

CONTENTMENT.

I envy not the famous men
Of any time or land;
Horatius may have held the bridge,
I've held Myrtilla's hand.

Though Shakespeare may have written
plays
And sonnets not a few,
Yet to Myrtilla I have pen'd
A joyous billet-doux.

Drake may have circled round the globe,
And though that pleased his taste,
Suffice for me to have my arm
Around Myrtilla's waist.

Though Sherman may have made a
march
From Atlanta to the sea,
A wedding march right up the aisle
Is good enough for me.

—Life.

A STORM AVERTED.

MISS JANE is in the garden," said the maid.

She was quite right. Jane was not only in the garden physically, but was also entirely absorbed in it, mentally. At all events, it was not until I had ventured on my third salutation that she condescended to become conscious of my presence.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself!" she began encouragingly.

"It sometimes surprises me," I admitted.

Jane glared. She had a particularly demoralizing glare.

"It is a good thing you are able to see what cause there is for it," she said.

"Ah!" said I. "Shows there's not so much the matter with me, after all."

"After all what?"

"Well, of course, there have been times"—I grew reflective—"that Henry affair, for instance. It was, perhaps, hardly fair to the girl."

Jane was upon me at once.

"What girl?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing I beg your pardon. Thinking aloud, you know. Bad habit. Must break myself of it."

Jane did not follow my lead. My attempt to create a diversion was a failure.

"I hate men who think they know everything," she observed, sniffing a marguerite abstractedly and looking at nothing in particular.

I agreed. "So do I. Most objectionable animal."

"It seems to me that the very things they think they know are the things that anybody who does know could tell them they don't know."

I rested my head on my hand for a moment or two.

"Give it up," I said finally.

Jane was really quite angry. Her cheeks were flushed like wild rose petals. She looked so entirely kissable I had difficulty in restraining myself, but concluded that it would not be safe.

Besides we had broken off our engagement the day before.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Sorry! Thought it was a riddle, you know." I smiled at Jane innocently.

Jane stamped her foot. She was wearing very dainty shoes. I noticed.

"No one can call me unreasonable," she began.

"I wouldn't advise them to," said I.

"But"—Jane continued taking no notice of my remark—"in this instance I consider your conduct outrageous."

Here she threw out her arms in a manner too graceful to be believed unless seen, and apparently appealed to all the visible universe—including two rocks and a tortoise shell cat—for support.

"Upon my word, I don't know what you mean," I began, when a light dawned upon me. "Unless you happened to see the Times yesterday morning."

I felt very nervous.

"I did see the Times," said Jane, with all the severe dignity of which she was capable.

It occurs to me that it is astonishing how dignified she can look for so small a person.

"But you always have the Telegraph," I objected feebly.

"Mr. Timmins, who lives at the Gooseberry Bushes, was good enough to send me his copy of the Times last night, thinking I might be interested to see your letter. And," said Jane, freestly, "I was."

I registered internally a vow to wring Mr. Timmins' neck, and burn the Gooseberry Bushes at the first available opportunity.

Jane was continuing.

"What do you know about 'The lack of the governing instinct in women? What do you know about women, indeed? Or about governing, for the matter of that?'"

I was dumb.

"What do you mean by saying that all history proves women to be absolutely a failure as rulers? What do you know about history? Or about rulers? Or about anything except tennis? And what about Queen Elizabeth? and Cleopatra? and Mrs. Fawcett? and that Assyrian woman? and ever so many of them?"

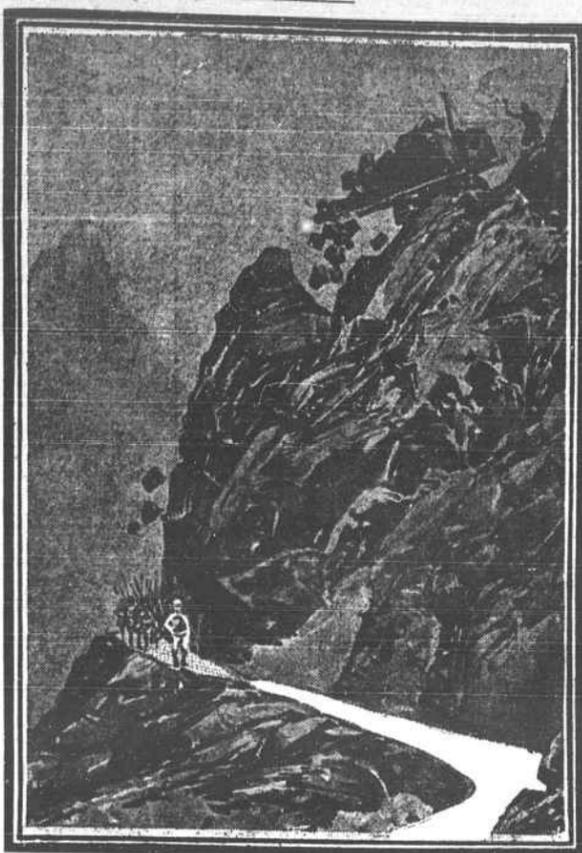
Jane paused for lack of breath.

I smiled a rather unsuccessful smile, and began to explain. I am good at explanations. As a matter of fact, I was very proud of that letter. It was full of close and careful reasoning, and had given me no end of trouble to write. That was why I wanted to put my name to it, thinking Jane would never see it.

But no matter.

After about an hour and a half of careful evasion and preparation I succeeded in averting Jane's anger.

A TIBETAN AMBUSH IN MOUNTAINS.



Brief dispatches are being received via Calcutta telling of the hardships the British expedition into Tibet is encountering in the intense cold that now prevails on "the roof of the world" and of signs that the Tibetans are preparing to fight the British advance through the mountains, where narrow ledge paths and hazardous climbs will give the British columns much trouble and place it in danger of being caught in the cunningly contrived traps of the Tibetans.

She apologized prettily, in the manner calculated to do the most good.

"How silly of me not to see that it was just a satire, and not meant seriously at all," she said.

There was an interval for refreshments.

"And you believe women can govern, after all?" she observed again.

I hedged a bit. "Some women can."

It was the most I could bring myself to admit.

"Just wait until we are married," said Jane, playfully, "and you'll discover one of them!"

I went home thoughtfully.—Black and White.

LAWYER WHO WAS A TERROR.

Strange Character of John Taylor of the Early Arkansas Bar.

At the last meeting of the Arkansas Bar association, says Law Notes, the president, George B. Rose, delivered an interesting address on "The Bar of Early Arkansas," in which he set himself the task of rescuing from oblivion some members of the early leaders of the bar and reconstructing the conditions under which they worked.

Among them is represented the curious figure of John Taylor, whose picturesque and terrible character might well furnish a hint for a modern Sir Walter Scott, if he were fortunate enough to possess a successor to the great novelist.

John Taylor was only a sojourner in Arkansas from 1837 to 1844, but he was so remarkable a man that he should not be forgotten. . . . Everybody who heard him agreed that in capacity for invective, for withering, blistering, venomous eloquence, he excelled any human being that ever spoke, and that he seemed possessed of a demonic power. He was a tall, lank, red-haired man, repulsively ugly, with little green eyes that glistened like those of a snake, and with a fashion of licking out his tongue that was strangely serpentine. He talked to no one save on business. When he settled in Little Rock, whether he had come from Alabama after he had been defeated in candidacy for the United States senate, all the bar called on him, but he received them with repelling coldness, and returned no visits. He had a wife, but nobody ever saw her—wonderful thing considering the small size of Little Rock at that time.

During the seven years of his sojourn he never crossed any man's threshold, and no man crossed his. In riding the circuit he always rode alone, permitting no companionship, and while in attendance on court he would, if the weather permitted, live in a tent pitched in the neighboring wood, where he might not have to look on the hated face of his fellow man.

Yet this modern Timon, a thousand times more embittered and malignant than he of Athens, was a devout Christian, assiduous in his attendance at church, and always speaking with intense religious conviction. But this strange, invisible wife did not appear even on the sabbath.

As a lawyer he was a terror. His knowledge of law was prodigious and his memory of authorities almost superhuman. He could write out any of the verbose, involved common law pleadings word for word as they appeared in Chitty without looking at the book. He was a master of every technicality by which his adversary could be humiliated and overthrown, and when he arose to speak none could resist the fierce torrent of his fiery eloquence. He spared no one and feared no one; but while he never suggested a resort

to personal violence, he always carried two pistols in the pockets of his long black coat, in readiness to repel any attack. In 1855 he reappeared one day in the Supreme court, much aged, but still erect, proud, scornful and malignant, and after looking around on such of his opponents as survived, departed without speaking to any one, and went forth upon his lonely way, whither no man knew.

INSURE CASH IN TRANSIT.

Banks Take Great Precautions to Avoid Losses by Express and Mail.

The careless way in which large packages of bank notes were tossed through the windows of the New York postoffice this week for transmission to out-of-town points has excited the wonder of persons familiar with the risks involved and the sums at stake, says the New York Evening Post. The movement is especially heavy just now, aggregating from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a week, and including consignments from most of the large banks and banking houses in the city. The currency is sent everywhere in single packages containing \$10,000 or less, protected by policies of insurance protecting the owners against every possible hazard at rates varying from 15 cents to 80 cents per \$1,000 of currency insured. Most of the notes are \$5 \$10 and \$20 denominations, besides supplies of ones and twos for use as "hand-to-hand money" for crop-movement purposes.

These transfers go to all sections of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and to continental points. The business has now grown to large proportions and is written by some of the strongest insurance companies of Europe and America. One very interesting claim paid a few days ago was for the loss of a parcel containing \$2,700 in bank notes shipped through the mails by a Canadian institution. The destination was a small postoffice, where the business was so light that the postmaster, not having the use of a safe in which to store valuables, was forced to take home every night undelivered registered mail that had arrived during the day. The package of bank notes was taken out of the office in this way, and just before the postmaster reached home he was attacked by footpads and relieved of the money. The loss was immediately reported, and the insurance company at once reimbursed the institution, at the same time offering \$500 reward for the detection of the thieves. The case has not been cleared up yet.

Packages containing \$20,000 of insured bank notes were on the train that went through a bridge in a Southern State last week. New York underwriters were much concerned over the incident until they discovered that the car in which the insured packages were stored remained safe on the rails. The largest single risk ever written was taken in England some time ago, when one package containing \$25,000,000 was insured.

Inappropriate Suggestions.

"See how hard ye kin hit that punchin' machine, Molke. Jist imagine it's yer mother-in-law, and—"

"Shure, if Oi imagined 'twas me mother-in-law Oi'd be dodgin' th' blame thing lishid av hittin' it!"—Judge.

Many a man who thinks he is "it" to-day will wake up and find himself in the "has-been" class to-morrow.

Some artists who are wedded to their art evidently married in haste and are repenting at leisure.



The club is a refuge for homeless married men.—Life.

"Rain water," said the teacher, "is always soft, is it not?" "Not always," replied the bright scholar; "sometimes it's soft, but very often it comes down hard."

"Harold," said his mother, severely, "why did you take two pieces of cake from the plate?" "Well, you see, mamma, I had to. I was playing that I was twins."

Post-nuptial: He (whose wife has been reading some of his old love letters to her)—What is the use of keeping all those old things? She—Lest we forget—lest we forget.—Brooklyn Life.

Darkway—Did you make love to any girls at the shore? Cleverton—Yes. One from Boston and one from New Orleans. "How was it?" "Did you ever have chills and fever?"—Smart Set.

Young Wife (at dinner)—I didn't tell you, Adolphus, I cooked the dinner today myself. Husband—Indeed. Then in my thoughts I have been doing poor Mary Ann a great injustice.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Say," began the determined looking man, "I want a good revolver." "Yes, sir," said the salesman, "a six-shooter?" "Why—er—you'd better make it a nine-shooter. I want to use it on a cat next door."

Jenkins—Have you a typewriter at your office? Jinks—Yes, indeed! Jenkins—What style? Jinks—Oh, the very latest. You should see the new fall gown she's wearing these days.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Nell—I was delighted to meet her at a bargain sale to-day. Belle—I thought you detested her. Nell—So I do; and during the crush I found a chance to give her a few good pokes on my own account.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)—What became of the little kitten you had here once? Little Girl—Why, haven't you heard? Lady Visitor—No. Was he drowned? Little Girl—Why, no. It grew up to be a cat.—Illustrated Bits.

Mother—Now, before you go to sleep, have you been guilty of any little sins that you should be sorry for? Willie—Yes, ma, I think I've been guilty of usury. Mother—Of usury? Willie—Yes, ma, I found a penny, and I used it!

"Say," began the first man, nibbling his pen, "how do you spell 'glibbering'—with a 'g' or a 'j'?" "I don't spell it at all," replied the other. "When I want to call a man that sort of idiot I just say it. I'm not fool enough to put it in writing."

Mrs. De F—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss De F—Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the material myself; so there!—New York Weekly.

Smith—I wonder what Brown intends to do with all the money he got for those historical novels he wrote. Jones—He intends to travel. He feels that he ought to visit some of the places he wrote about; just to see what they are like.—Life.

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night—and nobody told me either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"

"Why, George Dont! I heard her say 'George Dont' in the parlor four or five times running. That's what his name is!"—Tit-Bits.

"Did you tell that awful bore who called that I had gone to San Francisco?" "Yes, sir," said the new office boy; "I told him you started this morning."

"Good boy! What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, sir, and I told him I did not think you would be back until after lunch."

Van Antler (entertaining Witherby at his country home)—Now, old man, if you should happen to want anything in the night, just touch this bell. Witherby—Never! I know how hard it is to keep servants in the country. Catch me touching that bell.

Van Antler—But I assure you, you are perfectly safe. The bell doesn't work.—Life.

"How's your mother?" asked the neighbor. "Worried to death," answered the boy who was swinging on the front gate. "Father's hunting in the Adirondacks, brother Bill's gone to a political convention, brother Jack's joined a football team and the dressmaker has just told mother that she'd look a fright in mourning."—Washington Star.

Catching up: "I suppose a fellow ought to have a good deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying." "Nonsense! I didn't have a cent when I started, and I'm getting along fine now." "That so? Installment plan?" "Yes; and we've only been married and keeping house for a year, and I've got the engagement ring all paid for now."—Philadelphia Press.

"My brother bought an automobile here last week," said an angry man to the salesman who stepped forward to greet him, "and he says you told him if anything broke you would supply a new part." "Certainly," said the clerk; "what does he want?" "He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, and about a half a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants 'em right away."—Youth's Companion.

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