

# CAPITAL CITY CHAT

GOVERNOR SHELDON SENDS SOLONS SPECIAL MESSAGE.

## ASKS DISPOSAL OF MONEY RECEIVED

### Railway Commission Bill and Other Important Measures Getting Shaped Up for Introduction.

#### Sheldon Sends in Message.

Governor Sheldon transmitted to the legislature a special message in which he said he had received \$790.37 from the general government, being Nebraska's charge of the income from the forest reserves within the past year and asking that body to dispose of it in accordance with the federal law which says it shall be expended for the benefit of the public schools and the public roads of the counties in which the forest reservation is situated. The message was received and placed on file. It is as follows:

"You are doubtless aware that within recent years the federal government has given much attention to the conservation of natural forests and also has sought to stimulate tree growth in prairie regions by the establishment of forest reserves. Three of these reserves have been located in Nebraska and are known as the Dismal River, the Niobrara and the North Platte reserves, respectively. My information is that they are situated in the counties of Blaine, Grant, Cherry, Thomas and McPherson.

"The act making appropriations for the national department of agriculture, approved June 30, 1906, (34 U. S. Statutes, 648) contains the following:

"That ten per centum of all money received from each forest reserve within any fiscal year, including the year ending June thirtieth, nineteen hundred and six, shall be paid at the end thereof by the secretary of the treasury to the state or territory in which said reserve is situated, to be expended as the state or territorial legislature may prescribe for benefit of the public schools and public roads of the county or counties in which the forest reserve is situated; Provided, That when any forest reserve is in more than one state or territory or the distributive share to each county the proceeds of said reserve shall be proportional to its area therein; And provided further, That there shall not be paid to any state or territory for any county an amount equal to more than forty per centum of the total income of such county from all other sources.

"In harmony with the provisions quoted I have received from the auditor of the treasury department a warrant for \$790.37, being Nebraska's proportionate share of the income from the forest reserve within the state for the fiscal year 1906, which sum I have paid into the state treasury to the credit of the forest reserve fund. The federal statute referred to makes it plain that this money is to be expended for the benefit of the public schools and public roads of the county or counties in which the forest reserve is situated to be disbursed as the legislature may prescribe. Before these funds can be available for the several counties participating it will be necessary for your honorable body to prescribe the details of expenditure and it is for that purpose that I call your attention to the matter. I understand that the state's revenue from the forest reserve is continuous and will increase with each year."

#### Primary Election Law.

The committee on a primary election law is hard at work and has before it the argument of many of the leading members of various political parties of the state. Those who are clamoring for haste in this work are asked to wait patiently and they are informed that such work is not to be done in a moment. The committees desire to go carefully about their duties and that after they are sure of their ground they will report bills. They do not desire to make undue haste for fear of making blunders. As it is they are much in advance of any similar committee appointed by previous legislatures.

#### Rosewater Bill Killed.

On recommendation of the committee on judiciary, for the second time, S. F. 140 by Aldrich of Butler, providing for the appointment of a constitutional revision commission, was indefinitely postponed. This bill was introduced by request of Victor Rosewater of Omaha. The reasons alleged for the action of the committee are said to be that the proposed expense is useless as the members of the committee or the members of the senate are fully competent to point out the defects in the state constitution and to report proposed amendments to the legislature for submission to a vote of the people.

#### Committee Inspects Building.

The house committee on public lands and buildings, with Architect George Burlinghof, inspected the east wing of the capitol yesterday to see for themselves the extent of the settling which the architect reported was endangering the building. They visited the basement and carefully inspected the premises. They asked Land Commissioner Eaton to secure figures from an Omaha architect as to the cost of repairs necessary to make the structure safe. The amount of Mr. Burlinghof's estimate is \$20,000.

State Treasurer L. G. Brian received \$80,000 Monday and \$30,000 Tuesday in settlement with county treasurers, making a total of \$110,000 for the two days. He has issued a call for state warrants amounting to \$80,000 for today, making a total of \$200,000 worth of state warrants called for this month. The warrants called for are numbered from 142,464 to 143,913, inclusive.

By a vote of 72 to 16 the house passed Representative Clark's anti-child labor bill, which will now go to the senate.

#### Railway Commission Bill Ready.

The sub-committee, which is formulating a bill defining the duties and powers of the railway commission, has practically agreed on the form of the proposed bill.

Senators Epperson of Clay, Aldrich of Butler and Representatives Harrison of Otoe and Walsh of Douglas, comprising the sub-committee, have worked rapidly and harmoniously to formulate a bill. Only one or two disputed points caused delay and these were settled Monday night. The manner of procedure as defined in the bill was one of the most important points in dispute. The sub-committee at one of its first meetings agreed that a rate ordered enforced by the commission should remain in force and not be superseded except by order of a court of competent jurisdiction.

It is understood that many of the features of the bill introduced by Aldrich of Butler have been adopted. Some changes in the two proposed plans of procedure are said to have been agreed upon. One of the proposed plans was for the commission to hold a formal hearing before changing any rate complained of. The other was to have the board get information and announce a rate and then give the railroad a reasonable time to show cause why the proposed rate should not be enforced.

To prevent the railroad from setting aside rates by injunction suits is one of the objects of the men who are drafting the bill. It is understood that the bill will provide that an appeal or application to a court by a railroad company shall be accompanied by the testimony taken before the board, so that the court can act intelligently and not grant an injunction unless the evidence shows the proposed rate to be unreasonable.

The sub-committee has agreed on a section that will give the commission power to punish any person who may have been called as witness to bring papers or records and who fail to obey the orders of the board.

The bill will be a single bill, instead of two bills as some proposed. It will provide a salary of \$3,000 for each of the three commissioners and will provide for two assistants, the first not to receive over \$2,500 and the second not over \$1,200 a year. The attorney general is designated as the officer to have charge of hearings before the commission and assistant counsel may be employed, the accounts for expense to be audited by the governor.

The procedure described in the bill contemplates that the commission may fix a rate on complaint of any one aggrieved and give the railways thirty days to show cause why it should not be enforced. At rate fixed by the commission shall not be superseded except by order of a court of competent jurisdiction which may set it aside if found unreasonable. No definite time is set in the bill for the commission to establish a classification of freight. The schedules in force January 1, 1906, are to be made the maximum rates. One half of all penalties are to go to the school fund in the county where a complaint originates and the other half to the state.

#### Trouble Over Anti-Pass.

The anti-pass joint committee may have some trouble. Bills have been introduced in the legislature following the general plan of the national law recently passed. These bills, one by King of Polk in the senate, contains a long list of exceptions, almost identical with the national law. The exceptions to the law include employees of railroads, surgeons, attorneys for roads, caretakers of livestock, preachers, railroad Y. M. C. A. secretaries and many other classes engaged in philanthropic work. The matter of sifting out the exceptions or those who may receive passes, is causing some trouble. It is reported that Governor Sheldon does not care to sign a bill that is not in strict accord with the republican state platform. That platform makes no exceptions besides bona fide employees of railroad companies and their immediate families and caretakers of live stock. This rumor has caused the joint committee to ponder deeply before acting.

#### Attended McKinley Banquet.

One hundred and thirty-one legislators, state officers and employees attended the McKinley club banquet at Omaha Tuesday night, at which Shorburn Becker, mayor of Milwaukee, and Governor Sheldon spoke.

#### Against Ship Subsidy.

The senate passed a resolution by Burns of Lancaster, against the ship subsidy bill now before congress.

#### Senate Journal Each Day.

The senate Tuesday adopted the report of the standing committee on printing that the senate journal be printed daily. The contract calls for the printing of the journal daily at \$2 per page, a total of \$1,200, and copies are to be laid on members' desks each morning. The contractor has given bond that his bid at the close of the session will be low enough to bring the total cost to \$3,250, of \$500 less than the cost two years ago. This doesn't include cost of indexing, etc.

#### For State-Wide Primary.

There was some interesting direct primary talk Monday night before the joint committee of the legislature appointed to draft a primary bill. Taking for granted that the bill would be passed, a number of prominent Nebraskans addressed the committee on the provisions of such a measure, among the number being George W. Berger, Victor Rosewater, Harry Dobbins and J. M. Devine.

Some men make a specialty of posing as horrible examples.

# MARCUS AURELIUS

BY HAROLD AVERY

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It was while a large party of us were staying one summer at a farmhouse—that the boy picked him up—a little, sad-faced, lop-sided, mongrel puppy.

The old sheep-dog, who had long lost all recollection of his own childhood, treated him with that arrogant contempt with which Age, that may be said to have learnt words of one syllable, habitually regards poor Youth, still struggling with the alphabet, and in consequence the unfortunate juvenile was forced to seek amusement in the society of a litter of small pigs. Whenever you crossed the farmyard you were sure to catch sight of him trotting about with his miniature herd of baby swine, his dejected look, and ragged puppy coat, making him the very personification of a poor little four-footed prodigal.

Whether, under the circumstances, it would have been fair to have blamed the pup for his choice of friends, or to have judged him by the company he kept, are questions which the reader can decide, but I know at the time he certainly seemed to me to be, from an intellectual standpoint, hardly at all superior to his companions.

When you called him he promptly ran away, and if you pursued he would lie down and grovel on his back in the mud, and as often as you set him on his feet he instantly fell down again.

What little mind he had appeared to be attracted towards medical research, and (having no one else to practice on) he freely administered to himself most strange garbage with all that disregard of personal risk which characterizes a true martyr of science.

A penchant for prescribing for his own real or fancied ailments seemed indeed to attend him all through life, and even now, though well advanced in years, it is hardly possible to take him for a run round the garden without being startled by his suddenly commencing to cough and choke in an alarmingly noisy manner over some particularly long blade of grass which he has rashly undertaken to swallow.

The boy, however, with the same youthful confidence which caused him to believe that the vile little imitation meerschaum that he smoked clandestinely behind the hay-rack would some day "color," averred that the pup had a future before him, and when full grown, would be in some way or other a remarkable animal. So firmly did



Lost in Deep Reverie.

this unaccountable belief take root in his heart that he secretly purchased the object of it from the farmer's son, the price paid being a dime and the two bottom joints of a fishing rod.

This happened the day before we left, and on the following morning, while returning in an open wagonette a sudden exclamation from one of the ladies caused us to glance in the direction of the box seat, and we were surprised to observe a small, brown face peering down at us from under the boy's elbow, with a quaint, apologetic look which seemed to say, "I'm here, but don't blame me."

"You don't mean to say you've brought that little beast with you?" "Of course I have," answered the boy, taking the mongrel up in his arms. "He's mine; and he's not a little beast. Are you my beauty?" "Ugh! you dirty thing!" exclaimed the pretty cousin. "How can you let him lick you?" "He's only kissing me." "Well, don't let him do it."

## GET EVEN WITH A LAWYER.

Deputy Marshal Resented Suggestions Concerning His Work.

A retired deputy United States marshal was relating some of his experiences a few days ago, says the Washington Star. One of them concerned a lawyer. Some trouble had arisen over the possession of two sewing machines, and the selling company had secured proper papers by which to seize the machines, which papers were given to the deputy marshal.

When the attorney for the sewing machine dealers learned that the papers were to be served by this particular deputy he went to the chief and protested, asking that the papers be given to a younger and larger deputy. The chief told the deputy of the protest.

When it came time to start out to serve the papers the attorney in question desisted to accompany the deputy. Remembering the protest, the deputy told him he had no business to go and informed him, in no uncertain terms,

"Go on!" answered the boy, with charming impudence. "You're jealous." "O-h!" cried the girl, a dimple coming in her soft cheek and adorning it like a jewel, "very well, I'll never kiss you again."

"Won't you? Just wait till we get into the train." "Ah, boy, that was long ago now, and times change."

It must have been nearly 18 months before I saw the pup again. On this occasion, having called at the boy's home and strolled out into the garden, I saw, sitting in the sunshine, out in the very center of the lawn, an unshapely, disreputable looking dog, apparently lost in a deep reverie, and wearing on his head an absurd model of a top-hat. On hearing my footsteps he rose and shuffled across the grass to meet me, his hat (which was secured with an elastic band) cocked knowingly over one eye.

"Why, you remember him!" cried the boy. "This is the dog I bought at the farm. We call him Marcus Aurelius because he's always meditating. He's awfully clever; I've taught him heaps of tricks."

The animal sauntered up and wiped his paws on my trousers by way of a greeting.

"Hello Marc!" said his master. "Sit up!"

The dog promptly flopped down full length on the grass.

"I didn't tell you to die," cried the boy. "Sit up you little blackguard!"

Marc, with his top-hat hanging under his chin like a nose-bag, rolled over and entertained us by "dying" on his back.

"That's just like him," said the boy; "it's the easiest trick he's got; and whenever I tell him to do anything else he always will 'die'; he won't sit up or run round after his tail."

Marc having "died" for what he considered a reasonable length of time, now rose to his feet and sauntered back to his meditations, this time wearing his top-hat on the back of his neck, as though it was a soldier's knapsack.

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"Well," answered the boy, "I think he'd make a good sporting dog because he's always digging holes in the garden, and I think he's kill rats if he had the chance. I tried him once with a mouse that I caught in the stable; I let it loose on the kitchen floor, and somehow Marc lost it, and it ran away somewhere, and we couldn't find it, and another made an awful fuss. She doesn't like Marc, I'm sure she doesn't, and he isn't allowed even to lie in front of the dining room fire, but always has to go into a basket. Women never value a good dog; they don't know one when they see him. Do they, Marc?"

The dog—who appeared now to have finally determined to carry his top-hat as a chest protector—on hearing his name called, awoke with a start from his reverie, and after a moment's hesitation, as though he forgot exactly how the trick began, turned slowly over and "died."

Many years have slipped away since I first saw Marcus Aurelius meditating on the sun-lit lawn, and though I knew him as a baby, I find him to be quite a gray-haired old man. No top-hat appears rakishly perched upon his shapeless head, and he stretches himself with perfect confidence upon the sacred hearthrug and suffers no rebuke.

"Marc," says mother, with a slight tremble in her voice, "where's your master?"

The dog wags his stumpy tail, but it is a heartless proceeding, and he does not even raise his head. Perhaps he knows as well as we do that wide seas roll between himself and Australia, and long before the boy will ever think of crossing them again. Marcus Aurelius will have performed his old trick in sober earnest and shuffled off down that dusty pathway trodden years ago by the family of juvenile porkers, the old sheep-dog, and all the other friends of his youth.

#### Alcohol and Pauperism.

The relation of pauperism to intemperance seems very plain to the people of Japan. In Great Britain there are 1,000,000 paupers, while Japan has only 25,000. When some one expressed surprise at the great disparity and wondered why in Japan there is so small an element of pauperism in proportion to population, the reply of a Japanese statesman was: "That is because while the Japanese drink tea the British drink alcohol."—Ram's Horn.

#### Horse Had Manners.

One of St. Johnsbury's best-known characters and one who has had name and fame perpetuated by having a likeness of himself and team printed on a colored post card, is Orville Lawrence, formerly associated with the late Russell Sage on Wall street in the early fifties, but being less fortunate than Mr. Sage he has become reduced in circumstances, and now drives around town in a more or less dilapidated looking outfit, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Orville's wit is keen and he always has an answer ready for any of his friends who attempted to chaff him. One day Orville appeared driving a horse which interfered badly, and, like its driver, had evidently seen better days.

A prominent business man of the place accosted Orville with the remark: "Say Orville, your horse seems to interfere some!" to which Orville promptly replied: "He ain't interfering with your business, is he?"

**Why Birds' Nests Are Round.**  
The little, abandoned nest had fallen from the tree. The nature student took it from the frozen ground.

"How round it is!" he said. "No cup rim could be rounder. Don't you wonder how the bird, with neither rule nor compass, can make her nest so round?"

"Well, she does it easily. She builds the nest about her own breast, turning round and round in it, and its circular character comes spontaneously and inevitably.

"The circle is found everywhere in the buildings of the lower animals. The straight line, on the other hand, they can never achieve."

## FOLLY AS IT FLIES

HOW ONE MOTH WAS DRAWN FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Gay Young Rounder Needed Only to Have His Feet Set in the Right Direction and the Plain Path.

Setemup didn't draw any dividends from bowling alleys, saloons, or theaters; but he was a free spender, and made welcome by all the proprietors of such places.

One day Setemup got moody and sad. His clothes were glossy, and since he couldn't be relied on to do good work because he stayed out late at nights and often came to work with a bad headache, he had not been promoted for 18 months. Further, Setemup was penniless and owed a three weeks' board bill.

Setemup began to think. Thought produced action, and he went to see a wise old uncle who often gave him good advice, and had on one occasion rescued him out of the hands of some relentless loan sharks.

"How now?" said the uncle. "Why so sad?"

"I'm nearly down and out," was the reply. "I can't keep good habits, somehow, and I can't save."

His relation scratched his head and pondered for a few minutes. Then he said, "I like you because you have the elements of a man in you. I'll help you by giving you an inducement to save your money. For every dollar you bring me inside the next two years I'll add half a dollar. It'll cost me some money, but I guess it will be worth it."

Fired by the ambition of making such easy money, Setemup neglected his old haunts at the bowling alleys, the saloons, and the theaters. Inside a month he brought his uncle a few dollars, which the old man promised to put carefully away for him and add the percentage promised. And he kept on bringing his uncle all the money he could spare.

The habit of saving and the virtues it necessitated soon showed itself in his appearance. His clothing was good and well kept. His eyes were bright and healthy. What most pleased him was the fact that he began to be advanced regularly, and before the two years were up he had become assistant at the head of a big department.

At the close of the two years Setemup went to his uncle to draw his money. The sum was so large that he protested the old man had been adding more than he should.

"Are you satisfied?" was the query. "Perfectly," was the reply. "I never expected nearly so much."

"Well, I'll be honest with you. The money just handed to you represents your savings along with accrued interest. Lately I've met with some reverses, and am unable to add my proportion; but I will later.

"In this world," said the uncle, "habits are the real giant forces for good or evil. I simply helped you to establish one good habit, and lo! like magic, all the rest of the virtues followed in its train. The forming of one good habit and sticking to it often will help a man to make good headway in a manner faster than he could imagine in his wildest dreams."

**Happy Solution.**  
"My dear," said the bridegroom, the day after they had returned from their wedding journey, "I have a suggestion to make that I think will work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit."

"Now, John, darling," said the bride, preparing to weep at the slightest excuse "remember, I never said I could cook—"

"Don't worry; it isn't about your cooking. It is about the letters you write and ask me to mail. It strikes me that we might be happier—"

"If I didn't write to anyone? Oh, John, how—"

"Wait until I have finished my dear. All I want to suggest is that you mail your own letters, so I won't be forever forgetting them, and in return for so doing that I will sew all my buttons on. By doing so it seems to me we will overcome two obstacles to married happiness that have caused trouble since buttons and letters were invented."

And the little bride, having checked her tears, agreed to try the plan.—Judge.

**Rigors of Alpine Winter.**  
The situation in Switzerland, owing to snowstorms, is much worse than is revealed by the scant telegrams leaving the country. The state of things has rarely been so bad at this time of year.

The uplands already lie two yards deep under snow, and the mountain villages of Simplan and other villages are absolutely cut off from the rest of the country. An attempt has been made in the legislature to induce the government to keep these passes open all the year, but the cost was declared to be prohibitory.

From Berne in the beginning of the week several diligences were long overdue, and their arrival was awaited with anxiety. A number of peasants who had gone with cattle from the valleys to the uplands had also been caught, and were quite unable to descend, while efforts to reach them involved much danger.

**Tools Cheap at Junk Shops.**  
In every large city will be found places where second-hand or junk tools are sold. Tools of all descriptions, adapted to every branch of mechanics, can be bought at prices ranging from one cent up.

A good-sized paint brush brings two cents, a carpenter's hammer five cents, a pick or shovel 25 cents, a rip saw ten cents, and so on. According to Popular Mechanics, the average price is less than one-tenth what the new article would cost at a hardware store, and the tool is often just as useful as a new one.

Some of the stuff in the motley collection comes from unredeemed pawn, some from junk dealers and a good deal from parties of whom no questions are asked.

Frequently quite valuable tools and instruments can be had for a mere song, as most customers want the tools of ordinary use requiring less skill to handle.

Cupid played one of the meanest tricks ever upon Miss Cordelia Magoon of Waco, Tex. The young woman is a beauty, but she is bereaved and heart-broken, and her experience ought to be a warning to all pretty and trusting maidens who turn up their noses in disdain for the honest youths in their own neighborhoods and go away from home seeking romance.

Miss Magoon once won a prize in a cattle roping contest. Her picture was printed in the papers, and she received a letter from a man in Minnesota and answered it. In time the correspondence reached the point of tenderness. The young man proposed and was accepted. Miss Magoon trusted him fully, and loved him so well that she was willing to meet him more than half way. She agreed to go to Des Moines to be married to her northern lover, because he said it was difficult for him to get away from his business long enough to make the journey to Texas.

When Miss Magoon reached Des Moines she went to the hotel, but her lover had not arrived. She was not disappointed, but yet alarmed. She waited until the next train, and then the next one. In fact, she waited uncomplainingly for two weeks, during which time she wrote and telegraphed in vain. But there was not a word from the missing bridegroom. Miss Magoon had her lasso in her trunk, and she was mad enough by this time to wish that she had it around the Minneapolis man's neck.

When her money was all gone she went into the sheriff's office and told her troubles. Deputy Ness tried to console her. They went around to all the hotels, but the recent had not been in town.

Money was raised to send the unfortunate young woman back to her home in Waco. And the next Minneapolis man that shows his countenance in that part of Texas would better be prepared with an alibi in good working order.

Christena Meyers is another girl who is advertising in Cupid's Gazette for a lost bridegroom. The mysteriously disappearing young man is Fred Gleeson, a dry goods clerk, about 20 years old. A suitable reward will be paid for his return to Christena at Avoca, Neb., where the wedding feast still is waiting.

Gleeson went to Avoca last spring; and "accepted a position" with one of the leading dry goods firms of that place. He was a new man in town and of course the girls were interested in him. He devoted himself to Miss Meyers, however, and in time their engagement was announced.

Preparations were made for a big wedding. The guests came and Christena was as happy and as proud as any bride ever was. When it came time for the ceremony, however, they discovered that the bridegroom was missing. It would be hard to have a marriage without a bridegroom, so they sent post-haste to the store to see what had happened to Gleeson. He was not there—nor anywhere in the town of Avoca.

The sad news that Fred had eloped by himself was broken to the Meyers family and the wedding guests were dismissed. Up to the time of going to press not a word has been heard from the missing man, and Christena says if he comes back now she won't marry him to save his life.

It is not likely, however, that Gleeson will put in his appearance at this belated hour.

They do things differently along the Manayunk canal in Pennsylvania. There the shoe is on the other foot. It is the girl that vanishes on her wedding day. It may be said, however, of Annie Fonkey that she had more courage than a man usually is able to muster up on similar occasions. Annie went away but she returned at once, bringing another lover with her.

Miss Fonkey had been engaged to Stephen Hask. Stephen was the happiest man along the canal. He made his arrangements for a wedding at the Slavish church, at which all the Poles of Manayunk were invited, and the feast that was prepared to follow the ceremony was expected to surpass anything ever seen in that part of the state. Miss Fonkey was keeping up her end of the arrangements and prepared a wedding gown that was simply gorgeous. She was so anxious to wear this gown that she urged Stephen to hasten the wedding.

On the night before the great day Miss Fonkey went to attend a reception at the home of her sister in Nicetown. Stephen was not there, but Andrew Lutcho was, and there was a little bit of ancient history in connection with Andrew that Stephen did not know. Years before Annie and Stephen had been sweethearts and separated after a quarrel. That night they patched up the quarrel and the next morning, instead of going to the church to be married to Stephen, Miss Fonkey went with Andrew to Camden, where they procured a marriage license.

They got back to the canal in time to find Stephen and his friends at the brideless wedding feast. There was an altercation that threatened for a time to be serious, but Annie and Andrew defied everybody and everything and flourished their marriage license in the face of Stephen and asked him what he was going to do about it.

Stephen swore that at least the girl's new lover should pay for the wedding dinner, but Andrew laughed. Stephen was mad enough to fight. The only thing that pacified him was the proposition generously made by Annie's sister, Mary, that she would pay half the expenses of Stephen's feast. He decided to accept that. The girl was gone, and if he could get half his money back, it was better than a complete loss.

Talk as if you were making your will; the fewer words the less litigation.—Balthasar Gracian.

## ENDED THE CHILLING FEAST.

When the Negroes Saw the Policemen They Fairly Flew.

The other night two policemen were walking along Vine street when they met an old negro "grandma" coming out of a grocery store with her arms full of packages, says the Kansas City Star.

"Must be goin' to have a feast at your house," said one of the officers. "Goin' to have a chittin' suppah to-morrow night," replied "grandma." "Drap in an' git a bite."

The next night the two officers happened to be passing the house where the old negro "mammy" lived. Sounds of high revelry floated out on the night air.

"Let's go in and see what chittlings are," said one of the officers to the other. "I have heard of such edibles, but don't know what they are like."

"All right, I'll go you."

The officers knocked at the door. Instantly all became silent inside. Then the door was opened a crack. The negroes inside caught sight of the blue clothes and brass buttons.

"Good heavens," some one shouted, "it's the big law."

At once there was a wild scramble to get out. Some went out the back door, but most of them made a dive out the windows, taking sash, glass and all with them. When the officers got inside not a soul was there except the old negro "grandma," and she was laughing until the tears ran down her face.

"What's the matter with all your guests?" asked one of the policemen.

"Why, youalls know them niggahs believes they haint no justice in the law," she answered. "But I'm mighty glad you come, cause my ole man haint done a tap o'work foh a yeah. Been tellin' me 'bout his roomatiz an' a limpin' an' a groanin' aroun'—could n't scarcely move. But he was the fust man out o' that windo'—just flew like a deah. Now he's got to go to work. He haint got no mo' roomatiz 'en a rabbit."

#### Big Rats of Wheeling.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin could reap a fortune were he to spend a day in this city, says a Wheeling (W. Va.) correspondent. Rats as large as good-sized cats are swarming in the mills of this city, and in several the workmen have threatened to walk out unless the invasion is checked.

Some of the tales are wonderful to relate. In one factory, according to well authenticated reports, a rat was seen to take a tin pail in one of its paws and trot away on the other three feet. Another deftly took the lid off a pail in order to get at the goodies he knew were inside. Another dragged a dinner basket by his tail, but was unable to get the basket down the rat hole, so he got behind a barrel to investigate his plunder.

The workmen declare they cannot frighten the rodents away, for they show fight. The amazing stories of boldness on the part of the rats grow with each repetition, but there is no question that the rats do eat the laborers' dinners and that there is indignation as a result.

**Caught**