived at the bridge, behold her disappoint-ment, raved at his own weakness, rushed to the door, halted, returned, rushed back again, returned, threw himself upon the sweet smelling hay, cursed his weakness and indecision and finally surrendered himself to mis-

From the utter wretchedness of that bitter hour, he was roused by the ringing of the breakfast bell. Springing to his feet, he hastened to the spring, bathed has face, assumed a cheerful look and entered the house.

For the first time in his life he at-

tempted the practice of deception, and experienced the bitterness of carrying a guilty secret in his bosom. How he worried through the morning meal and the prayer at the family altar, he never knew, and he escaped with inexpressible relief to the stable and the field to take up the duties of his daily life. He found it plodding work, for the old inspirations to endeavor had utterly vanished. He who had hitherto found toll a beatitude now moved behind the plow like a common drudge.

Tired of the pain which he endured. he tried again and again to forget the whole experience and to persuade himself that he was glad the adventure had ended; but he knew in his heart of hearts that he had failed to follow the gypsy, not because he did not really wish to, but because he did not wholly dare. The consciousness that he was not only a bad man but a coward, added a new element to the bitterness of the cup he was drinking.

Each succeeding day was a repetition of the first, and became a paintful unrest. The very world in which he lived seemed to have undergone a transformation. The sunlight had lost its glory, the flowers had become pale and odorless, the songs of the birds dull and dispiriting.

Some men pass their lives in the midst of environments where insincerity would not have been so painful; but in a home and a community where sham and hypocrisy were almost unknown these perpetual deceptions became more and more intolerable with every passing hour. Nothing could be more certain than that in a short time, like some foreign substance in a healthy body, his nature would force him out of this uncongenial environment. With some natures the experience would have been a slow and protracted one, but with him the termina-

tion could not be long delayed. It came in a tragedy at the close of the next Sabbath. The day had been dreary, painful and exasperating beyond all endurance, and he felt that he could never stand the strain of another. And so, having detained his mother in the sitting room after the rest of the family had retired, he paced the floor for a few moments, and after several unsuccessful attempts to introduce the subject gently, said bluntly:

"Mother, I am chafing myself death against the limitations of this

"My son," she said, calmly, "this has not come to me as a surprise He moved uneasily and looked as if

he would ask her "Why?" "Because," she said, as if he had really spoken, "a mother possesses the power of divination, and can discern the sorrows of her children, by a suffering in her own bosom."

The consciousness that he had caused her pain rendered him incapable of speech, and for a moment they sat in silence.

"What is thy wish and purpose, my son?" she asked at last, with an effort which seemed to exhaust her strength. "I wish to see the world," he answered, his eye kindling as he spoke. I have seen it in my dreams. I have heard its distant voices calling to me. My spirit chafes to answer their sum-I strain at my anchor like a great ship caught by the tide."

Shall I tell thee what this world of

which thee has dreamed such dreams is really like, my son? I will," she said, regarding him with a look which seemed to devour him with yearning love. "This world whose voices thee hears calling is a fiction of thine own That which thee thinks thee beholds of glory and beauty thee hast conjured up from the depths of a couthful and disordered fancy, and projected into an unreal realm. world which thee has thus beheld in thy dreams will burst like a pin-pricked bubble when thee tries to enter it. It is not the real world, my son. How shall I tell thee what that real world is? It is a snare, a pit-fall. It is a flame into which young moths are ever plunging. It promises, only to deceive; it beckons, only to betray; its smiles are ambushes; it is sunlight on the surface, but ice at the heart; it offers life, but it confers death. I bid thee fear it, shun it, hate it!"

"Mother," he exclaimed, "what does thee know of this world, thee whe has passed thy life in lonely places and amongst a quiet people?"

She rose and paced the floor as if to permit some of her excitement to escape in physical activity, and pausing before him, said: "My only and wellbeloved son, thee does not know thy mother. A veil has been drawn over that portion of her life which preceded thy birth, and its secrets are hidden in her own heart. She has prayed God that she might never have to bring them into the light; but he has imposed upon her the necessity of opening the grave in which they are buried, in order that, seeing them, thee may abandon thy desires to taste those pleasures which once lured thy mother along the flower-strewn pathway to her sin and sorrow.'

Her solemnity and her suffering produced in the bosom of her son a nameless fear. He could not speak. He could only look and listen.

"Thee sees before thee," she continued, "the faded form and features of a woman once young and beautiful. Can thee believe it?"

He did not answer, for she had seemed to him as mothers always do to children, to have been always what he had found her upon awakening to consciousness. He could not remember when her hair was not gray. Something in her manner revealed to the startled soul of the young Quaker that he was about to come upon a discovery that would shake the very foundation of his life; for a moment he

could not speak. "David," she said, in a voice that sounded like an echo of a long-dead past, "the fear that the sins of thy parents should be visited upon thee has tormented every hour of my life. I have watched thee and prayed for thee as no one but a mother who has drunk the bitter cup to its dregs could ever do. I have trembled at every childish sin. In every little fault 1 have beheld a miniature of the vices of thy mother and thy father-thy

father! Oh! David, my son-my son!" The white lips parted, but no sound issued from them. She raised her white hand and clutched at her throat as if choking. Then she trembled, gasped, reeled, and fell forward into his arms.

In a moment more, the agitated heart had ceased to beat, and the secret of her life was hidden in its mysterious stience. The sudden, inexplicable and calamitous nature of this event came near unsettling the mental balance of the sensitive and highly organized youth. Coming as it did upon the very heels of the experiences which had so thoroughly shaken his faith in the old life, he felt himself to be the target for every arrow in the quiver

of misfortune. (To be continued.)

Not to Be Trapped. "Concede nothing," was the adviceof a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the Chicago Tribune tells. On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper re-

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating

the landscape. "How many people are hurt?" asked

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other. "How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck." "You haven't? Who are you, any-

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

A Man of His Word. Tom-Lend me \$10. I'll pay you

next week. Dick-That's what you said last

Tom-Well, you don't want me going around and telling you one thing one week and another thing the next.

A Talking Machine. Brother-How did you like my friend, Mr. Smith.

Sister-Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him. Brother-Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something. Up to Him.

Stern Parent-So you would be will-

ing to die for my daughter, would you? Ardent Sultor-I would, indeed! Stern Parent-All right, then. Get your life insured for \$20,000 and make

A Parting Shot. Doctor-Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.

Patient-Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like. In Fashion. Crawford-So your wife doesn't

make mince ples any more? Crabshaw-No. She uses all the odds and ends around the house as trimmings for her bat.-Puck.

Generous Johnny. Minister-Johnny, do you know where little boys go that go fishing on

Johnny-Sure. Follow me an' I'll show you. A Foregone Conclusion. "Everybody thinks that Amelia ia such a sweet girl, and I can't see it." "You can't? Why, man, her father

made a big fortune in the sugar busi-

Ready for Trial. "The charge is desertion. What'h be your defense?" "Temporary insanity, or I never would have married her."