Northwest Land Products Show at Seattle, October 4 to 14.

Seattle.—Opportunity for all communities or counties in Oregon and Washington to make agricultural and horticultural displays is offered as a result of the holding of the Northwest Land Products Exposition at Seattle October 4 to 14.

This will be the first show of the kind ever staged in Seattle and the whole of the Northwest is invited to participate. The exhibition has the endorsement of commercial bodies and the railroads and the purpose of the display will be to bring about a better understanding of the many opportunities offered to homeseekers in the Northwest.

In addition to displays from Oregon and Washington, Idaho and Montana will send exhibits of fruits, grains and grasses. Alaska, too, will have a section set aside for agricultural displays and British Columbia will have a part in the undertaking.

Oregon, Idaho and Montana will combine on a special day at the exposition. From Montana is coming an exhibit under the authority of the state and a special excursion party composed of more than 100 business men. It is hoped to have the governors of Montana, Idaho and Oregon as well as the governor of Alaska and the Premier of British Columbia present at the exposition the same day.

Since Portland will not repeat its annual land show this year, the Seattle exposition will afford exhibitors at the Salem fair an opportunity to place their displays before thousands of visitors in the Washington metropolis and bring the truthful story of Oregon's countless opportunities to the attention of many men and women interested in a home on the land.

A Deciduous Tree.

John Drew was congratulated at the Players in Gramercy park on the abundant hair with which, despite his years, he is still blessed.

"Thank goodness," said Drew, complacently, "I'm not like Tree.

"Tree went into a Los Angeles barber shop the other day and said.

"'Can you cut my hair without my taking off my collar?'

"The barber, with a loud laugh, slapped Tree's pink and polished dome jocularly.

"'Why, bless your heart, Sir Herbert,' he said, 'I could cut it without your taking off your hat.'"—Washington Star.

Queer, But True.

"It's a queer world."

"Why?"

"Stand up and say that riches don't make for happiness and everybody will agree with you heartily."

"That's so."

"And everybody will go out and keep right on trying to get rich."—Detroit Free Press.

Excellent Plan.

"Why do you work the back alleys, my good fellow? You don't look like a tramp."

"I'm not. I'm selling a vacuum cleaner, and wherever I find the head of the house beating rugs I have a good chance for a sale."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Guests.

"We're goin' to have company at our house," said Rose Elizabeth, age 4. "And I'll bet you don't know who it is, either."

"Who is it?"

"Two lady girls and a gentle boy."—Indianapolis News.

The Way of It.

"There was a great wreck of schooners lately."

"How was that?"

"The police raided the place just as the schooners were crossing the bar."—Baltimore American.

In Desperate Straits.

"What do you think of a man with a rent in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?"

"He should either get married or divorced."—London Saturday Evening Journal.

His Start.

"I hear, Miss Gladys, that your brother is ambitious to break records."

"Well, he's begun practicing with the most expensive one we bought for our Victrola."—Baltimore American.

TRUE AT THE LAST

Wolf-Dog Deserted Master, But Still Loved Him.

Answered "Call of His Fathers," Though He Proved Loyal When Loyalty Meant Death by the Fangs of His Pack.

He had been called Wolf since puppyhood. He stood nearly forty inches, with a small ragged, rail-like body, and unusually long legs that ended in great, soft, padlike feet. Jack Stern, Steve Wormell's partner, used to say that the dog could not turn round in their "two-by-four" cabin without knocking over the table and chairs and seriously endangering the stove and other furniture.

One evening, as Steve and Jack sat playing a game of cribbage in their ranger cabin, a wolf howled lugubriously from the mountain side. After a moment came the answer; then another caught up the call, and another, until the lonesome wail echoed from mountain top to mountain top.

Suddenly there came a howl, nearer and more deep-throated.

Stern opened the door.

"Come here, Steve!" he said, and the ranger stepped to his side.

On a small, treeless mound, not far from the cabin, sat Wolf. He was squatting on his haunches, with his nose pointed toward the sky, while from his throat came a cry quite unlike his usual howl.

"It's the call of his fathers, Steve," said Jack. "Some day you'll have no dog; he'll be gone with the pack."

Steve laughed at the idea. He had brought Wolf, an awkward, bench-legged puppy, out to the ranger cabin in a sack; the dog had always been faithful and contented with his lot.

But one morning in the spring Wolf was missing.

At first Steve clung to the hope that Wolf would return when the "running" season was over. He had heard of dogs doing that. But spring merged into summer, and summer into fall, yet the dog did not come back.

Then they began to hear that Wolf had been seen running at the head of a small band of wolves, although they never found a man who had actually seen him.

About Christmas time, when the snow was deeper than for many winters past, prowling bands of wolves began to come down near the camp.

One day Steve found that a large bull elk had been killed within a mile of camp. Signs of the struggle were to be seen for a hundred yards round. Near the scattered bones of the elk were the disembowled remains of two wolves. A little farther along a young cow elk had fallen beneath the fangs of the mountain bandits. And at each kill Steve found a large track, twice the size of that made by a common wolf.

When the snow had crusted so that it would bear up the weight of a man, Steve threw his rifle across his arm and walked over to the breaks of the Grande Ronde. He was nearing the broken lands when the sound of a running pack came to his ears. A moment later a small band of wolves, perhaps fifteen in number, burst from the timber, running toward him. And at their head ran Wolf.

The ranger forgot his danger. He cried, "Wolf, don't you know me?"

The sound of his voice brought the great dog to a standstill, and the pack stopped with him. Nose in the air, sides aquiver, he stood a moment; then, with a low bay of recognition, he sprang toward his one-time master.

The pack, evidently mistaking their leader's intention, likewise rushed at Steve. And the next instant, with his gun clubbed, he was in the midst of a snarling, snapping mass of famine-crazed wolves.

When Jack arrived on the scene he found Steve sitting in the snow, with the shaggy head of Wolf pillowed in his lap. Around him, with their mangy pelts torn and bloody, lay half a dozen dead wolves.

The ranger's clothing was torn to shreds and one arm and leg were a mass of cuts and gashes; but there were tears in his eyes.

"He fought for me, Jack," he said, pressing the stiffening lids over the glazed eyes of the dead hound. "He gave his life for me. How he fought! And against his own blood, too. Yonder lies one of his own pups. Why shouldn't I love him?"—Youth's Companion.

What, Indeed!

It was a very serious conversation that was overheard by a number of passengers of a street car the other night. Two young girls of the "giddy" type were conversing about the possibilities of the United States getting into trouble with Mexico.

"Well, I certainly would hate to see all the American soldiers go down into Mexico," one girl said.

"Why?" her companion inquired.

"Because, while the soldiers were down in Mexico what would prevent the Europeans from coming over here and getting us girls?"—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Price of Boll Weevils.

In one of the counties in Alabama a cent apiece is being offered for boll weevils, and they are cheap at that price. A boll weevil, if let alone, will not take long to destroy several dollars' worth of cotton, and if he can be disposed of for a cent the investment is a good one.—Memphis News-Scimetar.

HORSE A FRIEND OF MAN

Ask Yourself the Question, How Have You Dealt With Faithful Animal Grown Old?

You may have had a favorite horse sometime, and it may have grown old and the folks may have advised selling or turning it out to die, maybe, Erasmus Wilson writes in the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. Could you, or did you give consent to thus disposing of your old friend?

How would you like to meet such an old friend on the avenue geared in heavy, cumberous harness to a rickety coalcart loaded to the limit of his strength to move, and to hear the course commands of the unfeeling driver and the cruel cuts of the whip when he was straining his stiffened joints and weakened muscles until he seemed ready to totter and fall?

But then you might not recognize him on account of the prominence of his bones, the roughness of his coat and his slavish and heartbroken appearance. We can hardly recognize in a weary, shambling, ill-kept brute the once sleek, sprightly, prancing steed that was our pet and pride.

Maybe it is well that we do not know them when we see them in their sadly changed conditions.

Ask the veteran cavalryman about his favorite horse and he'll tell you things that will bring a lump into your throat. Many a time and oft, perhaps, they endured storms and braved dangers on picket posts, faced death in mad and turbulent rivers, occupied a common bed on the ground, foraged for food to stay their hunger and shared the last handful of parched corn or piece of hardtack.

And he will tell of the times his trusty steed saved him from capture or death, or bore him into the thick of the battle and maybe fell a victim to some merciless bullet or shell, or maybe both were wounded together—he to die in mercy, he to live and suffer on.

The old trooper is never willing, much less anxious, to part with the horse that has borne him through trying campaigns, and to which he feels so greatly indebted.

No doubt this was the feeling of the Arab whom Mrs. Caroline E. S. Norton has so deftly and effectively sketched in the poem that made her famous—"The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," which concludes as follows:

When last I saw him drink! Away! The fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong;
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long;
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains—
Away! Who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

The "Cullud Gemmen" Speaks.

A heavy shadow in the deep gloom of the recess approaching the bar became animated and presently strolled out into the lobby wearing a delegate's badge. He couldn't escape. A pad and pencil backed by a reporter confronted him.

"Is you one o' dem writers dat pulls dis cullud gemmen' stuff ev'y day in de newspapahs?" grinned the delegate, evidently overjoyed at the prospect of an interview.

"Sure," said the reporter. "That's me. Pretty good—eh?"

"Well, sir, you are not the correspondent I'm looking for. If I am to be interviewed send one of your more mature men, who elucidate the flank movements of the old guard and analyze the effect of a great man's dyspepsia on the vote of a delegation."

Whereupon the shadow faded into the deeper gloom of the streets.—Chicago Tribune.

Censorship Dragon.

Let the American people stand in fear and trembling of the eventful outcome of the insidious growth of censorship powers.

Censorship is no fantastical bugaboo—it is a real national peril, because the day may not be far off when censors, under the shadow of the American flag of independence, will be empowered by legislative enactment to foist their individual whims, hobbies or prejudices on the suffering public.

It is not beyond our imagination to see a fanatical functionary, with the title of censor, who is a vegetarian, forcing the people of his city to abstain from meat.

Other censors with similar whims might censor tea and coffee, cigars and cookbooks. Already it is reported ministers are sensing the possibility of their pulpits being ruthlessly purged of objectionable texts.—New York Telegram.

Tobacco Aids Soldiers.

The beneficent effects of tobacco at the front were affirmed by the Lancet as long ago as 1870, when the question was being discussed in connection with the Franco-Prussian war. "The soldier," it was said, "wearied with long marches and uncertain rest, obtaining his food how and when he can, with his nervous system always in a state of tension from the dangers and excitement he encounters, finds that his cigar or pipe enables him to sustain fatigue with comparative equanimity. . . . For the wounded it is probable that tobacco has slight anodyne and narcotic properties that enable the sufferer to sustain pain better during the day, and to obtain sleep during the night."—London Chronicle.

Preparedness.

"How did you get your motorcycle so far in advance of the other orders?"

"I seized the cycle-logical moment to ask for it."

Too Late.

This story was told by Admiral Dewey of the United States navy:

One afternoon the business agent for a Chautauqua went to a prosperous town to see some of the natives with regard to booking a performance and finally landed in the office of Jones.

"Yes, I am Mr. Jones," said the occupant, "What can I do for you?"

"I called to see you about a Chautauqua," returned the visitor.

"Nothing doing," curtly interrupted Jones. "My wife and I have already decided on a car of another make."—Kansas City Star.

Jarring Colors.

Mrs. Youngbride—I'd like to change these eggs I ordered by telephone yesterday.

Grocer—What's wrong with them, ma'am?

Mrs. Youngbride—Why, the shells are a deep brown and the only egg cups I have are a robin's egg blue.—Boston Transcript.

Preparedness.

"When my husband proposed to me the poor fellow's voice stuck in his throat."

"Then how did you know he was proposing?"

"Well, you see, I was afraid that might happen so I had taken lessons in lip reading."—Boston Transcript.

Answered Well.

Peckem—Why is the telephone like matrimony, my dear?

Mrs. Peckem—Oh, I suppose it's because one doesn't always get the right party.

Peckem—That isn't the right answer—but it is good and we'll let it go at that.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Carranza's Limerick.

Says Venustiano Carranza: "I shall be just as good as I can, sir. But the border is rough. The greasers are tough, and they soon may be canning Carranza."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Lonely.

"I suppose you miss your husband terribly?"

"Indeed, I do. You can't imagine how lonely I am with no one in the house to contradict."—Detroit Free Press.

Forest Notes.

The first act of Congress relating to forestry was an appropriation of $200,000, passed in 1799, for the purpose of acquiring timber for naval construction. Under this appropriation the government established reserves containing live oak as the best timber for shipbuilding.

The turpentine industry of southern France is a man-made industry. Out of shifting, barren sand dunes and a malaria, poverty-stricken region, the French government, through reclamation and planting of maritime pine, has made one of the most prosperous and salubrious sections of France. A century ago the barren sand dunes of southern France could be bought at any price. Today this barren land within the reclaimed area is worth at the lowest $2.50 per acre, while the best brings as high as $24.00 per acre.

Volunteer fire fighters, when needed, are summoned to the aid of the forest rangers by the blowing of a certain signal on steam whistles in many towns in or near national forests in southern California.

Not Through The Kitchen.

"Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?"

"It didn't come through here, mum."—Boston Transcript.