FARMING FOR ALASKA

Grains, Flax, Clover and Vegetables Thrive Surprisingly—Also Goats, Sheep and Cattle.

One of the important reports which has just been submitted to congress by the secretary of agriculture and ordered to be printed deals with the agricultural investigations in Alaska. It is important because it brings out some facts in regard to the agricultural capabilities of our vast Northern territory, which will astonish those who have regarded it as a useless ice box, which at most, was valuable only for the gold it might contain or for the fur and fish it yields.

These investigations, as far as they have gone, indicate that it has latent capabilities which, when developed, may sustain a large population and make it a prosperous state. And why not? The little country of Finland, which lies between Sweden and Russia in the same latitude and is less than one-fourth the size of Alaska, has a population of 2,500,000 and exports both grain and livestock, as well as vast quantities of dairy products. The author of the report, Professor C. C. Georgeson, who has charge of the investigations, brought to Washington 11 varieties of spring wheat, a dozen varieties each of barley and oates, and also rye, buckwheat and flax, all of which had matured at the experiment stations at Sitka and Kenai, in the Kenai peninsula. The report states that red clover lived through the winter at Sitka, made a luxuriant growth and matured seed, and that vetches and other forage plants did equally as well. All of the common hardy vegetables were grown to perfection, some cauliflower at Kenai measuring 14 inches across the head.

A statement by the superintendent of the Alaska Commercial Company in regard to his company's experience with livestock at Kadiak is of more than passing interest, because it reveals possibilities in the stock industry which are bound to be of much importance in the future development of the country. The company has for many years kept cattle, sheep and Angora goats on some of the small islands near the town of Kadiak. On one of these islands it was not found necessary to feed or shelter the cattle at all, winter or summer. Year in and year out they lived in the open and were maintained solely by the native grasses, which are abundant in all of Southwestern Alaska. The herd increased yearly about 75 per cent of the breeding cows. A flock of Angora goats increased 60 per cent annually and gave very good results in mohair. A flock of sheep has been kept for the past 16 years on pasture, the year around. The increase was something over 60 per cent, and the clip averaged about five pounds of wool per head yearly. There seems to be no doubt that animal husbandry can be successfully prosecuted in different parts of Alaska.

Land for agricultural experiment stations has been reserved at three places in the coast region; namely, at Sitka, Kadiak and Cook Inlet, and development work was begun the past season at Sitka and Kenai. A headquarters building was erected and partially completed at Sitka. It is to contain offices, laboratory, library and quarters for the person in charge. Most of the scientific work will be done at Sitka.

The stations are equipped with work oxen and all the tools necessary for pioneer farming. The report enumerates also the lines of experimentation which are of chief interest to that country. They include those which relate to the improvement of the soil, the selection and improvement of small grains, experiments with vegetables, the introduction of fruits and experiments relating to the various branches of livestock industry.

Northwest Notes.

An opera house to cost $12,500 and to have a seating capacity of 1,000, is to be erected at Albany, Or., this year.

Mrs. Jane Kees, who died near Lebanon, Or., left an estate valued at about $120,000, mostly in money. She left no children, and the money goes to her brothers and sisters.

The hoisting engine at the government works at Bandon, Or., was crushed to smithereens. A big blast was set off, and a rock weighing 25 tons fell on the engine, fairly pulverizing it.

Fairhaven, Wash., claims to have not only the largest salmon cannery in the world, but also the largest shingle mill, and the daily capacity of the latter is now being increased from 500,000 to 700,000.

A. C. Pettys, ex county assessor of Morrow county, Or., who has a fine farm and orchard three miles east of Ione, is of the opinion that the late frost injured the peach crop. His trees were nearly in bloom when the frost came. He also states that the codlin moth was doing a great deal of injury to his orchard.

Pendleton, Or., will have a Chinese voter at the June election by the name of Eng Chung, who was born in San Francisco. He is well educated and reads and writes the English language as well as the average American, and to hear him talk without seeing him it would be impossible to say that he was not an American.

A 16-year old boy has been arrested in Spokane charged with bicycle stealing. He confessed that he had stolen nine of the ten wheels reported stolen in February.

The average wages paid in the lumber and shingle mills of Washington is about $2.78 per day. The lowest wages paid is for firemen, who receive $1.75 per day. The highest are received by head sawyer and bookkeepers, their compensation being $4 per day.

The Northern Pacific taxes in Walla Walla county were $2,234.96, and the money has been paid.

The Daniels creek railroad, to be built by the North Bend Mill Company, to tap a body of over 3,000 acres of timber land which the company recently came into possession of, is now an assumed fact, says the Marshfield, Or., Sun. All of the important right of way has been secured, and the first length of road to be built will be six miles. The road is to be broad gauge, and the engines and rolling stock have been ordered from the East.

BRADSTREET'S REPORT.

General Trade Distribution Has Shown Tendency to Expand.

Bradstreet's says:

Relieved from the hampering effects of stormy weather, general trade distribution has shown a tendency to expand this week, prices of many staples are firmer and higher, and generally there is a better tone than noted for some weeks. Easily holding first rank in the matter of speculative activity, cotton early in the week touched the highest level, not only for the present season, but for at least six years past.

Wool is rather weaker, following the drop in prices at the London sale, and the rather slower demand from American manufacturers.

By another of the short swings which have distinguished wheat prices for a long time past, quotations have been advanced this week to the level touched some time ago.

Boot and shoe manufacturers are actively employed, and leather is firm, but hides are weaker or lower at most markets.

Building materials are firm, except at cities where labor troubles are apprehended.

The industrial situation is rather irregular, owing partly to the combined strike and lock-out of 50,000 building hands, building material workers and machinists at Chicago, and partly to isolated strikes of small numbers of men throughout the country.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 4,208,758 bushels, against 3,863,387 bushels last week, 4,398,821 bushels the corresponding week of 1899, and 4,844,761 bushels in 1898.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 189, against 173 last week, 177 in this week a year ago, 247 in 1898, 227 in 1897 and 282 in 1896.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, $2.25@2.50 per sack.
Lettuce, hot house, 40c per doz.
Potatoes, new, $18@20.
Beets, per sack, 75@85c.
Turnips, per sack, 60c.
Carrots, per sack, 50c.
Parsnips, per sack, 75@85c.
Cauliflower, 75c@$1 per dozen.
Cabbage, native and California, $1.00@1.25 per 100 pounds.
Apples, $1.25@1.50 per box.
Prunes, 60c per box.
Butter—Creamery, 31c per pound; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 20c per pound.
Eggs—15½@16c.
Cheese—Native, 16c.
Poultry—13@14c; dressed, 14@15c.
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, $12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $18.00@19.00
Corn—Whole, $23.00; cracked, $23; feed meal, $23.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $20;
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, $3.80@4.00.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $13.00; shorts, per ton, $15.00.
Feed—Chopped feed, $20.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, $20; oil cake meal, per ton, $30.00.
Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, 7½@8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 7½c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8½@10c.
Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13¼; breakfast bacon, 12½c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market.

Wheat — Walla Walla, 51@52c; Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 54c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, $3.00; graham, $2.50; superfine, $2.10 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 35@36c; choice gray, 34c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, $14@15.00; brewing, $17.00@17.50 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, $13 per ton; middlings, $19; shorts, $15; chop, $14 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, $9@10; clover, $7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, $6@7 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50@55c; seconds, 42½@45c; dairy, 30@37½c; store, 25½@32½c.
Eggs—11c 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, $2.50@3.50; geese, $6.50@7.50 for old; $4.50@6.50; ducks, $5.00@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c per pound.
Potatoes—50@65c per sack; sweets, 2@2¼c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, $1; turnips, 90c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1½c per pound; parsnips, $1; onions, $1.50@2.25; carrots, $1.
Hops—3@8c per pound
Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@14c; mohair, 27@30c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4¼c; 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@7¾c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6½@7½c; small, 8@9c per pound.
Tallow—5@5½c; No. 2 and grease, 3½@4c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 12@15c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c.
Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound.
Butter — Fancy creamery 21c; do seconds, 19@20c; fancy dairy, 17@18c; do seconds, 15@16c per pound.
Eggs—Store, 13½c; fancy ranch, 16c.
Millstuffs — Middlings, $17.00@20.00; bran, $12.00@13.00.
Hay—Wheat $7.00@9.50; wheat and oat $7.00@9.00; best barley $5.50@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, 40@70c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2.75@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, 6@6½c per pound

THE BROOKLET.

"Oh, silver brooklet, flowing clear,
Forever speeding past me here.
I stand, and ponder on thy flow;
Whence comest thou? Where dost thou go?"

"From out the rock's deep heart I glide,
O'er flowers and moss my course I guide;
There floats upon my mirror true,
The picture of the heaven's blue.

"So, like a child without a care,
I bound along, I know not where;
He will, I trust, my Leader be,
Who from earth's bosom summoned me."
—Goethe.

Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

THE postmaster smiled a little when he passed out the mail, but Luther Wilkins did not notice. He was trying to remember whether it was a yeast cake or a pound of cheese he had meant to get at the store.

He went out of the postoffice still pondering and ended by forgetting both articles, his attention being diverted by the sight of two boys playing marbles on the sidewalks. This was the first sign of spring Luther had seen, so it was no wonder that his memory played him false.

After he had got home and had eaten his supper he thought of the mail in his overcoat pocket. He brought it to the table and sat down to examine it. There was the weekly county paper, a poultry journal, an agricultural monthly, and last of all a letter.

"Well, now," said Luther, picking it up. "I wonder who's been writing to me. I don't know when I've had a letter."

He looked at it eagerly, held it nearer his eyes, then farther off. He removed his glasses and polished them in nervous haste. After replacing them on his nose he picked up the letter again and scanned it narrowly, then he looked

HE STUDIED THE ENVELOPE WITH RENEWED INTEREST.

over his glasses as if at some person and said:

"I snum!"

He sank into a reverie, out of which he roused himself with a start to study the envelope with renewed interest.

"Mrs. Luther Wilkins," he said. "Mrs. Luther Wilkins. And I an old bachelor who never so much as hardly thought of getting married! Mrs. Luther Wilkins, why, where is she? And who is she?"

"Well, I guess I'll see what's in it." He inserted the point of his knife under the corner of the envelope flap, then he hesitated.

"What business have I opening of her letters?" he asked himself. "I never did open other folks' letters, and I guess I won't begin now." He rose to his feet and carrying it to the mantelpiece leaned it up against the clock.

He settled himself to his papers, but thoughts of Mrs. Luther Wilkins kept intruding on what he was reading about patent nest-boxes, and, underdraining and the news of the village.

Thereafter during all his waking hours, Mrs. Luther Wilkins was often in his thoughts. She even haunted his dreams at times. He wondered what she was like, and he thought of the kind of woman he would wish her to be, and enjoyed himself very much in imagining how it would seem to have her meet him at the door when he came in from the fields, and how nice it would be not to have to get his own meals.

At first he was a little cynical and told himself that the imagining was much more satisfactory than the reality would be, but after awhile he changed his mind, and would sigh heavily when he came into his lonesome house.

The letter by the clock, too, began to trouble him. He had a devouring curiosity to see what was in it, and besides it did not seem just right to keep it so long before delivering it.

One evening in June Luther put on his best clothes and walked three miles to see an old schoolmate who had an unmarried cousin living with him. It seemed to him that Eliza Elliott fitted in exactly with his idea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

He came home quite early very much disappointed. Eliza wouldn't do at all.

He worked doggedly for a month, trying hard not to think of the disquieting subject. It was no use, and toward the end of July it was observed that Luther was becoming very neighborly. He spent his evenings at different neighbors' houses, he accepted invitations to tea, he went to church regularly and to all Sunday school picnics. And still he could not find a suitable owner for the letter.

"I must me terribly fussy," he sighed. "I've got acquainted with about all the women in town; they're nice women, every one of them, but somehow they don't suit me. I guess I'll have to give up beat."

It was one cold, raw day in early November that Luther sat at a window making clumsy attempts at mending a pair of very ragged socks. Happening to glance across the road he saw a woman out in Hammond's yard. She was busy raking up the fallen autumn leaves.

"Letitia Hammond," Luther commented, "Bill Hammond's sister. We don't see much of her lately. She don't even go to church, there's so many of Bill's children to look after, and Bill's wife is so took up with her clubs and things. It's hard on Letitia, but she never finds a word of fault."

The sock he was mending fell to the floor, and the wooden egg inside it struck with such a loud bang that the cat started in his sleep. Luther did not notice. He was standing at the window staring out.

"'That is best which lieth nearest,'" he said, solemnly. "What a fool I've been."

He found his hat and left the house, almost running across the road. He took the iron rake away from Letitia gently. "That's too hard work for a little thing like you," he said.

Letitia's blue eyes were full of wonder, but she yielded up the rake weakly.

"You'd better go into the house, too," said Luther. "It's cold out here."

No one had been thoughtful of her before for a long time, and Letitia couldn't understand it. When Luther returned the rake she asked him to let her do something for him.

He carried her his best pair of socks. She was horrified at their condition, and mended them in a very artistic manner.

Luther looked at them in wonder and reverence. "I'll never wear 'em," he said, when he was at home again. "I wouldn't have let her do it, only I knew it would make her feel better, and it gave me a chance to see her, too."

He found that it was an easy matter to invent excuses for seeing her, and finally, some time in the winter, he asked her, in fear and trembling, if she would be Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

At first she was afraid it would not be right to abandon her brother's children, but her scruples melted away before the warmth of his eloquence. Then she confessed that she was tired.

"It is so long that I have had to take care of other folks, and it will seem like heaven to have some one to take care of me."

So it happened that in a little less than a year the letter to Mrs. Luther Wilkins was given to its rightful owner. "Circumstances over which I had no control have prevented you from getting it before," Luther said.

"Why, it's nothing but an advertisement of some preparation of cereals," she said, when she had opened it.

Luther looked blank.

"THAT'S TOO HARD WORK FOR A LITTLE THING LIKE YOU," HE SAID.

"I see how it is," she said, after a moment's thought. "They sent to the different grocers for lists of their customers, and then sent these circulars to their wives."

"Let's keep it," said Luther, softly. "If it hadn't been for that——"

"Yes, we'll keep it," said Letitia, blushing.

A Sympathetic Princess.

The following story about the Archduchess Valerie of Austria is told by the Vienna correspondent of the London Morning Post: A short time ago a 13-year-old schoolboy was summoned home from his boarding school at Linz The lad was without traveling companions, and, while waiting on the platform at Linz, began to cry bitterly. His distress was noticed by a lady in a first-class compartment, who summoned the guard and had the boy brought to her. She paid his excess fare for traveling first class, and devoted herself to the task of comforting him and relieving the tedium of the long journey to Vienna, to attend his father's funeral in Vienna, telling him that she, too, had suffered much from the loss of a parent, who had died suddenly and unexpectedly in a foreign land. The schoolboy was not a little astonished at the end of the journey to learn that the kind-hearted lady was the Archduchess Valerie, daughter of the Emperor.

Pekin's Unenviable Distinction.

The three chief characterisitcs of Pekin, the Chinese capital, which most impress the newly arived visitor are dust, stench and dogs.

When a dressmaker goes to a house, everytime she sees the husband she looks at him in a way which seems to say, "You should have attended to this long ago!"

A SAMPLE OF BOER FORTIFICATIONS.

INTERIOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG FORT.

Mr. James Hay, formerly president of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, who recently visited London, stated to an interviewer in Cape Town, some time previously, that when the Boers have had their first big defeat they will go to Johannesburg and level it with the ground. To do this Oom Paul's faithful burghers will, of course, have to make use of the fort which for so long a time has presented a threatening front to the unarmed and helpless inhabitants of the town. The fort, by the by, was finished in the middle of the year 1897, and its origin is said to have been due to the ever-to-be-lamented Jameson raid.

The fort occupies a commanding position on top of a hill. It is rectangular in shape, with two bastions at opposing corners. On each bastion is mounted a 23-centimeter quick-firing gun, with two flanking Maxims for enfilade fire. On the side looking toward Barnato Park are four small quick-firing guns. On the opposite side towards Johannesburg is the entrance which traverses the rampart at an angle of 45 degrees. Right and left of this, within the court, are stables. Under the bastion on the right are barracks and a magazine, the corresponding position beneath the other bastion being occupied by officers' rooms and another magazine. Whether these elaborate preparations for the destruction of Johannesburg have been made in vain is at present a nice speculative point. It may be that when the British forces appear before the Gold Reef City Johannesburg of the nineties will be no more.—Illustrated London News.

HOW TO CARE FOR UMBRELLAS.

Hints from a Manufacturer Which May Prolong Their Usefulness.

Manufacturers and jobbers of umbrellas say that there were more umbrellas sold during the past year than for the past five years. Especially is this true in Baltimore of the finer grades of goods, for which the demand has been unusually great. Retailers did a remarkably large holiday trade, and, of course, the manufacturers and jobbers profited by it.

While Baltimore does not rank high as a manufacturing center for umbrellas in point of numbers, its reputation depends on the fine quality of goods made up in this city. It is estimated that over 500 hands are steadily engaged in the manufacture of umbrellas in Baltimore, and that an average of 5,000 complete umbrellas are turned out every week. During some seasons the figures are greater or less, but that is the average production.

Like many other articles of manufacture, the making of umbrellas has been reduced to the assembling of the parts and turning out the complete shelter from the rain. One firm makes the stel tubing which nowadays forms the "stick" of the umbrellas, another turns out the ribs, another the various fancy handles and so on through the list. Silks and other materials for the covers are cut and sewed in the factory, where the other parts are brought by the thousand and put together. To such a degree of perfection has the machinery been brought for making the various parts of an umbrella that it is said that it is actually cheaper to make a new umbrella than to repair an old one. That is to say, that in the time taken by a workman to repair an umbrella he can turn out probably half a dozen new ones complete.

Recent sales show that while Baltimoreans prefer the better qualities of silk covering for umbrellas, they favor natural wood handles or those tipped with pearl for ladies' umbrellas. For men the demand is for the combinations in ivory handles, next to the natural wood sticks and the silver-mounted wood handles.

A manufacturer gives three points about the care of umbrellas which will tend to their lasting longer while in service. In the first place an umbrella should not be tightly rolled and then put in a close cover unless it is desired to have the silk cut to pieces in every fold. Even when lying in stock it is said that tightly rolled silk umbrellas will cut out in a few weeks. The other precaution is to open an umbrella when it has been wet and let dry while spread open. This will prevent the water gathering in the folds and rotting the fabric which forms the covering.—Baltimore Sun.

Sizes for Flower Pots.

An error very frequently made in repotting palms and other ornamental plants is in transferring them into pots entirely too large in comparison with the one last used, says the Woman's Home Companion. The sizes of different pots are calculated by inches. The smallest pot in use is commonly called by the florist a "thumb-pot," and measures about one and one-half inches in diameter at the top. Into this he pots many of his newly rooted cuttings, and as soon as they fill the soil pretty well with roots he shifts them to the next size, a two-inch pot. From this they increase, by half inches, and it is always well to use the next size above that last used.

After the plant has attained such proportions that it requres something larger than a nine or ten inch pot, it is better to use a tub, and just here is where the mistake is often made. A much larger tub or pot than a plant really requires often retards rather than advances its growth. Very often the florist, when he has a plant that does not seem to be doing well, will remove it from the pot, shake off the soil from the roots, and repot it into a size smaller than it formerly occupied until it starts into more active growth.

New Latin Dictionary.

Philologists in Germany have united to bring out a complete Latin dictionary, a "Thesaurus Lingual Latinae," and expect to begin printing next fall. The standard is still Forcellini and Facciolati's "Lexicon Totius Latinitatis," compiled 150 years ago and revised repeatedly by Italian scholars.

Siamese Fear of Even Numbers.

The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

It is a great bore to receive a "beautiful" letter.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Penelope—Mr. Brown is the most entertaining man I have met for a long time.

Aphrodite—Why, I thought him very stupid.

Penelope—Oh, you are mistaken. Why, last night he called and I succeeded in convincing him that we are now in the twentieth century. He was skeptical at first, but after listening to my arguments he admitted that he was mistaken.—Omaha World-Herald.

Their Little Game.

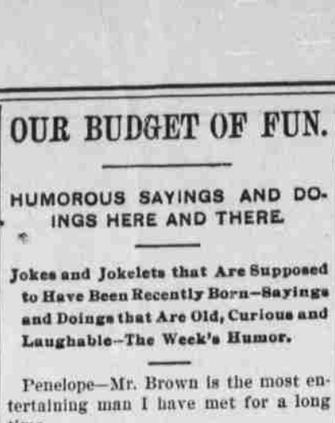
Quinn—That mining-stock company is on its last legs.

DeFonte—Yes, but they are putting up a strong bluff to the last.

Quinn—Is that so?

DeFonte—Yes, they pay a boy to sit behind a screen, ring a bicycle bell and yell "Hello!" Customers naturally think they are doing a rushing business.

Money No Object.



Doctor—You must give your husband every two hours a half teaspoonful of this medicine.

The Patient's Wife—Oh, doctor, I can give him a whole teaspoonful every hour! I assure you, we don't have to economize!—Heitere Welt.

In Pretoria.

"My dear," said Oom Paul, after a visit to the prisoners, "this reminds me of the Queen's Jubilee."

"How?" said Mrs. K.

"Why, we have samples of nearly every sort of troops in the British army."—Puck.

The Savage Bachelor.

"I hardly approve these Mothers' Congresses," said the youngest boarder.

"They're a good thing," said the Savage Bachelor. "A Mothers' Congress gives their poor young ones a chance to rest."—Indianapolis Press.

A Shrewd Girl.

Ella—You must have been up late last night; there are rings around your eyes.

Stella—Well, they are engagement rings; I sat up with Fred until he proposed.—Judge.

Awful.

"Why are the mules so restless?" inquired the Boer commander.

"They have just heard that Hay has arrived at Pretoria," elucidated the subordinate.

Factory Kiud.

Banker's Boy—De boss thumped de typewriter himself dis mornin'.

Broker's Boy—An' yer stood by an' let him thump de poor girl? Where's yer manliness?

The Cause.

Mrs. O'Toole—Yis, me bye hos lift school.

Mrs. O'Brien—An' hos he lift fer good?"

Mrs. O'Toole—No; fer bad.

In the Wee Hours.

They heard a noise in the kitchen and crept down. He carried a pistol and she a curtain pole. Then they discovered the cause of the noise.

"Did you see that rat jump out of the oven?" she gasped, holding her skirts. "Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Because he was just out of my range," he chuckled.

Ostend's Predicament.

Mother—I notice, Ostend, that you did not eat any pie at dinner.

Ostend—I asked you for a piece, ma.

Mother—But I did not hear you. You should have asked a second time.

Ostnd—But, ma, you told me never to ask for pie a second time.

Rather Funny.

Mrs. A.—I was just thinking.

Mrs. Z.—Thinking of what, dear?

Mrs. A.—How funny it is for them to sell umbrellas at a clearing sale.

Evil Effects.

"Didn't you send any of your chickens to the poultry show?"

"No; I've noticed that when a hen acquires a taste for society she gets too stuck up to lay eggs."

A Change of Plan.

"The Folderols have recalled their reception invitations."

"Anybody sick?"

"No; Mrs. Folderol changed her mind, and concluded she would rather have the house painted."

His Sticking Qualities.

Miss Murray Hill—Mr. Homewood is a regular stick.

Miss Point Breeze—You surprise me.

Miss Murray Hill—When he calls on me he sticks in his chair long after the time when he ought to be leaving for home.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

In the Side Show.

Old party—Well, well! Nature works wonders!

Manager—Yes, an' me an' the wonders works the public.—New York Press.

Sensational.

"Anything new?" inquired the reporter, as he stood before the station desk.

"Yes," responded the corpulent lieutenant, "a Chinese was found with a strange wound on the side of his head. He doesn't know who struck him."

"Aha! Then I'll just head that 'The Mystery of the Chinese Temple.'"

Discarded.

"Lizzie," whispered the boyish voice through the knothole, "me brain is wurkin' night an' day thinkin' of you."

"'Taint union, den!" piped the girl, whose father lays bricks.

South African Mystery.

Captain—Corporal, what became of that tall recruit?

Corporal—Goodness only knows, Cap. He was sufferin' wif the earache an' asked for some cotton to stick in his ear. Somebody gave him some guncotton an' we hain't seen him since.

Wouldn't Take Offense.

Clerk—You can't get a room for him here. He's drunk.

Wytte (supporting his "weary" friend)—I know he is. What of that?

Clerk (scornfully)—This is a temperance hotel.

Wytte—Well, he's too drunk to know the difference.—Philadelphia Press.

Baffling.

"It's a very unsatisfactory story!"

"Yes?"

"Oh, very! I've read the first chapter and the last chapter and I don't know yet how it turns out!"—Life.

Too Realistic.

Ida—I think Walter is awful mean.

May—Why, dear?

Ida—He wears those horrid mouse-colored mocha gloves. He dropped one on the floor and it looked so natural I screamed.—Chicago News.

Revised Version.

Miles—They say it is good luck to find a pin on the ground with the point toward you.

Giles—Yes; but it's better luck to find the head toward you when you happen to sit down on one.

A Sherlock Holmes Deduction.

Customer—You should stable your cows in wet weather.

Milkman—How do you know but I do?

Customer—The milk has a rain flavor.

The Day of Rest.

The tailor—I do all my pressing work on Saturday.

The grocer—When do you do the rest?

The tailor—On Sunday, of course.

Nuts for Them.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the field cornet, peering into the darkness, "here comes another one of those British night attacks. They're getting to be chestnuts."

"Exactly," replied the Boer general, "so we'll shell them."—Philadelphia Press.

Hit the Nail.

"What did the poor man say when he was accused of taking the cattle?" inquired the tourist.

"The right thing, stranger," responded Amber Pete.

"What was it?"

"I'll be hanged!"—New York World.

Not His Fault.

"Sir," began the tramp, as he stepped in front of a pedestrian, "I've seen better days, and——"

"Well," interrupted the other, "you needn't blame me for it. I'm not the weather man."

Satisfied with the Old Kind.

Bobbs—I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk to it and it writes out everything you say.

Dobbs—I guess I'll keep mine. She does not write everything I say, and I'm glad of it.

A Hasty Retreat.

"Why did the young minister leave so suddenly?"

"The Maiden Ladies' Home Missionary Society took up the task of finding him a suitable wife."—Philadelphia North American.

Ignorance Not Bliss.

"De lack of eddication is an orful ting," remarked Wraggy Wriggles, musingly.

"W'en did yer find dat out?" asked Hungry Hawkes.

"De udder day. I swiped a box from de freight station and lugged it a mile inter de woods. It was marked 'S-o-a-p,' an' I t'ous[illegible]

Little sister [illegible] mean?

Little brother—Oh! that's when a thing is a back number.—Puck.

The Child Was Saved.

Not that we wish the suggestion to be generally adopted—for bicyclists also have a right to life—but because it proves the resourcefulness of woman, we copy this incident from the Chicago Post:

The bicyclist was scorching along with his head down.

The little one had toddled out into the road, and stood directly in his path.

The woman saw them both, and was too much frightened to move. A quick-witted man would have had time to spring into the road and pull the little one out of the way, but the woman seemed helpless.

Suddenly she screamed. It was no ordinary scream, but an ear-splitting shriek of despair.

The bicyclist was so startled that he looked seven ways at once, lost control of his wheel, hit the curb, and didn't know where he was for fully ten minutes.

The child was saved.

A woman is not always so helpless as she looks.