

Raked Up His Latin.

A western lawyer went into the Planters' cafe a few days ago. He had not always lived in the far west and in his college days in the east was well enough acquainted with the French bills of fare of swell New York restaurants. But out in his new home he had forgotten about soup au pot gras and pomme de terre a la duchesse. The fact that he could not read some of the delicacies on the menu exasperated him, and he proceeded to have fun with the waiter.

"Nothing here that I'd care for," said he to the claw-hammered attendant.

"We can serve you anything for dinner, sir," said the waiter, confident that he could please his customer before he got through with him.

"Have you sine qua non?"

The waiter stared.

"No-o-o, sir," he answered.

"What about bonnoms? Have you any?"

"No, sir."

"Then let me have some nice ignis fatuus. That's good at this time of the year."

"We haven't got it."

"Bring me some tempus fugit, then."

"That's out, too, sir."

"You must have e pluribus unum."

This time the waiter looked bright. "I've heard them speak about it in the kitchen. I'll see."

He came back empty-handed and dejected. "We haven't got it," he stammered.

"Strange that I can't get any of these seasonable things. Try once more and find out if they have pro bono publico."

"I'll call Mr. Weaver," said the waiter, almost crazy by this time. "Perhaps he can tell what you want." The guest from the west caught him by the coat-tails.

"All right," said he, and in the meantime bring me some roast beef and friend potatoes.

"We have it!" yelled the waiter in his delight at hearing of something that was obtainable, and he flew off to the kitchen and came back with the beef and potatoes and Landlord Weaver in the wake.

The attorney and the hotel man had a good laugh at the expense of the unfortunate waiter, who confided to the chef in the kitchen that he had struck a man who must have been eating at Delmonico's all his life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The above is calculated to give an idea of the degenerate Westerner, when compared with his Eastern brother, who, following in the wake of Ward McAllister's "big four," has not yet forgotten the classics of his youth.

The old adage, that truth is stranger than fiction, finds a fitting and appropriate place in connection with this piece of pleasantry.

How different it is when the future statesman, who, with the sheep skin from his alma mater, closely accompanied by numerous recommendations from his Sunday school teachers, lying in his inside pocket, feels that the only field for his exceptional abilities lies in the untrodden regions of the "wild and woolly west."

Eager that the hallucinations of his own fertile brain may be realized, he bids adieu to the land of his youth with a light heart.

After spending a few months in hopeless search for a field in need of his exceptional abilities, he is in no frame of mind to appreciate bonnoms in any form.

As tempus fugit, he views with horror the fund of his e pluribus unum rapidly diminishing, and curses the ignis fatuus of his own overestimated brain, as he is brought to a realization of the fact that sine qua non means a square meal to him.

Straightway he betakes himself to one of those establishments whose business it is to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, and is unceremoniously in-

stalled as a new member to the grand order of "dash slingers." This is his first object lesson. No year of schooling ever done him so much good.

If he be of the right material, he will find abundant fields for his abilities, which, when viewed by himself in his new vocation, have somewhat depreciated in value.

His smattering of Latin and French will, in no way, incapacitate him from becoming a man of the west.

The true western version of the matter is this: for the downright ignoramus, go east.

A Primer Lesson.

Do you see that?

See what?

The man.

Is that a man?

That is what he calls himself.

What is he doing?

Waiting for prosperity.

Why don't he wear better clothes?

He is out of work and has no money to buy them.

Why don't he get him a job?

There aren't any jobs to get.

Will prosperity bring him a job?

Yes, when it comes.

Why does he think prosperity will come?

The politicians told him it would if he would vote for McKinley.

Are the politicians trying to restore prosperity?

Yes.

How?

By increasing the taxes and raising the price of what the people have to buy.

Will that bring prosperity?

Not if the court knows itself.

Does the man know it?

He will.

When?

When he gets hungry.

What will he do then?

Swear.

Will that do any good?

N-a-w.

What ought he do?

Eat a bale of hay for being an ass, or hire somebody's bull dog to bite him half to death, and after that vote a ticket which the millionaires, corporationists, lobbyists, trusts and syndicates don't vote.

Would that help him?

If every man who needed a job would do it, it would; at least he would not be any worse off and would have the satisfaction of voting for what he wanted and needed instead of voting to be robbed.—Morgan's Buzz-Saw.

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Horse brand P on right shoulder, cattle 1 on right hip. R. A. Hendricks, P. O. Lawton Ore.

Horse brand 20 on left shoulder, also three dots, on shape of triangle, cattle brand 20 same. E. E. Groves, Burns Ore.

Miss Rosa Dickerson horse brand 20 on left side, cattle brand 20 on left hip. P. O. Lawton Ore.

J. P. Dickerson cattle brand J P connected on left hip. Horse brand 20 on left side, P. O. Lawton Ore.

Cattle brand figure 7 on either hip, mark light crop off each ear, clip in each ear, and wattle on left jaw. Horse brand figure 7 on either hip. J. H. Dorr and horse Ore.

Horse brand 10 on left shoulder, Cattle brand 10 on left hip and side. Catherine Marshall P. O. Narrows Ore.

Horse brand on left shoulder & Miss Latta Stanolin, Burns Ore.

Horse brand 10 on left shoulder and same on wreath of right hind leg. P. H. Smith Burns Ore.

H. Lempert and Son cattle brand > B connected. Ear mark swallow hook in right ear underlip in left. P. O. Burns Ore.

Horse and Cattle brand J P on left shoulder, horse brand J P connected. Mary J. Price, Burns Ore.

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