



Compliment Gone Wrong.
Muggins had just been introduced to a bride of six weeks at a social gathering, and after a remark about the weather, he said, gallantly, "And have I really the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Mrs. Smythe, whose praises are being sounded by everybody?"
"Oh, no, Mr. Muggins," the lady replied, "the beautiful Mrs. Smythe to whom you refer is the wife of my husband's cousin."
"Ah, I see," rejoined Muggins, "I thought there must be a mistake somewhere."

Give Him the Right to Do It.
A wealthy eastern woman has married her chauffeur.
It may be supposed that she took this extreme course through a desire to save her employee from the necessity of unlawfully taking out her automobile at forbidden hours of the night and rollicking around in it with a party of gay friends until the early dawn.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Handy.



Cholly—Why, what are you doing with the engagement ring I gave you sister?
Lillie—Oh, she lets me wear it when de other fellers is callin'.

Sticking Up for Him.
Toadie—"Jenkins is getting to be quite prominent in smart society."
Sterling—"I don't believe it."
Toadie—"Oh, but it's a fact. The society editors of all the papers say so."
Sterling—"What of that? The society editors probably dislike him for some reason or other."

A Compromise.
"Pa," said young Roxley, "get me an automobile, will you?"
"See here!" growled old Roxley. "It's time you stopped asking me to buy you things. Why don't you paddle your own canoe?"
"All right, pa. Never mind the auto. Get me the canoe."

A Previso.
"Don't you think that government ownership is a thoroughly practical proposition?"
"Certainly," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I haven't the slightest objection to the government's owning my property, provided it is willing to buy it at my price."—Washington Star.

Queer Idea.
"He's the most eccentric autoist I ever met. He's got such queer notions about his machine."
"Thinks it's the very best make, I suppose."
"No, he says he bought it because it was cheap."

A Church Item.
Hicks—Your church has a new bell, hasn't it?
Wicks—Well, I don't consider her a belle, and she isn't very new at that. She's the oldest and homeliest soprano we ever had."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Blessing in Disguise.
"Say, old man, I have a terrible thirst."
"Pardon me, my boy; a thirst is never terrible."—Fillegende Blatter.

Comprehensive.



Boy—Gimme a five-cent cigar as a penny headache powder.

A Scent Consolation.
"The good die young," said the melancholy philosopher.
"Yes," answered the clumsy optimist; "but they have their reward. They stand a better chance of getting full returns on their life insurance policies."

Pinched.
"You say I remind you of something (playfully pinching her shoulder); what is it?"
"A lobster."—Houston Post.

POLITENESS A NECESSITY.

It does not cost anything to be polite to your friends and acquaintances, and incidentally it goes a long way toward making life pleasant for yourself.

A civil answer makes more friends than a gruff one, and a smile succeeds where a frown fails.

We have no right to impose our little tempers and annoyances on our fellow beings.

The fact that one person annoys us does not justify us in visiting it on the next person we meet.

And yet that is what a great many of us do. One trivial annoyance often upsets us for the whole day.

Some people have the happy knack of showing courtesy to every one with whom they come in contact.

It is a delightful quality, and one which brings its possessor great popularity.

Abruptness is a hard fault to cure, and yet I think it can be done.

You see, it is so easy to hurt people's feelings by speaking abruptly to them.

It may be done unintentionally, but nevertheless the fact remains that it is done.

And the funny thing about it is that those who are most given to hurting others are generally very easily hurt themselves.—Beatrice Fairfax in the Butte Miner.

WISDOM WHISPERS.

It is one thing to be sure and entirely another thing to be sure you are sure.

Loss of self-respect is the one question there is no satisfaction in discussing.

The spending of other people's money never seems to one like being extravagant.

There is such a thing as having too humble an opinion of your own consequence.

No matter how great the man there is some one who can bring him down a few degrees.

Happiness often is driven away through having entirely too much of it at one time.

The one satisfaction in having few friends is the requests for loans do not come so frequently.

We all are apt to think ill of the friend who tells us the ugly things said about us by others.

About the only use paying for experience to the average man is that it gives him something to talk about.

It may be a great satisfaction to be able to do some boasting, but it brings little in the way of practical returns.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PHILOSOPHY OF DIVERS KINDS.

The way to get rid of the rascals is to stop being fools.

If you allow your wife to have the last word the row will soon end.

Greed is a disease that ought to be dealt with by law the same as small-pox.

For a poor man to steal a loaf of bread is robbery, but when a rich man steals a railroad it is called a "transaction."

A man should not blame his wife for being fond of dry goods so long as he is equally fond of wet goods.

All the people in the universe believing a lie would not make it a truth.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

QUIT DOING IT.

Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by.

Carping and criticising. See the best rather than the worst in others.

Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later.

Thinking of yourself to the exclusion of everything and everyone else.

Dreaming that you would be happier in some other place or circumstances.

Belittling those whom you envy because you feel that they are superior to yourself.

Dilating on your pains and aches and misfortunes to everyone who will listen to you.

Speculating as to what you would do in some one else's place, and do your best in your own.

Gazing idly into the future and dreaming about it instead of making the most of the present.

Longing for the good things that others have instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.

Looking for opportunities hundreds or thousands of miles away instead of right where you are.—Success.

Mrs. Snigglefriz's Hard Luck

Had to Wear Old Hat to Wedding as the Result of Hubby's Carelessness—And He Thought He Was Clever.

A friend of mine from a town over in Virginia came to Washington a week or so ago to buy a hat, says a writer in the Washington Post. We went about from shop to shop, she said, and we couldn't find a hat she fancied anywhere. At last we came upon a milliner who had something that would have been exactly what my friend wanted if it had not been the wrong color. The Virginia woman wanted either a blue or a tan-colored one, and she'd have to see both before she could decide which to take. In the end the milliner agreed to make up two hats of the shape my friend liked, and let her see them. Afterward, the lady from Virginia decided to leave the task of selection to me and we went home. I said, "My, my, my, mo to the hats when they were made, and the tan-colored one was it. I wrote to my friend about it, and told her the hat was ready whenever she should order it sent. There was to be a wedding in that Virginia town, and the husband of the woman I'm telling you about came to Washington on the day before

it to buy the present his wife had very nearly selected when she was here. As he started out, she said to him, using simple language in order to avoid muddling him:

"Now, George, I want you to go to the address I've written on this card and say I want the champagne Monday. Don't forget."

George said he wouldn't and he didn't. All he did was to lose the card with the address on it, and that didn't matter a bit, because he knew address of their wine man without having it written down. He ordered a case of champagne to be sent Monday. Then he bought the bonbon dish, wedding present, and went back to Virginia. His wife met him at the door of their home.

"Where's my hat?" she demanded. "Didn't you bring it?"

"You didn't say a word about a hat," he said. "You said to order champagne."

"I wrote the milliner's address down for you!" she cried. "Champagne was the color of the hat, and Monday is the name they give that shape. Now I've got to wear my last year's hat to the wedding. George Snigglefriz, you certainly ought to be tapped for the simplest!"

Thrown on Desolate Coast

Crew of Wrecked French Bark Has an Experience Somewhat Similar to That of the "Swiss Family Robinson."

A close parallel to some of the adventures recorded in "Swiss Family Robinson" is furnished by the experiences of the crew of the wrecked French vessel Anjou. The survivors arrived in Marseilles the other day. The Anjou, with a crew of twenty-two and a cargo of corn, left Sydney on Jan. 20 for Falmouth and was overtaken by a tempest, which drove it on the rocks. For an entire night the crew remained on the sinking ship, at the mercy of the waves, and when morning came they found that they were within a few hundred yards of land, but towering above them was a huge cliff. The crew embarked in three of the ship's boats. The ship's cat at the last moment jumped into one of the boats and a few minutes later the Anjou settled and sunk. For hours the wrecked men searched for an inlet, while their frail boats were flung hither and thither by the huge seas. Toward night they effected a landing on the island.

On exploring the island the mariners found a shelter containing a small store of food—one of those

erected by the New Zealand government on the desolate coasts of these islands. On Feb. 8 the captain wrote in his diary: "Killed fifteen albatrosses, and keeping ten for tomorrow. We are all frozen with cold and weak from hunger. We ate the albatrosses half-raw." Thursday, Feb. 9: "Made a large fire and dried our clothes. Killed some more albatrosses. We caught some alive and tied lids of tin cans, on which we scratched news of our plight, round their wings and set them free."

Later they found an old pot, a relic of some former wreck, in which they were able to boil water and cook mussels. An expedition across the island was made on Feb. 20, and a further store of food was found in another hut. Shoes were also discovered, which the men afterward strengthened with wooden soles. Two wild goats were killed next day. Spoons were made out of shells.

An improvised flag had been hoisted on the cliff, and at last, on May 7, a ship was sighted. It was the Hinemona, commanded by Capt. Bolland, who for twenty years has been revictualing the government depots on these inhospitable coasts. The shipwrecked mariners were taken to Sydney.

Queer Rules of Etiquette

Ceremonious Forms of Expression that Appear Vastly Amusing to the Listener Belonging to the Old World.

Very curious are some of the rules of etiquette observed by Chinamen. Emile Bard, who has written a book on the subject of Chinese life, says that in nine cases out of ten, however, the form of etiquette has replaced the substance. With the Chinese a refusal or unpleasant truth must be expressed evasively. If a Chinaman does not wish to accommodate a friend he never gives the true reason for his refusal; that would be discourteous. He lies politely. The ceremonious forms of expression used in ordinary conversation seem very amusing to the European listener. It is a fixed rule that one must speak of himself and of all belonging to him in the humblest of terms and use the most exalted language in referring to the person or property of another. Whether two mandarins or two beggars meet and accost each other this is a sample of their conversation: "What is your honorable name?" "Your insignificant brother's name is Wang." "Where is your noble dwelling?" "The hovel in which I hide myself is in ——" designating the

place. "How many precious sons have you?" "I have only five stupid little pigs."

A Chinaman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a house where he happened to disturb a rat which was regaling itself out of a jar of oil standing on a beam over the door. In its sudden fright the rat upset the oil over the luckless visitor, ruining his fine raiment. While the man was still pale with rage his host appeared and after the customary greetings the visitor accounted for his appearance in this wise: "As I was entering your honorable dwelling I frightened your honorable rat; while it was trying to escape it upset your honorable jar of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence."

It is gross offense to call a native by his name. A superior may do this, but he becomes furious if even a twin brother thus addresses him. It must be either "honorable older brother" or "honorable younger brother," or some such form of expression. Foreigners usually solve the difficulty by applying to their servants the names of their functions, as boy, coolie, gardener, cook, maffoo (coachman) and so on.

Heartless Joke on Lovers

False Message That Told of Papa's Impending Arrival Put Immediate Stop to That Day's Billing and Coaling.

"See that," said Billy W.—
"That?" was nothing less than a stylishly but simply dressed young lady, just entering an office building. "Yes."

"Well, that is old man B's daughter. She's going up to the old man's office to pin one of those roses in the buttonhole of young Spriggs, the old man's clerk. They're sweet on each other, but they fear the 'stern parent,' you know. The old man always goes home or to his club about 3:30, and, after telephoning, the young lady goes up for a little chat with Spriggs, tete-a-tete, you know."

"So? Good for them! Love will find a way, won't it?"
"Sure, but think of the possibilities the situation offers for a little joke, now—a 'phony' joke."

"But —"
"Oh, come! I'll show you." Billy led the way upstairs to his own office in the building opposite to the other. Taking down the phone he called up the old man B's office,

After an interval we heard an impatient "Hello! What is it?"

"Mr. B — in?"
"No—he's never in this time o' day. Call up green—double-pink-o."

Then he waited a few minutes at Billy's window, glancing now and then at the charming scene across the street in B's office. Billy went back to the phone and again called up Spriggs.

Again the interval, followed by the impatient: "No; I tell you he's never in after 3:30."

"Strange," returned Billy; "they told me at his house that he left for the office a quarter of an hour ago."

"Bang" went the other phone, and Billy and I hastened to the window. Such a scurrying! She couldn't find her hatpin; then her handbag was shy; but she was out of that office in forty seconds by Billy's watch. One minute later we saw a stylishly dressed and very rosy young lady hurrying north on Third street, while a somewhat agitated-looking young man hurried south on the same pavement.

Billy seemed to enjoy it; but really it was rather heartless.—Portland Oregonian.

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