HOW HE BROKE A RECORD.

Took Last Jump from Forgotten Rubber Home Plate.

Billy Powell, greatest hurdler the west has produced, was referring to his college days on the Berkeley track.

"There were five in the race. I drew the extreme outside lane, which gave me a bad finish stretch. But I got a peach of a start, swept the curve like a yacht on her beam ends and came down the straight taking the jumps in beautiful style. I felt I had a varsity record in me at that clip, and I threw all my power into the final strides. Springing for the ninth hurdle I fairly flew through the air, and, dashing to the finish, broke the tape, the world's record for the low hurdles, for the 220-dash, and for the running broad jump, the time being 21 flat, and my last jump over two hurdles at once, clearing 43 feet and some inches.

"Whew!" exclaimed Olle Snedigar, "why weren't the records ever allowed?"

"Well," continued Powell, "when they went to measure that leap, Col. Edwards started to shove his cane in, to indicate my foremost spike mark, and the stick jumped out of his hand. They scraped the short grass away and found a solid rubber home plate imbedded where the varsity battery used to practice."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Where He Met Him

He was one of those smart men who like to show their cleverness.

"Watch me take a rise out of him," he said, as the tramp approached. Then he listened solemnly to the tale of hard luck.

"That's the same old story you told me the last time you accosted me," he said, when the vagrant had finished.

"Is it?" was the answering question. "When did I tell it to you?"

"Last week."

"Mebbe I did, mebbe I did," admitted the tramp. "I'd forgotten meeting you. I was in jail all last week."

Fruition.

A grasshopper sat on a tuft of grass
And fiddled a raucous tune
A zephyr came by with a song of love
A-flush with the breath of June.

"Be still," quoth the wind to the hopper-grass,
"Your voice has a rasping note,
While mine is as sweet as the lilted air
That springs from a bluebird's throat!"

The zephyr sped on with his lover's croon
And softly he sang of love,
All down through the valley, he sought to woo
The heart of the sun above.

But night came at last and the zephyr died
And down sank the sun to rest—
Way back on the bank with his raucous voice
The grasshopper sang his best!

At last to his home came the one he loved
And blushed as she heard his song.
Then both of them sang through the summer days,
Through eventides cool and long!

What matters the song that we sing through life,
What matters its scope to cheer,
What matters the tune or the halting voice,
If those that we love but hear?

And what doth it profit the nightingale
Who trills with the purl of June,
If she that he loves has no heart to hear
The melody of his tune?

Little Willie on Flies.

thee funniest thing about flies is thee way thee baldhended man swears at them and why kin they walk on a flat sealing upside down? mi pa sez it is Bkaws they have such suktion on their feet. a kalf has the most teribul suktion i no of but he cannot walk on thee sealing. ma sez we should bea kind 2 every living thing but she chases flies like 60 with her apron and puts tangle-foot where the preecher onct set down in it and got his cote tails all stuck up with flies and things. mas face got gist as red and so did the preecher's but it maid lots of phun for pa who haz sucn a hedache he kant go 2 church more than onct or 2ce a yeer. it is funny 2 see a fly monkey around a piece of fly paper. He cums singing along from thee conservatory where he haz been skating on thee plate glass and he lites on thee edge of thee paper where thee stickum is all dryed up and smells thee sweet see of tanglefoot and regoices. Then he sticks his itenny into the see and lo it is fast. Ho ho sez thee fly. what foolishness is this and he puts won foot in the see to git a brace and then thee other and buzzes like Time. then he flaps his wings and yells for help. purty soon he gets one wing in thee see and kan only wiggel his hind foot in thee air. if yew are going 2 help him put now is the time. if knot go away and leave him die in peece. when thee good Lord maid thee commandment thou shalt knot swear he cent flies to try thee Patience of job. he cent thee fly 2 tickul thee cow and when thee cow kicks, thee man who is milkin her sez 'So — you, so!" and the cow kicks over the milk and the man is punished for taking thee naim of thee Lord in vane. onct we had a fly who lived with us al winter and wuz the phunniest litel feller i ever sea. He wood roost on won of thee hot bricks in the fireplace but won day he fell in the chaffing dish when ma wuz maiking rabbit chease and dide. flies cum every spring and disappeer every fall. i don't know where they go but they allus cum back in thee May time like poor relations and gist stay whether yew want them 2 or knot. mi sister swallered a fly onct but he never cum back. when i lern more about flies i will rite sum more. i luv my teacher and i shall knot kill the harmless fly

In the Good Old Way.

Mesdames Wm. Evans and Leonard Wilhoit, the former with three interesting children and the latter with one, an infant, arrived here last week, and with their husbands are keeping house in the Ed. Cecil property at the east end of Main street. With the exception of Cashier Knight and wife these ladies are among total strangers. It behooves the ladies of our town, therefore, to at once call upon and bid them welcome. Especially so since they are most estimable ladies, and will be quite an addition to the social circle. Now do not delay in this matter, but crimp your hair, put on your best bib and tucker, go see these ladies and show them you are right glad that they are to be residents and neighbors. Then you will feel better. —Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

Stork Not Dead But Lecturing.

A Nebraska editor was in a pretty tight box last week, but he extricated himself by the following:

"Rev. M. A. Stork is not dead, as has been published and which was noted in this paper last week. A. H. Carter, who has been looking up the matter, received a letter from Mr. Stork dated the 8th, and he stated that he is not dead nor dying, but that he is lecturing to crowded houses in Sylvan Grove, Kansas.

Ring All Right.

Alfred Austin should cheer up. Frank L. Stanton says his latest poem "Monastery Bells" has the "right ring."

Byron Williams

Stolen Naps.

"How do you like that office boy I sent around?" asked the banker.

"Don't think much of him," replied the broker. "He isn't wide awake."

"But you told me the last office boy you engaged was too forward and you wanted one who was retiring."

"Yes, but this one is too retiring. Every time I slip out for a few hours I find that he retires on top of the big safe and snores until I return."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

A Fallacy.

Longbow—What I say is true. Besides, "seeing is believing," you know.

Wise—Not always.

Longbow—Oh, yes!

Wise—I see you, for instance.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Women would have but little use for minds and complexions if it were impossible to change them.

No matter how hungry a man may be a single taste of defeat satisfies him.

Will Live in Paris.

The widow of Collis P. Huntington has informed friends in Washington of her purpose to reside permanently in Paris. With this object in view she is preparing to close her house in New York and go to the French capital, where there will soon be completed a mansion for her costing nearly $1,000,000. Mrs. Huntington was many years younger than her great husband, who left her the bulk of his millions to do with as she might see fit.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles, that he could be trusted in matters of importance. —Paley.

Hard to Realize.

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend, Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr. —— What was the name again?"

"Mr. Specknoodle!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."—Everybody's Magazine.

Royal Scion Does Good Work.

The duke of Abruzzi, now a visitor in this country, pronounces it as though it were spelled "Ah-broot-zee," with the accent on the second syllable. Although only 34 years old, he has done a deal of hard work and has had many hazardous experiences. He is the son of a Spanish king who abdicated under pressure. The son early in life took service in the Italian navy. Then he went in for exploration and mountaineering and in such pursuits has traveled all over the world. The duke has written acceptably of his wanderings and has won honors for several scientific societies.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

An Ill Wind, Etc.

"Her marriage was very unfortunate, wasn't it?" "Oh, no; she considers it quite fortunate." "Why, I understand she was divorced." "Exactly, and her divorce was the opening of her stage career, which is now very promising."

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

Outspoken Criticism.

Somewhat outspoken is the Penang Gazette. It remarked recently: "Never has there been in the world's history such a flabby, herring-gutted parody of an administration as that which is feebly trying to control the destiny of the British empire to-day."

Fine-Looking Royal Couple.

The king and queen of Denmark are indeed a regal-looking couple King Frederick is a giant in stature while his consort is the tallest royal woman in Europe. She is also the richest, having inherited a great deal of property from her father, the late King Charles of Sweden, besides the immense fortune of her mother, who was one of the richest heiresses of the nineteenth century. Her majesty is deeply religious.

Telephones in Boston.

Boston is the greatest telephone user in the world, according to the annual report of the New England Telephone & Telegraph company. Every day in New England there is an average of 935,858 telephone conversations. In Boston there is a phone for every 11 persons.

It is motive alone that gives character to the actions of men, and pure motive is in the deed not in the event. Be not one whose eye regardeth reward.—Kreeshna.

The acme of goodness is to love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interests of the whole world, as far as lies in our power.—Ruskin.

The greatest cause of worry on ironing day can be removed by using Defiance Starch, which will not stick to the iron. Sold everywhere, 16 oz. for 10c.

Australia, although in area 26 times as large as the whole of the British Indies, has a population smaller than that of London.

Defiance Starch—Never sticks to the iron—no blotches—no blisters, makes ironing easy and does not injure the goods.

Many a man who is on the road to fortune doesn't know where to get off.