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WEEKS BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS A guaranteed remedy for Colds and the Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

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Answers the Purpose. Wild-eyed customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid." Clerk—"This is a hardware store, but we have—"

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen & Unwin, Le Roy, N. Y.

Shifting the Blame. "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "Yes, your honor. I would call your attention to the fact that the fool lawyer who defended me was assigned to the case by yourself!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW RESINOL CURED ITCHING SKIN TORMENT

Baltimore, Md., May 23, 1914: "My limbs from knees to ankles were completely covered with eczema for a year. It commenced with several small water pimples, which burst when I scratched them, until they developed into sores, and oozed a yellowish fluid. I could not go to bed, I itched and burned so badly. I had no rest at night. I tried a good many remedies for eczema, both liquid and salve, but they did me no good, only made the skin more rough and scaly. I learned of Resinol ointment and Resinol soap and tried them, and was relieved of the severe itching and burning AT ONCE, and after a month's steady use was completely cured." (Signed) T. S. Lewis, 1821 Summit St. Resinol soap and Resinol ointment are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

END STOMACH TROUBLE. GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapiesin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas, and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and general discomfort, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.

Shattered Self-Importance.

"For a little while I flattered myself that my wife was sitting up till after midnight waiting for me to come home."

"Wasn't she?" "No. She was reading a best-seller, and couldn't wait to sleep till she had finished it."—Washington Star.

Disliked a Slow Man.

First Girl—"Do I do a slow man. Second Girl—"So do I. One sat beside me in the car this morning reading a novel, and was never ready to turn the page when I was. It was so aggravating!"—Boston Transcript.

How it Happened.

"Oh, yes! You see, she married a chance acquaintance."—Judge.

Purifies Blood With Telling Effect

Gives Conscious Evidence of Its Direct Action.



S. S. S., the famous blood purifier, almost acts as it sweeps its way through the circulation. Its action is so direct that very often in some forms of skin disease, the appearance of the eruptions changes overnight, the itch and redness are gone and recovery begins immediately.

As a matter of fact, there is one ingredient in S. S. S. which serves the active purpose of stimulating each cellular part of the body to its own essential nutrition. That is why it regenerates the blood supply; why it has such a tremendous influence in overcoming eczema, rash, pimples, and all skin affections.

P. N. U. No. 3, 1915

When writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

OLD LADY NUMBER 31

BY LOUISE FORSSLUND

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC.

CHAPTER I. The Tea Table.

Angelina's slender, wiry form and small, glossy gray head bent over the squat brown teapot as she shook out the last bit of leaf from the canister. The canister was no longer hers, neither the teapot, nor even the battered old pewter spoon with which she tapped the bottom of the tin to dislodge the last flicker of tea-leaf dust. The three had been sold at auction that day in response to the auctioneer's inquiry, "What am I bid for the lot?"

Nothing in the familiar old kitchen was hers, Angelina reflected, except Abraham, her aged husband, who was taking his last gentle ride in the old rocking chair—the old armchair with painted roses blooming as brilliantly across its back as they had bloomed when the chair was first purchased forty years ago. Those roses now come to be a source of perpetual vexation to the old wife, an ever-present example.

Neither time nor stress could take them a single leaf. When Abe took the first mortgage on the house in order to invest in an indefinitely located Mexican gold mine, the melodeon dropped one of its keys, but the roses nodded on with the same old sunny hope; when Abe had to take the second mortgage and Tenafly Gold became a forbidden topic of conversation, the minute hand fell off the parlor clock, but the flowers on the back of the old chair blossomed on none the less serenely.

The soil grew more and more barren as the years went by; but still the roses had kept fresh and young, so why, argued Angelina, should not she? If old age and the pinch of poverty had failed to conquer their valiant spirit, why should she listen to the croaking tale? If they bloomed on with the same crimson flaunt of color, though the rockers beneath them had grown warped, and the body of the chair creaked and groaned every time one ventured to sit in it, why should she not ignore the stiffness which the years seemed to bring to her joints, the complaints which her body threatened every now and again to utter, and fare on herself, a hardy perennial bravely facing life's winter-time?

Even this dreary day had not taken one fraction of a shade from the glory of the roses, as Angelina could see in the red at one side of Abraham's head and the full-blown flower below his right ear; so why should she droop because the sale of her household goods had been somewhat disappointing? Somewhat? When the childless old couple, still sailing under the banner of a charity-forbidding pride, became practically reduced to their last copper, just as Abe's joints were "loosening" up after a five years' siege of rheumatism, and decided to sell all their worldly possessions, apart from their patched and threadbare wardrobes and a few meager necessities, they had depended upon raising at least two hundred dollars, one-half of which was to secure Abe a berth in the Old Men's home at Indian Village, and the other half to make Angelina comfortable for life. If a little lonely, in the Old Ladies' home. Both institutions had been generously endowed by the same estate, and were separated by a distance of but five miles.

"Might as well be five hundred, with my rheumatism 'n' yer weak heart," Abraham had growled when Angelina first proposed the plan as the only dignified solution to their problem of living. "But," the little wife had rejoined, "it'll be a mite o' comfort a-knowin' a body's so near, even if yer can't git ter 'em."

Now, another solution must be found to the problem; for the auction was over, and instead of two hundred dollars they had succeeded in raising but one hundred dollars and two cents. "That air two cents was fer the flour-sifter," inwardly mourned Angelina, "an' it's wuth double an' tribble, fer it's been a good friend ter me fer nigh on ter eight year."

"Two cents on the second hander," said Abe for the tenth time. "I've counted it over 'n' over. One hundred dollars an' tew pesky pennies. An' I never hear a man tell so many lies in my life as that auctioneer. Yew'd 'a' thought he was sellin' out the empery o' Rooshy. Hy-guy, it sounded splendid. Pust off I thought he'd raise us more 'n we expected. An' mebbe he would have ter, Angelina, a bit rusefully, 'ef yew'd 'a' let me advertise a little sooner. I don't s'pose half Shoreville knows yit that we was gwine ter have a auction sale." He watched the color rising in her cheeks with a curious mixture of pride in her pride and regret at its consequences. "It's no use a-talkin', mother, pride an' poverty makes oneasy bedfellows."

He leaned back in the old chair, creaking out a dismal echo to the auctioneer's "Going, going, gone!" while the flush deepened in Angelina's cheek. Again she fastened her gaze upon the indomitable red rose which hung a pendant earring on the right side of Abraham's head.

"Yew wouldn't 'a' had folks a-comin' here ter bid jest out o' charity, would yew?" she demanded. "An' anyhow," in a more gentle tone—the gently positive tone which she had acquired through forty years of living with Abraham—"we hain't so bad off with one hundred dollars an' tew cents, an'

ah, the greatest good of all had not vanished, and that was the love they bore one to the other. The sunshine came flooding back into mother's heart. She lifted her face, beautiful, rosy, eternally young. This was the man for whom she had gladly risked want and poverty, the displeasure of her own people, almost half a century ago. Now at last she could point him out to all her little world and say, "See, he gives me the red side of the apple!" She lifted her eyes, two bright sapphires swimming with the diamond dew of unshed, happy tears. "I'm a-thinkin', father," she twittered, "that naow me an' yew be a-gwine so fur apart, we be a-gittin' closer together in sperit than we've ever been afore."

Abraham stopped rocking to stare hard at his resourceful wife, an involuntary twinkle of amusement in his blue eyes. "Jest bewittin'!" whereupon Abe, scenting self-sacrifice on his wife's part, sat up straight and snarled, "How so, how so, mother?"

"I'll buy a postage stamp, won't it?"—she was fairly aggressive now—"an' that's an envelop what wa'n't put up ter action in the cupboard an' a paper bag I kin run out—ketch me ter ter neighbors an' a-beggin' fer writing paper—an' I'll jest set down an' write a line to Miss Halsey. Her house hain't a stun's throw from the Old Men's; an' I'll offer ter come an' take keer o' them air young 'uns o' her'n fer my board an' keep 'em 'n ten cents a week. I was a-gwine ter say a quater, but I don't want ter impose on nobody. Seem's that they ain't over well-ter-doin'. I would go ter nothin', but I got ter have somethin' ter keep up appearances on, so yew won't have no call ter feel ashamed of me when I come a-visitin' ter the hum." Involuntarily, as she spoke, Angelina lifted her knotted old hand and smoothed back the hair from her brow; for through all the struggling years she had kept a certain, not unpleasant, girlish pride in her personal appearance.

Abraham had risen with creaks of his rheumatic joints, and was now walking up and down the room, his feet lifted slowly and painfully with every step, yet still his blue eyes flashing with the fire of indignant protest. "Me a-bunkin' comfortable in the Old Men's, an' yew a-takin' keer o' them Halsey young 'uns fer ten cents a week! I wouldn't take keer o' 'em fer ten cents a short breck. That be

CHAPTER II. "Good-by."

When the last look of parting had been given to the old kitchen and the couple passed out of doors, hushed and trembling, they presented an inconspicuously brave, glad-day appearance. Both were dressed in their best. To be sure, Abraham's Sunday suit had long since become his only, every-day suit as well, but he wore his Sabbath-day hat, a beaver of ancient design, with an air that cast its reflection over all his apparel. Angelina had on the freshly polished stove she was leaving in her kitchen—a gown which testified from its voluminous hem to the soft yellow net at the throat that Angelina was as neat a mender and darning as could be found in Suffolk county.

A black silk bonnet snuggled close to her head, from under its brim peeping a single pink rose. Every spring for ten years Angelina had renewed the youth of this rose by treating it with the petals with the tender red dye of a budding oak.

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NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS.

Portland—The demand for hops is much better than it was at the close of last week. No sales by growers were reported recently, but several hundred bales of mediums changed hands at 9 to 11 cents. The market is quoted at 12 to 13 cents for the best grades.

There was no further change in the quotations. The tone of the market is steady, as the supply of fresh Oregon was not heavy. Buying orders from the North have temporarily ceased.

Butter and cheese are holding steady at prevailing quotations. Trade is brisk again in the fruit and vegetable line on Front street. There was a fair supply of everything and prices held steady. A car of fancy sweet potatoes was received and a car of lettuce is due.

Hogs comprised the larger part of the 26 cars of stock received at the yards Friday, and the bulk of the trading was also in this division. The hog market ruled steady in spite of the large run. One load sold at \$7.15, a nickel better than the previous day's price, but most of the sales of good light stock were at \$7 and \$7.05.

In the cattle market only odd lots were handled and price conditions in this line are unchanged. Sheep and lambs also traded in at former prices. Receipts of poultry are not equal to the demand and the market is firm at the quotations printed. Buyers wanted chickens, and for the best offerings paid a premium. There was also a good demand for dressed meats and prices were steady.

With the Wisconsin Lanes, Bancroft, Idaho, 1 car; E. C. Palmer, Oakland, 1 car; S. B. Baker, Mikalo, 2 cars; J. B. Younts, Condon, 1 car; G. H. Russell, Redmond, 12 cars; W. B. Kurtz, Maitin, 2 cars; J. W. Silva, Gooding, 3 cars; Morgan Farm company, Goldendale, 1 car; L. L. Crider, Roosevelt, 1 car.

Wheat—Bid: Bluestem, \$1.38 per bushel; forty-fold, \$1.37; club, \$1.35; red Russian, \$1.29; red Fife, \$1.30. Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$28@25.50 per ton; shorts, \$30@30.50; rolled barley, \$29.50@30.50. Corn—White, \$36 per ton; cracked, \$27. Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15@15.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$13@13.50; grain hay, \$10.50@11; alfalfa, \$13@13.50.

Vegetables—Cucumbers, hothouse, \$1.75@2 per dozen; eggplant, \$6@10 per pound; peppers, \$8@10; artichokes, 75c@85c dozen; tomatoes, \$1@1.25 crate; cabbage, 1 1/2@1 1/4 pound; beans, 12c; celery, \$2.50 crate; cauliflower, \$2.25; sprouts, 8c pound; head lettuce, \$1.85@2 crate; pumpkins, 1 1/2 pound; squash, 1c; carrots, \$1.25 sack; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.25. Green Fruits—Apples, 60c@65@1.50 box; cranberries, \$9@11 barrel. Potatoes—Oregon, \$1 sack; Idaho, \$1@1.10; Yakima, \$1@1.10; sweets, 2 1/2c pound.

Onions—Oregon, buying price, \$1.25 f. o. b. shipping point. Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, case cost, 32@33c dozen; candled, 35c; storage, 25@29c. Poultry—Hens, large, 15c pound; mixed, 13@14c; springs, 12@13c; turkeys, dressed, 20c; live, 17c; ducks, 12@14c; geese, 10@11c. Butter—Creamery, prints, extras, 32c pound in case lots; 4c more in less than case lots; 2c, 27@29c. Veal—Fancy, 12@13c pound. Pork—Block, 9@10c pound. Hops—1914 crop, 10@11c; 1913 crop, nominal.

Hides—Salted hides, 14c; salted hides, 10c; salted calf, 12c; green hides, 12c; green bulls, 8c; green calf, 18c; green pig, 14c; dry hides, 25c; dry calf, 27c. Wool—Vesley, 17@18c pound; Eastern Oregon 15@20c; nominal mohair, 1914 clip, 27c. Cattle—Prime steers, 4@4 1/2c; choice, \$5.50@7; medium, \$6.25@6.50; choice cows, \$6@6.25; medium, \$5@5.50; heifers, \$5@5.50; calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.50@4.75; stags, \$4.50@6. Sheep—Wethers, \$5.25@6.10; ewes, \$4.25@5.50; lambs, \$6.25@7.50.

Seattle Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.35; Turkey red, \$1.30; fortyfold, \$1.34; club, \$1.33; Fife, \$1.33; red Russian, \$1.28. Barley—\$28 per ton. Car receipts: Wheat 13, oats 5, barley 3, hay 6, flour 5. Tacoma Wheat—Wheat quotations on the local market, as furnished by leading firms, are: Red Russian, \$1.26; milling bluestem, \$1.33; club, \$1.30; fortyfold, \$1.31; red Fife, \$1.28.

Fresh Meats—Steers, 12c; cows, 11c; heifers, 11 1/2@12c; wethers, 12c; dressed hogs, 12c; trimmed sides, 15c; combinations, 15c; lambs, 12@14c; Diamond T. C., 14c; yearlings, 13c; ewes, 11c. Butter—Washington creamery, 30@31c; Oregon, 28@30c. Eggs—Fresh ranch, 30@35c dozen; local cold storage, 28@30c; Eastern, 28@30c. Hay—Clover, \$16@17; wheat, \$14@15; Idaho timothy, \$20@21; Ellensburg, \$17@20; mixed, \$17@19; alfalfa, \$14@15.

Feed—Corn, \$36; cracked, \$36; wheat, \$44; whole barley, \$30; rolled, \$31; shorts, \$31; bran, \$9; oats, \$33; rolled oats, \$34. Cabbage, home-grown, 1 1/2c pound. Carrots, local, \$1 sack. Potatoes—California sweets, \$2.25@2.50 cwt.; Yakimas, \$20@21 ton; White River, \$18. Onions—Green, 20c dozen; Oregon brown, \$1.75@2; Yakima, \$1.65. Garlic, 15c pound. Lettuce—Head, 75c dozen bunches; \$1.85 crate. Spinach, local, 5c pound. Cucumbers, \$1.50@2 dozen. Celery, 65c dozen; \$3@3.50 crate. Green peppers, bell, 8c pound. Eggplant, 10c pound. Hubbard squash, 2c pound. Rutabagas, \$1.50 sack. Cauliflower, \$3@5 crate. Artichokes, 90c dozen. Brussels sprouts, 10c pound. Rhubarb, 12c pound.

An Unusual Dog Journey.

"Inquirer" has interesting reading as to a dog having followed his master 119 miles. I think I can beat his "record" by some 21 miles. It happened in 1890. Father, then a government official and a passionate hunter, had been transferred from Seattle to the northern Carpathians to Z—, about 140 miles away. Among his hunting dogs there was a 14-year-old dachshund, which he had left with one of his friends, who were hardly settled in our new domicile when father received a letter telling that Old had disappeared. Father was sorry, for he was, as all hunters are, fond of his dogs, when a week after, Old, all worn out and starved, suddenly reappeared. This is a remarkable feat. The dog had traversed nearly 140 miles in less than a week, through a very mountainous country, and without being able to follow us on the "scent," as we made the trip by rail.—Letter to New York Times.

A National Calamity.

"Where's my umbrella?" demanded the wife of a member of parliament. "I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered her husband. "It must be in the train." "In the train?" snorted the woman. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—New York Call.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliouness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliouness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clear; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

Naughty Wrinkles.

"Quick, quick, my dear—everybody else is in the lifeboat. The ship is sinking!" "Wait a moment—I cannot be seen like this. The life belt makes my coat pucker."—The Yowler.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU TRY Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Gravel. It is sold by druggists and mail order at 50c per bottle. Write for full particulars. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Philosophy on the Half Shell.

"What are you working at now?" "Shucking oysters," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "How do you like the work?" "It's pretty hard work. 'Bout de only satisfaction I gits out of it is thinkin' how lucky I is to be de shucker instid o' the oyster."—Washington Star.

HOWARD K. BURTON, Assessor and Charles F. Leadville, Colorado, Spelling prices: gold, \$100; silver, \$50; copper, \$25. Mailings envelopes of full price list sent free. Refer to Oregon National Bank.

Lures of Home. Simms—You're a poor sort of a club member. I very seldom see you around at the clubhouse. Timms—Why, I get around once or twice a week. Simms—Well, look at me; I'm there every night. Timms—Yes, but you're married, and I'm single.—New York Times.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

The Fell Clutch of Habit. Ragged Rogers—I heard a feller say dis mornin' dat he wasn't happy unless he was workin'.

Tattered Thombs—Ain't it a terrible ting when er habit gits hold of er man!—Boston Transcript.

What It Was.

"A complete kidnaping outfit was found in this town." "You can't say! Where was it?" "In a cradle manufactory."—Baltimore American.

Would Earn It.

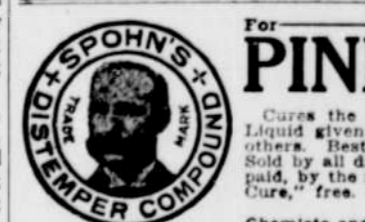
"Haven't \$5, will you, old chap?" "Lend me \$5, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you the five best Johnson over a year ago if you can collect it."—Boston Transcript.

A Favorite Rebellion.

General—I see here's an article on "Revolution in the Mince Pie." Colonel—That's the kind of revolution you like to put down, I suppose, general?—Yonkers Statesman.

Studied Botany.

Post—How do you get your Christmas tree so loaded down? Parker—It's done by the grafting process.—Life.



SPON'S PINK EYE

Cures the sick and acts as a preventative for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all ailments of the eye. 50 cents a bottle. Is a dozen. Sold by all druggists and turf goods houses, or sent, express prepaid, to the manufacturer, Booklet, "Diagnosis, Cause and Cure," free. SPON'S MEDICAL CO., Coshen, Ind., U. S. A. Chemists and Bacteriologists.

Clean Knowledge.

"We are going to get up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "Well, we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Puck.

His Good Angel.

Caller—How much for a marriage license? Town Clerk—One dollar. Caller—I've only got 50 cents. Town Clerk—You're lucky.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Men Fight on Their Stomachs Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—helps them digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body. This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts the liver into activity—oil the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk, behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health. Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve a man and his wife of their former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send for trial box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice of 1000 Pages for 50c. You can have Dr. Pierce's Invaluable Home Medical Advisor of 1000 Pages for 50c.

YOUR WELFARE

is at stake when you neglect the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Poor health will soon overtake you. Keep up "to the mark" by assisting these organs in their work with the help of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It makes the appetite keen and aids digestion. Try a bottle



KOW-KURE, is the well-known cow medicine that has for over twenty years been making good producers out of backward ones. It is a safe and proven remedy for the prevention or treatment of such diseases as Milk Fever, Scouring and Foot Rot. Write for valuable free book, "The Cow Doctor." Dairy Association Co., Lyonsville, Pa.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

\$5,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals. SHANNON & GARDNER, Patent Attys., 104 1/2 Years 1034 F. St., Washington, D. C.

TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy and harmlessness of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW for your protection and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" outline of Typhoid Vaccination, from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. SUCCESSORS SUCCESSORS SUCCESSORS.

Same Thing.

"Does your husband keep a scrapbook?" "Not exactly; he keeps a checkbook and we have a scrap every time it is used for my benefit."—Boston Transcript.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Also the Medicine Venus.

Farmer Hawbuck (visiting art museum)—Is this the stachery room? Attendant—It is, sir. Anything special you'd like me to show you? Farmer Hawbuck—Yas. My datter told me t' be shure an' see the Apoller with the beveled ear.—Baltimore Sun.

No Walking Delegates.

Union hours aren't followed on the battlefield. As one Tommy Atkins puts it: "We go out early in the morning, and about the following week we think of coming in for a sleep."—Tit Bits.

Revised.

The old motto might have read: "In time of peace prepare for Hobson and Gardner!"—Chicago Herald.