

'em plum in an' clinched 'em on tother side—a leavin' my sails a flappin'. By dawggies, I never heer'd such a talk on up-to-date square-toed, flat-footed honest-to-good facts as that young feller could give.

Finely he pushed back an' handed me a se-gar with a gold label on it—an' sez. "Now, you've treated me like home fokes—an' I kinda like to do somp'n to show you how appreciatin' I am of it. S'pose you an' Ma Stubblechaff come for a liddle ride—say ten or fifteen m'nits. T'wont take us long," he sez.

I looked at Ma—an' she looked at me. "Well," sez Ma, "I'd like to go, Abner, if you will." Well, sir—we went. You talk about a car. That man could make this'n do ennything but talk, an' it had every dawgon thing but eliveter service. How it could run, Jeminy Crickets. We gotta goin' so fast Ma lost her bunn't an' I swallered half of my whiskers b'fore we could say scat!

By the time we got back home Ma an' I had both bin won over to the awto proposition. When we went to get out, Ma sez, "Abner, I know why we allus bin so sot agin awtos. It's b'cause we never tr'ed 'em. I jest feel as if this allus b'longed to us—don't you?"

"Ma," I sez, "I ganny—I feel the same way! Let's jest keep the whole shoot'n match — man — masheen an' gasoline," sez I. Well, for a fact, we bought it!

Ma fixed up the square bed an' we kep' Mr. Vincin' with us a whole week, by gravy, an' would have kep' him longer if he could have stayed.

Did we learn how to run'r? We did! Ol' Beck an' Charley, our hoss's jest stood a lookin' at us over the fence as much as to say: "What-d'ye-know-'bout that!"

Now, I wanta say to my nabers an' the people at large. I wisht I'd a got it long ago! I'm glad I had the sense to get it when I did. I can honk a Klaxon now as scientific'ly as the next man—an' so can Ma.

We jest go to town enny ol' time we want—an' we can go when we start—b'leev me!"

Now if ennybody readin' this affidavit ill jest drap into the big awto show—at Bonnyville — runnin' from February 20th to 24th inclusive—I'll show 'em my car—by Heck, an' inter-duse 'em to one of the best boys as ever peeked threw a shirt—my friend, Mr. Con Vincin'.

Yours for sucksess,  
AB STUBBLECHAFF.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Life may hold all the old romance,  
I say it may, but youngsters dance  
A very different kind of way  
From what we danced just yesterday.  
First, arm and arm we would parade,  
Then with the first faint notes we  
swayed—

The girls—like meadows full of  
blooms,  
And the air filled with faint perfumes,  
The blending wreath of blossomed  
ways

And upland slopes of yesterdays.

And the young men had dignity  
Back in the days that used to be;  
They trod a measure in a way  
You scarcely ever see today;  
They bowed low to their partner, and  
With deep respect they took her hand  
And led her to her place, and then  
Led her back to her seat again  
When the dance ended, and then said  
Their words of thanks with bended  
head.

These days a boy, all pompadour,  
Comes teetering across the floor  
As if he has springs in his legs,  
Or as if he approached on eggs,  
With snapping fingers; with a jump  
He grabs his waiting sugar-lump  
And down the floor they zip and  
slide,

And gallop, jump and hop, and glide,  
And he yanks her up off the floor,  
And flops her down on it once more!

Then he backs her across the hall  
So swift you think she's bound to fall,  
But finally she stops him and

They fight it out to beat the band!  
He bends her back and forth a few  
And almost breaks the maid in two!  
Then he twists her, then she twists  
him!

They tear each other limb from limb—  
Or leastwise it looks like they did—  
Then he says, "You're some dancer,  
kid!"

By Judd M. Lewis.  
—Houston Post.

#### STUCK.

He—I can marry any woman I  
please.

She—But can you please any?—Bal-  
timore American.

#### WEIGHT.

An officer lately returned from  
Alexandria carried home a story of  
the British soldier's humor. A curio-  
collecting captain had prevailed upon  
two privates to move his effects. They  
managed everything save a weighty

packing case, which defied their united  
efforts. As they paused to wipe the  
sweat from their brows one asked:  
"What the deuce is in it, Bill?" "The  
Pyramids," answered Bill, promptly.

Mr. Flubdub—That girl thinks no  
man is good enough for her.

Mrs. Flubdub—She may be right, at  
that.

Mr. Flubdub—Yes, but she is more  
apt to be left—Detroit Free Press.

"If a man has the price he can get  
anything he wants and the way he  
wants it."

"Don't know about that. There's  
the medium soft boiled egg."—  
Browning's Magazine.

Mother—Johnny, stop using such  
dreadful language.

Johnny—Well, mother, Shakes-  
peare uses it.

Mother—Then don't play with him.  
He's no fit companion for you.—Lon-  
don Tit-Bits.

**-have one—they taste better than a nickel  
You'll "come again" for—**



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