Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should have attention.

The discharge from the mucous membrane is because this is kept in a state of inflammation by an impure condition of the blood. Therefore, to cure, take the best blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

Scored on Him.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—Talk about women having any capacity for dealing with financial questions! Have you any idea, for instance, how much money is in circulation in this country?

Mrs. Tyte-Phist—I presume it's all in circulation—except what you happen to get hold of.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Both Guesses Wrong.

Algy—But I weary you, Miss Capsicum. I'm a great talker.

Miss Capsicum—On the contrary, Mr. Feathertop, you don't weary me at all, and I find your small talk very diverting.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Place for That.

A floorwalker in a department store saw a man walking to him, who said: "My wife bought these underclothes here yesterday. Where can I change them?"

The floorwalker just said: "You will have to go home to do that, sir."—Judge's Library.

Breaks a Cold Promptly.

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:

One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

His Marital Trouble.

"On what ground," asked the lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? Incompatibility?"

"Something of that sort, I reckon," answered the man. "My income isn't compatible with her ideas of comfort."

Hopelessly Out of Style.

"Peter," said Mrs. Pneuritch, "I want you to have that roof taken off our garage and one of a different kind put on."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Pneuritch. "What's the matter with it?"

"I heard an architect say the other day that it's a hip roof. Everybody knows that hips are out of style now."

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

HOWARD E. BURTON.—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, 1c. ad. $1; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, 50c. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOES $3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equaled at any price. W. L. Douglas $3.50 and $3.00 shoes are the best in the world.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively. Take No Substitute. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Catalogue free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 158 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

PNU No. 49-08

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NEWS NOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF OREGON

WATER FROM MALHEUR,

Farmers Petition Department of Interior to Revive Project.

Ontario—The movement to revive the Malheur irrigation project is meeting with unanimous approval from the landowners who will come under the project. At four meetings held within the past week at schoolhouses in Malheur county, practically all the landowners in the neighboring vicinities expressed themselves as heartily in accord with the movement, and signed petitions which will be prresented to the secretary of the interior, asking that the government resume the project as soon as possible. These four meetings were held at the Slide Bottom, Jefferson, Mesquite and Applegate schoolhouses, and the landowners who have signed the petitions represent about 10,000 acres of land which the owners wish watered. A water-users' association has been formed, with headquarters at Ontario.

HUGE GRAND RONDE CROP.

La Grande Apple Shipping Season is Nearly Over.

La Grande—The final estimates of what the apple crop in the Grande Ronde valley will be can now be made with some degree of accura y, as the shipping season is far advanced. With 90 per cent of last year's extraordinarily large crop in the La Grande vicinity and about 75 per cent in the Cove districts, it appears that when the apples are all shipped out, 325 cars will have been drafted into service, to handle the output.

Shipments are rapid, though in small lots, and mostly by consingment. Few direct sales are made, and the largest sales are confined to local dealers. There is no organization in this county and the growers have to rely on their own judgment as to when to let go.

Josephine County Growing.

Grants Pass—The general growth of Josephine county was never better than now; all of which has been accomplished by constant united effort and push of its citizens. The fruit industry of Rogue river valley has been greatly aided by the organization of the Rogue River Fruit exchange with headquarters at this place. The exchange is disposing of this year's crop of apples at top figures to buyers in Chicago, New York, London, Liverpool and Honolulu. The grading and packing is being done on the most scientific basis. The manager of the organization states that it is impossible to supply the demands for good fruit.

Expanding at Chemawa.

Chemawa — The Chemawa Indian school is making many improvements which will complete the efficiency of the institution. A $16,000 addition to the engineering department is nearly completed. There are over 40 Indian young men taking the course at the school of electrical and steam engineering. The institution has sent many young Indians out who have taken this course and are holding their own with their white brothers. Several graduates hold chief engineer licenses on vessels plying in Puget sound and Alaskan waters.

Rail Work Progresses.

Klamath Falls—The terminus of the California Northeastern railway has been moved from Calor, on the state line, to Worden, which is about two miles from water. Track is now being laid beyond Worden. Holland, the station on the straits, will be the terminus in December, where boats will connect for Klamath Falls. A steam shovel is now in operation in Klamath Falls. Erickson & Peterson, the contractors, have established permanent winter quarters on the outskirts of the city.

Visit Did Much Good.

Portland—The preliminary report of the commissioners from the Pacific coast to Japan has been received by Secretary D. C. Giltner, of the chamber of commerce, and is very flattering in its estimate of Japanese friendliness for the United States and particularly the Pacific coast. Among the chambers of commerce that entertained the Pacific ceast visitors are those of Tokio, Kyoto, Osaka, Yokohama and Kobe. The report advocates the a return visit on the part of the Japanese business men.

Rains Help Crook Range.

Prineville—Rains and light snow, which have fallen here at intervals for four days, are stimulating range grass and fall grain wonderfully, so that the outlook for next year, both as to grazing and farming is good. A great deal of fall wheat has been sown and it is already up and making a good showing. Cattle are in good shape and so far there is every indication that they will go through the winter well. Interest is being manifested in fruit.

Coos Bay's Appropriation.

Marshfield—Coos bay people were relieved when, in answer to an inquiry, a wire was received from Washington stating that the recommendation of a $500,000 appropriation for Coos bar improvements had not been overlooked. The published budget of the army engineers did not include the Coos bay matter and explanations were asked.

Mining Project Meets Support.

Albany — The Albany Commercial club of this city has indorsed the proposition to erect a smelter in the Gold creek mining district in the North Santiam country. It is the opinion of the club members that the building of a smelter in this district would be an invaluable asset to Albany, as that country is tributary to this city.

Improvements at Shelburn.

Shelburn—Shelburn is to have an up to date creamery. Stanley Taylor, an experienced creamery man, is building a creamery here and expects to have it in full operation by the first of the year.

SHEEPMEN ANGERED.

Do Not Believe Their Range Allotment Should Be Reduced.

Pendleton—"The Forestry department is simply trying to drive us out of business," declared William Slusher, ex-representative from Umatilla county and a prominent sheepman, when told of the big cut to be made in the number of sheep to be allowed upon the Wenaha forest range next year. Announcement of the cut, which amounts on the average to about 8 per cent, has just been received from J. M. Schmitz, the supervisor in charge.

Three years ago a cut of 20 per cent was made. Last year it was 12 per cent and the new cut brings the total reduction for the years to 40 per cent.

"The reason they give us is that the range will not stand to be pastured so heavily as last year, but I have been in the sheep business long enough to know something about the range and what it will stand. I have run sheep in the Wenaha forest for a number of years, and I never saw the range in better condition than it was this fall. This, too, despite the fact that the present summer was one of the driest in the history of the sheep industry in Eastern Oregon. I certainly cannot see any real need for reduction. Neither can any other sheepman who is using the range in the Wenaha forest."

This year's cut affects the large sheepowners more than the small ones. Flocks of over 3,000 will be cut 20 per cent, while those of under 2,000 will be allowed on the range without any reduction.

Brick Clay on Coos Bay.

Marshfield—The successful manufacture of brick in Coos county has been accomplished, and the result of this feat means much to the builders, who expect to erect large structures in the Coos bay cities. A little over a year ago brick delivered at Coos bay cost $20 to $22 a thousand, and these were not of a very good quality. It was always thought that there was plenty of clay in the county with which to make brick, but the supposition was that there was too much sand in the clay, and that it could not be made to congeal. By the successful experiments this idea has been exploded, as excellent brick are being turned out at several yards.

Sherrard Will Help Adjust Range.

Prineville—Stockmen in Crook and Grant counties are interested in the announcement that Thomas H. Sherrard, supervisor of the Oregon national forest, formerly known as the Cascade North, will be in Prineville for the stockmen's meeting to be held here under the auspices of the Forestry department of the government, December 10 to 12, inclusive. At this meeting the grazing lines between the sheep and cattle ranges in the Deschutes national forest will be adjusted by the supervisor.

Ellis Starts for Washington.

Pendleton — Congressman W. R. Ellis, of this city, has left for Washington to attend the coming session of congress. Upon his arrival there the congressman will immediately take up the question of Pendleton's Federal building. When asked concerning the proposed establishment of a Federal judicial district for Eastern Oregon, he expressed the belief that such a proposition is hopeless during the life of the present judiiary committee.

$30 Per Acre.

Klamath Falls—The cost of the water under the first unit of the Klamath irrigation project has been announced at $30 per acre and 75 per acre yearly for maintenance fee. The first unit extends from Klamath Falls to Merrill and comprises 31,153 acres. The original estimate was $18.60 per acre, but this was later qualified, and it was stated the cost would go higher, on account of labor and other conditions.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 95c; club, 90@91c; fife, 90@91c; red Russian, 87c; 40-fold, 90@91c; valley, 91c.

Barley—Feed, $26.50 per ton; brewing, $27.

Oats—No. 1 white, $31@31.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, $14 per ton; Eastern Oregon timothy, $16@17.50; clover, $12; alfalfa, $12@12.50; grain hay, $12.50@13.

Fruits—Apples, 75c@$2 per box; pears, $1@1.25 per box; rgapes, $1.40@1.65 per crate; quinces, $1@1.25 per box; cranberries, $10.50@12.50 per barrel; casabas, 2½c per pound; huckleberries, 10@11c per pound; persimmons, $1@1.25 per crate.

Potatoes—75@85c per cwt.; sweet potatoes, 2@2¼c per pound.

Onions—$1@1.25 per cwt.

Vegetables—Turnips, $1@1.25 per sack; carrots, $1; parsnips, $1.25; beets, $1.25; horseradish, 8@10c per pound; artichokes, 90@$1 per dozen; beans, 10@14c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c per pound; cauliflower, 75c@$1 per dozen; celery, 40@75c per dozen; cucumbers, $2@2.50 per box; eggplant, 15c per pound; lettuce, $1@1.25 per box; parsley, 15c per dozen; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, 10@14c per pound; pumpkins, 1@1¼c per pound; radishes, 12½c per dozen; spinach, 2c per pound; sprouts, 9½@10c per pound; squash, 1@1½c per pound; tomatoes, 50c@$1 per crate.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 35@36c; fancy outside creamery, 32½@35c per pound; store, 17@20c.

Eggs—Oregon selects, 40c; Eastern, 27@32½c per dozen.

Poultry — Hens, 11c per pound; spring, 11c; ducks, 14@15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, 17½@18c; dressed turkeys, choice, 22½@24c; seconds, 19@22.

Veal—Extra 8½@9c per pound; ordinary, 7@7½c; heavy, 5c.

Pork—Fancy, 7c per pound; large, 5½@6c.

Hops—1908, choice, 8@8¾c; prime, 7@7½c; medium, 5½@6c; 1907, 2@4c; 1906, 1@1½c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, average best, 10@14c per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 15@16c; mohair, choice, 18c per pound.

POSITIVELY THE LAST.

When the World Will Enter Upon the Millennium.

A little group of citizens sat on the forward deck of the airship that daily made the hour's flight of 300 miles to that focal point of the communities of the countryside where their business was conducted, says Puck. One of them, a student deeply versed in the history of the barbarous past, was explaining a brutal detail of long obsolete war. The savagery he related with the scientific coldness of the savant, left his auditors pale. Something of the cruelty of the battle for wealth, the last social violence to be overcome, they knew as conditions of the life of their grandfathers, but the days before the confederation of the nations of the world were in ancient history.

Suddenly the sage was interrupted. A young man, strangely frenzied for that period, spoke with wild gesture and a loud voice.

"War is not over!" he declared. "We are on the verge of the most calamitous war in the experience of mankind! The invading army of Mars awaits the word to descend upon our unfortified farms——"

"But Mars is dying," patiently protested the first speaker. "The scientific problem of the day is how to succor that waterless planet."

A curious unrest possessed the other listeners. Their calm of years was dissipated by this throw-back, widely known as the only surviving agitator. Something like anger gleamed in more than one mild eye.

"Succor them!" he sneered. "They will help themselves. They will enslave our wives and children! They will slaughter our wives and daughters!"

A burst of rage greeted him. Those around him suddenly reverted to the wild mob of the twentieth century. Steeled arms grasped him and he was flung forth into space.

Infinite was their horror of their own deed; infinite the world's reprobation of the last crime—although the great provocation was duly weighed.

But with the disappearance of Richmond Pearson Hobson Twenty-third entered the millennium.

AN UNEARTHLY CLATTER.

The superstitious mind is ever open to the suggestion of mystery. In the days of witchcraft any unexpected occurrence was liable to be laid at the door of the occult. Even to-day the world has not entirely grown into the sensible and safe assurance that all phenomena, however startling, are based upon an explainable and entirely reasonable foundation. "Obadiah Oldpath," in his book "Lin" gives an instance where superstition outran wit and panic usurped common sense.

A strange scene took place in the Old Tunnel Meeting House in Lynn one dark evening in 1692. There was a high wind from the northeast. The sleet was cutting, cold and benumbing. Nevertheless many came to the meeting from all regions round, and assembled to hear the famous Cotton Mather discourse on witchcraft. All sorts of vehicles were standing in the lee of the building, and the poor horses snorted and shook their heads as if remonstrating against the cruelty of their masters in leaving them exposed.

The gusts drove the hail and big drops on the window. Within, the blasts made the candles flare. But the good people were oblivious to petty annoyances, and listened eagerly to the harangue. The speaker worked up the fears as well as the zeal of his auditors.

Suddenly the wind blew open the eastern door of the meeting house, and the ears of the audience were assailed by an accumulation of such unearthly sounds as they never had heard before. The people absolutely started from their seats. It seemed as if a prodigious band of high-keyed instruments had begun to play without regard for time or tune. The congregation came to the rapid conclusion that an army of remorseless devils was approaching. The invaders seemed to draw nearer.

After the first paroxysm of terror there was a general rush to escape from the house. Pell-mell the good people went, from doors and windows. They left the church alone, but the uncanny noises continued. Guns were heard, and thus another terror was added.

The next day there came the revelation. Two good citizens displayed a large lot of splendid wild geese to sell. An immense flock of the birds had been overtaken by the storm, which had so obstructed their flight that, with ice-covered wings, they had lighted in a field in the vicinity of the meeting house, and while adjusting their plans for the night, they had grown more and more excited. Their trumpetings had caught the ears of two sensible men, who had investigated, and secured a goodly number of the geese.

Rip Van Winkle.

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a haircut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we've been standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Success Magazine.

Probably no buyer of a railroad ever felt the financial glow and happiness a woman experiences when she sells a quart of milk to a neighbor.

Old Favorites

Hard Times Come Again No More.

Let us pause in life's pleasures
And count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger
Forever in our ears—
"Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

CHORUS.

'Tis a song, the sigh of the weary—
"Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

While we seek mirth and beauty,
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent,
Their pleading looks will say:
"Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

'Tis the song, etc.

There's a pale drooping maiden
Who works her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry,
'Tis sighing all the day:
"Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

'Tis the song, etc.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted
Across the troubled wave;
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured
Around the lowly grave—
"Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."

'Tis the song, etc.

—Stephen C. Foster.

Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright, we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

—Thomas Moore.

WAS THE HAUNT OF FAGIN.

"Fulwood's Rents," a Thieves' Resort Immortalized by Dickens.

"Fulwood's Rents," the old buildings immortalized by Charles Dickens in "Oliver Twist" as the haunt of Fagin, the Jew, are soon to come down to make room for modern offices, says the Kansas City Star. Historically, there are few old London buildings with so interesting a history as "The Rents," as they still are called in the neighborhood. Before Dickens' time Francis Bacon lived in these buildings. It was here that Bacon drew up a catalogue of his furniture, the value of which he placed at $300—worth about double the sum in those days as compared to present values. In the very early days the neighborhood was one of the "swell" parts of London, the district being mainly residential. Fulwood house—the town mansion of James Fulwood—occupied in the time of James I., the quiet seclusion of Gray's inn, the famous seat of legal learning. The house of Fulwood was one of the finest in England and had a splendid oak staircase, which was destroyed by fire some years afterward.

In the time of Dickens, London had, as it were, "grown up" and the "Rents" became one of the lowest quarters of the metropolis, inhabited by vagabonds, thieves and the characters of the under world so vividly portrayed by the great novelist. Dickens lived in Furnival's Inn, just around the corner from Fulwood's Rents, and used to know a lodger in the group of buildings with the unsavory reputation. It was while paying a visit to this acquaintance that Dickens formed the idea of making the place the scene of a "Thieves' kitchen." Before Dickens' time, Jack Sheppard, the notorious bandit, had found a hiding place within the old rookery, so Dickens was not far wrong in locating more modern thieves in the buildings. To-day Fulwood's Rents stand just back of Chancery lane "Tuppenny tube" station and American visitors frequently alight there to be "guided" to the very spot where Oliver Twist learned to steal. In the disappearance of these old buildings London will lose one of its most historic and interesting landmarks.

Irish Economy.

"Begorra," said Patsy, "Oi couldn't pay me five shillin's foine and Oi had to go to jail for six days."

"An' how much did yez spend to get drunk?" asked Mike, rather sarcastically.

"Oh, about five shillin's."

"Yez fool, if yez had not spent yez five shillin's for drink yez'd had yer five shillin's to pay yer foine wid."—Everybody's.

In Coolidge, a pastor is talking of putting a slot machine in his church, so that members may occasionally get credit for a dime when they put in a nickel.

WE BUY FURS AND HIDES for cash. 10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and about our HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE. 2 Editions. $10,000 Book for 1908 Trapper's Secrets, Poisons, Traps, Game Laws, How and where to trap, and to become a successful trapper. It's a regular Encyclopedia. Price, $1. To our customers, $1.25. Hides tanned into beautiful Robes. Our Magnetic Bait and Scent attracts animals to traps. $1.00 per bottle. Ship your furs to us. Other houses pay next highest prices. Andersch Bros., Dept. 103 Minneapolis, Minn.

MAPLEINE A Flavoring. It makes a syrup better than Maple. Sold by grocers.

Mayer

Martha Washington Comfort Shoes

You will never know what genuine foot comfort is until you wear Martha Washington Comfort Shoes. They relieve tired and aching feet and make walking a pleasure. They fit like a glove and feel as easy as a stocking. No bother about buttons or laces—they just slip on and off at will. The elastic at the sides "gives" with every movement of the foot, insuring free action and a perfect fit. *Absolute comfort guaranteed.*

Beware of imitations. Only the genuine have the name Martha Washington and Mayer Trade Mark stamped on the sole. Refuse substitutes. Your dealer will supply you; if not, write to us.

FREE—If you will send us the name of a dealer who *does not* handle Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, we will send you free, postpaid, a beautiful picture of Martha Washington, size 15x20.

We also make Honorbilt Shoes, Leading Lady Shoes, Verma Cushion Shoes and Special Merit School Shoes.

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.
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CRESCENT Egg-Phosphate BAKING POWDER

WILL DO ALL THAT ANY HIGH PRICED POWDER WILL DO AND DO IT BETTER

A FULL POUND 25c. Get it from your Grocer

Don't Be Afraid of Originality.

Do not be afraid of being original, even eccentric. Be an independent, self-reliant, new man, not just one more individual in the world. Do not be a copy of your grandfather, of your father, or of your neighbor. That is as foolish as for a violet to try to be like a rose, or for a daisy to ape a sunflower. Nature has given each a peculiar equipment for its purpose. Every man is born to do a certain work in an original way. If he tries to copy some other man, or to do some other man's work, he will be an abortion, a misfit, a failure.

Do not imitate even your heroes. Scores of young clergymen attempted to make their reputations by imitating Beecher. They copied his voice and conversation, and imitated his gestures and his habits, but they fell as far short of the great man's power as the chromo falls short of the masterpiece. Where are those hundreds of imitators now? Not one of them has ever made any stir in the world.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Conflicting Evidence.

A learned judge was explaining the intricacies of evidence to a young friend, says the Washington Star, and gave the following story in regard to conflicting evidence.

Usually, he said, one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe. It is like the boy and the house-hunter. The house-hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy:

"My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house-hunter. "Nonsense! The advertisement says five."

"Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement, but I ain't tryin' to make a sale."

Negatively.

Lungley—What have you done for the party in this campaign, anyhow?

Mumley—More than you have. I've contributed a dollar or two and made no campaign speeches.

Wayside Communings.

Adam Zawfox—What'd you do if you had a million plunks?

Job Sturky—Th' fust thing I'd do would be to prescribe a Turkish bath f'r you, an' if you didn't take it, by jings, I'd kill ye!

No Scoop on Ma.

"Millie," said the young man, as he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, "have you told your mother about this?"

"O, you innocent!" exclaimed Miss Millie. "Why, Clarence, mamma knew it six months before you did."

Where It Fails.

"Well, what do you think of indoor baseball?"

"It will do well enough as a pastime, but it isn't a game. It'll never develop any national heroes."

Deep Design.

"I thought you said you had no use for that man."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel; "that's what I said."

"Yet you did your best to send him to the Legislature."

"Sure. I want to see him where he'll have a chance to call public attention to his usefulness."—Washington Star.

A Man Asleep.

His mouth and vest were open, and he breathed like a second-hand bicycle pump, writes O. Henry in his inimitable way in Everybody's. I looked at him and gave vent to just a few musings. "Imperial Caesar," says I, "asleep in such a way, might shut his mouth and keep the wind away."

A man asleep is certainly a sight to make angels weep. What good is all his brain, muscle, backing, nerve, influence, and family connections? He's at the mercy of his enemies, and more so of his friends. And he's about as beautiful as a cab-horse leaning against the Metropolitan Opera House at 12:30 a. m. dreaming of the plains of Arabia. Now, a woman asleep you regard as different. No matter how she looks, you know it's better for all hands for her to be that way.

Divine Inspiration.

Effie, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday.

She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Effie.

He Could Wait.

"Has your husband an old pair o' pants that he ain't usin', ma'am?" asked Wareham Long, respectfully removing from his head the shapeless remnant of a hat.

"No," shortly answered the woman of the house, eyeing him suspiciously. "My husband has only one pair of trousers, and they'll last him six months yet."

"All right, ma'am," he rejoined, taking from an inside pocket a soiled scrap of cardboard and making a memorandum on it with the stump of a lead pencil. "I'll be around agin six months f'm to-day. Afternoon, ma'am."

Size of the World.

"Who are those young men you are making so much fuss over?" asked the man who had just arrived from Australia.

"They are the famous Cubs, the baseball champions of the world," said the native. "You've heard of the Cubs, of course?"

"Never before. But that reminds me. You have heard of Mbilimba Goosh, haven't you?"

"No; who is he?"

"He's the champion boomerang thrower of the world. I supposed everybody knew that."—Chicago Tribune.

The Purist at Large.

"Yes, it took me all of five minutes to really get my ballot marked the way I wanted it. I never vote straight, anyhow. I'm sure to always split my ticket."

"I see you're sure to split your infinitives, too."

Modesty in Chicago.

An ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out. "May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you purpose to write?" asked the publisher, politely. "O," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!"—The Bellman.

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