County Correspondence.

OPKINTON.

Mrs. R. A. Wallace spent last week in Chicago, visiting friends.

Miss Gertrude LeClree from near Manchester is visiting at A. D. LeClere's.

The Ladies Aid society met with Mrs. Littlefield Wednesday and made plans for work. It was decided to have a rummage sale in April.

The W. C. T. U. which was to have been held Friday was postponed on account of the storm.

Miss Stiza Wheeler visited her sister, Mrs. Firman, at Dundee.

The youngest son of Mr. Strane has a very light attack of scarlet fever. The family have been quarantined and schools closed for the week, that there may be no further spread of the disease.

Mrs. Walter Johnson of Colorado is visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Joseph.

Mrs. Parrott of Monticello visited Tuesday with her niece, Mrs. Harry Main.

F. K. Barnes took a trip last week through Kansas and Colorado, with a company of land seekers.

Miss Cora Miner of Wayne, Ohio is visiting at the Ricketts home.

F. R. Tesar and C. P. Joseph went to Cedar Rapids Wednesday to attend the poultry show.

Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Reubon Welch at Delevan, Wis., on the 13th of January. Mr. and Mrs. Welch resided in Hopkinton a number of years ago. The lady was a sister of C.S. Barker.

W. S. Johnson and wife spent a couple ofd ays in Cedar Rapids last week.

The blizzard last week interfered quite seriously with business of all kinds as people did not seem inclined to leave the comforts of home and fireside, so if there has been anything unusual going on, we have not heard of it.

The mail carriers have had a hard time. Henry Dufoe had got as far as the river, the road being covered with water which was partly frozen, his horses refused to go over it and he was obliged to leave them on the other side. He started to walk, broke through into the water, and then crawled some distance. Some men started down to meet him and assisted him home.

Elmer Lux, west of town is quite sick again. Ray Harford is also among the sick ones.

The Doctors are also finding traveling hard. One of them walked five miles to see a patient.

Will Dunlap is quite low again. A nurse from Dubuque came Saturday to care for him.

Mrs. Van Swearengen came down from Strawberry Point to visit her daughter, Mrs. Fred Barker.

Mr. Thomas Carson has been visiting in New York. He returned last week.

Rev. William McCullough preached in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath evening.

LENOX COLLEGE.

Mr. Pontius, Y. M. C. A. state secretary met with the Lenox Association last Monday evening.

Miss Teonires was in Manchester taking the teacher's examination.

Miss Vanter went to Monticello Wednesday evening to assist at an entertainment.

Miss Nellie Hartley of Chicago visited Wednesday and Thursday with her brothers, Frank and Thomas.

Will Childers has returned to his hame in Coffeeville, Kansas.

Miss Vanter was called home on account of the sickness of her mother and brother.

Mr. Shoop was sick last week.

Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Limo Springs, will address the Y. M. C. A., next Wednesday evening in the college chapel. Everyone is invited to attend.

Mr. Frank Dickey, whose death occurred in New Mexico, where he had gone on account of ill health, about two weeks ago, was at one time an old student of Lenox college, as was also his wife. Most of his life had been spent at Hazel Green. He was for many years a faithful trustee of Lenox. His death was very sudden. A hopeful letter was received by his wife on Saturday, and on Monday came the sad news of his death. He was buried the following Saturday at Des Moines. The sympathy of old Lenox friends are extended to his wife and two children.

DELHI.

E. Clifton has been on the sick list the past week.

W. G. Smith leaves Tuesday with his family for Louisiana where they will make teir future home.

Miss Rose Walters was in Manchester Thursday and Friday.

H. H. Porter goes to Washington to look over the country with a view of locating in the west.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Erisman entertain their friends at Somerset on Tuesday evening.

Little Louise Connolly has been quite sick the past week.

Bennie McRunnels from Alta, Iowa, is visiting friends intown.

Miss Hattie Beal was a Manchester visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Maud Belknap is on the sick list.

Mrs. E. B. Porter wasinStrawberry Point Friday.

Henry Florence had business in Dubuque Thursday.

E. C. Perkins was home from Des Moines over Sunday.

O. J. Jamison and wife are visiting their son and family in Cedar Rapids.

During the severe storm Friday night several windmills were blown down, one for O. A. Holdridge, C. D. Stone and Mrs. Bess Stoner.

Owing to the bad roads Saturday the creamery meeting to hire a butter maker was postponed until Friday, February 5.

The M. E. Aid societymeets Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. F. E. Stimson.

Mr. Crabb of Greeley was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Duart is on the sick list.

Miss Hazel Perkins was home Sunday.

DUNDEE.

Miss Kleinsorge of Strawberry Point is visiting with her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stockwell returned from Rochester, Minnesota, last Wednesday. Mrs. Stockwell is reported much improved.

Fred Kleinsorge made a trip to Dubuque the latter part of the week.

S. S. Ives went to Waterloo Friday and was snowbound there.

J. Reed has moved on the Peter Morse place.

The bank safe is being moved into the new building.

Mr. Maroney of Masonville is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Robt. Fee.

Ben Nelson arrived home from Des Moines Tuesday.

C. A. Robinson went to Lamont Monday.

A. P. Lee made a trip to Dubuque the first of the week.

Last week's Letter.

Myrtle Jordon is improving at this writing.

Mrs. Hodges of Colesburg recently visited with Mrs. Robt. Aimers.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. John Conrod is reported as improving.

The dance on the 22nd had a small attendance on account of the bad weather. The music was fine and those present enjoyed a good time.

Joseph Zemaneck enjoyed a visit at Strawberry Point the latter part of last week.

Miss Margaret Aimers had a basket social at the Campton school house last Friday. The proceeds were $9.85 for school book case.

Miss Irine Clabby, our school teacher, has a sister visiting her.

Miss Anna Wilborn enjoyed a visit at Strawberry Point the latter part of last week.

The home talent play will be given February 2nd. An all night dance will follow the show. Music will be furnished by Carpenter's orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockwell are at Rochester, Minnesota. At this writing no information has been received regarding Mrs. Stockwell's condition.

ONEIDA.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Dunham, January 31, 1909, a girl.

Mrs. Geo. Williams of Redfield, South Dakota, was calling on friends here the last of the week.

J. W. Howe of West Union visited his son, J. B. Howe, Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Lee Burbridge and daughter Virginia of Manchester were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller spent Tuesday at the Sam Ridenour home near Greeley.

Mrs. Will Connell entertained a company of young people Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Legg of Manchester were in town Thursday.

EAD'S GROVE.

There was a large crowd at Lew Gordon's sale on Tuesday and everything sold well.

Last Friday was certainly a fearful day to be out. Some of the milk haulers were forced to abandon their loads in the middle of the road and seek shelter until the next day.

Mrs. Fisher and Josie Goldsworthy called at James Retherford's Tuesday.

Myron Mellen of Edgewood ate dinner with Fred Timm Monday.

C. M. McKinnis, wife and daughter and wife's mother, Mrs. Allen, visited at J. T. Fowler's on Tuesday.

Alex Hackbarth was buying cattle in this vicinity on Thursday.

Lew Gordon and John Hyde spent Saturday night with their brother-in-law, Lem Harris.

James Fowler and Byant Williams visited at Manchester several days last week.

Gus Clute and John Martin each sold a horse to Chas. Brown on Monday.

Mrs. J. Garlowe and Ella Ellis visited at J. Retherford's on Thursday.

Our mail carriers did not go Friday or Saturday.

COLESBURG.

Since the blizzard of Friday and Saturday the news items have all been "snowed under" and we have been unable to resurrect many.

Mary May has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Turkey River.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evers celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary last Monday, January 25, when their friends assembled at their home and made the occasion a happy one. May they live to see many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. W. S. Adams has been on the sick list during the past week, suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. Cyrus Craig entertained the Mite society Thursday afternoon. On account of inclement weather there was not a large attendance.

Rev. H. W. Tuttle, who has been holding meetings at the Congregational church here during the past week left Monday for his next field of labor. He is interesting and impressive speaker and the work done by him will doubtless prove of great and lasting benefit.

Mrs. Gifford of Webster City arrived Thursday for a visit with her son, Rev. Gifford, and family.

Miss Lillian Dittmer has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at the Dairy City.

Mrs. Alex Hansel and Mrs. Bert Oldham of Fairview spent a part of the week at the Frank Barnhart hom in this city.

Mrs. George Sampson returned the first of the week from a visit with home friends at Graid. Her mother, Mrs. Barnart, has recently undergone an operation at Mayo hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, from which she is recovering nicely.

Lucas Craig is able to walk out a little now, a fact that is gratifying to his many friends.

Wilbin Phelps was the victim of an accident one day last week. He had sharpened an ax with the intention of chopping some wood. On his way to the timber he slipped and fell striking his face against the sharp blade of the ax. An ugly cut was made which required three stitches.

Mrs. Wilbin Phelps and Lincoln are at home from a visit at Waterloo.

MASONVILLE.

Remember the Grand Ball in the Opera house here Thursday evening, February 4.

E. F. Mulvehill was laid up with the grippe a few days last week.

Thos. Rose was a Chicago visitor on business a few days last week.

Peter Kerwin's son Frank of Pocahontas county was visiting with friends in this vicinity the past week and a guest of his sister, Mrs. Mike King.

Miss Margaret Raders was a Manchester caller last Wednesday.

Dr. Graham was called to Manchester last Wednesday in consultation with Dr. Scott of that place. Dr. Graham has been having a fine practice since coming to Masonville.

Jas. McGraw and Miss Mary Lahey were united in marriage last Wednesday morning at the Catholic church here at eight o'clock. The wedding reception was held at the home of the bride, Mr. Dan Lahey's north of town. Many were in attendance and all spent a most enjoyable day and evening. This estimable young couple have the best wishes of the community. They will go to housekeeping on the old Dunning farm this spring.

Matt Clemans of Dyersville was a business visitor here last Wednesday.

Miss Mary Burns is visiting with her parents at Winthrop this week.

A number of our young people attended the dance at Dundee Tuesday night and all report a good time.

Mike Lillis clerked a sale last Thurday for Cashman & Richardson, north west of town. Everything sold well and good prices prevailed.

Mike Maroney sr. was visiting the past week with his daughter, Mrs. Robt. Fee at Dundee.

Geo. Ragatz sr. of Dubuque was a business visitor here last Thursday. Mr. Ragatz transacted business in the city and sold an eight horse power gasoline engine to John Beihl, also made a visit with his son Fred the drug clerk between trains.

Miss Maude Moore was a business caller last Thursday.

Frank Ernster departed for Boone, Iowa, last week on receipt of a telegram from his son John, who's son Leo died at that place Thursday.

Dan Fagan, who has been ill for over a week past is able to be out again.

The pool room is being fixed up considerable of late, two new pool tables and one billiard table have been installed also kalsomining the interior A good scrubbing out would benefit the sanitary condition very much but everyting cannot be done at once.

Frank Kelley had the misfortune of getting his arm broken last Thursday by accidentally falling while running on the street. The member is doing nicely.

Clyde Moshier, who has been employed at E. S. Pike's the past while, has resigned his position. Fred Fergerson has also resigned a similar position at H. W. May's.

There will be a dance in the Opera House here February 12. Music by McDevitt orchestra. Tickets to dance 50 cents. Everyone invited to come.

He Knew English.

Book learning, strictly speaking—that is, learning solely from books—leads one into many a hole. In "The Balkan Trail" Frederick Moore tells the story of an Italian official of the Ottoman bank who had taught himself English and was enraptured at the chance to practice it on English people.

It was with much pride that he addressed us at supper, but we did not recognize the language he spoke and expressed in French our unfortunate ignorance of foreign tongues.

"That is your own tongue," said the Italian, but even of this statement we understood not a word.

He drew a pencil from his pocket and on the back of a letter wrote:

"I am speaking English."

We were astounded.

"Perhaps I do not pronounce correctly," he wrote next. "I have learned the noble language from books."

The hilarious Englishman in our party gave the unhappy Italian his first real lesson at once. He took the pencil and wrote:

"Always pronounce English as it is not spelt. Spell as it is not pronounced."

The Bite of a Rattler.

The Cherokee Indians' cure for the bite of a rattlesnake is at once so common sense and scientific as to merit a widespread acceptance. Its common sense lies in the fact that the victim has or ought to have the necessary implement always at hand, there need not be an instant's delay, and that it is the scientific plan goes without saying because it carries away the poison at once. The Indian at once, when bitten, drawing his knife, pinched up the part bitten and cut it out, then, seeking the nearest stream, not often very far away, plunged the leg in the running water and kept it there until all bleeding had ceased and, as my informant, an old man, told me, seldom suffered any ill effects.

Usually, as we know, no physician can be reached or reliable remedy had until the case is too far gone for any effort to avail, but with a knife and, if not a running stream, water enough to keep the wound well washed and the blood flowing I believe there would be fewer deaths following rattlesnake bites.—Forest and Stream.

Art of Eating.

Eating is not merely an enjoyment. It is a science that must be learned, an art that must be acquired by intelligent patience. The man who at middle age has not discovered what and how much is suitable for him has not cultivated his chief asset, Health.

A Wheat Hospital.

"This wheat has been through the hospital," said a miller. "I can tell by the fine polish on the grains. Wheat that has been through the hospital for smut disease comes out better than well wheat."

The wheat grains, in truth, shone so that one could almost see one's face in them.

"You can see your face in them, can't you?" said the miller. "And no wonder. They've been through drastic treatment—drastic. Smut is a nasty disease, a kind of mold, that changes the starch and gluten in wheat to a black powder. When you see flour full of black specks it is a sign that some of the wheat was smutted. The cure is first to wash the wheat thoroughly. Then you dry it. Then you scour it. Then you dry it again. Finally you brush it. Wheat hospitals—they are found in most grain elevators nowadays—have big machines for washing, drying, scouring and brushing the grain, and wheat on its very last legs comes out of those infirmaries as spruce and blooming as a football girl."—Buffalo Express.

An Astrologer's Letter.

An astrologer's letter to President Van Buren forecasting the results of his election in 1840 is in the library of congress and perhaps gives a crude idea of some of the fallacies of our grandfathers. The following are some extracts: "In this horoscope the ascendant directed to the semisquare of Mars would be in operation about the middle of the fourth year, October, 1785, and might cause sickness, * * * flux or hurt by wounds," etc. * * * "I have opened the horoscope for General Harrison, which accords with the chief events of his past life and which if right he will not fill the office of president during the next term even if elected. And the danger I apprehend to yourself is not from your public opponents, but from those on whom you repose confidence." Those who are superstitious may be inclined to credit this star gazer with some measure of wisdom, for Harrison, although elected, died a month after his inauguration.—New York Post.

Home Loving Montenegrins.

Nowhere is love of country more intense than among the Montenegrins, to whom exile is the greatest of punishments. When W. J. Stillman was there in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed that when a messenger was wanted the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, with no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with a large sum of money for the bank, and he duly came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison," said the Russian. "Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cettinje." One prison guard watched all the prisoners when they sunned themselves out of doors, and if he was called away a prisoner would take his rifle and act as sentry for the time.

Abroad.

Abroad is a locality entirely surrounded by seasickness. In another view it is a bourne more or less mysterious, bounded on its farther side by your income and on its hither side by custom houses where you have to declare everything you bring back with you except a foreign accent and one change of hosiery.

Abroad is where—

1. They put
   a. Labels all over your luggage and
   b. It all over you.
2. You are almost always going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and the good Samaritan invariably wants a tip.

Abroad is the stage of history, but that is only because history made the too common mistake of not seeing America first.—Puck.

Keeping Up the Limit.

In J. Comyns Carr's reminiscences is a characteristic anecdote of Burne-Jones, who had consulted his doctor about certain symptoms which seemed alarming.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" the doctor inquired of his patient, to which Burne-Jones had carelessly replied, "Oh, I think about six." "Well," replied his adviser, "for the present you had better limit yourself to three." And in detailing the incident to me afterward Burne-Jones added, with a chuckle, "You know, my dear Carr, I never did smoke more than three."

Nicotine.

"If excessive smoking alone could cause heart degeneration," writes a correspondent of the London Mail, "such cases would be common instead of extremely rare. The fact is that only an almost infinitesimal amount of nicotine is absorbed in smoking. An ordinary sized cigar or an ounce of smoking tobacco contains enough of this virulent poison to kill two men. The only reason all smokers are not killed at once is that the nicotine is destroyed in the combustion of the leaf."

Procrastination.

"Why is procrastination said to be the thief of time?" asked the teacher.

"'Cause it takes a fellow so long to say it," answered the bright boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago News.

Either Way.

Psmith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. Kjones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

Unconcerned.

An incident illustrating the placidity, if so it may be called, of the Duke of Wellington has reference to a naval officer, a near connection of the duke. The ship which this officer commanded was lost, and he himself was drowned. When the news was communicated to the duke, he merely exclaimed, "That's the second ship he has lost!"

Hard to Please.

"Your audiences seemed shocked by the show."

"At first," answered the manager, "but we expurgated it."

"And then?"

"Then they seemed disappointed."—Exchange.

Balm For Fat Men.

Every picture of the devil in human form represents him as very tall, very slender and elegantly dressed. The fat men need all the comfort they can get and may find some in this.—Atchison Globe.

There is only one cure for public distress, and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful and just.—Ruskin.

Three Royal Toasts.

The "Greville Memoirs" tells this story of King William IV. of England and the Duke of Cumberland, his brother: "During dinner loud voices were heard, which soon became more vehement. Both brothers had drunk more than usual, and the duke had lost his temper and his head. Then for the first time King William suspected the idea which from that time was never out of Duke Ernest's mind—that he ought to be the next king of England should no male children survive his brother, William IV. The duke, rising, said: 'Call in the suit. I am proposing a toast. The king's health; God save the king.' The suit came in and drank it. Then the duke said, 'May I also, sir, propose the next toast?' 'Name it, your grace,' replied the king. 'The king's heir,' proudly said the duke, 'and God bless him!'

"A dead silence followed. Then the king, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up and called out, 'The king's heir; God bless her!' Then, throwing the glass over his shoulder, he turned to his brother and exclaimed, 'My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass!' Every one noticed that the duke did not drink the toast. He left the room abruptly."

A Kind Hearted Waiter.

A surprising experience was that of a lady who received a bit of advice on table etiquette. She is sufficiently free from vanity to tell the story herself. She says:

I know that I am not a person of impressive appearance. I am inclined to be short and stout and to dress plainly. Still, I had hoped that I had an air of acquaintance with polite society. But now I shall be more modest than ever in my idea of the impression I make upon strangers.

At my first meal at the hotel where I passed last summer I was pleased with the face of my waiter. It was radiant with kindliness and good nature. I began my dinner with soup and fish. As the waiter set them in front of me he glanced at the persons of fashionable appearance who were my neighbors at table. His kind heart was suddenly struck with the fear that I might make an unfortunate impression on them. He bent down and whispered in my ear:

"Eat your soup first."

Grooming.

Anciently man thought more highly of his horse than of his womenkind. But woman, as it chanced, was crafty.

"Why does he esteem his horse beyond his wife?" she asked herself and resolutely faced the task of finding out.

Her first answer was: "The horse will carry a heavier load."

Her next: "The horse doesn't talk back at him."

But neither of these, somehow, impressed her as being correct.

"Most likely," she declared at length, "it's in the grooming. Well, I'll just be well groomed myself and see."

It was a lucky guess, and from that time forward woman's position rose relatively until in our day the horse has scarcely a look in even at the horse show.—Puck.

Her Darling's Desire.

"My darling," said a fond mother, who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mamma so that she will get ill and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine, and then she may die and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried, and you"—

The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile ever spread his face at his mother's last words, and, throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, and may I sit beside the coachman?"—London Queen.

The Age of Man.

It is generally admitted by scientists that men lived on the earth contemporaneously with the big nosed rhinoceros, which became extinct about the beginning of the glacial period. That period, so high an authority as the late John Fiske assures us, probably began not less than 240,000 years ago and came to an end 80,000 years ago. How long man existed on the earth prior to the glacial period we have no means of knowing.—New York American.

Puzzled.

Mrs. Gaswell—Who is that man who looked at you as if he knew you? Mrs. Highsome—He is a man who has done some professional work for me once or twice. He's a chiropodist. Mrs. Gaswell—Chiropodist? Oh, yes; I've heard of them. They don't believe in foreordination, do they?—Chicago Tribune.

To What Base Uses, Etc.

One of our State street brokers received a note from a customer bearing the cryptic message, "Richard III., act 1, line 138." Turning to the passage he read, "Now, by St. Paul!" and next moment he had given the order.—Boston Transcript.

Useless Prayers.

An earnest young preacher in a remote country village concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying, "And now let us pray for those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth."

Willing He Should Know.

A certain boastful man asserts that he knows how to play on two cornets at once, and the neighbors say that they do not object to his knowing how, but that he had better not try to do it.

The man who is always trying to find out what people say of him is seldom happy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Forced Draft Realism.

"How is it that Scribbler's novels thrill with such vital, gripping, realistic portrayal of human passions?" asked Danks.

"Well," said Hanks, "when he gets ready to write a novel he orders a general house cleaning, sends for the plumber to fix the gas jets and for the tinner to fix the stovepipes, bids his little daughter to stay at home to practice five finger exercises, hires a street piano to play German, Irish and Italian national airs in front of the house and tells his wife that her family is not as good as his own. Then he sits and takes notes of what happens."—Brooklyn Life.

Adam's Apple.

The projection in the front of the throat in men, denoting the position of the thyroid cartilage, is styled "Adam's apple." It develops rapidly usually when the voice "breaks," being comparatively small in both children and women. The name arose from the tradition that when Adam attempted to swallow the apple in paradise it stuck in his throat, giving rise to the swelling since seen in all his adult male descendants.

Carving Scissors.

"I thought I knew all about scissors," said the man. "I had seen tailors' scissors for cutting heavy cloth, dressmakers' scissors for cutting flimsy fabrics and lace and still other scissors for cutting paper, finger nails, grapevines, all kinds of metals and even for shearing sheep, but in spite of that wide knowledge of scissors I was puzzled when I saw the large, peculiarly shaped pair of scissors lying in the showcase.

"'What are these scissors for?' I asked the clerk.

"'Carving meat,' he said. 'With scissors of this kind carving becomes mere child's play.'

"'I never saw anybody use them,' said I.

"'Nobody does use them,' said the clerk—'that is, only a very few. In Europe carving scissors are popular because they cut right through meat, gristle, bone and all, but it takes a little practice to learn to manipulate the things, and nobody in this country has patience enough for that.'"—Exchange.

The Talking Pots.

"Yes, these pots of mine are all right," said the potter. "They don't talk, though."

"No pots do."

"Don't they? Look here."

He took from the shelf a strange, crude pot daubed yellow and blue that had the shape of a duck. He filled it with water; then he poured the water out again. "Quack, quack, quack!" said the pot distinctly. Every gurgle was a distinct quack. "There's art for you," said the potter. "Every gurgle of that duck pot is a quack. Wonderful Aztec art! And I have an Aztec pig pot that grunts like a pig and a dog pot that barks like a dog. Wonderful chaps, those Aztec potter fellows! I wish I knew their secret. Imagine an Aztec banquet," he said after a pause. "Pots filled, you know, with wine. And every time you pour yourself a drink 'Quack!' go the ducks. 'Bow'wow!' go the dogs. Regular pandemonium!"—New York Press.

The Light of the Firefly.

When man will attain the perfect vacuum, then the rude ether blush of the electric light bulb will give forth many times more light, purified and heatless, soft and healing, as the light of the stars, penetrating as the sun. An examination of the firefly when emitting flames or light shows bodily movements that cannot be understood to mean anything else than vacuum producing. The lights are always seen in the vacuum sack on the back. Immediately before emitting light the insect will flatten the body, draw the legs in, droop the head, seemingly contracting in all directions; then with the relaxation come the flame and light. The bodies of the glowworm and firefly always are transparent when filled with flame. The blades of grass or other debris are seen plainly through the bodies. Here are cases of nature dealing with X rays.—Chicago Tribune.

How Marshall Field Made Money.

In the early eighties, when the First National bank of Wallawalla was not as big as it is now, I pretty nearly had my breath taken away one day by a good looking stranger hailing from Chicago. He threw a letter of credit for $80,000 from a Chicago bank on my desk and quietly said, "Can you cash that?" I looked him over once or twice, made a quick estimate of all the loose cash I thought we could scrape up and said: "Yes. How do you want it?" He gave a smile, sat down and said, "I think I'll take it in land." In a month's time, as his authorized agent, I bought about 30,000 acres of cheap railroad land for my Chicago friend, taking the deeds in my name at his request, paying an average of $2.65 an acre. He cleared over $1,000,000 on this one deal. His name was Marshall Field.—Senator Ankeny's Reminiscences in Leslie's Weekly.

In Great Luck.

"I have been looking over my financial operations," said Mr. Easigo. "I must say they are more successful than usual."

"Have you been making large profits?"

"No. I don't expect anything like that."

"But you say you were successful?"

"Comparatively successful. During the month I have loaned money to five friends, and only three of them have quit speaking to me."—Washington Star.

The Editor's Sally.

City Editor—What do you mean by saying in this robbery story that "Brown was knocked down and relieved of a hundred dollars?" Were you ever robbed yourself? New Reporter—No, sir. City Editor—That accounts for it. If you'd been robbed you wouldn't describe the loss of a hundred dollars as a relief.—St. Louis Republic.

His Line of Study.

"My boy is undecided about what collegiate course to take."

"Um!"

"What would you advise?"

"That depends. Does he want to build up his back muscles or his wind?"—Kansas City Independent.

Cheaper.

Servant—Please, sir, missus wants you to send for the plumber, 'cos she's dropped her diamond ring down the bath pipe. Mr. Nuriche—Tell your mistress not to be ridiculous. I'll buy her another diamond ring! — London Mail.

Snow fell in Europe for forty days in 1434.

Tangible Asset.

"I believe I'll promote a transportation company."

"Land or water?"

"The latter, I think. For the former I'd need rails and right of way, but in a water proposition I'll have an ocean to start with."—Exchange.

For Future Reference.

"That lawyer is very tricky," said Mr. Cumrox. "I wouldn't think of meeting him socially."

"Neither would I," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "but you might give me his office address."—Washington Star.

A Correction.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber insinuatingly to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair. "It wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

Almost Personal.

Celestine — And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation? Hilda—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "dearly beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.—Bohemian.

A Reasonable Excuse.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Subbubs sternly, "breakfast is half an hour late again."

"Yis, mim," returned Bridget meekly.

"What excuse have you to offer? You know I told you that Mr. Subbubs must catch that early train, and punctuality at breakfast is absolutely necessary," said the lady.

"Sure an' Oi overshlep' mesilf," said Bridget.

"That is no excuse," said the mistress. "I gave you an alarm clock only yesterday."

"Oi know that, mim."

"Did you wind it up?"

"Oi did."

"And didn't it go off?"

"Sure an' it did that. It made a tarrible n'ise."

"Then why didn't you get up?"

"Sure, mim," responded Bridget tearfully, "it was that thing that's made all the throuble. Oi niver shlep' a wink all night waitin' for it to go off, an' whin it did Oi was that tired Oi couldn't move."—Harper's Weekly.

To Cure Wrinkles.

"Look at a paralytic if you think wrinkles incurable," said a beauty doctor. "On the side he is paralyzed all his wrinkles disappear. Though he be sixty or seventy, his profile on that side is the profile of a youth. So the paralytic shows us how to cure our wrinkles—namely, by keeping our facial muscles still. If we keep our faces in perfect repose, never laughing when the comedian sings his best song, never weeping when wife or sweetheart dies, we will have no wrinkles whatever. The skin wouldn't wrinkle if it were not exposed. The skin of the body is much disturbed by action of the muscles underneath—as at the knee, for instance—yet this unexposed skin never wrinkles. Not being exposed to the bad influence of sun and wind, it has not lost the oil and the elasticity of childhood. And that's where I come in with my creams and unguents and massages."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Taming Patti.

Patti was to sing on a certain date at Bucharest, but at the last moment she declined to leave Vienna. It was too cold; snow everywhere; she would not risk catching her death of cold. M. Schurmann, the impresario, was in despair until a brilliant inspiration came to him. Quickly he telegraphed to the advance agent in the Roumanian capital: "At whatever fee Patti must receive an ovation at Bucharest station from the Italian aristocracy. Send me by return the following wire: 'The members of the Italian and Roumanian nobility are preparing to give Mme. Patti a magnificent reception. The ministry will be represented. Processions, torches and bands. Telegraph the hour of arrival.'" The advance agent carried out this instruction, and when the telegram dictated to him over the wires arrived in Vienna it was handed to Patti, with the desired effect. "How charming!" she murmured. "What time do we start?"

His Wonderful Invention.

Australia, as is well known, is infested with rabbits, a most destructive and multitudinous pest. Not long ago a man invented the following plan:

You go out into the field from which the rabbits are to be removed. You saw down a tree, and on the slant of the stump you paint a black spot. Then you keep very quiet, so that the rabbits will come back from their burrows and feed as usual. When a large enough number has collected you clap your hands sharply. The effect will be electric. The rabbits will jump in haste for their burrows. At least one is sure to mistake the black spot for his hole and make for it. Invariably he will dash his brains out. This process, repeated often enough, is warranted to exterminate the rabbit forever.

The reports do not say whether there are any rabbits left in Australia.

Twin Place.

One day an old gentleman who found the Java village at the World's fair very absorbing at length confided in a young man standing near. "It's powerful nice to watch," he said, "but I may say I should be better on't if I was a trifle better posted. My jography's a leetle rusty, and it's truth and fact that I don't jestly know where Java is. Now, where is it?"

"Oh," said the young man, with the assured quiet of one who knows, "just a little way from Mocha!"—Argonaut.

Making It Easier.

Little Jean's dolly had met with an accident, and her mother had procured a new head for it. The removal of the old head proved to be a rather difficult task, which Jean watched with great interest.

"I'm afraid, Jean, I can't get this old head off," said the mother.

Jean's face glowed with the light of an inspiration as she said:

"Never mind, mamma; just take the body off."

A Teaser.

"There is one subject on which it is difficult to keep up interest?"

"What particular subject is that on which it is difficult to keep up interest?"

"The mortgage of my house."

A Great Man.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?"

"A great man, my son, is one who manages to gather about him a whole lot of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while he gets the credit for their good ideas!"

Not Wholly Personal.

A.—You have used the word "donkey" several times in the last ten minutes. Am I to understand that you mean anything of a personal nature? B.—Certainly not. There are lots of donkeys in the world besides you.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—Carlyle.

Good Family.

"My daughter appears to have married very happily," remarked a lady. "Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family."

"Yes. I heard he was a widower with six children!" a neighbor sniffed acridly.

Signs.

"Do you believe in signs?"

"Well, I must confess that when I see a man wearing one proclaiming that he is deaf and dumb I get a little shaky."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Other Boy's Fault.

Mother—I hear you were at the foot of the class last week, Tommy. Tommy—'Twasn't my fault. Johnny Smith, who's always at the foot, was sick at home.—Circle.

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