

Conquest of the Great American Desert

Montana is coming in for a big share of the general prosperity of the country, and it will only be a few short years when she will rank with any of the Northwestern States in agricultural greatness. The recent act of the Interior Department of the United States in setting aside \$1,000,000 toward reclaiming three or four hundred thousand acres in the Milk River Valley is but a beginning of a much vaster development of this section as the needs grow apace. Already the agricultural worth of this to be famous valley has been adequately demonstrated in the results which have followed the irrigation works already established. It has been successfully proven that all kinds of agricultural products grow in great abundance wherever irrigation is used. The soil is naturally rich and needs only moisture to make it yield prolifically. The Great Northern Railway's main line practically cuts the valley in two. The fact that the government has decided to begin immediate operations will prove a great incentive to the people of that section who have always believed in the future of their country and will lead to settlement of a vast area of rich land to the homeseeker and investor.

Professor Elwood Mead, the irrigation expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, has borne enthusiastic testimony to the great capabilities of the Sacramento Valley when supplied with water, in canals and ditches, for irrigation. He says, in an official report, that its available water supply should make it "the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere."

The irrigable area of the valley is estimated to be more than 8,000,000 acres, and calculations show that the average annual discharge of the Sacramento River at its mouth is sufficient to irrigate every acre of this great area. Professor Mead, after remarking that it is a sinful waste to allow so much water to flow unused to the sea, save for purposes of navigation, thus illustrates the astonishing variety of the products of the soil:

"Within a radius of five miles in the Sacramento Valley I saw every product of the temperate and semitropical zones which I could call to mind. Apples and oranges grew side by side, as did oak and almond trees. There were olives from the South and cherries from the North. A date palm seemed equally at home with an alfalfa meadow; figs and Tokay grapes were apparently as much in their element as the fields of wheat or barley or the rows of Indian corn, some of the stalks of which measured fifteen feet in height. All of these could have been grown on a single acre, and doubtless have been."

In another report the same authority expresses a like view, as follows:

In September last I saw a part of the Sacramento Valley in its most unlovely aspect. One of the trips taken was from Chico to Willows, two towns about thirty miles apart, but the road thirty-five miles should have been traveled had the distance about thirty-five miles. We crossed what is potentially one of the most fertile and promising agricultural districts on this continent. For scores of miles the land rises by a gentle and uniform slope from the Sacramento River toward the foothills on either side. Water would flow over every acre of the country traversed without requiring much labor in its direction or skill in the location of lateral ditches. The plains of Lombardy are not better suited to irrigation, nor the soil of the Nile Delta more fertile than were these lands originally. For a half century they have been devoted to the unremitting production of cereal crops. Each season the crop has been harvested, the grain shipped away, and the straw burned, and nothing done to replace the plant food withdrawn. A more exhaustive form of agriculture cannot be imagined. Although this surprising drain has gone on for fifty years, it cannot continue forever.

The absence of rainfall during the harvest period is one of the great advantages of California, where the needed moisture can be supplied by irrigation. It is likewise one of the greatest obstacles to diversified agriculture where dependence is had on rainfall alone. The natural opportunities of the district traversed are equal to, if not greater than those of the country surrounding Riverside, Cal., which has been appropriately designated as the "Garden Spot of America," but a difference in agricultural ideas has produced a corresponding difference in conditions.

The bonanza wheat farm and the bonanza orchard were in accord with the spirit which from the first has dominated the industries of California. It is a State of vast enterprises. Men pride themselves on great undertakings and doing whatever they undertake on a large scale. Wheat can be grown in this way. The man with capacity for organization can look after the growing of 10,000 acres of wheat, as easily as ten acres. It is an industry freed from detail. There is a period of seed time and harvest, and long intervals of complete freedom. It has none of the petty incidents which go with the management of a farm where there are chickens and pigs, where cows are to be milked, and

butter and eggs marketed, where each month has its duties, and where there is no time when something does not need attention. This sort of farming comes with high-priced land and a dense population, but it does not appeal to the imagination like the plowing of fields so large that turning a single furrow requires a day's journey, or the cultivation of the ground with steam plows and harrows. The cutting, threshing and sacking of grain at a single operation is spectacular as well as effective. In this respect it resembles the range cattle business in its best days.



Acute Indigestion.
Acute indigestion may result from many causes, but when it follows immediately upon a holiday feast, it is usually attributable to overindulgence of the stomach, aggravated, perhaps, by the presence of such indigestible things as pastry and plum pudding. It occurs a little oftener in children, but in them it is rarely so serious in its consequences as it is in adults, for nausea is more readily induced and more promptly yielded to, and as soon as the stomach has got rid of its burden, the trouble is at an end. An adult, on the other hand, struggles against the feeling of oppression, and often intensifies it while seeking to relieve it by taking stimulating poisons.

In many cases the first indication of the disturbance is loss of consciousness or a violent convulsion resembling an epileptic seizure. Sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish the attack from one of heart failure or an apoplexy, for both these conditions are favored by overindulgence. A distinction is important, however, for neglect of appropriate treatment in either condition may favor a fatal termination.

The old advice to quit a meal before a feeling of satiety has been obtained is still good; one should cease at least before a sense of discomfort has been produced, and room should always be allowed for the secretion of the gastric juice, which in an adult often amounts to nearly a quart. When the walls of the stomach have been distended to their utmost capacity by food, the addition of so much fluid would seem of itself enough to induce the attack; or if the distention prevents the secretion of the fluid, as it does normal muscular movements, the process of digestion is delayed, the food is retained too long in the stomach, it undergoes abnormal decomposition, inflammation is induced, and this extending to the small intestine may lead to more protracted illness.

In the treatment of acute indigestion, the production of nausea should be favored. When vomiting occurs, it should not be checked until the stomach has been relieved of its burden. If it does not occur spontaneously, it should generally be induced.

If unconsciousness or a convulsion has supervened, a physician must be called without delay, for it may be necessary to administer an emetic subcutaneously.

Following this, a laxative is generally given, and the diet for a few days is limited to easily digestible, unrefined food. Milk, of course, is the safest form of nourishment, except for those with whom it does not agree, and the addition to it of a little lime-water or Vichy will often remove all objection.—Youth's Companion.

Troublesome Children.
Everything is relative, after all, even age; yet one might suspect that the "children" of one of Mr. Muzzeys' Men of the Revolution might have arrived at years of some discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of 95 years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good-looking old man with a large, well-shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance beamed with benevolence. I asked him if he had any children.

"Oh, yes, I have two sons," he replied.

"Why did you not bring them with you?"

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said:

"I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort."

"Why, how old are they?" I asked, wondering if he could mean his grandchildren.

"Oh, one is 70 and the other is 72. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

One of Their Own Set.

A party of New York brokers caught a five-foot shark the other day while out yachting. As soon as it gave them the sign of recognition they turned it loose.—Denver News.

It is said that a man never regrets back to work properly until after his honeymoon, and he has had his second quarrel with his wife.

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER I.

On the deck of a great Eastern bound steamer—crowds hurrying hither and thither, bales of luggage lumbering by the way, sailors and railway porters tumbling over each other, the officers of the ship shouting forth distracted orders, passengers, men, women and little children standing together in groups striving to hear each other's trembling words of farewell, and over all the screech of the steam from the two great smoking funnels overhead.

Ten minutes more and the shore bell will be rung and the farewells will all have to come to an end, and the India-bound ship will have started on her way.

They clung round each other, these poor unfortunates who were parting—some for years, and some forever—repeating the last fond word, the last caress over and over again, gazing into each other's eyes despairingly as though they would fain carry away every line of the dear face from which they were so soon to be severed.

Such a couple stood thus together, a little remote from the busy scene, near the bulwarks of the ship. The crowded quay was above them, yet because everybody was so full of hurry and excitement, so wrapped up either with the business or the grief which specially engrossed them, these two people stood virtually alone—a man and a woman, both young and both tall; they clasped each other's hands with a straining despair, and looked with a speechless agony into each other's faces.

Brian Desmond was eight and twenty then, he had health and brains and good looks, and the vigor of a hearty vitality was in his strong, young limbs, but as he held Rosamond Earle's hands tightly clasped within his own and looked his last into her beautiful eyes, he said to himself that life was at an end for him.

"It is better," she said, brokenly, "far better that I should go away; try to look at it in the right light, Brian. What good could I be to you at home; and you will get used to it in time; there are many other things for you to live for."

"I have nothing to live for—nothing," he said, gloomily, "without you life is an absolute blank."

The tears streamed over her face as she strove to answer him. "And yet I should be an ever present sorrow to you were I to remain. Consider, Brian, how desperate, how hopeless is our condition; how much more terrible to bear were we to meet constantly than when a whole hemisphere stretched between us!"

"Ah! you might have waited—you might have waited," he groaned.

"What was there to wait for? Would your uncle and his sons have died so that we might be happy? Would any one have given you an appointment? Was there any chance that even a beggarly clerkship would tumble into your arms? And had we not already waited for this for years; hoping against hope, striving against certainty, leaving no stone unturned so that we might find only a miserable hundred a year to depend upon?"

"So you married old Samuel Earle instead?" he said bitterly.

"I have married a worthy, kind-hearted man, who is good to me, and who has placed me above want—why go over the old ground again? In these last few moments, Brian, spare me the reproaches which, perhaps, I may deserve, but which are certainly unavailing now."

"Darling—darling!" he cried, with a passionate despair, "mine always and ever, in heart and soul, wherever you may be."

She did not check him. This was no moment for the exhibition of a sham prudery which she did not feel. She was putting a whole universe between them, so that she might be as true to the man she had married as to the man whom she loved; and she would not in this moment of a farewell, that was in all human probability eternal, cavil at the strong expression of a love which had never been hidden between them. Her tears flowed fast, raining down thickly upon the clenched hands which grasped her own.

"You know," she cried, suddenly throwing back her head—"you know that to my dying day I shall love you the same, but you—you must be happy, Brian, not now, I know, but after a bit time will reconcile you to life, and you will marry."

"I shall never marry," he answered resolutely, "never as long as I live. Rosamond, I swear to you that never will I make any other woman wife but you. I can always wait; how can you tell what changes life may not bring? Ten, twenty, fifty years! what is time to such a love as mine? Will it not last forever, shall anything ever change or dim its fervor? Can I not always wait—wait on and hope?"

And so Brian, as he swore, believed in his own oaths, and Rosamond believed in them too. Then glancing beyond the strong young form of the man she loved, Mrs. Earle's eyes rested suddenly upon another figure that came clambering up the companion stair on to the deck, a short, fat, little old gentleman, with gray whiskers, who emerged pantingly from the lower regions, looking hither and thither as he came up as though in search of some one.

She neither moved farther from Desmond, nor did she withdraw her hands from his—only she tightened her hold for one instant upon his fingers, and a swift warning glance shot from her eyes into his. Brian's back was turned to the sea, but Rosamond's eyes were turned to the newcomer, but he understood. He gently dropped one of Rosamond's hands, and, retaining the other still in his grasp, turned round and met Samuel Earle as he came toward them.

"Ah, Desmond! not gone on shore yet? You are determined to see the last of us, then?"

"I was wishing—your wife," the words came out with an effort, "another good-by."

"And we are both of us crying over her," said Mrs. Earle, smiling through her tears; "such old friends as Brian and I are, Sam, it seems quite terrible to us to part."

"Ah, no doubt, no doubt, my dear! These partings are very trying, and old

playmates, such as you two are, must not doubt feel it so!" he looked kindly and sympathetically from one to the other. Something in his benign face touched Rosamond strangely, she twined her hands through her husband's arm, as though to gather strength from contact with him. Brian Desmond turned very white and fell back a step. And then the shore bell rang.

The Oriana steamed rapidly toward the sea. But still Rosamond stood, motionless and tearless, gazing back upon the swiftly vanishing shore, while still that other figure was left, solitary now, long after all others had turned away. Brian Desmond stood on alone until his eyes could no longer discern even the distant ship that bore away the woman who was lost to him forever.

CHAPTER II.

"Salmon trout, roast chickens, peas and potatoes. Now I wonder how a cherry tart would do, or would it be too frivolous, Daddy?"

The voice seemed to come from the floor, somewhere down by the white muslin window curtains.

Prof. Laybourne, who was engrossed in the minute examination of the mechanism of a grasshopper's thigh through his famous microscope, raised his venerable head for one moment as the small childish voice struck upon his ear.

"What is my Kitten chattering about down there?" he said, making a pencil note upon the manuscript by his side.

"I was only wondering if old men liked cherry tart, Daddy?"

"Whenever they can get it, I should say, Kitten! Apropos of what is that wise remark, and what old man are you proposing to regale in so succulent a fashion?"

"What old man? Oh, daddy! I do believe you have beetles on the brain to such an extent that you are losing your memory. Have you forgotten that this is the day that your friend, Mr. Desmond, is coming to stay with you?"

"And you call him an 'old man,' Kitten? Why, he is quite a lad."

"You said he was thirty-eight, Daddy," replied the small voice reproachfully. "I call that quite old. Why, he is twenty-two years older than I am, old enough to be my father—why, it's nearly forty," in a voice of horror.

The professor laughed. "You must consider me a sort of Methuselah, a fossil of pre-Adamite date, then. Do you know that I am over sixty, Kitten?"

"Ah, but you are my Daddy," she answered, with indescribable tenderness in her voice.

"Pray, what have you got upon your mind, Miss Laybourne?" inquired her father, with a smile in answer to his daughter's last observation.

"Your dinner, Mr. Professor. I have noticed, daddy, that although you are a very great man, your intellect is often more sluggish than mine. Now give me a man about to arrive by the 6 o'clock train on a certain day, my mind instantly fixes itself upon one idea, and that idea is naturally dinner; your brain seems to be brought far more slowly and with inconceivable difficulty to this point."

"Not at all, Kitten," answered the professor, taking up a letter which lay upon the table; "since I have heard this morning from Brian Desmond that he will not arrive till 10 o'clock to-night, my intellect naturally bounded beyond the dinner hour at once, and fixed itself upon—"

"Supper!" interrupted Kitten, triumphantly.

"And what are we to have for supper, then?"

"Why, the same thing as dinner, to be sure; salmon trout cold, chickens cold, salad instead of peas, and cherry tart cold, too; that is to say, if you think he will eat cherry tart," she added, with a curiously childish anxiety.

"But you will have to go to bed, Kitten; little girls can't sit up to late suppers. Besides, Desmond is coming to see me upon business, so we shall do just as well without you to-night."

Kitten laughed. She did not often laugh. Her fun was more often expressed in a certain demure dryness peculiar to herself—laughter was not, perhaps, indigenous to the soil of the professor's household; but when at rare intervals Kitten laughed, her laugh was very sweet to hear. It was never loud or noisy, it could hardly ever be called hearty, and yet it was pleasant to listen to, like the rippling note of a caged bird that warbles a response to some inner gush of feeling of its own.

She fluttered away out of the room, her thoughts back again with the cherry tart and the supper, and the professor was left alone.

But he did not go back to his microscope. He leaned his pale face, lined and scored like an ancient parchment with study and thought, upon his hand and sighed.

"What is to become of her?" he said aloud. "Strange creature, half mine, half her mother's, inheriting something from each, and from both the fatal delicacy of constitution that was common to us both; who is to care for her when I am gone? Into whose hands am I to leave my frail treasure, with her wild, untamed mind and her shrewd, sensitive soul? Will Desmond help me, I wonder, for the sake of the service I once rendered to his father? Ah, we shall see, we shall see. I can leave my manuscripts and collections to my country, but to whom shall I leave my child, sweeter legacy than any other?"

The remains of the cold supper, which had caused so many anxious thoughts to the young housekeeper, lay still upon the table; ample justice had been done to it by the late-arriving guest. A lamp with a wide red silk shade lighted the room with a warm radiance, some roses in glass bowls decorated the simple feast, while a dish of crimson currants, piled up high in an antique Chelsea dish, added yet another touch of feminine taste to the repast.

"The old boy has a good housekeeper," said Brian Desmond to himself, as he leaned back in his chair.

He was a little at a loss, certainly, to

understand exactly why the sage had asked him to come and stay with him. Brian had no scientific tastes, and he knew nothing whatever about beetles and grubs and winged creatures of the air. He was not even a clever man, according to the modern ideas of cleverness. He was neither an author nor an artist. Mr. Desmond was simply a moderately well-educated gentleman of expensive tastes and luxurious habits, which an acquisition of most unexpected wealth had, within the last few years, enabled him to gratify. He could not, therefore, conceive why the professor, who was an old man, and in his way a great man, had chosen to seek his society in so marked a manner on the present occasion.

While he was pondering upon this subject, Mr. Laybourne interrupted his meditations by the following words: "Now, I daresay, my dear Desmond, that you are at this very moment wondering why I have invited you to come down all this way to spend a few days with me. I take it very kindly of you, I lead a life of retirement and study. I have no inducement to offer to a man of your age and tastes, and yet you have done me the honor to leave your London friends and your London gaieties to come down and see an old Diogenes in his tub."

"The honor, Professor, is all for me," replied Desmond, "that a man with so world-wide a reputation as yours should seek the society of an insignificant person like myself—"

"Wait, wait, my friend," interrupted the old man, with his gentle smile, "if you had studied animal life as much as I have, you would know that there is no effect which has not a cause."

"Perhaps you have heard, Desmond, that I was once married," he said quietly, not looking at his guest. "My wife died in child-birth."

"Yes?" Desmond looked up with interest.

For a few seconds Mr. Laybourne was silent, then looking up and meeting his guest's eyes, he continued: "My little girl is a great source of anxiety to me. She inherits her mother's tendency to consumption, and I fear, my own unsound constitution. Desmond, I have an original disease of the heart."

"I am deeply distressed; are you sure?"

"There is, unfortunately, no doubt whatever about it. I have been aware of it for some years and I have the first medical opinions to confirm what had long been my own conviction. I am in no appreciable danger, I may live years and die of something else, again I may drop down dead this very night; what I want to know is," he added, with a sudden break in his voice, "what is to become of my little girl in that case?"

Brian was uncertain how to answer; he balanced his knife more anxiously than ever and murmured something about female relatives.

"She has none, not one, either on her mother's side or my own; all are dead. I have followers and worshipers by the score; these go for nothing; and I have also a number of professional acquaintances, but where among them all shall I find a man fit to take charge of a child—a woman child?" For half a moment he paused, then said again, very earnestly: "Brian Desmond, will you take the charge of my orphan child?"

Brian looked startled.

"I? I am not fit. My life is a wandering one. I am here to-day, gone to-morrow. Sometimes I travel in wild countries, sometimes I spend months in the racket of a London season; do you indeed think such a man as I am can be fit for the charge of a child?"

The professor sighed deeply. "Then you decline," he said, sadly.

"No, no, do not think that. But your proposition is so strange, so unexpected; give me but a moment to think. Ah! yes, I have a cousin, a sweet, good woman with children of her own; your little girl could be left with her and I could see after her occasionally; that would be a happy home for her; I am sure she would take her gladly. Mr. Laybourne, do not be uneasy about your child's future, I will do what you ask of me."

(To be continued.)

Cruelty of Science.
Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, was talking about cruelty:

"Cruelty," she said, "is lack of imagination. It isn't true that only savages are cruel. All people without developed minds, minds capable of sympathy, are cruel. Children, till they have learned to think, are invariably cruel."

Miss Reel smiled.

"Let me tell you about a little boy," she said. "To this little boy there were given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so."

"They are poison," he was told. "If you eat them, it will kill you."

"However, the little boy was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grown-up people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally he had a young friend, Richard Howe, to spend the day with him, and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared."

"His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him.

"Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?"

"Harold frowned, as he answered defiantly:

"I gave it to Richard, and if he's alive to-morrow I'm going to eat the other one myself."

It All Depends.

"Don't you think," said he, "that singleness of purpose is an admirable trait in a man?"

"It is," she answered frankly, "unless it tends to make a confirmed bachelor of him."

Wages in Russian factories are 2 cents an hour and upward. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour, and tens of thousands who do not receive 30 cents a day for 10, 11 and more hours work.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—Montaigne.

POWER OF ENDURING PAIN.

Many Undergo Surgical Operations Without Taking Anæsthetics.

The incident of a physician with a dislocated shoulder going from one doctor to another to get it set without an anæsthetic and finally securing the heroic treatment at Bellevue is to-day so much out of the ordinary that it secures liberal space in the newspapers. The fact that a painful operation was performed without chloroform or ether is itself thought worthy of notice. The refusal of several physicians to perform it is eloquent in the state of surgical practice.

Now and then in some doctor's office or medical museum we see a case of instruments which seem better fitted for the carpenter's bench or the butcher's block than for the surgeon's table. There are knives as large as carvers for cutting through quivering and sensitive flesh with free sweep and swift stroke, as if it were dead meat, and great saws for severing human bones like firewood. The sight of them is enough to make one glad not to have lived in the old days. It is much more comfortable to be carved up now.

If anybody doubts that anæsthesia was the greatest blessing of the nineteenth century to humanity the threat of an amputation with these old instruments is likely to change his opinion. Out of the football field men now and then get joints dislocated and stoically have them set without ether and rush back into the scramble. Battle and accident and disease still inflict untold suffering under circumstances which no anodyne can deaden.

But in ordinary life for the most part we have become so accustomed to relief from physical pain in surgical practice that the deliberate preference for endurance rather than oblivion excites interest and remark. Yet only a few years ago such endurance was a matter of course. To-day many people, even to save their lives, would not face the pain of the old-time practice, so much have habit and the knowledge of surgical luxury affected us. Just as it is impossible for him who has grown into the life of ease and self-indulgence to take up the regimen of early days, when he worked with his hands and lived on hard fare, so it is impossible for most of us to face pain as our fathers and mothers did.

Some students of the Chinese tell us that their remarkable endurance of pain is not so much stoicism as lack of sensitiveness. They do not feel pain as the Caucasian does. If that be true it is easy to believe in great variations not merely in self-control, but in sensory responsiveness. Perhaps our people, besides being less habituated to the endurance of pain as a matter of course, are also more sensitive to it, not only mentally, but physically. The modern nervous tension and quick responsiveness may lay upon the hero of to-day a vastly greater burden than was borne under the same suffering by the man of an earlier time, who was not braver or more self-contained or more the master of his own soul, but whose physical being did not vibrate with anything like the same intensity under external impulse.

CLEVELAND'S REAL INCOME

Authoritative Statement About Much Discussed Matter.

After a considerable period of belief that Mr. Cleveland had become comparatively rich as the result of financial operations in association with his friend, E. C. Benedict, the broker, a story to the other extreme is now going the rounds to the effect that his income is only \$5,000 a year, says Harper's Weekly. The truth is that Mr. Cleveland's income from his investments is between \$8,000 and \$10,000, to which he adds an average of about \$3,000 by writing occasional essays for publication. He might have acquired a larger fortune, doubtless, but for the fact that he would never permit his bankers to buy or sell stocks on margins. Mr. Benedict, however, makes his few investments, and they are generally wise ones.

Some years ago Mr. Cleveland had \$5,000 to spare and Mr. Benedict obtained for him the right, which he availed himself of, to subscribe for the stock of a projected trust company.

The knowledge that the former President was to become one of their shareholders inspired the promoters with a brilliant idea. After consultation, they sought Mr. Benedict, and through him offered Mr. Cleveland the Presidency of the company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. It was a legitimate undertaking, backed by reputable men, but Mr. Cleveland somewhat reluctantly declined on the ground that he was unacquainted with the details of the business and that the condition of his health would not permit of the severe application requisite to effective service.

Again he was urged to accept, with the assurance that his duties would be nominal, his mere official connection with the company being considered sufficient recompense for his remuneration. Mr. Cleveland replied simply that that would seem to him too much like selling the use of his name, which, of course, he could not do. That closed the incident.

Grounds.
"Mr. Slopay, did I understand you to say you believed my coffee to be half chicory?"

"I believe," replied Mr. Slopay, peering into his cup, "I have grounds for such a belief."—Houston Post.

It isn't always safe to bet that the man who howls loudest about thieving politicians never tried to beat a street-car conductor out of a nickel.