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Pat Crowe has not been caught for nearly a fortnight. What is the matter with the police.

The usual number of normal school bills are bobbing up in the legislature, among them several to unload empty buildings upon the state.

Vice-President elect Roosevelt, killed his first Mountain lion in the Colorado hills the other day. He took it in just as he did the Spaniards at San Juan hill, at such a rapid pace that the lion threw up his caudel appendage and surrendered.

Democracy is casting about already for a prospective candidate for president for 1904, and the name of Pettigrew of South Dakota has been suggested among others. If democracy has no better timber than this, their crushing defeat of 1900 will be made perpetual.

The first bills to pass the House were as usual the two expense bills, appropriating $85,000 to pay members salaries, and milage, and $30,000 to pay incidental expenses of the session. As usual they went through without a contest in the House, and the senate received them with open arms.

One of the early bills to be introduced in the House was one providing for the payment of the premium on the state treasurer's bond. Two years ago the same kind of a proposition was before the session, and in the course of its consideration the treasurer was asked where he had the permanent school fund deposited, and how much interest he was receiving from that source. He refused to answer these questions, and the bill properly failed. It is believed that in the four years of his term Meserve derived from $12,000 to $20,000 from these deposits, and this being the case, the payment of the bond premium was no burden. In case Treasurer Steufer informs the public of the location of this fund, and reports the interest received and pays it into the treasury, then the payment of the premium for his official bond will be conceded to be proper, otherwise it should be refused.

George E. Roberts, director of the mint in his annual report. shows that the coinage of the past year was in excess of that executed in any previous year in the history of the service, aggregating $141,351,960, as compared with $136,855,676 in the last fiscal year. The value of the gold coinage was slightly below that of the previous year, being $107,937,110, as compared with $108,177,180. The coinage of silver dollars was $18,244,984, as compared with $18,254,708 in the previous year. The chief increase was in the output of subsidiary and minor coins, which surpassed all records, and, it is stated, may doubtless be attributed to the extraordinary activity of retail trade throughout the country. The total deposits of gold were not so great as in the previous year, the imports of bullion showing a decline, but the deposits of domestic bullion again surpassed all records, amounting to $87,458,836, against $76,252,487 last year. The seigniorage on the coinage of silver dollars, subsidiary and minor coins during the year amounted to $10,286,302.

We have often heard big stories and read of miracles, but last Monday we were an eye witness to a prank of nature that sounds mighty fishy yet proved to be a fact. Mess. H. S. Conger and Clarence Wilson who have been cutting ice on a lake south of town, reported that during the cold snap last week they had marked out and cut the ice, with a large saw, from the surface of the lake and that the water had again froze, after the first crop of ice was removed, and that the second crop showed the markings of the saw as it passed through the water in cutting the first so plainly that it was not necessary to mark the new ice to cut it. Of course we ask them what they took us for, and they informed us that if we would crawl into their buggy they would convince our skepticism. We accepted the proposition, and we desire it understood right here that we never were an inmate of a lunatic asylum, nor been treated for softening of the brain, but we are ready to add our testimony to that of the above named gentlemen. We thoroughly examined the ice, it was frozen perfectly smooth and the dark lines showing every course of the saw as it passed through the water in the first cutting was plainly traceable through the entire thickness of the new ice, and the second crop could be harvested exactly on the lines marked out for the first cutting. The lake has no visible outlet and is a perfectly calm body of water. Who will explain the phenomena.

Wednesday evening about 9:30, during the high wind, Mrs. Bowman who was returning from prayer meeting, discovered a fire at the rear end of Chas. Conhiser's store. She quickly entered the City restaurant and gave the alarm and upon investigation it was discovered that an ash pile, where Alfred Chambers had dumped his coal ashes had been fanned into a blaze by the high wind. The ashes had been piled within 12 ft of Mr. Conhiser's oil house, and the pile contained a mixture of fine shavings. This is the second time this winter that a pile of ashes has pretty nearly started a conflagration, and with the high wind of Wednesday night, had a fire started, nothing could have saved the south side of town. More care should be used in piling up ashes or some time the consequence will be different from what it has been.

We took a drive out to the farm of Wm. Sharp just north of town last Tuesday afternoon and found that gentleman busily engaged caring for his stock and looking after his interests on the farm. Mr. Sharp has recently built a fine new house, barn and other out buildings on his farm, also erected a new wind mill and otherwise made his premises look home like. He has a fine well of water and a good pasture, plenty of hogs, ducks, geese chickens horses and cattle, all go to make up a profitable business on a farm. All of this has been done in a very short time as it was nearly fall before he commenced building, or in fact any improvements of any kind. Mr. Sharp seems to be enjoying life in his new home.

HATS ON OR OFF?

One Respect In Which Northern and Southern Men Differ.

According to the etiquette of the day, it is not requisite that a man shall remove his hat in the presence of a woman in a public thoroughfare or conveyance. Nobody thinks of a man's going bareheaded in a street car or a railroad car or a cab because he is in the company of women. The elevator of a business building or of a hotel is certainly a public conveyance, and the corridor of a business building or hotel is certainly a public thoroughfare. Ergo, in our opinion, courtesy toward the fair sex does not require a man to remove his hat in either place because there happens to be a woman present.

Having said, however, that courtesy does not require the removal of a man's hat under the circumstances recounted, we do not mean to disparage in the slightest degree the chivalrous intent of the man who does remove his head covering. If you feel that you ought to take off your hat in an elevator, do so. If you are uncomfortable with it on, get it off at once. These things are largely matters of comfort. In New York men keep their hats on with a persistence that is somewhat shocking to the southerner.

If the man in Gotham has any doubt about whether he should have his hat in his hand or on his head, you will not find it in his hand. He takes as much rope as the law will give him. On the contrary, it has not been very long since it was the proper thing in Charleston for a gentleman to stand with his head uncovered during all the time he was conversing with a lady even if he met her in the street, and there may be, for all we know, hundreds of stately South Carolinians who observe that pretty but unhygienic custom to this very day. Virginia, it will be observed, is about half way between Charleston and New York.—Norfolk Landmark.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

The Little Boy Was Thoroughly Posted on the Elevator.

"Little boy," exclaimed the portly lady, "you ought to be at school instead of trying to work a lift."

"I'm not trying to work it," was the answer; "I'm working it, and if you wish to ride I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where, I am pleased to say, I am at the head of my class."

"You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are too young to know anything about it."

"Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiæ of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate, but I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Pearson's.

Went Around the Spot.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a united Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober (controleur at the custom house) came forward and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here! Hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country. You're only a spot. I'll go around you." And he did.—London King.

A Way Out of It.

It was a man who opened the door when the book agent rang the bell, but a woman stood not far behind him, and subsequent developments indicated there had been a few warm words.

"I would like to talk to the lady of the house for a few minutes," said the book agent.

"Oh, that is utterly impossible," replied the man pleasantly. "You may see her if you wish, but you can't talk to her for a few minutes—that is, in succession—unless"—as a happy thought seemed to strike him—"you both talk at once."—Chicago News.

He Counted All Right.

"You've been in a fight," said his mother reprovingly.

"Oh, not much of a one," answered the boy.

"Did you count 100, as I told you, when you felt your angry passions rising?"

"Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted 100 all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way."—Chicago Post.