

**TUBERCULOSIS IN STOCK.**

**Keep It Out of Central Washington.**

The report of the state veterinarian that he finds beef and dairy animals in Whatcom county suffering from tuberculosis and pleuro-pneumonia, is alarming in the extreme. The last-named disease is the dread of the stockman the world over. It has cost the British government many millions of pounds to keep it in check, and the eastern, middle and prairie states have spent several millions in eradicating it. How or when the malady became transplanted west of the Cascades is unexplained. In fact, its appearance there has never before been announced, so far as we have heard. If the state veterinarian is sure of his diagnosis, the live stock interests of the state are in sore jeopardy. Instant steps should be taken to prevent the spread of the disease to the dry hill ranges of central Washington, where there is less danger of the disease getting established than in the moist climate of the west coast. The disease is known to be contagious, however, and the only way to prevent its getting east of the mountains is by a rigid quarantine, which is wholly within the power of the state authorities, and possibly of the county officials. Wherever it is found, too, the disease must be stamped out by destroying the animals without fear or favor. The United States government has made a large appropriation for this purpose, and should be called upon to take a hand. But the danger is so vital, that no delay should be incurred in taking steps to eradicate the pestiferous disease.

**Criminals in Iceland.**

The laws of Iceland are so fully recognized that the services of a police officer are hardly necessary. Criminals arrest themselves, and the authorities have little trouble in securing the punishment of an offender. A young Icelandic friend of mine, says the writer, going across the desert from Reykjavik, met a man riding a pony. Such meetings are rare in these parts, and like ships on the sea, the two hailed and spoke. And this was the manner and substance of their conversation.

"What's your name?"

"Sterfan."

"Whose son?"

"Thorstein's son."

"Where are you going?"

"To prison."

"What for?"

"For stealing a sheep."

"No one taking you?"

"No; the sheriff is busy, so he gave me my papers—the warrant for the arrest—and sent me on to prison by myself."

The men exchanged snuff and a kiss, and parted. A week later the young Iclander was returning to Reykjavik, and near the same spot he met the same man.

"What!" he cried, "Stefan Thorstein! Why, you said you were going to prison!"

"So I was, and I went; but they would not let me in."

"Why not?"

"Because I had lost my papers, and the sheriff said he would not take me without my warrant."

"So they won't have you in prison?"

"No."

"And you are going home again?"

"Yes."—Peterson's Magazine.

**Left in Charge.**

A woman left a baby carriage and a sleeping child outside of a store on Grand River avenue the other day while she went in to make purchase. On coming out she walked off up the avenue, forgetting all about the child, and it was twenty minutes before she came running back to find a ragged urchin in full charge.

"My blessed baby!" gasped the woman as she sprang forward.

"Yes'm," replied the boy. "Purty cute young'un he is. Me'n him's bin gitten' along together like twin brothers."

"Why, bless his heart, he's wide awake."

"Yes'm—bin awake for ten minutes. When he woke up he sniveled a leetle, but I yelled at him and he shet up. I pertended I was going to put a head on him, but of course I wouldn't punch a kid like him."

"Dear me, but how absent-minded I was!" exclaimed the woman.

"Yes, you was," replied the boy, "but wimmin is most all that way. Say! this kid's goin' to be purty sassy when he grows up."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"He stuck up his nose at me, and when I put my fist down and told him to smell of it and go to the hospital for three months, he jist said 'Humph!' and stuck it up higher'n ever. Yes, he's goin' to make a fighter, he is."

"Well, you can run along," said the woman as she handed him a nickel.

"Thanky, ma'am; I see a kid in a kerridge on the next block below, and I'll go down and make up faces and square off at him and see if he's got any sand. Your kid is O. K.—bound to lick Corbett if nothin' don't stop him from growin' upwards."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Softpate—Do monkeys entertain you, Miss Flypp?

Miss Flypp—Well, that last story you told I thought was quite amusing, really.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DID  
YOU  
EVER  
TRY  
TO  
TELL  
A  
STORY  
TO  
YOUR  
FRIEND  
OR  
NEIGHBOR  
ABOUT  
THE RANCH?  
CAN'T  
YOU  
TELL  
HIM  
THAT  
IT  
IS  
WELL  
WORTH  
A  
DOLLAR  
A  
YEAR?  
IF  
HE  
IS  
HARD  
UP  
TELL  
HIM  
TO  
TRY  
IT  
THREE  
MONTHS  
FOR 25 CENTS.  
THEN SEND  
US  
THE  
NAMES  
OF  
TWO  
OR  
TWENTY  
PEOPLE  
BACK EAST WHOM  
YOU  
WANT TO GET  
OUT  
HERE  
AND  
WE  
WILL  
SEND  
THEM  
SAMPLE COPIES  
FREE OF CHARGE.