

Editorial Snap Shots.

Be a booster! Tillamook needs a lot of them just now, especially Tillamook City.

We have always been under the impression that a red flag was the national colors of Morocco.

Unless work is commenced soon on the railroad it is not likely that they will do so after the wet season sets in.

It appears to us that a large number of men who meet an automobile when they are driving are more scared than their horses.

We suppose that if Bryan should get elected every democrat in the country around will step into the Postmaster's shoes.

Everybody turns in and be an electric road booster. The United Railways Company and the Oregon Electric Company are headed this way.

It would be a good idea to put the roller to work right away on some of the gravel roads which have been cut up with heavy hauling so as to level the ruts down.

Tillamook county has now a rock crusher, roller and engine. It is safe now to say that the county is going to get some good roads, for it requires these things to make good roads.

The people of Tillamook County are still patiently waiting for the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company to commence work. Patience is a virtue with Tillamookers, anyway.

The snap shot man returned to his sanctum, after imbibing a lot of hot weather for two weeks while outside, glad to get back to Tillamook, where it is cool, refreshing and pleasant at this season of the year. Truly, Tillamook is a great and wonderful county when compared with other sections of Oregon.

Keep a stiff, upper lip, for Tillamook County will come out on top some day. The railway situation does not look as bright as we would like to see it, and it may be several years before the snort of the iron horse is heard, and things will remain in statu quo until then. But in the mean time keep a stiff, upper lip and be a Tillamook booster.

We hope that Master Fish Warden H. C. McAllister will "made good," for it appears to us that salmon hatchery procrastination in Tillamook is on a par with railroad procrastination. Other master fish wardens have come to Tillamook and received a lot of newspaper notoriety and made numerous promises, which, no doubt, they did in other parts where they visited.

For civic pride and energetic boosters, and a live, clean, progressive business city, Eugene takes the cake, for the State university city has set such a fast pace in public and private improvements that it has outdistanced all cities up the Willamette Valley for push and enterprise. It took united effort to bring this about, and we want to congratulate Eugene for the success which attended its efforts in making it a live, up to date city with a bright future.

We understand that a movement is on way in Yamhill county to improve the road through the Grand Round reservation. It would be very commendable on the part of the county officials in Yamhill if they would do this, for it would soon open up and make that section as productive as other parts of that progressive county. And with the road in this county which adjoins it put into good shape also for winter and summer travel, it would help to develop that section of this county.

We are going to ask the county court to do a small bit of road improvement which will only cost a small amount, but will be money well spent and for a good purpose. Teams have to travel up or down Alder creek, over rocks, the road being in the creek for quite a little distance. This can be avoided by cutting a road a few feet on the east side of the creek, which two or three men could do in a few days. As it is in Commissioner Boddy's end of the county, we are sure he will agree with us that it would be a much needed improvement at little expense to carry out, probably somewhere about \$25.

Everybody should pull for the improvement and straightening out of Hoquarrou slough. This must be done the next few years, for Tillamook City will be handicapped as a manufacturing center until this improvement is made and deep water secured so that any vessel able to cross the Tillamook bar can reach this city. This cannot be brought about without an effort and will need money as well with a number of boosters on the Port of Tillamook Commission to take hold with a vim and determination until it is completed. It is not necessary for us to again point out the benefit it will be to Tillamook City, for that is readily admitted by all who have given the matter any consideration. The thing to do is to make a start as soon as possible so as to have it completed as soon as the railroad is built.

W. J. Bryan has again received the nomination on the democratic ticket for President of the United States. It was the radical element which swayed the

democratic convention and gave Bryan the nomination, and on account of that the Eastern States and the manufacturing centers will vote for Taft, because he is known to be conservative and will protect the interests of the employer as well as that of the employee. The slogan and battle cry of the democratic party is "The man above the dollar"—not Bryan's 16 to 1 cartwheel dollar, but, we suppose, it means the republican gold dollar, which brought prosperity to the country. As Bryan has become the idol and chief boss of the democratic party, even absorbing all the lesser bosses, including Tammany of New York, Boss Murphy, Boss Sullivan, et al, he made himself master of the situation. The battle ground is to be the Middle States, for it is generally conceded already that the Eastern and Western States will be for Taft, and the South for Bryan.

We want to say a word of commendation for the automobile line between this city and Hillsboro. The snap shot man had a delightful trip in on Saturday in Rollie W. Watson's automobile, who is an expert and careful chef. It is the most pleasant, quickest and comfortable way of getting in and out of Tillamook, and it would be much more so if some of the planked road between this city and Beaver had not been cut up with heavy teaming. We want to congratulate Rollie W. Watson on his enterprise and we hope he will make a financial success of it. Take a trip with him. And we also hope that the main roads in Tillamook county will be put in such condition that those who own automobiles can come here without fear of getting stuck or breaking down. A little boosting along that line will do a great deal of good, for automobiles are come to stay, and we would like to see Tillamook county have as good roads as other counties.

The London and Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company is not acting right in refusing to settle with the Tillamook Lumbering Company for the loss it sustained last fall when the saw mill was destroyed by fire, and by doing so it will soon lose its reputation as a good insurance company, for it is a just claim that should have been settled long ago. It is surprising that the fire insurance company should refuse to adjust this loss, and it is an injustice to the Tillamook Lumbering Company to be forced to take the matter into the circuit court and then into the United States court, which looks like taking a mean advantage of the lumbering company after it was burned out and preventing it from rebuilding and starting up again. It is no wonder that people are getting suspicious of the London and Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company when it refuses to pay just claims and force those who may sustain loss to bring suit to recover in the courts. This is wrong and unjust of this or any other fire insurance company, and it is no surprise to us to hear that this company will lose considerable insurance if this claim is not adjusted soon, for what is the use of people paying out money to insure their property if the fire insurance companies repudiate their losses? The Tillamook Lumbering Company appears to be a victim of that kind of business, and the people who have taken out fire insurance are taking notice and wondering if they should meet with a similar loss whether they would have to contend with the same unjust treatment.

We want to say this about the main road coming into this county from the south. Some parts of it is nicely built and correctly drained, and is a pleasure to drive over, especially the road in the neighborhood of E. E. Cross' place. We would like to see the entire road, from Dolph to Tillamook City, built and kept up in the same splendid condition. It is a fine bit of road and commendable to the county and those who built it. But when one strikes some parts of the old planked road this side of Beaver, it is altogether different. The heavy hauling from the saw mill is putting the road in bad shape, making it hard on teams and vehicles, and that being the case, a good dirt road at this season of the year is preferable to a bad planked road. We understand, however, it is the intention of the county court to put the rock crusher to work on this part of the road, which, we are sure, will be greatly appreciated by those who have to travel this road. The planked roads were an improvement—and an expensive experiment—over the chuck holes, but it is conceded now by most everybody who have given the matter any study that the county court is taking the right course in making foundations for roads with crushed rock. It will take time to do this, and as it is improvements that must be taken in hand soon, we hope to see considerable of the planks torn out before next winter. By all means have a good road between Dolph and Tillamook City, even if it does cost quite a large amount of money to put it in good shape, for the development of the county demands it.

It Can't Be Beat. The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store. 50c.

Best the World Affords. It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb, and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's drug store.

The Remedy that Does. Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Pierson, of Auburn, Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at Chas. I. Clough's drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Just Exactly Right. I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N.Y. "New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's drug store.

FLANEUR, No. 56,331, owned by the Nebahem Horse Co., will be at the ranch of J. H. Hick's, 4 miles north of Tillamook City.

Do You Open Your Mouth Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies (under seal) This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, according to times, with a debilitating, debilitating, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The Favorite Prescription is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal card request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE. LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME. If you want a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or a Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Orange, Mass. Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to wear. Our guarantee never runs out. Sold by authorized dealers only. FOR SALE BY E. T. HALTON, Agent.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Ore., July 16th, 1908. Notice is hereby given that E. E. MORTON, of Tillamook, Oregon, who on July 11th, 1908, made timber application, No. 074, for the section 26, T. 36 S., R. 12 E., S. 10 W., range 10 west, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land so described, before W. H. Cooper, U. S. Commissioner, in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, on the 16th day of September, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: J. J. Bewley, of Tillamook; Jonas O'Brien, of Tillamook; A. A. Altmann, of Tillamook; Geo. P. Will, of Tillamook, Oregon. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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CHECKING A BUNDLE. The Way the Tired Man Saved Himself Labor and Trouble. One day a man went into a very big store. He had a heavy package with him. Not in the sense you mean, smarties, but in the real sense.

He had to go two blocks further down the street and didn't want to carry the package. So he decided that he would leave it in the check room. He asked a floorwalker who looked like a United States senator, but who was a perfect gentleman, where the check room was. The floorwalker said: "Three aisles over, downstairs and over on the Wabash side."

He went there, wherever that was, and found he had made a mistake. He knew it was himself who had made the mistake, for as nice a man as a floorwalker may be made a mistake. He couldn't have made a mistake. Finally after he had lugged his bundle thirty-two blocks hunting the check room, had found the check room and deposited his bundle he walked his two blocks to the other place and was through for the day.

Then he soliloquized: "How should I ever have got through or stood the wear and tear of that long two blocks carrying that bundle? If it hadn't been for the check room system, what could I have done?"—Chicago News.

TIPS IN ENGLAND. Lord Russell's Fee to the Headman Who Executed Him.

Mr. George Russell, discoursing on tips in the Manchester Guardian, after the manner of his "Collections and Recollections," treats the subject historically under its various names of fees, vales (or vells), honorarium (as Disraeli preferred to call it) and pouches.

Ancient usage has a peculiarly interesting effect in the matter of tips and fees. Horace Walpole records the astonishment of George I. when told that he must give guineas to the servant of the ranger of his park for bringing him a brace of carp out of his own pond.

Apparently everybody in England is at some time or other justified in demanding a fee unless it be the monarch. When Taft became archbishop of Canterbury and met the queen he breathed a sigh of relief on at last encountering a person to whom he had not to pay something.

According to Bishop Burnet, a man used to have to give a tip in order to be decapitated. He tells the story of Lord Russell when under sentence of death for high treason asking what he ought to give the executioner. "I told him 10 guineas. He said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

For Number Two. "George, dear, what kind of a woman would you marry if you married again?" asked the amiable wife. "Well, if I married again"— began the brutal husband.

"Then you acknowledge that you would marry again?" "I'm not saying one way or the other, but—" "But you don't give me a definite answer, and that proves—" "That doesn't prove anything, because—" "It does too! So what kind of a woman would you marry if you married again?" "I wouldn't marry again. I could not."

"Of course you have to say that." "Of course I do, because I was about to say that if I married again it would be the kind of a woman who would not ask me what kind of a woman I would marry if I married again."—Judge.

Singing Pigeons. The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon haunted cities of Peking and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon fliers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing carriers, claiming that the shrill noise is a sure protection against hawks and other birds of prey. As a similar protection, needs, emitting an odd walling sound, are fixed to the tail feathers of the dispatch bearing pigeons of the German army.

What He Was Looking For. "I do wish, Edward," said the lady of his choice, "that you wouldn't stare at other women so much. It's very rude and is certainly no compliment to me." "On the contrary, my dear," replied the resourceful benedict, "I was looking to see if I could find a prettier face than yours, and I confess I really cannot."—New York Press.

Eating Before Sleep. "Is it safe to eat before going to sleep?" asks Sibyl. "Oh, yes, much safer than eating afterward, we should say! It is so hard to see what you are eating when you are asleep, you know."—Pathfinder.

An Enthusiast. Towne—Oh, yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest. Browne—Yes, if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.—Philadelphia Press.

Fairies of the Deep. Mother Pike (to Little Piker)—What fairy story do you want me to tell you today? Little Piker—Either Little Red Herring Hood or Octo-Puss in Boots.—Kansas City Star.

Pleasant. Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner, Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yes again!—Illustrated Bits.

Caught Him. Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out that my husband spends his evenings at Doyle's—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At Doyle's. You see, I had to stay in my room last night.—Harper's Weekly.

That is every man's company he lives best.—Aristophanes.

A Trying Moment. Professor Leopold Schroetter was called to see the Crown Prince Frederick in 1887 before Sir Morrell Mackenzie had reached San Remo. The prince, evidently suspecting the worst, turned to Schroetter after the examination and said, "I request the truth as to my ailment." Schroetter hesitated and made an effort to direct the conversation in another direction, but Frederick insisted. "I am a soldier," he said, "and can look death in the eye. I ask you now plainly, to the point. Is my complaint cancer?" Schroetter could hardly contain himself and years after the scene when he recalled it he spoke of it as the most painful in his life. He conducted the crown prince to a chair and asked him to be seated. Then he said, "Your imperial highness, you are suffering from a serious complaint, and it is possible that it may develop into carcinoma but that cannot be determined positively at this moment." Frederick became deathly pale, but never for a moment lost his self control and smiled grimly when he thanked the physician for his honesty.

Coming to an Understanding. In the amiable way of villagers they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.

"'Tis all along of these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They'd not but know each other for a matter of seven years."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener. "Long enough! Bah! You're wrong! When a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted a matter of nineteen years!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?" "Ye jump to conclusions," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"—St. James' Gazette.

Poor Comfort. Apropos of the pretensions of those who might be counted as in society, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore in her book on "Sensible Etiquette" tells the following story:

A snobbish young man and his sister after their return home from an evening party were criticizing the company, quite unaware that their sensible old uncle was lying awake in his chamber and could hear every word from where they stood in the corridor.

"Why, even the Grinders were there, and you know their father was a grocer. I was never in such a mixed company," said the sister.

"And we will never be again if I can help it," answered the brother. The uncle called out: "Children, what do you think your grandfather was? He was a bootmaker, and some people say not a very honest one either. Now go to bed."

Cramp Rings. Formerly it was customary for Kings of England on Good Friday to hallow certain rings, the wearing of which prevented cramp or epilepsy. They were made from the metal of decayed coffins and consecrated with an elaborate ceremony, some details of which are still preserved. They were highly recommended by the medical profession about 1557, for Andrew Boorde in his "Breviary of Health," speaking of cramp says, "The kynge's majestie hath a great helpe in this matter in hallowing cramp rings with out money or petition." Occasionally cramp rings played a persuasive part in diplomacy. Lord Berners, our ambassador at the court of Charles V., wrote in 1508 "to my lorde cardinal's grace" for some "cramp ryngs," with trust to "bestowe them well, by God's grace."—Westminster Gazette.

Persian Burials. In Persia two sticks a foot long are placed in the coffin to prop up the arms of the corpse when it rises from the grave and is being questioned by the angel Gabriel. After it has satisfied the angel that it is the body of a true Mussulman it will receive strength to stand alone. A glance from a dog is necessary to drive away the spirit of defilement, and for this purpose a street cur is brought into the room of death and its eyes led to the corpse by a tempting bit of bread laid on the still breast.

Restlessness. Mere restlessness is not a matter for which physicians are often consulted. It is on the face of it an unimportant malady, but when it exists in sufficient intensity to form the subject of complaint and to induce the sufferer to seek advice it is usually found to be the superficial indication of a grave underlying condition.—Hospital.

Change of Heart. Parson Primrose—Why do you think it was out of place for your father to say grace? Freddie—Because it was only a few minutes afterward that he was swearing over having to carve the turkey.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Labor Saving Devices. "Do you know, Sam, that a man does not have to do as much work now as he did ten years ago?" "Yes, sah, I know it, sah. Why, I've been married nearly eight years, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner, Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yes again!—Illustrated Bits.

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London in 1784. In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London in which, inter alia, he says that London are filled with armed men, men and footpads." This was pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of that time participated in 1784, for M. La Combe says that "the brass knackers of London which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the thief forgets to uncrew them," a phrase which seems to have gone out of fashion.

M. La Combe in another part of his book exclaims: "How are you Londoners! Your women are so bold, impetuous and expensive, they rapt and beggars, colliers, and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread. The brewer puts opium in his copper filling in his beer. The milk woman spoils her milk with milk."

The Blood Red Banner. Royal and national colors were used in various times, but since the time of Abel blood red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known in history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood red banner, and the riots which took place in Persia were in the blood red caps worn and loved by the mob. A blood red banner waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German patriots in their great uprising in 1813 and 1825. Blood red was the color of the trades union flags during the middle ages, and it framed the background of the emblem of the Red Confederacy in 1315. Through the whole of French and every other national history those striking in one way or another for liberty have worn a blood red cap and hailed the blood red banner as their leader. It is a fact that never has a monarch done it as his color.—London Assen.

Naive Lying. A police official of New York, during the case of a policeman charged with protecting gambling houses, said: "The man lied too naively in his innocence. He was like a painter employed by a newspaper to do a good deal at home, and his being next to the nursery, the children's noise disturbed him, and he played a carpenter to make the sound proof between the two rooms. 'I'll fix it all right,' said the man confidently. 'The best thing to do is to line it with shavings.' He completed his job, then he called the man in. 'She's sound proof all right now,' he said. 'We'll test her,' said the literary man. 'You stay here, and going into the nursery, he called the carpenter in the study, 'Can you hear me?' 'No, sir, I can't,' was the reply."—New York Tribune.

Was Entitled to Trouble. Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Peel who told the story, were walking in Bond street. A man came up and saluted the statesman.

"How do you do, Lord Palmerston?" "Ah, how do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?" "The stranger's face glowed and he shook his head. "No better." "Dear me! So sorry! Glad to meet you. Goodby."

"Who's your friend?" asked James when the stranger had gone. "No idea." "Why, you asked him about his complaint."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the other concernedly. "The old fellow's over sixty; bound to have some of the matter with him."—London Assen.

The Archbishop Won. Dr. Whately, some time archbishop of Dublin, once had an encounter with a young old-de-camp, and the young emerged victor. At dinner the archbishop asked this singular question, "Your grace know the difference between an archbishop and an ass?" "Sir, I do not," answered Dr. Whately. "One wears the cross on his hat, the other wears it on his back," explained the tactless officer. "Do you know the difference between an old-de-camp and an ass?" asked the archbishop calmly in return. "No, your grace, I do not," was the reply. "Then do!" said his grace.—London Mercury.

Greeley's Writing. During the early part of the nineteenth century the bad writing of the men became almost a byword. The poor writing was considered by the people as almost a sign of the man. Horace Greeley was such a person, or that his correspondents were sometimes obliged to guess at his writing. It is related that a reporter on the New York Tribune who received a letter from Greeley discharging him, enclosed it as a letter of recommendation to the editor of another paper.

Diverging. Husband—I'm afraid I've been cross eyed, my dear. Wife—The only way you think that? Husband—This thing of trying to look at the time is slowly but surely getting work in.—Chicago News.

Caught Him. Mrs. Hoyle—I've found out that my husband spends his evenings at Doyle's—Where? Mrs. Hoyle—At Doyle's. You see, I had to stay in my room last night.—Harper's Weekly.

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