

# HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

## PENLETON PLANS BIRD SHOW.

Eastern Oregon Poultrymen Will Make Splendid Exhibition.

Penleton—The first annual exhibit of the Umatilla-Morrow County Poultry association will be held in this city Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 25, 26 and 27. The show will be held in the large store room in the Smith-Crawford building formerly occupied by Cook & Perry, and the committee in charge has already started to get the room in shape for the show.

The association has secured the services of Elmer Dixon, of Oregon City, who will be present all during the show and will personally pass on each entry. Mr. Dixon is a member of the American Poultry association and is licensed by that organization to judge all varieties of poultry, and is recognized authority in this line of work in the Northwest, being a breeder of poultry himself, and his knowledge has been gained by actual experience.

In order that each exhibitor may have a full knowledge of what his exhibit is worth and in order to stimulate the breeding of only first class varieties of birds in the two counties, the score card system will be used throughout the show and each bird will pass a most rigid examination, and the result of each examination will be contained on the score card hung in front of the pen containing the bird.

In addition to the other features of the poultry show, the committee has in view the holding of a cat and dog show during part of the time, and appropriate prizes will be offered in this line to cause a large exhibit of this class of animals to be shown.

## Lowland Grain Frozen.

Salem—"It is difficult to estimate the damage the average weather has done, as it has varied in severity in different localities," said A. C. Armstrong, county fruit inspector of Marion county, in speaking of the effect of unusual winter.

"Upland grain has been protected by snow to some extent, while lowland grain, has been frozen out, so that in some instances, I would say, less than one-third of a crop remains. However, it will be found upon investigation, I think, that the farmers this year planted less fall grain than they ordinarily would, because of persistence of early rains last fall.

"A large proportion of potatoes not yet dug have suffered, I am told, but other crops aside from potatoes and grain have not suffered greatly. Cold winter will be good for fruit trees. It will keep them back, giving them longer rest, making them harder, besides decreasing liability of late frosts doing damage. Cold weather will also lend favor to next winter's apples."

## Fruit in Good Shape.

Eugene—While the recent continued cold weather has injured the grain crop of Lane county to some extent, all fruit is in good shape and it is expected that the usual crop will be gathered, according to the predictions of S. J. Holt, manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers' association and County Fruit Inspector J. Beebe. They think the trees did not suffer from the cold at all. The extent of the damage to the grain cannot be ascertained, but is not as great as first thought. Following each hard freeze there came a good rain which packed down the ground that had been raised by the freeze and uprooting the grain. Some say there will not be more than half crop of fall-sown wheat, while others aver that no damage at all was done. No reports on the condition of hops are at hand, but it is generally thought that very little, if any, damage has been done by the freezing weather.

## Crops in Josephine.

Grant's Pass—Outlook for fruit, hops and grain in Josephine county the coming year is better than it has been for years. County Fruit Inspector J. F. Burke has recently visited some of the larger orchards in this county and reports the trees well set with buds. The extremely cold weather we have been experiencing is all that can be desired for fruit raising and if the present conditions hold until the first of March, Josephine county will be blessed with a bumper crop. This does not apply to orchards exclusively, as small fruits of all kinds are expected to be abundant.

## Extend Phone Lines Near Medford.

Medford—The Medford & Butte Falls Telephone company has purchased the Eagle Point-Central Point line and has made arrangements with the Pacific Telephone company to build to Central Point for direct connection with Medford. The stations on the line are Butte Falls, Derby, Vestal and Eagle Point. The line will also be extended to Brownsboro at once as well as to a number of other settlements in that section.

## For Bigger and Better Fair.

Albany—A better and bigger Linn county fair was planned at the meeting of the board of directors of the Linn County Fair association at Seio, when the following officers were unanimously elected: Dr. A. G. Prill, president; R. Shelton, secretary; E. D. Myers, treasurer.

## Beautiful Streets with Trees.

Medford—Eleven hundred trees ordered by the Greater Medford club for the purpose of beautifying the streets have arrived and are now being planted in and will be planted as soon as the condition of the soil warrants.

## CHALLENGES ORCHARD OWNERS

Captain Reimers, of Chehalis Mountain, Posts Cash for Contest.

Salem—Believing that he has the best orchard land in Oregon, in the 1,000-acre tract known as Chehalis Mountain Orchards, Captain Paul H. Reimers has posted a \$1,000 check with W. K. Newell, president of the state board of horticulture, challenging any orchard land operator in the state to show a better 4-year old orchard in 1914 than he can.

An evidence of good faith, Captain Reimers has posted \$1,000 with President Newell, for which he has the following receipt:

"Received from Paul H. Reimers, certified check No. 651 of the amount of one thousand dollars (\$1,000). Said check of \$1,000 is to be kept by the undersigned in trust as security of the following challenge, to-wit:

"Paul H. Reimers challenges here-with any person or company in the sum of one thousand dollars to plant in Oregon during the year 1910 and develop during the following four years, a better and more desirable orchard, from every standpoint, than his Chehalis Mountain orchards at Frank-and-Rex station, Oregon. Signed, W. K. Newell, President State Board of Horticulture."

Any orchardist desiring to enter the competition can get full information as to the conditions of the contest from Captain Reimers or President Newell.

## Bumper for Apples.

Hood River—Cold weather has not injured the fruit trees. Examination of fruit spurs indicates the best of condition. County Fruit Inspector G. R. Castner has made a careful inspection of his district, and reports the very best of conditions in both the lower and upper valley.

Present indications point to a bumper apple crop here this year. With a heavy snowfall on the ground, strawberry plants have been prevented from heaving out of the ground by continued frosts. One hundred and twenty-five cars of berries are predicted for this year.

## Klamath Falls Gets Fire Protection.

Klamath Falls—The city council has ordered 60 new hydrants, which will make a total of 70 in the city. The mains on Klamath and Main streets will be connected with the six-inch main down Second and Sixth streets, which will also extend down Sixth street to Oak. Fire hydrants will be established on every corner on Main street and Klamath avenue. This addition to the system is to be installed and ready for service by July 1, 1910.

## Dakotans See Hood Orchards.

Hood River—Dr. Henry Waldo Coe of Portland, arrived in Hood River with a special car of homeseekers from North Dakota. They spent a day viewing the Hood River orchards. The trip was made by a sleigh. Dr. Coe left in the evening for Umatilla county, where he will interest the parties in the lands under the Coe-Furnish irrigation ditch.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.18@1.19; club, \$1.08@1.09; red Russian, \$1.06; Valley, \$1.06; 40-fold, \$1.10@1.12.

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

Oats—No. 1 white, \$32.50 per ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy: Willamette Valley, \$18@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$21@23; alfalfa, \$17@18; clover, \$16; grain hay, \$17@18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@3 box; pears, \$1.50 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 65@85c sack; sweet potatoes, 2 1/2c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1@1.25 per dozen; cabbage, \$2 per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.75 per dozen; celery, \$3.75 per crate; horseradish, 12 1/2c per pound; pumpkins, 1 1/2@1 3/4c; sprouts, 6@7c per pound; squash, 1@1 1/4c; tomatoes, \$1.50@2.25 per box; turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.50.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50 per sack.

Butter—City creamery extras, 39c; fancy outside creamery, 34@39c per pound; store, 20@25c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Poultry—Hens, 15 1/2@16c; ducks, 20@22; geese, 18c; turkeys, live, 19@20c; dressed, 22 1/2@23c.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon extras, 30@35c per dozen; Eastern, 25@27c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11@11 1/2c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 12@12 1/2c per pound.

Cattle—Best steers, \$5@5.35; fair to good steers, \$4.50@4.75; strictly good cows, \$4.35; fair to good cows, \$3.50@3.75; light calves, \$5@5.50; bulls, \$2.50@3.75; stags, \$3@4.

Hogs—Top, \$9.10@9.20; fair to good hogs, \$8.60@9.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.50@6; fair to good wethers, \$4.50@5; good ewes, \$5@5.50; lambs, \$5@6.50.

Hops—1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@21c; 1908s, 17 1/2c; 1907s, 11 1/2c; per pound.

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

Cascara bark—4 1/2c per pound.

Hides—Dry hides, 18@18 1/2c per pound; dry kip, 18@18 1/2c per pound; dry calfskin, 19@21c per pound; salted hides, 10@10 1/2c; salted calfskin, 15c per pound; green, 1c less.

## ENUMERATORS' RATES OF PAY.

Census Director Establishes Compensation for Census Takers

Washington, D. C., January, 24.—The varying wage scales in different parts of the country and the differences in the nature and extent of the local difficulties confronting the enumerators in the larger geographical divisions of the United States have influenced and guided United States Census Director Durand in the adoption of a classification of enumerators' rates of compensation, within the limits prescribed by the United States Census law enacted by congress.

Per diem rates of pay will be paid to the census enumerators in the sparsely settled rural districts of Arizona, California, Texas, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

The rate will range from \$5 to \$6 per day for the enumeration of the rural areas outside of cities and towns. Six dollars is the highest rate authorized by law.

There are three general rates—the per capita, the mixed, and per diem. The first and second general rates have five subdivisions each.

The per diem rates range from \$3 to \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50, and \$6, and are paid for a day of eight hours' work.

For enumerators on the per capita basis, which will be that most widely used, the pay for each inhabitant is: Class A, 2 cents; class B, 2 1/2 cents; class C, 3 cents; class D, 3 1/2 cents; and class E, 4 cents. Such enumerators will also be paid for each farm as follows: Class A, 20 cents; class B, 22 cents; class C, 25 cents; class D, 27 cents; and class E, 30 cents. These rates are in each case 5 cents or more higher than those paid in 1900, when the range was from 15 to 20 cents.

For each establishment of productive industry the rate for each class is 30 cents. For each barn and inclosure containing livestock, not on farms, the pay is 10 cents for each class.

Under the mixed rate, which is a combination of the per capita and the per diem, there are five sub-classes alphabetically arranged, and the per diem is: Class F, \$1; G, \$1.25; H, \$1.50; I, \$1.75; and J, \$2. For each inhabitant the pay is: Class F, 2 cents; G, 2 cents; H, 2 1/2 cents; I, 2 1/2 cents and J, 3 cents. For each farm: Class F, 15 cents; G, 17 1/2 cents; H, 17 1/2 cents; I and J, 20 cents each. For each establishment of productive industry the rate is 20 cents for each class.

## ARIZONA STARTLED BY COMET.

Nebulous Body With Flowing Tail Plainly Seen at Sunset.

Douglas, Arizona, Jan. 24.—Without being heralded, there appeared in the western horizon just before dusk this evening, a spectacle such as none in these parts had ever before witnessed. It was nothing more nor less than a magnificent comet, or a body having all the appearances of one, with nucleus, coma and a great tail. The word was quickly passed around and soon the whole city was out viewing the beautiful spectacle. At first it was supposed as a matter of course it was Halley's comet, though this is not expected until April, but word from Professor Douglas, astronomer at the state university at Tucson, is that the stranger is distinct from Halley's. The same word also comes to the Dispatch here from Flagstaff university, in Northern Arizona.

The wonder of the spectacle was its completeness and its appearance without any warning just after sunset.

Douglas is about 4,000 feet above the sea and has a wonderfully clear atmosphere. No comet like this one has ever before been seen in this section.

## Honolulu, Jan. 24.—Captains of inter island vessels arriving here report having seen Halley's comet.

Disputes Delay Settlement.

Paris, Jan. 24.—It is rumored here that the delay in the final settlement of the terms of the Hankow-Szechuan railway loan was due chiefly to disputes over details connected with the apportionment of the roadway between the financial groups interested, the construction material and similar questions. According to a statement in well-informed quarters, the French group, headed by the Indo-China bank, held out because they considered that they had not been fairly treated in the apportionment.

## Thaw Declared Bankrupt.

Pittsburg, Jan. 24.—That Harry K. Thaw is a bankrupt and that his estate is subject to the United States bankruptcy laws is held by Referee William B. Blair, who today handed down an opinion on the petition of Roger O'Nara, trustee of Thaw's estate, for leave to sell the bankrupt's real and personal property to his sister, Alice Copley Thaw, at private sale. The petition was opposed by New York creditors.

## Sugar Weighers Stay in Jail.

New York, Jan. 24.—Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit court here, denied today the application of the four men now serving a sentence of a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's island for conspiracy to defraud the government in the weighing of sugar on the docks in Brooklyn to be released on bail pending the hearing of the motion of an appeal.

## A French Scientist Has Advanced the Theory that there is no such metal as radium, but that radio-activity is the result of certain now unknown chemical combinations of which barium forms the chief part.

# The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

With a swift, instinctive movement both of them turned away. Each read in the other's face consciousness of the impossibility of discussing those experiences through which they had come to be what they were. Such men guard the real history of their lives and the real emotions of their hearts as jealously as the combinations of their cards. The old, ironical smile lighted up Mantel's features, and he said:

"We seem to have a violent antipathy to this ice, Davy, and skate away from it as soon as it begins to crack a little beneath our feet."

"Yes," said his friend, shrugging his shoulders. "It is not pleasant to fall through the crust of friendship. There is a sub-element in every life a too sudden plunge into which might result in a fatal chill. We had all better keep on the surface. I am frank enough to say that the less any one knows about my past, the better I shall be satisfied."

"I wish that I could keep my own self from invading that realm as easily as I can keep others! Why is it that no man has ever yet been able to let the dead past bury its dead? It seems a reasonable demand."

"He is a poor sexton—this old man, the Past. I have watched him at his work, and he is powerless to dig his own grave, however many others he may have excavated!"

"The Present seems as helpless at the Past. I wonder if the future will heap enough new events over old ones to hide them from view?"

"Let a shadow bury the sun! Let a wave bury the sea," answered David, bitterly.

Mantel dropped his eyes in silence. For the first time since David had known him, his fine face gave some genuine revelation of the emotions of his soul. Great tears gathered in his eyes, and his lips trembled. In a moment, he arose, took his hat, laid his hand gently upon the arm of his friend, and said, "David, my dear fellow, we are skating on that thin ice again. We shall fall through if — are not careful, and get that chill you were talking about. Let's go out and take a walk. Life is too deep for either you or me to fathom. I gave it up as a bad job long ago. Come, let us go. We need the air."

They went down into the streets and lost themselves in the busy crowd of care-encumbered men. Suddenly Mantel was startled by an abrupt change in the manner of his companion, who paused and stood as if rooted to the pavement, while his great blue eyes opened beyond their natural width with a fixed stare.

Following the direction of their gaze, Mantel saw that they were fixed on a blind beggar who sat on a stool at the edge of the sidewalk, silent and motionless like an old snag on the bank of a river—the perpetual stream of human life forever flowing by. His head was bare; in his outstretched hand he held a tin cup which jingled now and then as some compassionate traveler dropped him a coin; by his side, looking up occasionally into his unresponsive eyes, was a little terrier, his solitary companion and guide in a world of perpetual night.

The face of the man was a remarkable one, judged by almost any standard. It was large in size, strong in outline, and although he was a beggar, it wore an expression of power, of independence and resolution like that of another Bellarmine. But the feature which first arrested and longest held attention, was an enormous moustache. It could not have been less than fourteen inches from tip to tip, was carefully trimmed and trained, and although the man himself was still comparatively young, was white as snow. Occasionally he set his cup on his knee and with both hands twisted the ends into heavy ropes.

It was a striking face and exacted from every observer more than a passing look; but remarkable as it was, Mantel could not discover any reason for the strained and terrible interest of his companion, who stood staring so long and in such a noticeable way, that he was in danger of himself attracting the attention of the curious crowd.

Seeing this, Mantel took him by the arm. "What is the matter?" he asked. "It is he!" cried David, drawing his hand over his eyes like a man awakening from a dream; "it is he!"

"It is who? Are you mad! Come away! People are observing you. If there is anything wrong, we must move or get into trouble."

"Let me alone!" David replied, shaking off his hand. "I would rather die than lose sight of that man."

"Then come into this doorway where you can watch him unobserved, for you are making a spectacle of yourself. Come, or I shall drag you."

With his eyes still riveted on that strange countenance, David yielded to the pressure of his friend's hand and they retired to a hallway whence he could watch the beggar unobserved. His whole frame was quivering with excitement and he kept murmuring to himself: "It is he. It is he! I cannot be mistaken! Nature never made his double! But how he has changed! How old and white he is! It cannot be his ghost, can it? If it were night I might think so, but it is broad daylight! This man is living flesh and blood and my hand is not, after all, the hand of a mur—"

"Hush!" cried Mantel; "you are talking aloud!"

"Yes, I am talking aloud," he answered, "and I mean to talk louder yet! I want you to hear that I am not a murderer, a murderer! Do you understand? I am going to rush out in-

to the streets to cry out at the top of my voice—I am not a murderer!"

Terrified at his violence, Mantel pushed him farther back into the doorway; but he sprang out again as if his very life depended upon the sight of the great white face.

"Be quiet!" Mantel cried, seizing his arm with an iron grip.

"Look at this hand, Mantel! I have not looked at it myself for more than three years without seeing spots of blood on it! And now it looks as white as snow to me!"

"You are in danger of being overheard, and if you are not careful, in a moment more we shall be in the hands of the police!"

"No matter if I am," cried David, almost beside himself, and rapturously embracing his friend. "Nothing could give me more pleasure than a trial for my crime, for my victim would be my witness! He is not dead. He is out there in the street. Mantel, you don't know what happiness it! You don't know how sweet it is to be alive! A mountain has been taken from my shoulders. I no longer have any secret! I will tell you the whole story of my life, now."

"Not now; but later on, when we are alone."

David had now grown more quiet, and they stood patiently waiting for the time to come when the old beggar should leave his post and retire to his home, if home he had. At last he received his signal for departure. A shadow fell from the roof of the tall building opposite, upon the pupil of an eye, which perhaps felt the darkness it could not see. The building was his dial. Like millions of his fellow creatures, he measured life by advancing shadows.

He arose, and in his mien and movements there was a certain majesty. Placing his hat upon his storm-beaten head, he folded the camp-chair under his arm, took the leading string in his hand and followed the little dog, who began picking his way with fine care through the surging crowd.

Behind him at a little distance walked the two gamblers, pursuing him like a double shadow. A bloodhound could not have been more eager than David was. He trembled if an omnibus cut off his view for a single instant, and shuddered if the beggar turned a corner.

Unconscious of all this, the dog and his master wended their way homeward. They crawled slowly and quietly across a street over which thundered an endless procession of vehicles; they moved like snails through the surf of the ocean of life. Arriving at length at the door of a wretched tenement house, the blind man and his dog entered.

As he noted the squalor of the place, David murmured to himself, "Poor old man! How low he has fallen!"

Several minutes passed in silence, while he stood reflecting on the doctor's misery, his own new happiness and the opportunities and duties which the adventure had opened and imposed. At last he said to his friend, "Do you know where we are? I was so absorbed that I didn't notice our route at all."

"Yes," Mantel answered, "I have marked every turn of the way."

"Could you find the place again?"

"Without the slightest difficulty."

"Be sure, for if you wish to help me, as I think you do, you will have to come often. I have made my plans in the few moments in which I have been standing here, and am determined to devote my life, if need be, to this poor creature whom I have so wronged. I must get him out of this filthy hole into some cheerful place. I will atone for the past if I can! Atone! What a word that is! With what stunning force its meaning dawns upon me! How many times I have heard and uttered it without comprehension. But somehow I now see in it a revelation of the sweetest possibility of life. Oh! I am a changed man! I will make atonement! Come, let us go. I am anxious to begin. But no, I must proceed with caution. How do I know that this is his permanent home? He may be only lodging for the night, and when you come to-morrow, he may be gone! Go in, Mantel, and make sure that we shall find him here to-morrow. Go, and while you find out all you can about him, I will begin to search for such a place as I want to put him in. We will part for the present; but when we meet to-night we shall have much to talk about. I will tell you the whole of this long and bitter story. I am so happy, Mantel. You can't understand! I have something to live for now. I will work, oh, you do not know how I will work to make this atonement. What a word it is! It is music to my ears. Atonement!"

And so in the lexicon of human experience he had at last discovered the meaning of one of the great words of our language. After all, experience is the only exhaustive dictionary, and the definitions which really burn themselves into the mind or fully interpret the significances of life.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next few weeks were passed in devoted efforts to make the blind man comfortable and happy. David sought and found a place to work, and after reserving enough of his wages to supply the few necessities of his daily life, dedicated the rest to the purchase of comforts for the poor invalid.

Mantel acted as his almoner, and by his delicate tact and gentle manners persuaded the proud and revengeful old man to accept the mysterious charity. The moment the strain of perpetual beggary was taken from

him, the physical ruin which the terrible blow of the stone, the subsequent illness, and the ensuing poverty and wretchedness had wrought, became manifest. He experienced a sudden relapse, and began to sink into an ominous decline.

Even had he not known the secret of his sorrow, it would have soon become plain to his acute and watchful nurse that some hidden trouble was gnawing at his heart, for he was taciturn, abstracted and sometimes morose. He manifested no curiosity as to the benefactor upon whose charity he was living, but received the alms bestowed by that unknown hand unsoftened, uncomprehended and unobserved.

His mind, aroused by the conversation of his untiring nurse to the realities of the present existence, would sink back by a sort of irresistible gravity into the realm of memory. There, in the impenetrable privacy of his soul, he brooded over his wrongs and counted his prospects of righting them, as a miser reckons his coins.

The blow struck by David had stunned the doctor, but had not killed him. He lay in the road until a slave, passing that way, picked him up and carried him to a neighboring plantation, where he fell into the hands of people who in the truest sense of the word were good Samaritans. Their hospitality was tested to the utmost, for he lay for weeks in a stupor, and when he recovered consciousness his reason had undergone a strange eclipse. For a long time he could not recall a single event in his history and when at last some of the most prominent began to re-present themselves to his view it was vaguely and slowly, as mountain-peaks and hills-top break through a morning mist. This was not the only result of the blow which his rival had struck him; it had left him totally blind.

Not until many weeks had passed did Mantel succeed in really engaging his patient in anything like a conversation, and even after he had begun to thaw a little under those tactful instructions of love, whenever the past was even hinted at the old recluse relapsed instantly into silence.

Mantel might have been discouraged had he not determined at all hazards to enter into the secrets of his life, and to pave the way for the forgiveness of his friend. He therefore persisted in his efforts, and one bright day when the invalid was feeling unusually strong ventured to press home his inquiries.

"I cannot help thinking," he said, "that you could soon be reasonably well again if you did not brood so much. I fear there is some trouble gnawing at your heart."

"There is," he was answered, icily. "Have you wronged some one, then, and are these thoughts which vex you feelings of remorse and guilt?"

"Wronged some one!" the sick man fairly roared, gripping the arms of his chair and gasping for breath in the excitement which the question brought on. "Not I! I have been wronged! No one has ever b-b-been wronged as I have. I have nourished vipers in my b-b-bosom and been stung by them. I have sown love and reaped hate. I have been robbed, deceived and betrayed! My wife is gone! My health is gone! My sight is gone! He has skinned me like a sheep! My heart has turned to a hammer which knocks at my ribs and cries revenge! It ch-ch-chokes me!"

He gasped, grew purple in the face and clutched at his collar as if about to strangle. After a while the paroxysm passed away, and Mantel determined once more to try and assuage this implacable hatred.

(To be continued.)

## He Wanted an Equal Chance.

The "sporting parson," once a familiar figure in English society, has all but disappeared, in consequence of the religious revivals and reforms of the last century and a half. A hundred years ago, however, he still existed, says a writer in Tit-Bits, and one of the type presided over a little seaside parish in Lincolnshire.

The place was a favorite landing place for woodcock at the time of their annual immigration, and the parson used to tell off a native to let him know as soon as the birds began to arrive.

On Sunday he was preaching to his congregation, and had just reached the second head of his discourse, when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared followed by a beckoning finger. The parson either did not see, or he would not heed the intruder, who then gave a loud cough.

The preacher stopped in his preaching in the middle of a sentence and excitedly asked: "What is it, John?"

"Cocks is coom," replied John.

The parson hurriedly closed his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it!" he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplus off. Let's all have a fair chance."

## Method.

"What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts?" asked the man who was being shaved. "I've said 'yes' three times and it hasn't made any difference."

"No," answered the barber. "I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em waants honing."—Washington Star.

## Still Worse.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher scornfully.

"Died in poverty, did he, and you expect me to sympathize? What is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—The Sporting Times.

## The Cost of a Fad.

"Do you know her well?"

"To the contrary, I've never known her well a single day since she learned it was fashionable to be operated on."