CRANBERRY CROP.

First Actual Returns for the Twelfth Census Give the Statistics of the Fruit Produced.

The first actual returns or statistics for the twelfth census are now coming in. They relate to cranberry culture and give the acreage, tenure, quantity of fruit produced, cost of labor and fertilizers, area of new plantings, value of crop and losses from disease, insects and other natural causes for each bog or plantation.

In January, 1900, preliminary schedules relating to the cranberry yield of 1899 were sent out to all the growers whose names and addresses could be obtained. The number of commercial growers in the United States is over 3,000. They are found mainly in the states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maine, Connecticut, Michigan and Wisconsin, but Minnesota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington and New York reported bogs. The number in Michigan and Wisconsin is on the increase despite a temporary set-back by forest fires.

The growers are well organized, the national association having its headquarters at Trenton, New Jersey, and local organizations existing in Massachusetts and possibly elsewhere.

Annual "Pom Pom."

The Indians residing along the river near Toppenish, a short distance from North Yakima, Wash., are having their annual "pom pom" dance. Numerous tepees are used for this occasion, and the inmates spend the time in singing, dancing, feasting and making merry. They began last week, while the snow was on the ground, to give a Chinook dance, as their ponies were getting poor, and the indications were winter had set in, but a sudden change in the temperature made also a change in the dance programme, and the "pom pom" or "grass dance" was instituted. This peculiar dance is observed in the same manner as Chinese new year, and lasts a week or ten days. The Indians array themselves in gorgeous costumes and congregate at different tepees, where a general feast is prepared. It is the season for making new friends, and old animosities are buried. The tribe as a whole has ceased to observe this sacred annual festival, the educated members thinking it beneath their notice, but the isolated members continue to dance every spring when the winter is over and grass begins to show on the range.

Chehalis Sawmill.

The Boeticher Manufacturing Company, of Chehalis, Wash., which is preparing to move the furniture manufacturing business to Portland, Or., in the early spring, yesterday sold the Chehalis buildings of the company to the West brothers, of Chehalis, who are going to put a saw mill into the buildings. The sale included all of the buildings and the three dry kilns, with the fans, etc., as well as the boilers of the main engine. The mill will be put in just as quick as the furniture factory people move out, and the mill engine will be used to furnish power to run the city electric light plant, Harry West being the city light contractor.

Sale of Timber Land.

The Charles K. Spaulding Lumber Company, of Newberg, Or., has closed a deal with the Southern Pacific Company for 5,000 acres of valuable timber land on the headwaters of the Lewis-anote river, in the coast range. This is about the last large body of timber tributary to the Willamette river not previously bought up by corporations, and this company is considered fortunate in being able to secure it.

Northwest Notes.

Ellensburg, Wash., is soon to have a telephone exchange.

George W. Hopp, of Tumwater, Wash., has been appointed postmaster at Cape York, Alaska.

Aberdeen, Wash., has declared war on hobos, and given them the alternative of going to work, going on the road or going to jail.

The Spokane Sunday School Association is about to make a census of the city, to ascertain the number of children who do not attend Sunday school.

T. J. Thoesen & Son, whose flouring mill recently burned near Ellensburg, Wash., entailing a loss of $17,000, will rebuild, and expect to have the new mill in operation in June.

John G. McMillan, a prominent citizen of Hoquiam, Wash., and well known throughout the state, accidentally shot himself at Spokane, while showing a revolver to a friend. He died shortly after the accident.

Stuck river farmers blew up a log jam that had dammed the stream near its junction with White river, and the water in the stuck was lowered a foot. At the same time White river farmers were trying more completely to obstruct the channel of the stuck so as to get relief from flood on their own lands.

Ground has been purchased and laid out by a horticulturist at Cle Elum, Wash., and hothouses will soon be erected. The industry is to be carried on at Cle Elum as Puget Sound cannot furnish enough sunshine to supply the demand made by the florists, for without sunshine the flowers lack fragrance and rich coloring.

The rural delivery along the Elgin branch shows a gain of over 50 per cent over the first few months of its existence, handling last month nearly 4,000 pieces of mail.

O. C. Applegate, the Indian agent at the Klamath reservation, is considering the building of a portable saw mill for work on the reservation. There is considerable demand for lumber out there, and the magnificent forests of sugar and bull pine furnish an unlimited source of raw material to work up.

A saw mill with 150,000 feet daily capacity is to be built at Coles station, on the Oregon-California state line.

Henry Loretz delivered to Millborn Bros., of Junction City, Or., the other day 2,100 pounds of bacon. Farmers are getting ahead when they can bring in a load that amounts to over $2.

The Dalles, Or., business men have guaranteed a loan of $20,000 to be made to J. M. Rassel for two years at 6 per cent, in consideration of which he is to establish a wool scouring mill there, putting in $5,000 cash himself to start the building.

SPRING TRADE RETARDED.

Underlying Business Conditions Are Slightly Satisfactory.

Bradstreet's says: Stormy weather has retarded the development of spring trade at many markets, interrupting telegraph and railway communication and nearly checking the movement of merchandise. In prices, aggressive strength is still the feature of the cotton and cotton goods market, while retail lines remain steady. Food products, however, have weakened, and some raw materials, like wool and hide are quotable lower. Railway returns continue to reflect large gains over a year ago, though, as pointed out last week, comparisons from now on will be with better conditions in transportation matters than a year ago, and phenomenal gains are less likely of attainment.

That underlying business conditions are in a high degree healthful will be gathered from the fact that business failures for February are at a minimum as regards the number for that month, and liabilities, only slightly exceeding those of the same month a year ago, have shrunk to a phenomenally low percentage.

Wheat (including flour) shipments for the week aggregate 3,861,287 bushels, against 3,690,850 bushels last week, 3,813,562 bushels in the corresponding week of 1899, 3,292,807 bushels in 1898, 2,873,425 bushels in 1897, and 2,407,879 bushels in 1896.

Failures in the United States for the month of February number 765, with aggregate liabilities of $9,895,854, a decrease of 4.5 per cent in number from February a year ago. Liabilities are 2 per cent heavier, but assets are considerably smaller than in the same period a year ago. Failures for the week number 173, against 168 last week, 170 in the week a year ago, 222 in 1899, 202 in 1897, and 179 in 1896.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, $2.25@2.50 per sack.
Lettuce, hot house, 40c per doz.
Potatoes, new, $20@30.
Beets, per sack, 75@80c.
Turnips, per sack, 60c.
Carrots, per sack, 80c.
Parsnips, per sack, 75@80c.
Cauliflower, 75c@$1 per dozen.
Cabbage, native and California, $1.50@1.25 per 100 pounds.
Apples, $1.25@1.50 per box.
Prunes, 60c per box.
Butter—Creamery, 35c per pound; dairy, 27@28c; ranch, 25c per pound.
Eggs—30c.
Cheese—Native, 15c.
Poultry—13@14c; dressed, 14@15c.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, $13.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $18.00@19.00.
Corn—Whole, $23.00; cracked, $23; feed meal, $23.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $22; whole, $21.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.25; blended straights, $3.00; California, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $6.00; graham, per barrel, $3.00; whole wheat flour, $3.00; rye flour, $3.50@4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $24.00; shorts, per ton, $26.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, $29.50 per ton; middlings, per ton, $30; oil cake meal, per ton, $40.00.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, 7½@8c; cows, 6c; mutton, 8c; pork, 7½c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8½@9c.
Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13½c; breakfast bacon, 15½c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market.

Wheat — Walla Walla, 51@52c; Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 55c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, $3.60; graham, $3.50; superfine, $2.10 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 35@36c; choice gray, 34c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, $16@16.00; brewing, $17.50@18.00 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, $24 per ton; middlings, $29; shorts, $25; chop, $24 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, $9@10; clover, $7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 45@50c; seconds, 42½@45c; dairy, 30@37½c; store, 25½@32½c.
Eggs—11@12c per dozen.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.50@4.50 per dozen; hens, $5.00; springs, $3.50@3.50; geese, $4.50@7.50 for old; $4.50@6.50; ducks, $5.00@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c per pound.
Potatoes—50@75c per sack; sweets, 2@2½c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 40c per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1½c per pound; parsnips, $1; onions, $1.50@2.50; carrots, $1.
Hops—5@6c per pound.
Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@14c; mohair, 27@30c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4½c; dressed mutton, 7@7½c per pound; lambs, 7½c per pound.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $5.00; light and feeders, $4.50; dressed, $6.00@6.50 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, $4.00@4.50; cows, $3.50@4.00; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.
Veal—Large, 7@8c; small, 8½@9½c per pound.
Tallow—5@5½c; No. 2 and grease, 2½@4c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 12@16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@14c; Valley, 30@32c; Northern, 10@12c.
Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound.
Butter—Fancy creamery 22@22½c; do seconds, 21@21½c; fancy dairy, 19@20c; do seconds, 17@18c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 12@14c; fancy ranch, 17c.
Millstuffs — Middlings, $17.00@20.00; bran, $13.00@13.00.
Hay—Wheat $7.00@9.50; wheat and oat $7.00@9.00; best barley $6.50@7.50; alfalfa, $6.00@7.50 per ton; straw, 30@45c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, 75@85c; Oregon Burbanks, 65c@1.00; river Burbanks, 50@75c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2.25@3.25; Mexican limes, $4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@$1.50; do choice $1.75@2.00 per box.
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 4@4½c per pound.

A FEW FUNNY BILLS.

SOME AUTHENTIC EXAMPLES OF FREAK LEGISLATION.

Laughable Laws that Legislators Are Asked to Pass and Some Comical Ones that Have Really Been Placed Upon the Statute Books.

The Legislatures of the various States in this country are responsible for some freaks in our laws that are extremely funny. The last Legislature of the sovereign State of Missouri passed a bill called the "pure beer law" through both houses, and it was signed by the Governor. This provides that "no person or persons or corporation engaged in the brewing or manufacture of beer or other malt liquor shall use any substance, material or chemical in the manufacture of beer or other malt liquors other than pure hops or extract of hops, or pure barley, malt, or wholesome yeast or rice." Water is not mentioned, so as nothing but the above substances may be used the people of Missouri are wondering whether they will take their beer in solid form or how. Perhaps some one will come out with beer tablets.

Down in Texas the lower house passed what was called a "single tax law"—which it was with a vengeance. It provided that every unmarried man over 30 who had not "exercised due diligence" in getting married should pay a fine of $50 every year. In order to define "due diligence" the bachelor's fine was to be remitted if he brought in yearly an affidavit from some reputable woman that he had offered himself to her in marriage during the year.

In 1897 the Missouri Legislature also had a "single tax law," but it took the other tack and fined widows and maidens "not less than $100 nor over $500" for rejecting a man. It was finally amended to add to the fine the provision that the fair one should darn the socks and sew on buttons for the rejected suitor for six months. This laughed it out of the House.

But the West is not the only offender. New Jersey passed a law taxing bachelors in 1846, and as its repeal was never heard of, it may be still accumulating dust among the archives, and is one of those things the executive swears to enforce, but does not know of and practically cannot know because there are so many of them. But the 1899 New Jersey Legislature went to be engrossed a law for taxing bachelors. It is about on a par with the one introduced in 1896, in the same State, prohibiting the picking of huckleberries with the feet.

Assemblyman of the Tammany legislature who did not know a bill from a highwayman's billy was told he ought to have a law named after himself, so he introduced a measure and secured its passage through the Assembly which made it a penal offense to put less than thirteen oysters in an oyster stew. This would be hard on church fairs.

But this is not worse than the ordinance introduced into the Common Council of New York City, which its mover explained as follows: "One of the greatest perils of this big city," he said, "is the danger of being run down by street cars. Every person hit by a street car is struck by the front platform. Am I right? Of course I am. You never heard of a man being knocked down by the rear platform or by the side of the car. Now the remedy is simple. My resolution abolishes front platforms."

Similar to this is bill No. 251 of the Kentucky Legislature, which reads: "It shall be unlawful for any person to fire or discharge at random any deadly weapon, whether said weapon be loaded or unloaded." Really that Legislature must have had in view the damage done by weapons thought to be unloaded.

Michigan has on its statute books the Ware anti-reading law, passed in 1885, which prohibits the purchase of liquor to be given to another as a treat, and in South Carolina private dispensaries became so obnoxious that a bill was introduced making it unlawful for a citizen of that State to wear hip pockets in his trousers, the minimum penalty being $100 and six months' imprisonment.

Missouri would prevent its people from eating green watermelons by appointing a watermelon inspector, and the bill was only defeated when a venerable member moved that the inspector's title should be "The Official Plugger, Muncher and Taster of the State of Missouri." And also the same Legislature sent to engrossment a bill preventing card playing on the first day of the week.

The Ways of Royalty.

There have been many royal authors, and we wish sometimes there were yet another, a prince of pure blood and of a really great house, to tell us manner folk how princes really feel about the etiquettes which environ them, says the Spectator. They seem so suffocating, yet they can hardly be really detested by those who obey them, or they would not have survived as they have done so many changes in the ways of men.

One or two etiquettes have died out, probably, because they wearied courtiers, who took advantage of changes of dynasty or the like silently to leave off obeying them; but enough remain to make of princes a caste separate in habits from mankind. No sovereign is now served, we imagine, on bended knee, nor does any one on whom a king's glance falls think it incumbent on him, as Cecil did, at once to kneel; but enough are left to make life very tiresome.

It must be a horrid bore to a king never to be able to move without attendance, or to chat easily, or to enter or leave a room without exciting a commotion. Legend declares that Lord William Bentinck, finding the first of these etiquettes in full force when he took up his Indian vice royalty, threatened to resign unless it could be abolished, and was relieved to find that he was absolute enough, provided he wrote the order, even to be able to alter an etiquette.

Queer Inscriptions.

Rough as the fighters of old were, the inscriptions which they put on their swords often showed not only considerable poetic instinct, but sentimentality. "Faithful in adversity" is such a sentence engraved on an old sword of the seventeenth century. In a collection of blades of the sixteenth century are these inscriptions: "I guarrel." "God gives me speed, fear thy foe be bear indeed." "With this defense and God's will, all my enemies I shall still." "In battle I will let myself be meet." "When I my sword uplift in strife, God give the sinner eternal life." "Trust in God, bravely war, cherish your fame and honor are." "Your aim alone be God's great name. Who dares deny, strike thou him lame." "Every soldier fine, look on this sign, and see the hand for God and the land."

On blades from the eighteenth century are these inscriptions: "Nothing better in the world than best than to hold love and friendship fast." "I serve." "A good blade I—who would deny—let him meet me and I will hold—it will cost him or blood or gold."—New York Press.

ANECDOTE OF INCIDENT

George Q. Cannon, the Utah statesman, once attended an irrigation congress, at which a frowzy delegate read a paper on artesian wells, which he declared always brought water except where they struck rock. He repeated this statement several times. At the fourth repetition he defied any one to deny the proposition, whereupon Cannon looked up and, in his full, musical voice, asked, "How do you account for Moses' success?"

Sir Henry Erskine once quelled a riot in Edinburgh when Mrs. Siddons was playing to a crowded house in the largest theater in the town. A surly fellow in the pit refused to sit down, and a howl went up from all around him. The crowd was likely to do him and the house a damage, when Sir Henry came to the front of his box with the quiet statement: "Pray excuse the gentleman; don't you see it is only a tailor resting himself?" The man sat down without further urging.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said: "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote" (which he named), "I'm goin' agin you." "Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed up to him. "Is she a good rifle?" "Yas." "Did she ever miss fire?" "Well, yes, once." "Why didn't you throw her away?" The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you agin." And Harry was elected.

Sir John Adye, who was Governor of Gibraltar fortress, always made himself closely acquainted with the work of whatever happened to be his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the general asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty. "Oh!" was the reply, "I usually stroll in about eleven or twelve o'clock." "Stroll in?" said Sir John, in a rising tone; "then I presume you do not leave till late?" "Well, I usually slip off about two o'clock." "Slip off at two?" exclaimed the veteran, in his topmost note; "pray, may I ask what department you belong to?" "Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the clocks."

At a meeting of an autograph society, composed of young women, in Chicago, one particular celebrity who had remained obdurate to all requests for his signature was almost unanimously voted to be a "mean old thing." The one girl who had not concurred in the general condemnation asserted that the others did not know how to manage this particular lion. "I'll show you," she declared, and forthwith wrote and mailed to the celebrity a request composed of only two words. They were, "Autograph, please." At the next regular meeting the girl appeared triumphantly waving a sheet of letter paper over her head. It was the reply of the celebrity. He seemed reproachful. All he wrote was: "You must be pressed for time," with his signature following.

The late Timothy D. Crocker nearly thirty years ago was president of a lecture course association, and on the list of entertainers was Mark Twain. It was the custom for the president to introduce the speakers, and then to announce the program for the next entertainment in the course. On this particular evening Mr. Crocker and Mark came upon the platform and took their seats before a hall full of people. Twain waited for his opportunity and stole a march on the dignified president by stepping to the front of the platform and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next lecture in the course will be delivered two weeks from to-night by Blankety Blank. I have the great pleasure this evening of introducing to you Mark Twain." Then Mark paused a moment before he added: "I would always rather introduce myself, because then I am sure to get in all the facts." Mr. Crocker, rather embarrassed, was still sitting back in his chair, and the audience enjoyed the joke much better than he did.

Due to Economic Conditions.

According to Combe, boys born in the months of September, October, November, December, January and February are not so tall as those born in other months. Those born in November are the shortest. Girls, according to the same authority, born in December, January, February, March, April and May show a less length of body than those born in the remaining months. Those born from June to November are taller, but the tallest are born in August. To some extent these facts are attributed to economic conditions, for a child born in summer has generally better food and air.

A Flag with a History.

Among the flags hung in the new memorial hall in the Massachusetts State House in Boston are those which the famous Sixth Massachusetts regiment carried in the fight in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and throughout the civil war. The State flag of the regiment Chaplain Babbidge kept folded across his breast under his coat for safe keeping during the first few days the regiment was in Washington.—Baltimore News.

MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AT 31.

August Heinze, Copper King, Has Made It All Himself.

August Heinze is the Napoleon of the great copper district in Montana beyond the Rocky Mountains. He has contended for the position against Marcus Daly, W. A. Clark and the other copper kings, and won. Heinze is now 31 years old.

When Heinze arrived, penniless and ambitious, in Butte in the fall of 1889, it was thought that all the bonanza mines were in the hands of the big companies and that the claims still owned by the old-timers were of little value. Heinze was a youth of 20, but equipped with all the learning of the

AUGUST HEINZE.

schools. He was an engineer, a metallurgist and a writer of promise and an excellent musician. To bohemian tastes he joined marvelous business instincts and a genius for affairs that has few parallels. He stayed a year, gauged the situation and went back to New York to organize a company to operate in the Butte copper mines. In 1892 he returned to Montana and immediately erected a smelter. At the same time he secured a lease and bond on the Glengarry, a mine that had been worked by several and abandoned as worthless. But the Glengarry proved a talisman for Heinze. In thirty days he was digging therefrom the finest ore in Butte, and in such quantities that he had to enlarge his smelting works. He purchased the Barrus in 1895 for $800,000, and as luck would have it, in a few years the Barrus had developed to a $10,000,000 mine. He went over into Canada and purchased valuable mining property there. All his holdings have proved rich ones and to-day he is worth millions.

Vortex Motion in Atmosphere.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom strenuously patent in England, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatever cause, appear of this nature, says the National Review. Dust whirls in spring, and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust showers have arisen in the west coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice debris which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty regions entangled in the bosom of a windwhirl sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatoa, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, traveled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months or possibly years afterward.

The Age of Iron.

The census, taken at the dawn of the twentieth century, marks the greatest epoch in our national life, says the North American Review. The age of iron has come to a climax with a force almost dynamic.

The world has witnessed the golden age of Augustus, the silver age of Elizabeth, the era of great wars and of wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; but as the nineteenth century culminates, behold! the age of iron and steam and electricity, telegraphs, sewing machines, telephones, automobiles; an age which is devoted to material development, to the accumulation of wealth and to the upbuilding of vast enterprises, and which hails the advent of the uncrowned king of commerce, the consolidation of great corporate interests. High-water mark in our commercial and industrial life has been attained, and to that fact the vast enumeration to be taken in 1900 will add its testimony. The work of the twelfth census will mark the industrial growth of the nation and be another mile-post in its marvelous history.

Pope Leo in Extreme Old Age.

A correspondent in Rome, writing to a London paper, thus describes the present appearance of the Pope: "There is no doubt that since I last saw Leo XIII. he has greatly altered. He is much thinner and much whiter than he was a few months back. His face looks so very small that one almost fears that should he wear his mitre it would entirely extinguish his tiny face and head. On the other hand, his eyes are bright, and his voice is fairly strong. He could not stand unassisted, or even walk across the room without the aid of a stick, and is afflicted by a constant irritating cough. His intellect is as strong as ever, and his memory is very clear and precise. He is, moreover, quite able to attend to business and to write his letters and sign documents. His last signature shows no alteration in the firmness of the hand, and is as clear and distinct as it was twenty years ago."

Floating Power of Cork.

A pound of cork will sustain in the water a man weighing 154 pounds.

A few of man's troubles are due to love and the rest are due to friendship.

An ounce of silence is sometimes worth more than a pound of talk.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked abruptly:

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"No. 46, sir."

"What makes you think he is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots and gallops well; he is good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, is tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duties well."

"And who is the best rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"And who is Tom Jones?"

"I am, sir."

A Change of View.

"There is no chance for me to get up in the world."

"Oh, I don't know."

Solving the Problem.

Domestic—I'm much obliged to ye, mum, for sendin' me to that cookin' school so long. Here's me diploomer wot I got ter-day.

Mistress (who thinks she has solved the servant girl problem)—I'm delighted. Now, I presume you can cook.

Domestic—Please, mum, th' teacher said we couldn't be expected to remember all we learned, an' we must buy her cookin' book, an' keep it by us all th' time.

Mistress—Certainly, I will get you a copy.

Domestic — Thankee, mum. An' please, mum, wud ye moind sendin' me fur a few terms to boardin' school till I learn to read?—New York Weekly.

Of Course.

Pearl—So your friend is from Key West?

Ruby—Yes, and he must be wealthy.

Pearl—Why, dear?

Ruby—Because he told me when home he was not accustomed to bathe in anything but Florida water.

Wisdom by Experience.

"Now, my dear wife, if you are quite ready we will set out in search of cheese. Not that we could not find it close at hand, but years of experience have taught me that when you find cheese in a mouse-trap you'll also find a mouse who doesn't hanker for any more of it."

Demonstrated.

"Only a fool would argue with a woman!" said he, in disgust, after an hour's hot contest with his wife.

"Precisely!" she calmly asserted.—Tit-Bits.

He Knew.

"Is his name in 'Who's Who?'"

"I don't know as to that," replied the demure one blushing, "but he has demonstrated to me that he knows who's who and what's what, and I'm who and that diamond engagement ring is what."—Chicago Evening Post.

An Apt Comparison

"I have no faith in modern medical science," said the long-haired boarder.

"Neither has a mule any faith in the veterinary surgeon," said the medical student, "but he cures him just the same."

Masculine Vengeance.

The bachelor—It is said that a man rarely marries his first love.

The widow—True, but he usually gets revenge by constantly holding her up as his ideal to the woman he does marry.

Dancing on the Toes.

"Do you dance on your toes, Miss Quickwit?"

"Never, Mr. Clumsey. Other people do that for me."

And he didn't know just what she meant until he tried to get another dance with her.—Tit-Bits.

Showing Undue Preference.

"Yes, this open winter is pleasant, but——"

"But what?"

"I don't think the weather ought to be run entirely in the interest of people who play golf."—Chicago Record.

Had a Good Right.

The Gobbler—My! You're awfully proud!

The Peacock—Well, wouldn't you be if you ran as few chances of being killed as I do?—Puck.

A Heavy Debt.

Tom—She promised to give me a kiss for every shooting star I saw.

Jack—How many did you see?

Tom—I haven't collected the account yet, but her father found me about five minutes later, and she owes me at least a million kisses now.—Buffalo Commercial.

Entertainment.

It was the eve of the day of her large reception.

"And, James," she was saying to her butler, "be very particular to see that the umbrella jar in the hallway is kept constantly replenished!"—Puck.

Authentic.

McJigger—Johnson is one of the brightest men in Barton's employ. Barton has absolute confidence in him.

Thingumbob—Is that so?

McJigger—Absolutely. I got my information direct.

Thingumbob—From Barton, eh?

McJigger—No, from Johnson.—Philadelphia Press.

A Quiet Dresser.

"Your husband dresses very quietly."

"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his sleeve links become mislaid."

Scientific Mechanism.

"What is your idea of a statesman?"

"H'm, well, a statesman is a politician who gets what he wants without letting his own party know how he got it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Insulting.

Miss Plainface—I should like to look at some hand mirrors.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am. For yourself, ma'am?—Somerville Journal.

Now She Has the Money for a Bonnet.

Little Wife—I saved $30 to-day.

Loving Husband—You're an angel. How?

Little Wife—I saw a perfectly lovely easy chair that I knew you'd like and I didn't buy it.—New York Weekly.

Also True.

"It's a true saying," remarked the man who dearly loves to moralize, "that one must go forward or backward in this world; there's no standing still."

"Maybe so," replied the temperance fanatic, "and if there were no still standing in this world some men would never get a head."—Philadelphia Press.

How It Ought to Be.

"Look at that name on the Chinese laundry sign," said one stroller in the East End the other day.

"I see. It is Wah Sing."

"What a pity the h and S are not transposed."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

More Likely.

Mrs. Kindheart—A poor tramp came here to-day who said he had been blown up by dynamite and lived to tell the story. I gave him a dinner and some of your old clothes.

Her Husband—I am afraid, my dear, that he deceived you. He probably tells the story to live.—New York Journal.

A Phenomenal Rise.

They were talking about stock deals one hot day when he informed his friend that he had picked up a cheap thing during the winter. "It stood at 33 then, and yesterday it touched 84," he said.

"Wish I had your luck, old man!" was the reply. "What was it?"

"Oh, just a thermometer."

Ties of Brotherhood.

Jones—How do you feel about this phonetic spelling reform?

Brown—Well, I think it will be valuable in wiping out party bitterness between the educated and the uneducated.—Indianapolis Journal.

Those Loving Girls.

Clara—Young Dashleigh proposed to me last night, but I couldn't think of marrying him. He's too fresh.

Maude—That's the one reason of all others why you should marry him, dear.

Clara—Why, what do you mean?

Maude—The union of extremes usually makes a satisfactory average.—Buffalo Commercial.

About Right.

Visitor—Is Mr. Swisdell in?

Office Boy—He's out, but I guess he's in.

Visitor—What do you mean?

Office Boy—He's left. Did he owe you money?

Visitor—Yes.

Office Boy—Well, you're left, too.—Philadelphia Press.

Friendly Advice.

Smith—I've been thinking seriously of investing some money in stocks. What would you advise me to do?

Jones—Have you any real estate?

Smith—Yes.

Jones—Then I'd advise you to put it in your wife's name.

Kinsmen Across the Border.

Many Americans gladly acknowledge their kinship with the Anglo-Saxons beyond the water, but we must remember that we are still more literally cousins of the great people to the north of us. For a century and a quarter Canadians and Americans have intermarried freely, and the border cannot divide ties of blood.

Not long ago the dispatches from South Africa announced the death of Lieut. Wood of Halifax, the first Canadian to die for the British Empire in the Boer war. It is an interesting comment on our relations with Canada to note that this young lieutenant was the great-great-grandson of Zachary Taylor, who was a major in the war of 1812, and fought against the British with all the zest for fighting that was in him, and that his great-grandfather was Jefferson Davis, who, as a young man, married Taylor's daughter. It is usually represented as a runaway match, but Mr. Davis himself wrote that it was nothing of the sort.

In spite of such American antecedents, Lieut. Wood lived a loyal subject of the Queen, and died for her majesty's empire.