

LIVESTOCK IN CITIES

A Special Enumeration of Domestic Animals Not Found on Farms or Ranges.

In the coming census a special enumeration will be made of the number and value of livestock not found on farms and ranges.

Statistics of livestock heretofore have been very incomplete, because no enumeration is made in cities and villages.

The agricultural department makes estimates of the live stock of the country, but these are also confined to stock on the farms and ranges.

The Gold King Mining & Milling Company, of Seattle, is a newly incorporated organization which the incorporators and stockholders are confident of bringing to the front during the coming season.

Perhaps the greatest revival in mining and milling which Western Washington has experienced in many years is soon to be inaugurated in the justly famous Monte Cristo mining district.

Considerable activity is manifest in mining circles at Index, Wash. Supplies are coming in daily for the various mining properties; new developments are in progress, while workings that were closed on account of the approach of winter last year are starting up again, or preparing to start.

Wheat is already heading in the Walla Walla valley, with every promise for the biggest crop ever harvested there.

Several papers of the state not only urge voters to register, but ask their subscribers to "see that your neighbors do likewise."

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Ullery, of Wenatchee, Wash., was fatally hurt by being stepped on by a horse a few days ago.

The project of supplying electric power and light at Cheney from Spokane Falls, 16 miles away, is under consideration by the proprietors of the water power.

The cost to Spokane county of punishing George Webster for the murder of Mrs. Aspland was \$2,189.20. This included \$438 for three years' board in the county jail, and \$996.90 for execution expenses.

Herbert Shaw, of the government fish hatchery at Baker lake, Wash., says the hatchery has already turned out 12,000,000 sockeye salmon fry, and about 6,000,000 will be liberated before the season is over.

It is reported that there is an organized movement back of the steady immigration to Washington from British Columbia of Japanese pauper laborers.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEWS.

Appearance of Irregularity in the General Situation. Bradstreet's says: Backward spring weather conditions have figured considerably in distributive trade reports this week, and in connection with some weakness in prices of leading stocks have imparted an appearance of irregularity to the general situation.

Corn and oats have sympathized with the reaction in pork products, which reaction, however, has not been universal, as shown by the fact that lard is at the highest point reached on the present boom.

The strength of raw sugar is a reflection chiefly of the fact that a considerable shortage is looked for in the supplies of cane sugar, not only in Cuba, but in the far East.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 2,896,653 bushels, against 3,836,936 bushels last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, new, \$3.25@4.00 per sack. Lettuce, hot house, 45c per doz. Potatoes, new, \$17@18. Beans, per sack, 75@85c. Turnips, per sack, 60c. Carrots, per sack, 75c. Parsnips, per sack, 75@85c. Cauliflower, 85@90c 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, 22c per pound; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 17c per pound. Eggs—15@16c. Cheese—Native, 15c. Poultry—13@14c; dressed, 14@15c; spring, \$5. 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 straight, \$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, \$14.00. Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$20; oil cake meal, per ton, \$30.00. Fresh Meats—Choice dressed beef steers, 7 1/2@8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 8c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8 1/2@10c. Hams—Large, 13c; small, 13 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 12 1/2c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 54@55c; Valley, 54c; Bluestem, 57c 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@14.50; 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, 40@45c; seconds, 45c; dairy, 30@37 1/2c; store, 25@32 1/2c. Eggs—12c per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 15c; 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@8.00 for old; \$4.50@6.50; ducks, \$5.50@6.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c per pound. Potatoes—80@50c per sack; sweets, 2@2 1/4c per pound. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2c per pound; parsnips, 75c; onions, \$3.50@3.00; carrots, 50c. Hops—3@8c per pound. Wool—Valley, 16@18c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@15c; mohair, 27@30c per pound. Mutton—Gross best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4 1/2c; dressed mutton, 7@7 1/2c per pound; lamb, \$3.50 each. Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.00; dressed, \$6.00@6.50 per 100 pounds. Beef—Gross, top steers, \$4.00@4.50; cows, \$3.50@4.00; dressed beef, 7 1/2c per pound. Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c; small, 5 1/2@6c per pound. Tallow—5@5 1/2c; No. 2 and 3, 4 1/2@4c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 13@14c; Eastern Oregon, 12@13c; ley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c. Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound. Butter—Fancy creamery do seconds, 16@16 1/2c; fancy 16c; do seconds, 13@15c per pound. Eggs—Store, 14c; fancy 16 1/2c. Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00; bran, \$12.50@13.50. Hay—Wheat \$6.50@9.50; wheat \$6.00@9.00; best barley \$7.00; alfalfa, \$5.00@6.50 per straw, 25@40c per bale. Potatoes—Early Rose, 60@75c; Burbanks, 60c@81.00; river banks, 40@70c; Salinas, Bu. 80c@1.10 per sack. Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box. Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 5@8 1/2c per pound.

THE POLITICAL WORLD.

Two State Conventions in Portland the Same Day.

Portland, April 13.—The Oregon State Republican convention met in Portland and nominated the following ticket:

For Supreme Judge—Charles E. Wolverton, of Linn. For Food and Dairy Commissioner—J. W. Bailey of Multnomah.

Presidential Electors—Thomson Ford, of Marion; J. C. Fullerton, of Douglas; O. F. Paxton, of Multnomah; W. J. Furnish, of Umatilla.

Delegates to the National Convention at Philadelphia—Henry E. Ankeny, of Jackson; John D. Daly, of Benton; Wallace McCannan, of Multnomah; H. L. Knack, of Wasco.

Alternates—Lewis Simpson, of Coos; Wallis Nash, of Lincoln; John W. Knowles, of Union; H. L. Holgate, of Benton.

The Republican Platform.

The Republicans of Oregon, in convention assembled reaffirm their belief in and loyalty to the gold standard. We commend the Republican congress for its recent legislation making the gold standard a part of the statutory law of the land.

We heartily endorse the policy of the administration, and particularly in securing the Philippine islands, and we demand that they shall be retained as American territory.

We endorse the policy of the administration in suppressing the insurrection in the Philippines headed by Aguinaldo.

We regard trade with the Orient as one of the great sources of our national wealth in the future, and an open door in China is an important aid to the growth of our trade in the Orient.

We point with pride to the legislation adopted by the last legislature. It abolished the railroad commission. It reduced the legal rate of interest to 6 per cent. It enacted a registration law for the protection of the purity of the ballot.

We favor an amendment of the constitution of the United States so as to provide for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

We are in favor of the immediate construction of a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific at the Isthmus of Panama.

We urge the immediate passage of the bill now pending in congress to pension Indian war veterans, and we pledge the support of the Oregon delegation in congress to the same.

We heartily endorse the administration of Governor Gear, and the state officials of Oregon, as economical, wise and creditable to the state.

OREGON DEMOCRATS.

Portland, April 13.—Oregon Democrats in convention assembled nominated the following delegates to the national convention at Kansas City:

J. H. Raley, of Pendleton; J. O. Boothe, of Josephine; M. A. Miller, of Lebanon; A. S. Bennett, of The Dalles; Dr. John Welch, of Portland; R. M. Veatch, of Cottage Grove; Charles Nickell, of Jacksonville; N. A. Peary, of Multnomah.

Alternates—J. D. McKinnon, of La Grande; A. J. Knott, of Portland; N. F. Butcher, of Baker City; Jefferson Myers, of Salem; H. Taylor Hill, of Crook county; Dan J. Fry, of Salem; Charles N. Wait, of Clatsop; E. E. Wilson, of Corvallis.

The Democratic Platform.

We, the Democrats of Oregon, in convention assembled, do hereby reaffirm and endorse, in whole and in part, in letter and in spirit, the platform adopted by the Democratic convention held in Chicago in 1896.

We favor amendments to the federal constitution, specially authorizing an income tax and providing for the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

We oppose government by injunction and the blacklist, and favor arbitration as a means of settling disputes between corporations and their employees.

We reaffirm our former declaration in favor of the initiative and referendum.

We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give to the Philippines, first, a stable form of government; second, independence, and third, protection from outside interference.

We oppose militarism. It imposes upon the people an unnecessary burden, and a constant menace.

We sympathize with the Boer republics of South Africa, in their noble and brave struggle for liberty and national existence.

We condemn the present Republican congress for obeying the demand of the trusts for a tariff upon goods imported to Puerto Rico.

We demand that articles controlled by trusts be placed on the free lists.

We condemn the present financial legislation of congress of the United States as tending to the establishment of a money trust subversive of the liberties and rights of the American people.

We favor the immediate construction of ownership and fortification of the United States.

GREAT COBRA TRICK.

WONDERFUL FEATS PERFORMED BY FAKIRS OF INDIA.

Common Street Performers Do Tricks in Broad Day that Are Not Equaled by American or European Prestidigitators with Aid of Stage Devices.

The question of how the fakirs of India perform their wonderful tricks is a matter that has for centuries interested scientists, and the best explanation is that it is done by hypnotic power; that is, that the fakirs simply hypnotize the entire audience and make them think that they saw trees grow out of the ground in a second.

Libraries have been written on the subject. In his book just issued, entitled "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires," Michael Meyers Shoemaker, of this city, deals in an interesting manner with the Indian fakirs. Mr. Shoemaker is known as a traveler and litterateur, and his book is attracting quite a good deal of attention.

In writing about the fakirs he says: "The statement has been made by such prestidigitators as Herrmann and Kellar that they had never seen any tricks by these men of India which they could not explain. Be that as it may, these common street magicians do some very clever things.

"Certainly the performance before the Grand Hotel, Colombo, this morning, under the blazing sunlight, and not three feet from the looker-on, was remarkable. As to the mango tree trick, there appeared a strong resemblance between a tree grown yesterday and the one produced this morning. But it was in the other performances that the observers were most interested. In one instance the fakir took a small jar of metal and handed it around to show that it was empty. Then, placing a copper coin between his teeth, he began to blow and smoke soon issued from his mouth and nostrils; the jar, which was held aloft all the time, was found filled with water, which commenced to boil furiously. Passing it aside, he opened his mouth and ejected jets of living flame. Indeed, the whole cavity of the throat appeared to be filled with fire, which ignited anything with which it came in contact. We all saw the empty jar, the filled jar, the boiling water and the fire, but the fire never approached the jar.

"Another trick consisted in causing a dead and dried cobra to come to life—so it appeared. The snake is usually kept in a small, round flat basket, with a closely fitting cover. This we saw was empty, and into it the fakir laid the flat, dried skin of a dead serpent.

"Placing it not three feet from our circle and in the brilliant light of the southern sun he covered the basket with its lid and then made the usual passes with the inevitable cloth, about a yard square, which he held by two corners to show that it contained nothing.

"His costume consisted of one garment of the shirt order, the sleeves of which were tucked up at the shoulders, affording it would seem, scant opportunity to hide anything; yet when after a few waves of the cloth he removed the lid of the basket the dead snake was gone, and in its place rose the majestic head and neck of one of the largest of cobras.

"It must be remembered that when we see such work in England or America it is done at a distance and on the stage with all the assistance of stage lights and shadows, but in this case we were out in the plain air, and near enough for the serpent to have stung us.

"The last trick consisted of a display of apparently wonderful strength. A boy of 10 years of age was tied up in a large scarf with its ends attached to two strong cords. At the ends of these cords were hollow brass cups about the size of an acorn. The fakir, raising the upper lid of each of his eyes, inserted these cups thereunder, and with the hollow side next to the eyeball, after which he pulled the eyelids well down. Then, with hands on hips and head well back, he arose to his full height, lifting the boy a foot and more off the ground and swinging him from side to side, the entire weight, of course, falling upon the brass cups. It seemed a marvel when the eyeballs were not destroyed. Perhaps those who understand these matters can explain all that was done, but certainly no magicians on our stage have accomplished similar feats, and yet these men are but common street performers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN UNTIMELY INVENTORY.

She Did Not Tell Him What Was Wrong.

Many must have noticed them the night they attended the theater, says the Detroit Free Press. She was tall and had the air of a patrician. Her luxuriant gray hair was cunningly wrought into a crown of waving silver that seemed a part of her artistic attire. Her eyes were blue and her complexion was so calm, yet the serenity of her smile had a charm that one waited for. Even with her white hair she looked young—young enough to be the sympathetic comrade of the tall, loose-jointed boy that accompanied her. He had grown too fast, but her features were his, and it took no occult power to know that he will be a big, handsome, manly man.

As he sat down he swung one foot over the other, and it took room. The lady on his right hastily adjusted her clothing, and the mother on the left sent a twisted "ouch" toward his nearest ear.

"See here, old man," she began, just as a chum of his own would do. "I'll have to get you a box unless you remember to buy one before you go to bed."

"I don't know what you mean," he said, and she looked at him with a puzzled expression. "I don't know what you mean," he said, and she looked at him with a puzzled expression.

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

PREPARING FOR EMERGENCIES.

Why the Kentucky Woman Negotiated for a Mourning Gown.

"I've been making a trip through Kentucky," said the deputy marshal, "and I overheard a conversation in a country store one day that amused me not a little and at the same time showed how the sense of 'honor' prevails among all classes in that chivalrous though anti-modern State. I had stopped at a crossroads store to get a bit of crackers and cheese for lunch and while eating it off a keg of nails two women came in. They were, as the clerk informed me later, sisters and had married respectively Thomas Culler and James Higgins, local farmers among the foothills. After the usual salutations the elder of the women asked to see some dress goods.

"What kind?" inquired the clerk. "Black calico," said Mrs. Culler. "The clerk threw down three pieces on the counter.

"What's the price?" asked Mrs. Higgins. "Eight, 10 and 12 1/2 cents." "I ain't shore we want it," said Mrs. C., "and I don't want to buy it now, but will you save fifteen yards of it for four or five days or p'raps a week?" "I'm afraid we couldn't do that," demurred the clerk. "We are pretty sure to have it any time you want it last place?"

"Well, we don't want to take no more risk than we can help," explained Mrs. Culler. "You see, Jim called Tom a liar this mornin' in the cornfield and one of us is purty shore to be needin' a black dress for the week's out. I used to keep a black dress pattern in the house so's to have it handy, but things has been so peaceable for the last four or five years I plumb got out of the way of it. Of course if you can't keep it you can't, but I hope to goodness you won't get out before six or me knows which one of us has got to git a new dress!"

"At last accounts neither Mrs. Culler nor Mrs. Higgins was in mourning and I fancy their respective husbands had sunk their differences in the picturesque and perturbed politics of the State."—Washington Star.

Not by a Long Shot. "We may be farmers," said the Boer general, as he ordered two more batteries to begin operations, "but that's not admitting we don't know anything about the shell game."—Puck.

Getting at the Facts. Wife (after the honeymoon)—Why did you deceive me about your income? Husband—I didn't, my dear. Wife—Yes, you did. You told me you were getting \$50 a week when you asked me to marry you. Husband—You evidently misunderstood me. I said my position was worth \$50—and so it is—but for some reason best known to the boss he gives me only \$10.

Not Her Fault. "Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?" "I dun' know, mum; I ain't looked at it or touched it, an' if it's cracked, it wuz cracked afore I come here."—Chicago Record.

Retrospective. "Harry?" "What is it, Dorothy?" "Did you give me that parrot amp last Christmas, or did I give it to you?"

Naturally. McJigger—So he's married again. Married a widow. Thingumbob—Yes, with six children, ranging from 2 to 14 years. When they line up they're regular steps. McJigger—Naturally; they're hisstep-children.—Philadelphia Press.

The Voice of Experience. Bronson—On what grounds do you suppose that college professor bases his statement that 10 per cent. of marriages are unhappy? Henry Peck—He probably spends 90 per cent. of his time at home.—Philadelphia North American.

A Modest Request. Hewitt—My money is my best friend. Jewett—Well, the best of friends must part; lend me five, will you?—Harper's Bazar.

Coon Tracks. "Now, Julius, when you see a rabbit's tracks leadin' inter a holler log, what's de conclusion?" "Dunno, pop." "Boy, hasn't yo' got no sense in yo' head? Dar's de tracks, an' dar's de holler log, an' de conclusion am—"

Corroborative Evidence. Palmist—Your hand shows me that you have had a fight this morning. Visitor—You could tell it quicker by the other fellow's eye.—Baltimore American.

Woodsman Member. "That's an awfully heavy cane." "Yes, I call it my Don't Worry club." "Why that?" "Because if I hit anybody on the head with it he doesn't worry any more."—Chicago Tribune.

Successful. Wagg—Where were you last night? Jaggs—Out pursuing happiness. Wagg—And did you catch it? Jaggs—You bet I caught it—when I got home.

His Feeling. Inquiring Tourist—Tell me, what were your sensations while you were crouching in your cyclone cellar with the terrible tornado raging just above you? Kansas Farmer—Wa-al, I reckon it's safe to say I felt sorter under the weather.—Puck.

Fixing the Blame. Wiggles (looking over a manuscript)—Great heavens, Waggles, why didn't you learn to spell? Waggles—Learn to spell? What's the matter with my spelling? I know how to spell all right. The dictionary fellows ought to do some learning.—Somerville Journal.

Skin Pores. From microscopic observations it has been computed that the skin is perforated with a thousand holes in a square inch. If the whole surface of the human body be estimated at sixteen square feet, it must contain no fewer than 2,804,000 pores.

IN MEMORY OF.

"What do you call your home, Mrs. Fitz Jackson?" "Peach Orchards." "I don't see any orchard in this photograph." "No; there was one peach behind a cottage, but it died."—Indianapolis Journal.

Likely to Be an Acquisition. "Who are these new people that are moving into the house next door?" "I don't know, but I am sure we shall get along splendidly with them. They have just unfolded a wheelbarrow and a lawn mower."—Chicago Tribune.

Faulty Construction. "De Smithers says he is the architect of his own fortune." "Yes, but it's probably lucky for that the building inspector didn't open around while he was making it."—Puck.

A Man of Brains. Mrs. D'Avnoo (indignantly)—Move out of the city and live in the suburbs? Indeed I won't—so there! Mr. D'Avnoo (who wants to economize)—My dear, a pretty woman you never looks so charming as when sitting in a phaeton at a suburban way station waiting for her husband. She went.—New York Weekly.

Craftiness of Man. "Then," and her eyes sought the embers of the oak block, "you are kind as a husband should be, you never give me any jewels." "Jewels!" and his basso voice sought to come from his heart. "You seek jewels? Any one with diamond earrings lips and teeth of pearl ask jewels? Why, the rarest gold coin would only be superfluous?" Then for the first time in days kissed him.

Facts in the Case. Smiles—I'm glad I wasn't Shakespeare. Giles—Why are you? Smiles—Because I should be a now. Giles—Yes, that's true—and Shakespeare would be forgotten.

Where Lambs Gambol. "Have you ever seen 'Romeo and Juliet'?" inquired the Throop at girl. "No," responded the red-vested youth, "but I have seen Romeo to my sorrow. And his empty pockets showed me Romeo had seen him."

Forewarned Is Forearmed. "Going to the Paris exposition summer, Horrocks?" "Yes." "Good. So am I. I hope I shall you often." "I hope you will, Varnum." "We ought to begin saving money it, oughtn't we?" "Yes. That is, you ought. I am going to run an American board house."—Philadelphia Times.

Objectionable. "Billy, I'll take in de Paris exposition show only on one condition." "What's dat, Sandy?" "Dat dey cut out de 'Palace of Industry'."

His Private Opinion. "My dear," said Mrs. Jorgson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?" "Of course I do," replied the bachelor or the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a word that isn't curious."

Practical View. She—Summer is my favorite season. It's so delightful to sit under the tree and listen to the concert by the feathered songsters. He (enthusiastically)—Isn't it though? And it doesn't cost a cent either.

Matrimonial Bites. "You must think I'm a fool," claimed the angry husband. "I would never have ventured to so," replied his better half, "but that you have mentioned it, I am prepared to deny it."

On Listening Terms. "Are you on speaking terms with Chatterbox?" "No, merely on listening terms."

No Grounds for Argument. "What is life?" asked the profane of the class in moral ethics. "The absence of death," replied youthful philosopher. And the professor let it go at that.

An Author in Embryo. The art of writing a short story seems to be easy to many people, they never realize its difficulty, they try. In a Southern school teacher, as an educational experient assigned each pupil the task of writing an original story. On the day when the stories were read a bright little towhead arose, started in as follows: "On the green slope of a mountain stood a first-class Jersey cow, with three legs."

"That's won't do, Johnnie," interrupted the teacher, "you are one short." "No, I ain't," replied the future author. "You don't wait to get the tail which is that a railroad train cut one leg, and the owner of the cow three thousand dollars damages, moved his whole family to Paris, time for the Exposition, where the will be married to rich Frenchmen die happy ever afterward!"

The average man has more in back of him than he can see ahead of him.

