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A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:

"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man."

"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons. Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject.

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QUENTIN'S SNAKE JOKE

President's Son Lived Up White House With His Pets.

DASHED IN ON ROLLER SKATES

Made Attorney General Bonaparte Hurriedly Ascend Back of His Chair. Ex-Congressman Lacey Mounted a Table, While Hepburn Imitated a Snake Charmer.

These healthy snakes, under the auspices of Quentin Roosevelt, recently broke up a conference between the president of the United States and the attorney general thereof, gave the alleged author of the Hepburn note a chance to pose as a snake charmer and reconciled John F. Lacey to his retirement from public life, says a Washington special dispatch to the New York Times.

Quentin had a couple of snakes at Oyster Bay shortly before the departure of one of the reptiles turned up missing. Quentin was inconsolable and requisitioned the whole family from his august father down into a search. At last the snake was given up as hopelessly lost. The other day, however, Quentin dashed into the room where the president was adding a few touches to his annual message, flopped a damp snake down on the document which the frenzied financiers of Wall street are awaiting so eagerly and shouted gleefully:

"Here he is. I thought you'd be glad to know that he's come back."

The president dissembled his joy and

coaxed Quentin away.

When the family got to Washington it was ascertained that the runaway snake was a little tired and that his colleague was not much better, so

Quentin was instructed to take them both down to a snakeologist named Schmitz and have them rejuvenated.

Schmitz appeared so sad over having to part with his pets even for a day or two that Schmitz, to console him, loaned him a king snake and two secondary serpents.

Quentin skated up Pennsylvania avenue in hot haste, with snakes twined around both arms, and dashed into the executive mansion without stopping to take off his roller skates.

At that moment the president was in deep conference over the Oklahoma constitution with Attorney General Bonaparte, and in the next room Representative W. F. Hepburn and ex-

congressman John F. Lacey were awaiting their turn. Quentin was speeding through the outer office, skates and all, on his way to the conference room when Mr. Loeb dexterously surrounded him and asked what he was going to do.

"Going to show my father my new snakes," responded Quentin.

"But the attorney general is with him, and they may not want to see the snakes," argued Loeb.

"Oh, yes, they will," argued Quentin confidently. "my father likes snakes."

Loeb finally prevailed on him to sit down and wait, but the length of the conference got on his nerves, and when Loeb was not looking Quentin opened the door and skated in.

"This question of infringement," the attorney general was saying. "The question is whether an infringement of the enabling act is or is not a substantial one. If only a minor infringement—"

"ment—wow!" So saying the attorney general hurriedly ascended the back of his chair. Before him was a boy on roller skates with a king snake twined around one arm and two subsidiary snakes coiled around the other, all with their mouths hospitably open in the attorney general's direction.

"What's the matter?" demanded Quentin.

"Aren't they lovely snakes?"

"Quentin," said the president indignantly, "if only a minor infringement is much interested in snakes. Suppose you go into the next room. Pete Hepburn and Lacey are in there, and they are very fond of snakes."

Into the next room skated Quentin, with the look on his face, as one of the four participants in the scene afterward said, "of one absolutely sure of meeting two congenial spirits."

"See what I've got," sang Quentin.

"Look at what the boy has, Pete," said Lacey, with a fond smile.

"Toy snakes twined round his arm. Wonderful, isn't it? How lifelike they make the things nowadays! Come here, son, and let me—holy Moses!"

And Lacey climbed a table.

A minute later the president peeped into the room, grinning. The king snake had wriggled up inside Quentin's sleeve so that only the tip of his tail was left visible. Quentin had appeared to Hepburn to get him out, and the chairman of the interstate and foreign commerce committee of the house, trying to look as if he liked it, had held the snake's tail and was trying his best to pull him forth.

"Fond of snakes, Pete?" chorused the president.

Hepburn mustered a feeble smile, a jocular grin, pulled the snake out and wiped his brow.

Later in the afternoon Quentin brought the snake to his father and said there was something the matter with them. The president looked and discovered that the king snake was swallowing one of the others. With some difficulty he rescued the junior serpent and returned to his work.

Pennsylvania as Wheat Growing State. Pennsylvania is the largest wheat growing state on the Atlantic slope. Its greatest production is in the eastern and central sections, says the Philadelphia Record. The yield last year was about 20,000,000 bushels, and the yield will be about the same this year.



For the Late Books and Choice Selection of Stationery

With the coming of Christmas we all look forward to the presents we receive and it some times becomes a puzzle what to give one. There certainly can be nothing more appreciative than a Book by a recognized author, or a box of choice writing paper put up by such well known manufacturers as the Eaton-Hurlbut company. We have our Holiday Line of Remembrances now ready for your inspection; it includes well bound books from 35 c to \$1.75, the higher priced books are done in full leather, hand painted covers, printed from clear type on good paper; our line of writing papers were never better nor more medium priced, you can easily be suited with our assortment which average in price from 15 c and 25c for the Little Folk to 50c, 60c, 75c, and \$1.00 for the nicer grades of Stationery.

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The Observer Book Store

What He Needed.

Employed in one of the largest iron foundries in Baltimore there is a man who has a wooden leg. None of his fellow workers, however, knew of this until recently, so perfectly did the artificial support take the place of the missing member.

One day not very long ago something happened to the belting in the machine shop. Being an expert mechanic, this man was sent to repair the break. He climbed a high ladder with as much grace and agility as could any man with two perfectly sound legs. But while busily engaged on the belting the ladder slipped from under him, and, with a crash, man and ladder landed in a heap on the floor.

The man's head struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one telephoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Charles—I don't see how Blank can make any money out of that tobacco's business of his. He's always smoking the best cigars himself.

Fred—Oh, that's his method of advertising.

Charles—How so?

Fred—Puffing his goods.

"Good heavens, Mary," exclaimed the pampered husband, "where did you get these cigars? They're horrible!"

"Why, my dear, I'm sure they're quite good," tearfully replied his wife.

"I was very careful to call for the brand you always smoke. They're Colorado Maduro."—Lippincott's.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

This Little Gem of Fiction Comes to Us From France.

A French soldier who had been away from home for several years returned unexpectedly to his native town. The day of his arrival being Sunday, he went to the village church, believing his wife would be there, and he thus could see her the sooner. Taking a seat near the door, he waited until the service was over.

While waiting, being very much fatigued after a long journey, he fell asleep, his head resting on the back of the pew. While sleeping he dreamed of being seized as a spy and after a short trial was condemned and led out for execution. The guillotine had been erected, the army stood ranged about, and all the preparations were made as impressively as possible. The condemned man was placed in position, and the last act in the drama was at hand.

Just at that moment his wife was passing down the aisle of the church on her way out. She recognized her husband and in order to awaken him tapped his neck playfully with her fan as his head was thrown back on the seat. The contact of the fan in his dream supposed to be the knife of the guillotine. The shock was so great it killed him instantly.

Force of Habit.

Why do you always walk on the same side of the street? Why do you always put on the same boot first? Just force of habit. Habit is a splendid time and energy saver. If we had to think before we did each of the little things that now we do automatically, our minds would be tired when we brought them to tackle more important matters.

Habit makes things easy, too, call it by what name you like. Sometimes it is known as system, and in this form it is habit that rules the world. On the other hand, don't let habit get hold of you if it is not helping you.

Matter of Fact.

A visitor from London found in a cafe at Rotterdam a Dutchman who had been about a bit and who spoke English perfectly well.

This Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the Londoner, an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

"You could not stumple upon a pipe like that every day," said the Englishman.

The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe and then slowly removed it from his mouth.

"Certainly not without breaking it," he said, gravely.—London Chronicle.

Soft and Light.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe?"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Illustrated Bits.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Myles—When are you coming to call on us?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, I really don't know! But you said you'd come soon and bring your husband!"

"I know I did, and I asked him last night to come over, and he said he'd like to dream over it, and, do you know, dear, he had an awful nightmare last night!"—Folkers Statesman.

Something Lacking.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there a half mile corridor confronts you and no cabs."—Montreal Star.

THUMPING HEADACHES

Many More Women Have Them, But Few Know The Real Cause.

Dull, thumping headaches; sick, prostrating headaches; dizzy, whirling, blind headaches; faint to disorders of the kidneys; full of uric poisons in the blood. Nerveless may ease the pain.

But won't cure the cause. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys; Remove uric poisons, purify the blood, Banish headache, backache, urinary ills.

Mrs. J. Mueller, 438 East 4th st, Albany, Or., says: "It is not often one finds a remedy so good as Doan's Kidney Pills, and I feel it almost a duty to tell my experience with this medicine. I had been suffering with kidney complaint which brought on backache, pain in the limbs, headache and dizziness. There was much annoyance also from irregularity of the kidney secretions. Though I used several remedies trying to get relief, Doan's Kidney Pills procured at a drug store, were the best. In fact, there was really no comparison. They did all else had failed to do, and I cheerfully give them my endorsement."

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Additional Locals.

Free supply of genuine carbolium just opened at the Observer Book Store.

You want to get your washing in to the Barber Shop Monday, as the basket leaves for the laundry at an early hour Tuesday without a miss.

E. W. Lewis.