

**Dazed the Crank.**  
David P. Barrows, while acting president of the University of California, one day received a queer visitor. Lean and terribly earnest, the man broke into Barrows' study, and, "I am the prophet Micah," he announced, "and I have a need for your service. The world is soon to come to an end. Could you not spread the tidings through the university?"  
Dr. Barrows shook his visitor by the hand, collected his thoughts and replied: "I believe that at no time was there such a crying need for prophets. But, unfortunately, prophesying is an art with which I am unfamiliar. I am not even in close sympathy with it and, as I am unable to comprehend what you have accomplished, I confess inability to participate as a prognosticator."

Whether it was the unexpected reply or the quick fire of so many words that dazed the visitor will never be known. Certain it is that the man backed to the door and uttered the laconic reply, "Yes."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Gentlemen of Leisure.**  
One of the upper ten thousand, once visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people.  
"Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something."  
"What is that?" asked the Yankee.  
"I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman.  
"What are they?" naively asked his host.  
"The aristocracy?" said the nobleman in a somewhat surprised tone of voice. "Why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy!"  
Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with, "Oh, we've plenty of them over here, but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."—Exchange.

**Washington's Only Joke.**  
The only admirable quality in which Washington was deficient was humor. One of the very few jests he ever made—perhaps the only one—has descended to posterity on the authority of his aid-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys.  
General Washington rather prided himself on his riding, so the colonel one day when they were out hunting together dared him to follow over one particular hedge. The challenge was accepted, and Humphreys led the way. He took the leap boldly, but to his consternation found that he had mistaken the spot and was sunk up to his horse's girth in a quagmire. The general, who knew the ground better or had suspected something, for, following at an easy pace, he reined up at the hedge and, looking over at his engulfed aid, exclaimed, "No, no, colonel, you are too deep for me!"

**Massaged With Nettles.**  
Nettles are said to be an almost certain proof that man has lived on the spot. One British species, the so-called Roman nettle, is said to be found only where the Romans have been. Coles, the seventeenth century herbalist, explains, "It grows both at the town of Lidde, by Romney, and in the streets of the town of Romney, in Kent, where Julius Caesar landed, with his soldiers, and abode there a certain time, and for the growing of it in that place it is reported that the soldiers brought some of the seeds with them and sowed it there for their use to rub and chafe their limbs when through extreme cold they should be stiff and benumbed, being told before they came from home that the climate of Britain was so extreme cold it was not to be endured without some friction."



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**The Wisdom of Nicodemus**

**Railroad Brought to Terms by a Smart Dog.**

By L. H. BICKFORD  
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The Sunrise Limited swept past the lower pasture of Mrs. O'Hearn's Nebraska farm every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and Mrs. O'Hearn's dog, Nicodemus, sallied down to the fence and barked at it. He was an unlovely animal of no breeding whatever, a canine outcast deserted by an emigrant, and his hostility to all railway movements was pronounced and even excessive, although his best effort and longest run were reserved for the flying vestibuled train that came so fleetingly of the east and shot by him with contemptuous roar and shriek.

A year after Mrs. O'Hearn's husband had been snatched from the field of toll she lost the companionship and nourishing gift of her only cow. That the double calamity distressed her was not phenomenal, but the departure of Michael O'Hearn was within the number of things reconcilable since the movements of Providence are to be accepted without question and are, indeed, but instances of the expected. Mrs. O'Hearn, a faithfully and notoriously religious person, resigned herself to the simple hope that Michael was to be met in another country. The taking off of the cow left no such solace, since its spiritual future did not concern her.

From the day the engine of the Sunrise Limited swept the animal in all directions from the face of the earth it had been rather foolishly investigating the nutritious qualities of clinders. Mrs. O'Hearn faced a world that appeared to be singularly unsympathetic. Where it had condoned with her in her first bereavement it merely smiled over her second. Obviously, in the eyes of the community, the least fitting place for a cow to browse was in the line of a lightning express. The station agent at Exeter indicated as much when Mrs. O'Hearn called upon him and depicted, with admirable detail, the circumstances of her misfortune. He would, he declared, lay the matter before the proper officials.

A week later she came again, and her visit left memories of life, color and action. She demanded to know whether the equivalent had been sent. The equivalent, she had somewhat excitedly figured, was \$39.15, this itemization including \$39 for milk and 15 cents for the purchase of milk three weeks from a neighbor. Her following visit disclosed fully as close calculation, for the equivalent had mounted to \$39.30, and it was plain to the agent that her arithmetic carried with it rules of interest and equity that would never be accepted by the company even if it dignified its procedure with the name of itself. On this occasion and on many occasions thereafter, he mentally convinced that his preparation would not outlive his tenure of office, asserted that only the president of the road had authority in the matter of destroyed cows and, having made it clear to her that her claim had been duly forwarded, besought her to follow methods less spectacular and to exercise some patience.

Having so frankly thrown himself on her mercy, he made a personal truce with the lady, but each week a new bill was presented with its accumulation of figures, together with verbal expressions of disregard for the president of the company and his lax methods of business.

At first the efforts of Nicodemus amused the freight crews who threw handfuls of coal at him. This was to the advantage of Mrs. O'Hearn, since coal was a luxury, and the daily performance resulted in a small measure of the precious fuel to add to her store of wood. She began to wish, indeed, that the attention of the passenger engineers might be equally attracted and that their resentment might take the same form. After a time, however, and from long familiarity the sport ceased to interest the passing trainmen, and but for an occasional missile the dog barked without purpose, although he never relaxed his endeavors. The flight of time brought no spirit of charity to overcome the bitterness of Mrs. O'Hearn. And it was quite by way of coincidence that on the day she had prepared her weekly statement—which now had \$1.80 added to the principal—something entirely unusual in railway equipment should engage, although tardily, the attention of Nicodemus. This was an abbreviated edition of the despised "lier," for the engine drew but two cars, the last a wonder of luxurious construction and painted a bright yellow.

The train had stopped, and around one of the sets of wheels stood three men variously engaged in darning cotton from an aperture, poking it about with a stick or dousing water upon the steaming mess. A venerable gentleman who had descended from the gorgeous car to watch the operation finally strolled over to the fence and, attracted by some wild blossoms, somewhat awkwardly scaled the barrier and ambled pleasantly about the green fields, lost in contemplation of the simplicity of nature's wonders.

Nicodemus came into action by a spring in the air, a shrill bark and a series of contortions that brought his haunches almost to his chin. When he felt the ground after the first flight he had made two yards, and his hair swept the wind as he rushed on. Here,

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in his dog's comprehension, was something fantastic, something not only to the bark, but to the bite. The venerable gentleman dropped the flowers he had gathered and turned unsteadily to the fence, but made such poor progress that Nicodemus, with terribly gleaming teeth and a bounce like a kangaroo, ran into his legs. There was then a fall of dog and man, with a singularly active display of man, considering age and lack of recent athletic training, and as the venerable gentleman came upright he did the only thing that seemed to his bewildered mind of rational purpose. The fence was still a great way off, and the speed of the dog had impelled that animal on a few feet, but he was even now reversing himself. Nearer than the fence braced a tree. Two comforting knobs, within easy reach, projected from the trunk. And before he quite knew how he did it, the venerable gentleman, with amazing agility, was seating himself on a lower branch of the tree, while the dog was making earnest and savage efforts to reach his dangling legs.

The incident naturally served to interest the men at the car wheels. They came to the fence in a body, calling out to the dog to desist, and one, braver than his fellows, mounted the rails in an effort to distract Nicodemus from his prey. He put one foot down on the opposite side as if he would come into the pasture. It was with drawn almost on the instant, for the dog, now animated by a desire to engage all comers, sprang at the would be intruder, and his white teeth closed on a boot heel. The man of courage, giving way to profanity, fell back into the arms of his companions. The three stood in doubt and conference, but made no new move, while Nicodemus returned to guard the tree with now and then sudden sportive excursions in their direction.

Into this excitement, after some minutes, came Mrs. O'Hearn, her arms bare to the elbows and a rolling pin in one hand. She waddled down, red and breathless, her flour smeared apron telling of baking day, her bearing that of pious surprise. She came to a halt just beneath the branch on which the venerable gentleman was perched, and the dog wagged her a welcome and made another dash for the fence describing, as he returned, a circle. The man in the tree viewed her advent with positive pleasure. He at once connected Mrs. O'Hearn with the ownership of the dog, and he was also impressed that his position was absurd, so, although his tones were pleasant, chagrin was somewhere apparent.

He smiled genially, conscious that he had put the case concisely at least.



"SO YE ARE THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD?"

"The venerable gentleman sighed again and called out to the engineer: "I say, Hiram, do you happen to have any money?"  
"A few dollars, sir."  
"I have a little change," supplemented the freeman, while the conductor reached into a pocket.  
"If the three of you could make up a purse—the thing is absolutely absurd, but we cannot remain here arguing with this woman. I shall ask you to loan me \$20."  
"At 80 cents," interrupted Mrs. O'Hearn.  
"Exactly," acknowledged the venerable gentleman, although not agreeably, "and 80 cents."  
There was a search of overalls and blouses, and in the moment of suspense the president considered that it would not be at all unlikely that the ridiculous situation would be further complicated by the discovery that the combined worth of the conductor, the porter, the freeman, and the conductor was not sufficient to make up the needed sum required.  
He was consequently relieved when the balance was forthcoming to the final ten cent piece, a contribution from the porter. This, by direction, was thrown over the fence, to be guarded by Nicodemus. The two bills fluttered from the hand of the president, and Mrs. O'Hearn, picking them up, turned them over carefully. Then she moved over to the second collection, and, satisfied with the accuracy of her count, and she was not quick at coin values, called the dog, grasped it by one ear and ambled back toward the house with no commencing word. But she evidenced her faith by locking Nicodemus in the barn, whereupon the venerable gentleman descended. When the dog was released and shot off down the pasture to renew the sport the special had gone. He snuffed at the tree and, presumably being over the late adventure in his imagination, barked in a paroxysm of joy.

Logging operations will continue all winter on South Inlet, Coos Bay.  
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Arration, calculated to impress, was cut short by an exultant cry from the squat figure beneath him.  
"Thin ye are the same wan that's been kapin' me out in the price av a cow this 'ree months," proceeded Mrs. O'Hearn. "Ye—"  
She cast about for an expression that would at once convey her contempt and anger.

"Ye murtherer!" she concluded.  
The trio at the fence, now enjoying the exclusive attention of Nicodemus, since it was obvious that the woman resorted to missile throwing. The venerable gentleman looked perplexedly about him.  
"Upon my soul, my good woman," he ventured, "you surprise me. I know nothing of your cow. You have surely mistaken me for some one else. I do not recall that I have ever before been in this locality."  
"Ye'll remember it, thin, from this 'yous days, for it's not from the place ye'll be stirrin' till I've my equivalent an' me resstitution for the evil ye've done me. It's the prissident of the road, says the station agent, that is considerin' your claim. Mrs. O'Hearn, an' it'll be all roight in toime, but he's a very busy man. Ye're not so busy but ye can put your hand to yer pocket an' produce the \$39 for the cow 'e've murthered in cold blood along av your 'ig'nant in line drivens an' she doin' no harm to a thin or anny wan. An' it's the extra money I want for the milk I've bought since me bereavement."

The situation seemed clearer.  
"You do not, then, accuse me of driving off your cow?" asked the venerable gentleman.  
"Dhrivin' her off?" repeated Mrs. O'Hearn, striving to compass her scorn by raising her voice to its highest pitch. "It's makin' murtherment av her an' wid no shoppin' for an apology that I claim ye to be the ridhaund assasin av ye air."  
"I do not run the engine," asserted the venerable gentleman uselessly. "If you have lost a cow, Mrs. O'Hearn, through any carelessness of the employees of the road you may be sure your claim will receive due consideration. You can hardly expect to advance it, however, by keeping me here. And you have been misinformed. The president of the road does not adjust these matters that come out of the misfortunes of cows. Your claim has probably been delayed."  
Mrs. O'Hearn glared, while Nicodemus, rushing past her in gleeful pursuit of a rock thrown by the engineer, came wiggling back, licked the rolling pin and returned to the fence.

"Consideration!" exclaimed the lady. "It's today that me equivalent comes to forty dollars and eighty cents, an' it's in the three ye'll sthlay an' ye're fired murtherers lookin' on from the fence beyant like gorillas in a cage before I sthbir from the spot or call off me dog, an' luck to him for knowin' a thafe whin he sees wan."  
The venerable gentleman started to parley, looked bewildered, sighed and fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat. He finally withdrew a somewhat worn pocketbook bulging with papers. From these he extracted two greenbacks. Then he searched as well as he could in personal safety the pockets of his trousers. He finally gave up in dismay.

"I am sorry to say that I haven't the amount you ask. If you will accept \$20 I assure you the remainder will be forthcoming."  
Mrs. O'Hearn raised the rolling pin. "It's the equivalent or not one cent," she declared.  
"But, as I have told you, I do not possess the amount. I rarely carry with me any ready money," he added, with a shade of exasperation, as if Mrs. O'Hearn could have been previously acquainted with his habit in that regard.

"You can get it," asserted the amazon inflexibly.  
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