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THE OLD BARN ROOF.

You see the barn roof standing as it leaned to meet the grass—its form is dimly painted in memory's looking-glass—That sloping roof of shingles, with its mossy coat of gray, which formed the playground for our fun on many a summer day.

It was built just by the orchard, and the eaves drooped down so low that they almost touched the grass-tops, where the daisy blossoms blow; And an apple-tree was growing where you came down with a whirl, To yield a splay luncheon to each hungry boy and girl.

Oh! better than the coasting on a big toboggan—side Was the ecstasy of sitting on that barn roof for a ride! After crawling slowly upward to the sharply-pointed peak—To hold on—by the edges—while you play at hide and seek.

And then—with fun and frolic—as you loosed your wary clasp, To feel the sliding—gliding—and to give a happy gasp, As you found yourself drawn downward, with increasing motion bound, For a rapid roll through cover, on the softly waiting ground.

—Alice Cray, in Wide Awake.

NAT LASK'S PARROT.

Story of a Remarkable Man and a Remarkable Bird.

"Ever hear of Nat Lask's parrot?" asked Jim Gordon, of Little Rock. "Never was such a remarkable parrot, I don't think. But then, Nat Lask was somewhat of a remarkable man. He was an old Arkansas and Mississippi river boatman. He used to run between Little Rock and New Orleans in the good old times before the war. He owned twenty niggers once, and they all got their freedom just because Nat was such a remarkable man. There was a good many niggers running away about that time, and making their run for good. Nat gave it out that he'd like to see any of his get away. For every one that got away, he said, he'd set another free. Less than a week after that one of Nat's best niggers turned up missing, and he couldn't be found. Over the border, sure. The runaway's wife belonged to Nat.

"Suse," said Nat, "d'ye know whar Joe is?" "Yes, massa." "Wall then, you jes' go long an' jine him!" "So he kept his word and set one slave free because another had succeeded in running away, and he showed what a remarkable man he was by setting free the wife of the fugitive. And Nat wouldn't take back his offer either, and he kept setting others free to match 'em, until he hadn't one left.

"Don't make no diff'ence, Nat used to say. 'Nobody didn' bleege me to set my niggers free." "Just about the time the war broke out Nat was in New Orleans taking on cargo. On the levee one day he was passing an old woman who was selling parrots, when one of the birds yelled out: "Damn fool!"

"That fetched Nat up standing, and he asked the woman which parrot had addressed him in such familiar tones. "He knows me," said Nat, "but I swar I never knowed him!" "Nat didn't have to wait for the old woman to tell him which parrot it was, for the bird yelled out its compliments to him again on the spot, and Nat was so tickled with the parrot that he bought it. He was so taken up with his new companion that he paid no attention to anything else all the way back on the trip to Little Rock. When he arrived there he gave up his boat.

"Goin' to quit boatin'," he said. "I'll take all my time now on to 'tend to this parrot." "And if he didn't quit, right there and then, I hope to holler! He tied himself up to that parrot and had no time for anything or anybody. Then the war began to stir things up, and one day Nat said: "That's goin' ter be the deuce ter pay 'round yah 'fore long, an' I take to the woods!"

"He was good as his word. He took his gun and his parrot, went 'way back into the wilderness along Big Mamelee creek and put up a snug log cabin. And it was there that the parrot came out strong. The woods were full of game—wild turkey, deer, bear, panther. The creek held plenty of wild ducks and geese. Nat trained the parrot to hunt. The bird got so he could give all the calls and cries of the wild turkey better than the wild turkey could itself, and he never missed getting the right call or cry in at just the right time. He found out that a lost fawn, or a fawn hidden by its mother, could summon its mother or some other deer quickly to where it was by a plaintive bleating, and the parrot got on to that bleat only too quick. He imitated the unearthly screech of the panther so ably that Nat used to say it was nothing out of the common for Bobby—that was the parrot's name—to call as many as a dozen big fellows around the cabin of an evening and set them all to fighting at once. Bobby couldn't only do the quack of a duck or the gabble of a goose to perfection, but he could manipulate those cries so that you would think he was a whole flock of ducks or geese. So, if there were ducks or geese flying over, it was no trick at all for Bobby to let himself loose, just as if it was a dozen or so fowls jabbering together, and a flying

flock, hearing him going on, would say to themselves: "These ducks must have struck good luck down there in the creek. Let's drop down and get a piece of it." And when they had dropped down near enough Nat, hid in the bushes, would tumble a half dozen or so before they could get on to the way they were fooled.

"Bobby liked to hunt wild turkeys best. If there was a turkey within hearing of him, it couldn't resist that seductive call of his, and when it came within gunshot and Nat put a ball in it, Bobby became a very fiend in his gloating over its death struggles. He would fly around the poor bird and laugh and yell like a demon. But if Nat happened to miss the turkey after Bobby had called it up, then maybe he would get fits. The parrot would fill the woods with language that Nat used to say made him sit down and wait for the shower of fire and brimstone that he felt sure must be sent down on them for that bird's wickedness. And he'd fly at Nat and pull his hair out in bunches, and make vicious grabs at his eyes and face. At these unfortunate times, which, luckily, were rare, Nat used to lie down on his face and let Bobby peg away and pull at him until his frenzy passed over. Nat knew when that was by the bird perching somewhere near and easing himself up by simply yelling: "Damn fool!" Then Nat would get up and start for home. Bobby would fly to his usual place on Nat's shoulder, where he would at intervals yell in Nat's ear: "Damn fool!" Nat never jawed back. He said that he knew he deserved all that Bobby gave him at such times. There wasn't anything too bad for a man who missed his turkey.

"Whenever Nat would take his gun to go out hunting, Bobby would cock his head on one side and say: "Turkey." "If Nat would say: 'No,' Bobby would say: "Quack, quack?" "If Nat replied in the negative, Bobby would make the peculiar bleating sound of the fawn interrogatively. If Nat said he wasn't going after deer, Bobby would say, decisively: "Bar!"

"Turkey, ducks or geese, deer and bear were all the game Nat hunted, and Bobby knew if it wasn't any of the first three he was going out after it must of course be bear. But he always wanted to know what the hunt was to be before he started. He was of no particular use in a bear hunt.

"I jes' take him 'long to do the swarin'," Nat used to say. "But Bobby always went out for bear with the greatest enthusiasm, and once he was of actual service. Nat had started a bear, and it went into a thick swamp a short distance, where no man or dog could get. Whether Bobby saw the bear or not, or whether he had a stroke of genius, all at once he flew from Nat's shoulder into the swamp. Such a hair-raising collection of yells and expletives as he tumbled around in that swamp no living thing had ever heard before. Bobby was evidently directing them straight at the bear, for the frightened animal came tearing out of the swamp with a smash and a crash that a hurricane couldn't have made. Nat said the bear's eyes hung out, its terror was so great. Nat downed the bear with a couple of rifle balls, and out of the swamp came a couple of terror-stricken cubs, with Bobby yelling and cussing right behind them. Nat captured the two cubs alive and took them home, against the vehement protests of Bobby, who yelled his favorite opinion of Nat in the latter's ear all the way in. Nat showed great fondness for the cubs, but they were a perpetual thorn in Bobby's side. He was wildly jealous of them, and gave both them and Nat continual fits. Nat kept the cubs in the cabin, and one night, after he'd had them about a week, he was awakened by a noise. He heard Bobby swearing like a pirate and the cubs whining. Nat listened, and by he heard the cabin door opened. That was an easy matter to do, for nothing fastened it, and it swung on a leather hinge. When the door opened and let the moonlight in, Nat saw that it was Bobby who had pulled it open with his bill. Nat lay still to see what the parrot would do, and what did he do but drive both of those cubs out, nipping them with his bill, and talking to them worse than any canal mule driver ever talked to his mules. Bobby not only drove the cubs out of the cabin, but he escorted them some distance into the woods, and they understood well enough that they were to keep on going. Bobby came back to the cabin chuckling like a little fiend, and closed the door and went to sleep. The whole proceeding had increased Nat's veneration for the parrot so much that he said he could no more have interfered than he could have interrupted a preacher in a funeral sermon. A few days after that Nat took down his gun to go out hunting.

"Turkey" said Bobby. "No," said Nat. "We're goin' after b'ar." "Bobby bristled up, and yelled at the top of his voice: "No, no, no, no!" "He remembered the trials and tribulations that had come to him through his last bear hunt, and he wanted no more bear in his. And he wouldn't go bear hunting, and never could be induced to go again.

"Nat and Bob lived that hermit life on the Big Mamelee for more than twenty years. Then one day Nat came into Little Rock, alone and disconsolate.

late. Bobby was dead—accidentally shot by Nat himself. I don't know what ever became of Nat, but he was a remarkable man. And there never was such a remarkable parrot as Bobby."—N. Y. Sun.

SHE DID HER PART.

Helping on a Backward Lover at the End of the Season. "If," he murmured, as he gazed into her eyes (they were sitting on the front steps), "if I had only a little more money to count on—" then he stopped. "What would you do?" she asked. Deem her not bold, gentle reader. The summer, she felt, was over; soon the cold winds would put a stop to those front-step sentimentalities. No fellow ever would propose in the winter time with pa and ma in the sitting-room listening, and she felt she must jogg him a little.

He turned a little pale and asked if her pa was dealing at the same grocery as last year. "Yes, he is; what would you do?" "I—I would have a home of my own. I would, there!" This seemed like business. "How much have you got?" she said, and her voice sounded firm. "Fifteen dollars a week." He hung his head. "How much do you give a week now for your room?" "Five dollars." "Stuff; we can get a room plenty good enough for both of us and a pantry to cook in for that. How much do your meals cost?" "Five dollars a week."

"Pooh; we can both live for that, cooking at home. What do you do with the other five dollars?" "Well, I—I smoke, you know." "Well, you can quit that right off anyhow; you don't spend five dollars a week on smoking." "No; oh, no. Of course there are expenses; other fellows and such—" "Well, you can stop those, too. What else?" "I try to save a little." "That is talking. How much have you saved?" "Eleven dollars and a half."

"That's plenty for the minister and moving, and something to spare for a necktie or something for you to stand up in. Well?" "Well, Mary?" "Go ahead; I can't do everything, you know. You've got to ask me."—Washington Star.

Not What He Expected.

He was calling on a young lady and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing that she was, to say the least, slightly wearied. "Do you know," he said, after completing a monologue of several thousand words and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking to-night I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the muses. And which one do you think it is?" He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered: "I guess the muse that inspires you to-night must be Euterpa."

He really didn't know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he got home he took down his Webster's Unabridged and there in cold type, staring him in the face, he saw: "Euterpa—the muse who presided over wind instruments."—Waverley Magazine.

How a Philadelphia Man Falls.

One of the best of recent stories at the expense of the average inhabitant of the Quaker city is told by Lew Dockstader. "I was walking through Twenty-third street the other afternoon," he says, "when a man toppled from the roof of a six-story building and came whirling down through the air, striking the sidewalk just in front of me. To my amazement he got up and began to brush off his clothing with the utmost unconcern. "That was a pretty bad fall you had," said I. "Aren't you hurt?" "No," said the man. "I can't understand it," said I. "A fall like that would have killed anybody else."

"Yes, I know," said he. "But, you see, I'm from Philadelphia and I fall slowly."—N. Y. Times.

Warning to Gum Chewers.

It is said that the human mouth is surely but steadily moving toward the left of the face, owing to the tendency to chew with the teeth on the right side. It is to be hoped that in some way gum chewing may be suppressed, for if it increases there is danger that a race may be developed whose mouths will be located in the back of the head. To remedy this defect, some centuries of vigorous chewing would be required to bring the mouth back to its proper position.—Boston Courier.

No Voice in the Matter.—Editor.

"The style of this article is too severe and stilted." Young Scribble—"But it's a translation from the great Victor Hugo." Editor—"That's nothing; just change it. He'll never know the difference; he's dead."—Puck.

Sure!

"Sure!" "I suppose you govern the animals by kindness," said Mrs. Dogood, approaching a keeper at the menagerie. "Almost exclusively," replied the trainer, as he hooked into a rogue elephant's ear with a needle-pointed steel goad.—Truth.

WOMEN BEFORE THE LAW.

Antique Precedents in Force in Great Britain Nearly All Favor Men.

The laws of England are, in most cases, what might be called "men's laws," so unequal is the justice they deal to men and women respectively. For instance, a man is eligible for every office in the kingdom and is under no restrictions as to voting. On the other hand, there are many offices a woman can not fill, such as member of parliament, county councillor, etc., although she may be queen. She can vote in certain municipal and school elections, but for nothing higher. She cannot serve on a jury except in one special case.

All English temporal peers sit and vote in the house of lords. A woman may be a peeress in her own right, but she has no seat or vote. There is one recorded case of a female baronet. All professions are open to a man. A woman may not be a clergyman, soldier, sailor, barrister, or solicitor. She may not even drive a cab or 'bus for hire in London. But women have been parish clerks and sextons. A woman was once high sheriff.

The law relating to inheritance of land prefers males to females. In nearly every case an eldest son inherits to the exclusion of all other children. When daughters inherit land, they share it equally. As regards personal property, a man is his wife's heir, but a widow is her husband's heiress only to a limited extent. When a man survives a wife possessed of land he will, in certain cases, own it all for his lifetime. In similar cases, when a wife survives her husband she will have a life interest in only one-third of his lands.

A man's domicile is not altered by his marriage. A woman has to adopt her husband's domicile for her own. A husband is prima facie entitled to the custody of his children. A wife has no such right, nor will the courts readily grant it. A man has the right to select the religion of his children. A man has full rights over his own property. A woman married before January 1, 1883, has only limited rights over property which was hers before that date.

All these points are decidedly favorable to the man. But he does not have it all his own way, as the following facts show: Any adult man may be made bankrupt or imprisoned under the Debtor's act. A married woman can be made bankrupt only if trading separately from her husband. She can not be imprisoned under the act. If a man orders goods in his wife's name, he must usually pay for them. A man must generally pay for all necessary articles his wife orders. He is even responsible, to a certain extent, for debts she has incurred before marriage.

A man is responsible if his wife commits libel or slander, or does any wrongful act for which damages could be claimed. He is responsible in this case also, to a certain extent, for such acts committed before marriage. A wife is never responsible for her husband's wrongful acts. A man may be compelled to allow his wife sustenance money when she is carrying on a suit against him, or is forced to live separately from him. In some cases married women may testify privately as to whether their signatures to documents were made without fear or favor. Equity will assist a wife if her husband has made some mistake in executing a power of appointment in her favor.

There seems to be some manifest injustice on both sides, but the wheels of legal reform move slowly, and probably a dozen Dickenses may write a hundred "Bleak House" arraignments of the powers that be before any changes will be made for the benefit of either party. N. Y. Sun.

Freaks of Memory.

A smart young cavalry officer was recently exercising his regiment upon the drill ground when the familiar words of commands suddenly slipped from his mind, and the strenuous effort made to recall them was utterly futile. In order to cover his embarrassment he was compelled to retire from command, under the plea of illness. The fugitive sentence came to him when he reached his rooms. A still more singular case is that of a well-known and esteemed merchant, whose memory so treacherously failed him one morning after leaving home that he was totally unable to locate his offices, and was actually compelled to inquire as to their whereabouts. Another interesting example is that of a popular novelist who had nearly finished an important work upon which he was engaged when a sudden failure of memory deprived him of his plot and necessitated the laying aside of the book for more than a week; then an association of ideas recalled the missing plot, the novel was brought to a successful issue and enjoyed a wide circulation.—Boston Globe.

Has She a Young Man?

Miss Keedick—"O, yes, I know Miss Gildersleeve very well. She's a friend of my youth." Miss Gaskett—"And what is your youth's name?"—Judge.

Appreciated.

Bliffers—How do you excuse those mother-in-law jokes to your wife? Funniman—I tell her they refer to her mother-in-law, and she says they are not half old enough.—N. Y. Weekly.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

French doctors are finding that Dr. Brown-Sequard's "elixir," which several years ago was pronounced useless after creating much newspaper controversy, has very valuable properties for the cure of certain diseases which heretofore have been considered incurable. Although an ant is a tiny creature, yet its brain is even tinier. But, although it is necessarily smaller than the ant's head which contains it, yet it is larger in proportion, according to the ant's size, than the brain of any known creature.

Snoring isn't confined to sleep; persons with some forms of nasal catarrh snore continually. But a healthy man snores, as a rule, only when asleep, because then he does not control himself. He gets into some position with his mouth open and inhales through his mouth. If the mouth were shut he wouldn't snore. Dr. Koeppen, in his "Annals of Marine Hydrography and Meteorology," published by the Observatory of Hamburg, details the effects upon the waves of the sea of different sorts of oil, and comes to the conclusion that soap produces still far superior effects. He recommends the use of black soap dissolved in 1,000 times its weight of water.

Chemists now turn scrap iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot coats, cesspool filth into ammonia and tar waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. Corals increase by eggs, spontaneous division and germination. The rate of growth has not been fully determined. Prof. Agassiz indicates the growth of reefs at Key West at the rate of six inches in one hundred years, and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require 7,000 years to form the reefs in that place, and hundreds of thousand years for the growth of Florida.

At the speed of an electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light, 180,000 miles per second—suppose a message to be sent at this speed from a point on the earth's surface, it would go seven times around the earth in one second. In eight minutes a message would get to the sun, but to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest of all the stars, it would take three years. People who are interested in knowing what the temperature of their feet was after traveling over street car tracks and other places where salt was used to melt the snow during the past winter should remember that a mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one of common salt will reduce the temperature of a body surrounded by it from 50 degrees to zero.

Prof. H. M. Ward states that there are probably more than 300 species of oaks (Quercus), of which the majority belong to North America. Europe, China, Japan and other parts of Asia. There are none in Africa south of the Mediterranean region, nor in South America or Australia. Some remarkable species are found in the Himalayas, and many in the Malayan archipelago. An important industry has arisen in France, the selling of milk frozen solid in cans. It has been discovered that milk can be kept perfectly fresh in a frozen condition for more than a month. It is frozen by means of an ordinary ice-making machine, and despatched by road, rail or steamer to its destination. The customer who purchases the frozen milk has simply to thaw it when it is required for use.

Nicaragua, which is attracting so much attention just now, has a population of about 300,000, and is one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources. Besides valuable mines of gold, silver, copper and quicksilver, it produces all kinds of tropical fruits, as well as cedar, indigo, coffee and sugar. Its sugar cane grows to enormous proportions and often attains such size that the plantations resemble groves of trees.—Aberdeen (S. D.) News.

The area planted in cotton the present year is estimated at 19,701,385 acres, an increase over last year of 7.30 per cent, and about the same as in 1887, also showing very little difference from 1888. The total acreage for 1892 was 18,302,000; in 1891 it was 20,865,000; in 1890, 20,910,000; in 1889, 20,173,000; in 1888, 19,781,000; and in 1887, 19,428,000. The average yield has varied from 162 pounds of lint cotton to the acre to 293 pounds, the greatest yield being in 1891-92, when the crop was 9,039,000 bales.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

A Narrow Escape.

He had gone to the dentist to have an erratic tooth pulled, and his wife went with him. When he had kicked and screamed to his entire satisfaction he took laughing gas and began to talk. After he came to, he asked his wife anxiously what he had said. "O, you fancied you were a boy at home again, and raved about raking in the chips." He looked dazed, but managed to ask feebly: "Anything else?" "Yes, you imagined we were going to be separated and kept saying: 'Let us fly together, darling, where they can not find us.' Do you feel better now?" "Much better," he retorted cheerfully, and he meant it.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Afford It.

"I'm going to marry her right off." "What's your hurry?" "My salary isn't large enough to stand an engagement."—Brooklyn Life.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Buried.—Hattie—"See Cholla Softed over there, buried in thought." Hannah—"Whose?"—Detroit Free Press. Wickwire—"How many kinds of vegetables do they give you at your boarding house?" Yabsley—"O, every kind—except fresh."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dora—"Don't you think my gowns fit better than they used to?" Cora—"Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geometry."—Quips. Promptly Punished.—Starter—"I met a man this morning who said I looked like you." Smartley—"Tell me who he is and I'll go and knock him down." Starter—"I did that myself."—Judge.

Hicks—"One of the stores advertises a list of 1,000 new names for girls." Mrs. Hicks—"Stop in and get it; I've called ours all I can think of."—N. Y. Times. New Reporter—"Why do you always write out a fish's weight instead of using figures?" Old Reporter—"Because figures won't lie, my boy, figures won't lie."—Buffalo Courier.

Mamma—"And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?" Little Pet—"Papa tried to sing to me like you do, an' I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it." Mrs. Houser—"I don't think there is anything so awfully wicked about horse-racing." Houser—"Humph! You never heard a fellow who has failed to pick the winner swear, then."—Troy Press.

It's queer how careless Dapper has become in his dress. "In what way?" "His hat brim is so very narrow I could really get near enough to recognize him without glasses."—Inter Ocean. Unappetizing.—Jinks—"I can't understand how shipwrecked sailors ever starve to death." Filkins—"Why not?" Jinks—"Because I just came over from Liverpool, and I never once felt the least desire to eat."—Puck.

When He Was Well Off.—Visiting Englishman—"Aw, I got off an awfully funny thing yesterday." New York Host—"What was it?" Visiting Englishman—"One of your Fifth Avenue stages."—Kate Field's Washington. First Artist—"Well, old man, how's business?" Second Artist—"O, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly." First Artist (pleasantly)—"Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."—Demorest's.

A Domestic Mishap.—Wife—"What on earth have you done with the baby?" Husband—"Done? Nothing." Wife (after prolonged search)—"You dreadful man! you have thrown the Sunday papers over our darling child, and it will take an hour to dig him out."—Pittsburgh Bulletin. Scalds—"I wish you to understand once for all, young man, that if my daughter marries you I shall will all my property to charity." Prun—"I am very glad that you have made just that point, sir, for I assure you that under such conditions we will soon be most desiring."—N. Y. Herald.

My dear, Johnny must not use his scroll-saw while I am taking my nap. You know it makes me nervous. Please tell him to stop." Johnny isn't saying. He isn't home from the ball game yet. "O, he isn't, eh? I suppose what I heard was an echo from a saw mill somewhere off in the mountains." "No, Mr. Wilkins, it was not. It was your own snoring you heard."—Harper's Bazar.

WHERE DRESSES DO NOT FIT.

Weak Points of the Average Houses and Eton Jackets. The point where the average bodice is not what it should be is just below the collar at the back of the neck. There are various other weak spots, as, for example, where the sleeve is sewn into the curve at the shoulder, but it is in stitching on the collar that the unskillful dressmaker does her worst. Even when she has fitted the shoulders of her client with tolerable accuracy she is sure to spoil her work by gathering the edge a trifle as she bastes on the collar or by leaving behind a superfluity of material which it is her duty to trim away. Of forty everyday women in an everyday cable car often not one rejoices in a good fit just below the nape of her neck. There are bubbles of silk or woolen which should lie in smooth perfection. There are collars curving out, collars too big, and collars too small, and there is, take it all in all, enough dress goods wasted in the combined misfits to make an entire new costume for one of the misfitted victims. The present shape of the ubiquitous Eton jacket has boundless opportunities for fitting badly, and improves upon them all. It hunches up its shapeless, seamless back in a way that would make the best example of physical culture look round shouldered, and its loose fronts, unconfined by the tiny little belt, which unfortunately has gone out of fashion, flaps in the breeze like handkerchiefs upon a clothesline. Clever girls who have invested in that kind of Eton jacket are now remodeling them into the trim little sort with a folded belt of black satin about the edge, which may be fastened and trim as belts should be.—Chicago Tribune.

A Valid Objection.

"What do you think of annexing Canada and Mexico to the United States?" "Bad scheme. Our climate varies too much already."—Puck.