MARRYING CAME EASY.

One of G. L. Learned's Weddings Stopped Just in Time.

Divorce cases heard in county court usually lack that element known as "human interest," but the case of Florence Learned vs. George L. Learned, which was heard before Judge Taylor Friday, proved an exception to the rule. Mrs. Learned's name was Florence Terrill before her marriage and she lived in Underhill. According to the plaintiff's testimony Friday, her husband, who is now in parts unknown, gave her reason to think that truth is indeed "stranger than fiction."

It appears that Learned married the petitioner in this case after he had secured a Reno divorce from his first wife on the grounds of desertion. The couple went to live in Waitsfield and here, according to Mrs. Learned, she began to have experiences that led her to believe her husband's reputation for honesty was not all that it should be. One night the barn on the place where the couple resided was burned. Mrs. Learned testified that after the insurance had been adjusted she found that certain things which had been claimed by her husband to have been destroyed began to turn up and she had reason to think all was not right in connection with the burning of the barn.

Mrs. Learned said her husband later went to Valdosta, Ga., and it was while he was there that she was able to get in effective work to prevent him from marrying again. It seems, according to her story, that when Learned reached Valdosta he made the acquaintance of a young and beautiful southern girl, whom he induced to marry him. The girl's mother, suspecting that all was not right, wrote to a minister at Waitsfield to ascertain something of Learned's history. The date of the wedding at Valdosta had been set but the letter which the Waitsfield minister sent in reply reached the girl's mother just 15 minutes before Learned arrived and the wedding was declared off. Learned is said to have left for parts unknown and never to have been heard from since.

BOUGHT HIS SHOES.

That Arthur Parizo of Winooski wouldn't speak to his wife on the street and forbade her to speak to him after she had bought him a pair of shoes because his own credit was not good, was a part of the testimony offered Friday afternoon by Mrs. Parizo in the divorce case of Carrie Parizo vs. Arthur Parizo. The petitioner asks a divorce, the custody of a small child and sufficient alimony to support the child.

Mrs. Parizo, a quiet spoken young woman, was the first witness in this case. She testified that her husband had never supported her and that she was obliged to work as a clerk in a store and also to go out working by the day in order to support herself and her child. She said that her husband used whatever money he got for his own purposes, such as riding in automobiles and attending the Plattsburgh fair. Her husband would not pay for the groceries and provisions he ordered, she said, and her parents had been obliged to take them in for the winter. Mrs. Parizo said she had often asked her husband for money but that he had refused her. She said she bought him a pair of shoes because his credit was not good and that after he obtained the shoes he told her not to speak to him again.

Mrs. Parizo's mother, Mrs. Abair, testified that her daughter's husband would not work and that she had taken the couple into her home and helped to support them. The father of the petitioner said that when the couple had lived in Essex Junction he had often visited them and that he had known of Parizo sending his wife out on cold frosty mornings, insufficiently clad, to pick up chips to build a fire. The father said he had paid for his daughter's clothes and shoes, and that Parizo declared he didn't have to work because his father was rich.

GOLDEN WEDDING FETE.

Anniversary Celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Beers of North Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransom C. Beers celebrated their golden wedding at their home, 360 North avenue, Saturday. Mr. Beers was born in Charlotte and at the age of 20 married Miss Euretta A. Lyon of Valcour, N. Y. Their descendants are five children, 12 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Among those present at Saturday's celebration were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cleveland and son, Roy, Mrs. Annie Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cleveland of Essex, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Beers of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Beers of Jericho Center, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Norton of Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kenyon of Huntington, Mrs. Victoria Beardsley, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Merrihew, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lyon and Mr. and Mrs. Carmi V. Lyon, all of Valcour, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Stave of Ausable Forks, N. Y., Mrs. Russell Annis of Ausable Forks and Miss Ethel Lyon of Plattsburgh, N. Y.

The rooms and tables were handsomely decorated, a large wedding cake being in evidence. The presents were many and beautiful. Bert Waterman entertained the company with selections on the violin, including the wedding march, etc.

TWO DIVORCE CASES.

Wife the Petitioner in Both Actions Heard Saturday.

County court continued to grind out divorce cases Saturday, two petitions being heard. The hearing on the petition of Maud Warren vs. Alfred E. Warren, the former residing in Burlington, brought forth testimony to the effect that Mrs. Warren's husband had treated her in a cruel manner and had refused to support her. Mrs. Warren testified that her husband had frequently resorted to personal violence and had called her vile names, his actions being prompted by jealousy.

Intolerable severity, desertion and refusal to support were the allegations in the case of Frances F. C. Ludwig vs. Walter M. Ludwig, the former being of Burlington, and the latter of Springfield, Mass. This couple were married in 1907 and lived in Newark, N. J., before coming to this city. Mrs. Ludwig testified that her husband left home two years ago, since which time she has supported herself. She testified concerning her husband's personal violence to her, and declared that he once brought home a photograph of another woman whom he said he would marry as soon as he could obtain a divorce.

APPRECIATED IN FRANCE.

The Le Ripolin building, situated on a wharf beside the Seine river, Paris, France, was recently roofed with our Compo-rubber roofing. Samples free. Strong Hardware Co., Burlington, Vt.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of unclaimed letters in the Burlington postoffice for the week ending November 9, 1912:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Rena Barnes, Mrs. B. Blake, Blanche Carbo, Mrs. A. E. Cleary, Miss Margaret Denno, Mrs. E. Demery, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Wm. Russell Graves, Mrs. Mary Hampton, Mrs. Florence Le Bear, Mrs. Jas. Maguire, Mrs. Fred McCuen, Miss Alice Merwin, Nellie Mullaby, Mrs. Charles Rose, Mrs. Wilmer Stevenson, Miss Robert White, Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Miss Trmina West.

MEN'S LIST.

Fred Brown, Frank J. Burbo, Edward Bourgois, George Bique, Philip A. Bion, Percy M. Batchelder, Julius Baron, Frank Cawley, Charlie Chamidaie, Patrick Deware, E. G. Farnsworth, S. E. Felton, E. B. Francis, Abraham C. Haddad, N. Lundstron, Archie Lachance, Dr. Martin, Stat Veterinary, E. B. Milling, Walter C. Moodie, Carunlo Minardo, Ezra Maloney, J. M. Miller, G. Miles Nelson, A. Sheard, Siamons Empt Bureau, Chas. Vincent, G. A. Waldin, G. M. Williams, A. Wood.

WINOOSKI LIST.

Pete Ayotte, Ernest Bedell, Mr. Bloomhower, Henry Boyea, Wifred Brown, Rose Bisette, Elijah Dodson, S. M. Enaud, Mrs. Emma Folsom, Mery Jackuva, Fred Laveck, Anthony Lazara, T. McClean, Jan Maciejkow cv, Geny Molnar, Sam Stead.

VERSES OF REVERSES.

Suppose that all the animals went wild
that now are tame;
That dogs ran roaring loudly through
the dark;
Canaries, parrots, bullfinches, great birds
of prey became,
And that kittens lived in cages in the
park.

Suppose that all the animals grew tame
that once were wild.
I'd have to hold a leopard on my knee.
With at my feet, as like as not, a Bengal
tiger mild,
While from his cage an ostrich chirped
to me.

I shouldn't want a tall giraffe to follow at
my heel
Nor play tag with a hippopotamus,
And cassowaries singing songs, I am inclined to feel,
Would very nearly be ridiculous.

So when I feel a discontent and long to
make a change
I just "suppose," and then I quickly find
That things might be a great deal worse
if I should rearrange—
And that's a thought it's well to bear in
mind.

—Woman's Home Companion.

THE WINTER NOVELIST.

"Did he go on a vacation this summer?"

"Bless you, no! He had packed his grip and purchased his ticket when he received a telegram from his publisher ordering him to write a winter novel at once, and the poor fellow rented a room over an ice factory and went at it."—Atlanta Constitution.

MORE LIKELY.

Mrs. Ayers—I hear you did Europe this year.

Mrs. Uplee—When John looked over his bank balance he thought Europe did us.—Chicago News.

YOUR job—the one you could fill with real efficiency but which someone has been holding—may have become suddenly available to you. The "Help Wanted" ads may give you the clue.

MAGAZINES

Needlecraft, 25 cents a year; Country Gentleman from now until February 1, 1913, for 25 cents. Orders for any magazine or paper published either alone or in club combination.

Mae S. Smith, Magazine Agt.,
'Phone 333. 189 No. Winooski Ave

CLUBBING LIST.

The Free Press and Other Periodicals at Low Rates to One Address.

The Weekly FREE PRESS can be obtained in combination with other leading periodicals at low rates. To prevent unnecessary correspondence we will state that after the subscription has begun notice of a change of address, or anything concerning the receipt of the other periodicals, should be sent directly to the office of that periodical.

The Weekly FREE PRESS and any one of the following periodicals will be sent to any one address in the United States for one year at the prices annexed:

American Magazine	$1.75
American Boy	1.75
Boy's Magazine	1.75
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Caledonian (St. Johnsbury)	2.00
Catholic News (New York)	1.85
Cosmopolitan	1.90
Congregationalist and Christian World	3.55
Century Magazine	4.75
Children's Magazine	1.75
Country Life in America	4.00
Delineator	1.85
Farm Journal (Two years)	1.30
Farm and Fireside	1.25
Farm Poultry	1.40
Fruitman and Gardener	1.45
Garden Magazine	2.00
Good Housekeeping	1.95
Harper's Bazar	2.00
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.40
Hearst's Magazine	2.15
Hoards Dairyman	1.85
Ladies' World	1.40
Livestock journal	1.75
Methodist Recorder	2.40
McClure's Magazine	2.15
Metropolitan Magazine	2.25
Mirror and Farmer	1.40
Modern Priscilla	1.75
Munsey's Magazine	2.00
National Grange	1.50
National Magazine	1.95
New York Tribune Farmer	1.50
New York World (3 times a week)	1.75
New England Farmer	1.95
Outlook	3.00
Practical Dairyman (New York)	1.90
Poultry Husbandry	1.40
Review of Reviews	3.00
Rural New Yorker	1.85
Scientific American	3.00
Scribner's	3.75
St. Nicholas	3.00
Success	1.85
Table Talk	1.50
Woman's Home Companion	2.15
World's Work	2.75

We furnish no publications except in connection with a subscription to the FREE PRESS.

Our clubbing list includes all papers and magazines published. Only those most frequently asked for are printed in our list, but others may be had on application.

Subscribers may have more than one paper from this clubbing list. Always send a stamp for reply when asking about this as we do all this work at no profit in order to accommodate our subscribers.

MORE ON BLONDE ESKIMOS

Dr. Anderson Corroborates in Every Way the Story of Steffansson.

Corroborating in every essential detail the story of the discovery of the blonde Eskimo tribes recently announced by Vilhjalmer Steffansson, Dr. Rudolph Martin Anderson of Forest City, Io., his partner in Arctic exploration, arrived at San Francisco November 2 on the whaler Belvedere, after four and a half years in the Far North. He was accompanied by Professor E. Dekoven Leffingwell of Pasadena, Cal., who has spent three and a half years making observations in the vicinity of the Plaxen islands and surveying and mapping about 150 miles of the coast line.

"It was over on the Cape Bexley territory, on the mainland, and on Prince Albert sound, across and to the south of the Dolphin and Union straits, that Steffansson first got in touch with the blonde aborigines," said Dr. Anderson. "In the spring of 1910, we lost most of our dogs while at Cape Parry, Langton bay and Franklyn bay, where we had wintered Steffansson and I parted company, he leaving with two Eskimos for the East while I pushed on to the Mackenzie delta for supplies. We met again at Langton bay in the autumn of 1910, and he told me of the queer tribe he had discovered.

"In December we started out and were thirty-one days crossing 200 miles of the worst strip of land we ever encountered. We explored the little-known Horton river and made records and compass calculations. This is one of the largest rivers flowing into the Arctic. We were going through the barren grounds and putting in a supply of caribou for our dash for Coronation bay in the spring. From Dease river to Dismal lake and to the Copper Mine river and Coronation bay was our course, the last seventy-five miles over the ice before we found these strange people.

"First we came on a deserted snow village and finally an inhabited village with a population of forty. Many of the men had light moustaches and beards and light hair covered their heads. The eyebrows of these men were light and their eyes were light. Some of the women—not all—had fair skin and rosy cheeks; but their hair was dark, oily and tangled. There were none of the flat-nosed Eskimos of the true Mongolian type among this people. Their features bore the characteristics of the Caucasian race. They do not know where they came from and no one else knows.

"They have no records, no history, no legends, and their language, a peculiar tribal dialect, was extremely hard to understand. As to their origin there can be only a guess. They may be survivors of the expedition of Sir John Franklin, lost to the east of their present locality in 1846 or thereabouts, or they may be descendants of the inhabitants of an early Icelandic colony. Among these people there is no hope, no thought worth registering, no ideals, no particular purpose in life. For six months of the year they simply exist, living in snow houses and eating seal meat. In the summer they move to the mainland and subsist on caribou meat. They have no religion and no marriage ceremony, although there is fidelity as a tribal characteristic. Through other Eskimos they do some trading, but precious little.

"Steffansson had seen about 250 more of these people in his summer trip. He found conditions about the same as I have observed. The people we discovered are extremely primitive, having no modern implements of any kind and no modern weapons. They hunt with a crude bow and arrow and spear fish through holes in the ice. They cook their food. In kindling a fire they strike two crystalized stones together."

R. G. Collins, postmaster at Barnegat, N. J., writes: "I find Foley's Honey and Tar Compound the best remedy for a cough that I ever tried. I had a la grippe cough, and each violent fit of coughing completely exhausted me. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before I had taken one-half the coughing entirely ceased. It can't be beat." J. W. O'Sullivan, 21 Church street. (Adv.)

COLORED GIRL IN JAIL.

Venus Burwell Charged with Stabbing Ida Holmes at Sam Franklin's.

Early Friday morning a stabbing affray took place at the Sam Franklin place in Colchester. As a result of the trouble Venus Burwell, a colored girl, was lodged in jail here. She is charged with stabbing Ida Holmes with a knife. The alleged stabbing is said to have followed certain festivities at the Franklin place. The difficulty arose, it is said, over which girl a trooper should escort home.

Miss Holmes is alleged to have slapped Miss Burwell in the face, whereupon, it is said, Miss Burwell produced a pocket knife and tried to carve a slice from Ida's face. The injured woman was taken to the hospital where two stitches were necessary to close the wound. In the meantime a hunt was instituted for Venus, and Deputy Sheriff Todd found her at the railroad station in Essex Junction with a ticket for Montreal in her possession.

TWO TRIALS FOR HAYES.

County and United States Authorities Have Charges against Teamster.

A warrant was issued Saturday by United States Commissioner Martin S. Vilas to Deputy United States Marshal Thomas Reeves for the arrest of Lawrence Hayes upon complaint of Ferdinand Boehmer of Winooski, a head teamster under the civil service regulations assigned at Fort Ethan Allen, charging Mr. Hayes with committing an assault upon Mr. Boehmer on November 4. Mr. Boehmer complained that he discharged Mr. Hayes for inefficiency as a teamster. Later he returned to the fort, entered the barn when Mr. Boehmer was bending over examining a mule and, unexpectedly to him, struck him two severe blows on the side of the face, knocking him down and momentarily disabling him.

Later events showed that Mr. Hayes then left the fort and went to Essex Junction, where he was arrested by Officer Demag for creating a disturbance. While on the way to the lock-up, Hayes struck Mr. Demag a tremendous blow with some blunt instrument and escaped, but was later captured by soldiers from the Fort, who placed him in the guard house there, from which he was afterward taken by Officer Demag and lodged in the county jail, where he now is to be first tried at this term of county court for resisting an officer, and later tried by the United States court for the assault on Mr. Boehmer.

RUSSIA'S YELLOW PERIL.

Drifting Sands Ruin 1,000 Acres of Fertile Land Each Year.

"The great enemy comes from the East. Our yellow peril does not appear in human shape. It comes in a much more dangerous and insinuating form than a Mongol invasion. Slowly but surely it is advancing upon us and its vanguard has already reached the gates of Kieff."

Thus spoke, some years ago, Vladimir Solovitch, the well known Russian scientist, who foresaw the danger to Russian agriculture of the drifting masses of sand which are being steadily blown across some of the most fertile parts of southern Russia.

The urgent nature of the danger is once more emphasized by General Mistchenko, the commander-in-chief of the Don Cossacks, who has made a report to the St. Petersburg government in which he points out that every year 1,000 square miles of fertile land in the Don province and 1,500 square miles in the government of Astrakhan are being swallowed up by the invader and rendered unfit for cultivation.

During the past year, the drifting masses have done the greatest damage within living memory. One large agricultural colony in the Don region has had to emigrate in a westward direction for the fourth time in 50 years. General Mistchenko urgently advocates afforestation as the only way to stem the spread of the sand plague. The cost, it is figured, would only amount to a fraction of the $750,000 which is now lost every year to Russian agriculture.—New York Sun.

YEAR OF LOW PRICE SUGAR.

Cuban Crop of 2,000,000 Tons Predicted with Small Profits.

Leading sugar authorities are almost a unit, says the Boston News Bureau, in predicting a year of exceedingly low prices for raw and refined sugar not only in this country but throughout the world. The Cuban crop just finished will total nearly 1,900,000 tons, with an outlook for 2,000,000 to 2,100,000 tons next year, or 500,000 tons more than in 1911. Not only that but Europe is coming in with a perfectly enormous crop of beat sugar, estimated at 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 tons. The world crop this past year is placed at about 15,880,000 tons with the prospect for 1912-13 of 18,500,000 tons, a 15 per cent. increase, or three times the gain in natural consumption.

Considering the enormous stimulus which the sugar business has received as a result of the boom prices of 1911, it is not suprising that a reaction has come. Cuban sugars for March are offered at 2⅞ cents, which must be below the cost of production in many cases. The probabilities are that next season will see very small profits for most Cuban sugar producers.

Just what effect this low priced sugar will have upon the argument for tariff reduction when the sugar schedule gets into politics again is a very interesting surmise. It may be the means of saving the beet sugar growers from a drastic cut that would spell ruin to their common dividend prospects.

SKIRTS AND EUCLID.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Word comes from Paris that skirts are not to be made wider. It is not contended, however, that they are to be made narrower. That would be contrary to Euclid, who says that the outside cannot be smaller than the inside.

Representatives of anthracite roads in New York city, while admitting coal shortage a possibility, due to scarcity of cars, defend themselves against criticism by commerce commission that conditions were due to railways refusal to return cars belonging to other roads. They blame consigners for delay in unloading.

KNEW WHERE SHE WAS GOING.

A little girl and her mother were waiting for a car. Mother, a college graduate, was greeted by a member of the college faculty.

"Why, how do you do? And this is the baby! My, what a great big girl she is. I knew you, young lady," and here the professor leaned forward and adopted a confidential tone, "when you were just so big. Let me see. You must be 5—going on 6?"

"I am 5 going on the car!" said the young lady, and the professor straightened up and pretended not to see the blush that spread itself on mother's face.

She needn't have blushed. We all do it.—San Francisco Call.

The want ad watcher and answerer develops rare and valuable business judgment—and learns to RECOGNIZE real opportunities unfailingly!

DECORATING MME. DE GRISE

Cantiniere Who Helped Troops Enter Paris in 1871.

In bestowing the medal of 1870 on Mme. de Grise the minister of war has decorated a famous cantiniere, who took no small part in the events of the period by opening the gates of Paris to the troops of Versailles who were fighting the Commune. Her husband was a bootmaker, and, as she learned the trade from him, she has since his death continued his work, and has earned her living with the awl and the last.

She has told us how she came to be a cantiniere, and mixed up with the stirring events of the day. They had a bootshop in the Chaussee du Maine, and the siege of Paris was drawing to a close. All the able-bodied men of the 14th Arrondissement were being enrolled under the flag, and were drilled in the public squares. Her husband enlisted as a volunteer, and she was asked to join the troops also as cantiniere. The major in command asked the men in her presence, "First company in line of march, do you want Mme de Grise as cantiniere?" They all answered, "Yes." The same question was put to the second company, and down to the last, and the same answer came from all.

Mme de Grise was given her uniform and took up her duties at once with the 46th Battalion of the Garde Nationale. She proceeded with the men to the advanced posts, and the cold was intense. The men had a hard time during that terrible winter in keeping alive in the great frost, and she went from one tent to another stirring up the fires and distributing hot coffee and soup. Remembering those days, she said, "One has to live at such a time to realize what a great work a woman can do in the midst of soldiers who are fighting." She was with her battalion at the battles and skirmishes of Bourget, Bobigny and Darney. One night there were two soldiers killed, and, as there was nobody to bury them, their corpses were placed on her cart and she took them to the cemetery of St. Denis to bury them herself. One of them she had known very well. He was a shopkeeper, whose house had been set on fire. He had escaped, only to be shot during one of the first encounters.

On Dec. 27 she heard the last shots fired as she was coming along the Route de Flandres, and picked up 25 guns from the lines of the enemy. The siege was hardly over when the Commune broke out, and her battalion was compelled at the Mairie of the 14th Arrondissement to swear fidelity to the Commune. They did so but against their will, and were determined on the first opportunity to open a way to the troops from Versailles. This opportunity came on the night of May 21, when her battalion was on guard at Passy. They opened up communication with the 76th of the line, and in a short time these troops entered Paris. They were taken prisoners for their own protection, and the men were sent to Brest, while the women were conveyed to Clermont. An order had been sent to Clermont explaining the situation of Mme. de Grise, and she was treated very kindly for four months until she was acquitted with the men, by a court martial which sat only as a formality.—Parris Correspondence London Telegraph.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN TEN STATES.

(From the Boston Herald.)

Tuesday's decision of most far-reaching importance was not the election of Wilson, but the adoption by four States of a woman's suffrage amendment to the constitution. At least, the returns indicate that this policy has carried in Michigan, Kansas, Oregon and Arizona. In Wisconsin, where the proposal also went before the electorate, it was overwhelmingly defeated, in spite of La Follette's strenuous campaigning.

If it turns out that 10 States have granted suffrage to women, the other States can with difficulty hold out longer. The effect of six States already committed to that cause on the platforms and activities of the various parties this year indicated clearly that no national organization could long oppose a suffrage policy to which large areas were committed. It is not pleasant for a presidential candidate to tell half his potential supporters in any considerable group of States that they ought not to have anything to say as to his qualifications, and presidential candidates are not doing this. A cause which has thus stilled opposition in high places has won half its battle.

The common sense thing for the country to do is to recognize women suffrage as decreed by the spirit of the age, whether wisely or not, and to adjust itself accordingly.

THREE MEN FROM OVER THE SEAS.

An English Audience Really Roared When Tall American Arose to Refute Statement That All Yankees Were Dwarfs.

A score or more of years ago three notable Americans crossed the ocean in one another's company, determining to tour Great Britain and Europe together; but because of a personal peculiarity that made them "the observed of all observers" wherever they went, they soon decided to separate, and even sought different lodgings. Any reader who vividly remembers Bishop Phillips Brooks of Boston (he was not then a bishop), the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia and H. H. Richardson, the builder of Trinity Church, Boston, will easily guess why they decided not to travel much together.

They all chanced to be in Leeds at the same date, and saw the advertisement of a lecture to working men on "America and Americans" by a locally popular speaker; and, wondering what the man would say about the States, the three Americans decided to attend. But they agreed to go to the hall separately and to sit in different parts of the house.

In that day English speakers and writers often showed abysmal ignorance of the United States, and showed it boldly, for there was no one to correct them. The story of the English newspaper writer who spoke of the New York people fearing to travel as far as Harlem because of the Indians, and the hunting of buffalo in the outskirts of the famous city near the Niagara Falls, was not all a joke a score of years ago. But the speaker at Leeds was a particularly ignorant fellow and seemed to have a strong bias against the English-speaking brethren across the seas.

Finally he touched upon the size of Americans, and finished a peroration with the flourishing statement that Americans were proverbially short of stature, and that the tallest of them never exceeded five feet 10 inches in height. This was adding insult to injury in the case of the three Americans present.

Dr. Brooks could not keep his seat. He rose suddenly and cried out: "My friends, that last statement of the orator of the evening is too, too much! I am an American, and, as you can see, I'm rising six feet," and being a big man he looked gigantic as he stood there defying the lecturer with his hand raised. "If there are any other Americans in the audience I hope they will stand up, too, and refute this man's wild statements."

Expressions of surprise were followed by a titter of laughter when, slowly and majestically, Mr. Richardson rose from his seat. "I am an American," he said, in his mellow tones, "and my height of six feet one inch causes no remark in my own country. If there is another fellow-countryman in the house I hope he will rise."

The audience was now on the qui vive, and when, after an impressive wait of a few seconds, Dr. McVickar began to unlimber, every eye was fixed on him. There was scarcely another man in the American pulpit of his day that made so impressive a figure as the good doctor, for he was four inches over six feet in height. He began, "I am an Amer——" But he got no further, states a widely read English publication in relating the incident. A burst of laughter and applause welcomed the notable exceptions that certainly disproved the lecturer's rule, and the lecturer himself was hooed off the platform.—Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD PAY ENVELOPE.

No, I never went to college,
And I am not up on Greek
I wear a pair of overalls
And work hard throughout the week,
I've no academic theories
'Bout free trade and all such dope,
But I'm greatly interested
In my old pay envelope.

I am not against the college—
Wish I could have gone there, too,
For a thorough education
Helps to pull a fellow through;
But when educators teach us
That free trade's the nation's hope,
Gee! it makes me rather scary
For my old pay envelope!

Ah, that little paper package
Means a heap to wife and me,
Means a heap to all the children,
For it's bread and butter—see?
Keeps the little roof above us,
With no cares to interlope—
There is joy and peace and comfort
In my old pay envelope.

And it has been coming steady—
Coming steady, nice and fat;
But it vanished when the nation
Was ruled by a Democrat
Ah, those bitter days of anguish,
Out of work and out of hope!
Seems life's sunshine all departed
With my old pay envelope.

I've no economic theories
Dancing round inside my head,
So I'll be hanged if you catch me
Voting 'gainst my daily bread.
I'll not help to kill the tariff,
And I want to Wilson dope,
For Protection's the insurance
For my old pay envelope.

—Tom W. Jackson in Judge.

BRITISH HOP MARKTT CONDITIONS

The position of the British hop market presents many interesting features in view of the fact that the year's local production will play a comparatively small part in regulating demand and determining values. In 1912 there were 34,831 acres devoted to the production of hops as against 35,056 acres in 1911, being an increase of 1,775 acres, or 5.4 per cent. The unfavorable weather conditions during the summer months which proved so disastrous to the grain crops affected hops to a far less degree, and the estimate of production for this year is from 300,000 to 328,000 hundred weights of 112 pounds each. These figures assume that the increased acreage will approximately be offset by the damage from adverse weather conditions so as to bring the total production to about the same figure as last year. The month of September brought a change from excessive wet and cold to sunshine and moderate temperature, which will greatly advantage finishing of the crop. Picking is about two weeks late, but it is thought that the longer period the crop has taken to mature will be beneficial rather than detrimental.

But it is not the matter of production that is commanding most attention, for the market is affected by other conditions more unique and significant. The recent movement in prices has called attention to the uncertainty of the position, since as compared with quotations at the end of June, which were about the same as last year, there had been, on September 7, according to the Financial Times, an advance of 60 to 70 per cent.

THE SHADOW OVER HIM.

One of the really printable ones comes from a Methodist pastor in Columbus:

"A friend of mine conceived the idea that the presiding elder was prejudiced against him—this was many years ago. My friend had been shifted to a small and scattered settlement and he felt that he should have been sent to a more prominent position. I reminded him that he should not be dissatisfied.

"'Brother,' I said, 'you should pray that you may see the hand of the Lord in your appointment to this little charge.'

"'I have, brother,' he replied, a little bitterly. 'Time and again I have prayed to the Lord that I might see His hand in it—but every time I looked up all I could see was the big paw of that presiding elder.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LONG SPELL OF WEATHER.

"Well, if it isn't Mrs. B. What a stranger you are! Why, it's quite five years since I saw you!"

Mrs. B.—"Yes. Why haven't you been to see me?"

Mrs. A.—"O, dear, you know how bad the weather's been."—Pathfinder.