HUMOR

MADE HIM TIRED.

The Man with the New Typewriter Had Enough of It.

The man of manifestly fine sensibilities and literary cast of countenance had just procured a typewriter. He looked upon the machine as a commendable device tending to leave the intellect less trammeled by the task of giving expression to its thoughts.

The man of fine sensibilities conceived a great idea.

"And now," he murmured exultingly, "away with the old time drudgery of writing."

His hand was poised above the keyboard and his glance wandered eagerly to and fro.

"Man is doomed to perpetual"——

A shade of vexation swept across his face.

"Man, man, m, m— I wonder where the m is. Oh, yes, m-a, a, a—where is the—right here—man is doomed"——

He had written the first word and his eyes betrayed a sort of anticipatory satisfaction as he leaned forward to contemplate the fruits of his labor.

"Plague take it! Forgot the capital letter."

His cast of countenance was becoming less literary and more worldly all the time.

"Man is doomed"——

He had inserted a fresh sheet of paper into the machine with a suggestion of impatience.

"Capital m-a-n—curse the luck—believe I got the wrong letter."

Only a cursory glance was necessary to confirm his suspicions.

"Wrote an hour for an n—darn it!"

He seemed to be very desirous of expressing a few hot and glowing sentiments, but forebore with an effort.

"Man is doomed"——

He was getting more paper.

"Man is doomed"——

With comparatively little difficulty he had reduced the words to writing.

"Man is doomed"——

A look of settled despair invested his features.

"I've forgotten to what in—man is doomed."

Then he of the manifestly fine sensibilities called to his side the janitor, with whom he had long been on bad terms, and made him a present of the typewriter.—Detroit Tribune.

Not on Lodge Business.

"If I am not mistaken," said the caller, removing his hat deferentially, "I am in the presence of the grand and supremely exalted potentate of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Muckamucks?"

"You are, sir," answered the man at the desk with an affable smile.

"Pardon the intrusion," said the caller in the same respectful manner, "and the familiarity with which I address you, but you spell your name S-m-y-t-h-e, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your initials, I think I am correct in saying, are K. W.?"

"That is correct."

"Thank you, Mr. Smythe. My name is Higgins—H-i-g-g-i-n-s—Higgins. I am glad to find you in, Mr. Smythe, after having made several previous attempts, without success, to make your acquaintance. I have the honor," he continued, putting his hat on briskly and taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, "to be the collector for the firm of Spotcash & Co., dealers in dry goods and general merchandise. If it is convenient, Mr. Smythe, you will oblige me very much by settling a little bill of seventy-five cents that has been running for six months and save me the trouble of having to climb these doggoned, beastly, rickety, filthy old stairs again. Seventy-five cents, Smythe. Come down."—Chicago Tribune.

A Careless Suitor.

Clara—Did you have anything extraordinary happen at the seashore last summer?

Maude—Oh, yes; one man kept me waiting three days for an engagement ring.

Clara—Dear me! What was the cause of the delay?

Maude—He ran out of them before he knew it, and had to send to New York for another installment.—Cloak Review.

Such a Tidy Housewife.

Mr. Flatteman (who has been attempting to shave himself)—Quick, Arabella; fetch me a towel or something. I've nearly cut my throat, and it's bleeding terribly.

Mrs. Flatteman—Oh, Henry, how inconsiderate you are—bleeding on the bedroom carpet, when I've often told you not to shave anywhere but in the bathroom!—New York Herald.

The Obstacle.

Barrows—I shall be very lonesome here now that you are going.

Fair Maid—May will console you.

Barrows—I'm afraid not. I don't like to share my honors, and I am inclined to think I'd have to divvy up with that dog of hers.—Harper's Bazar.

The Legend of Chocorua.

Chocorua, which can be seen from the poet's home, is a tall mountain perfectly bare on top and bereft of all vegetation. There is a native legend in connection with it, as with all old Indian localities, that is very interesting.

Chocorua was the chief of a great tribe who dwelt on the borders of what Whittier calls "his broad Lake Ossipee." For years the tribe and their mighty chief were supreme, but one day the white man came. The strange visitors had conquered all the other Indians, but Chocorua was bound not to submit. For days and days the battle raged until the chief alone was left, and he fled from the conquerors. The white men followed him on and on, pressing close behind, until the chief sped up the rugged mountain side and left his enemies below.

Then he raised his hands aloft and prayed to the Great Spirit to grant his final wish, and he cursed the mountain on which he stood, and ordered nothing to grow upon the summit while the white man held the land. Long and hard was his curse upon the mountain top, and when he had finished night had come and the chief leaped into the darkness and vanished from sight forevermore; and, runs the legend, from that time forth the mountain was called Chocorua, and the curse of the old Indian was fulfilled, for today it is bare and bleak.

Such was the story told one summer's night beneath the shadow of the mountain just as the moon outlined it against the sky.—Harper's Young People.

The Size of Families.

The decrease in the size of families is a subject which causes some alarm. Taking the United States as a whole, it is found by the census figures that in 1850 the average family consisted of 5.55 persons. There has been a gradual decrease, it being in 1860 5.28, in 1870 5.09, in 1880 5.04 and in 1890 4.94. Looking at the different geographical divisions, it is found that this rule holds true except in the western division, where the average size of the family has risen from 4.18 in 1850 to 4.88 in 1890, the increase having been steady through the intermediate decades.

This result would have been expected, of course, on account of the settlement of the west in the last few years, the population having increased rapidly and being more and more brought to the family basis instead of that of single individuals or young families settling in western territories. The small average size of the family in Oklahoma shows the influence of new settlements upon the size of the family.

In Oklahoma the size of the family will increase until population becomes fairly dense, when it will follow the rule of older communities and decrease. When population becomes more or less urban in character the maximum is reached, and after that a constantly receding average will probably be shown at each succeeding census.—Carroll D. Wright in Popular Science Monthly.

Figures About Nebulæ.

We know of some 3,000 nebulæ which represent milky ways like ours. Let us count 2,000 of them as being of the size of our milky way (our milky way holds about 20,191,000 stars), then 2,000 by 20,191,000 equals 40,383,000,000 suns, or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies. Suppose these heavenly bodies parading before our mental eye one per minute, it would require 3,840,000 years to finish the march, in all of which time we would have to look upon them unceasingly. Suppose a human being migrating from globe to globe and spending fifty years on each, he would require 100,955,000,000,000 years for the round. If he staid only one hour he would save much time, but still need 230,000,000 years for the task.

Yet these nebulæ are only a part of the universe! Outside the nebula limits we know of other nebulæ not resolvable into stars. They appear to be primitive nebulæ, pure unused world stuff—matter for new creations. Some of them occupy a space as large as the orbit of Uranus. Some are still larger. The one in "Orion" is estimated to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun.—Copenhagen Norastjerneu.

Date of His Downfall.

Anxious Wife—I am appalled at my dear husband's growing disregard for the truth.

Sympathetic Visitor—And he was always so truthful! When did this terrible change take place?

Anxious Wife—Since he spent two weeks fishing for tarpon.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Slightly Improbable.

Judge Duffy—You say you are innocent. What, then, were you doing with the watch if you didn't intend to steal it?

Sam Johnsing—I jest wanted ter wind it up for him. Dat's de solemn troof. I can't tell a lie of I wus ter try for a week.—Texas Siftings.

The last words of the Empress Josephine were: "I shall die regretted. I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

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A BIG SALE.

These Hunters Found a Town Where Very Little Powder Was Used.

Friend Frank and I were out for a day's hunting in the interior of Long Island. After some hours of shooting our supply of powder was exhausted, but, by a happy chance, we ran across one of those rare compounds, a country "store" and went in to replenish our stock. The proprietor was a little, wizened specimen of his kind, with a few stray locks and a weather beaten voice. With a stately air he arose from behind the counter, adjusted his spectacles and inquired what we wanted.

"Some powder," said I.

Reaching down he drew forth a little old rusty keg, placed it on the counter and asked how much.

"A pound," said I.

A bolt of lightning would not have shocked the old man worse, and in an excited voice he asked:

"A—a what did you say?"

"A pound," I replied.

"A whole poun?" he again asked, as if in a dream.

I assured him that we wanted a whole pound.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed, and rushing out into the open space in front of the counter, and half doubling himself, he began to trot around in a circle, excitedly repeating over and over again:

"A whole poun o' powder! A whole poun o' powder! A whole poun o' powder!"

He pranced around till he was nearly exhausted and then he went back, arranged his rusty scales and began to pour out the powder. But he emptied the keg and there was not a pound in all. A look of dismay spread over his features, but in a moment he said, "I will run over and borrow Neighbor Ben's powder horn," and off he went. He soon returned with the horn and finished the pound. As he handed it over I asked the price.

This started a new trouble. He searched here and there, and finally declared that he could not find the price and would leave it for us to say how much. I told him forty cents was about right, and handed him the money.

"Gentlemen," he said as we turned to go, "I've kept store here close onter forty year, an I never made such a big sale before. A whole poun o' powder!"

But we hurried away before he could have another spasm.—R. E. L. Folsom in Detroit Free Press.

Nervous Prostration,

Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Morbid Fears, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Dullness, Confusion, Hysteria, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. It does not contain opiates. Mrs. Sophia C. Brownlee, DeLand, Fla., suffered with Epilepsy for 50 years and testifies to a complete cure. Jacob Petre, Ellis, Oregon, had been suffering with Nervous Prostration for four years, could not sleep, nothing helped him until he used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine; he is now well. Fine books Free at druggists. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc.

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There will be no by-bidding or reserved bids, but the sales will be absolutely to the highest bidder. If sales are not satisfactory on the first one hundred acres the privilege is reserved to discontinue the sale. If satisfactory, five hundred acres will be sold. THESE TRACTS ARE IN THE SUNNY SIDE FRUIT FARMS, platted and improved by The Oregon Land company, and comprise a variety of tracts, some being set out to fruit trees, some being cultivated and suitable for setting out to fruit for gardening, and some in timber. THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON SUNNY SYDE NO. 5, 2½ MILES S. W. FROM TURNER STATION AT 2 P. M., OCTOBER, 15, and will be continued on Sunny Side No. 12, Sunny Side No. 10, Sunny Side No. 8, and Sunny Side No. 3, all of which are shown on maps which can be seen at the offices of The Oregon Land Company, both at Salem and Portland. Arrangements will be made to convey all parties, who desire to attend the sale, from Turner, on the arrival of the noon train from the north or the one o'clock train from the south, to the place of sale when a lunch will also be provided. The title to this land is perfect, and Abstracts of Title will be furnished for inspection of purchasers. Contracts of sale will be made on day of sale, and deeds will be executed on the following day when desired.

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