

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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The Journal, Established 1877.
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There will be no "old home" week celebration for Castro this year.
The Young Turks are not all young, neither are they all Turks. So what's in a name, anyway?
Pleasures seem to be on the lookout for smiling people. Another proof of the theory that like attracts like.
A shortage in the supply of bushel baskets is readily accounted for when you observe the spring millinery.
An Austrian archduke is lost. Get a bunch of American heiresses to looking for him and he will not remain lost long.
As Japan increases in civilization and industrial activity, the number of cases of insanity also increases.
Japan's fishermen represent a huge industry. Last year the total value of the catch was estimated at \$43,932,188.
The man who howls the loudest about existing conditions is not the one who does the most to remedy them.
Kansas City has sixty square miles of land in its limits, and every acre is either built upon or cultivated. How many cities can say as much?
Billy Sunday says: "The man who bets and wins is a thief, the man who bets and loses is a fool. A gambler is always either a thief or a fool."
The Uganda natives are keeping a respectful distance from the Roosevelt party. They find that it's armed with something besides hymn books.
A new highway is to be built across the state of Pennsylvania from New Jersey to Ohio. Three million dollars have been appropriated to pay for its construction.
Mr. Aldrich says he has spent thirty years in consideration of the tariff. Yes, and evidently it raised in his estimation a notch every year.
An exchange says: "The reason that the country and the state is ruled by bosses is that it pays ordinary folks better to attend to their own business than to try to control political affairs."
The czar is going to circumnavigate the globe in his yacht. Let us hope he will complete his cruise more successfully than that other Russian expedition that came to a sudden halt in the Sea of Japan.
Eleven of old Abdul's 400 wives escaped with him from Constantinople. Think of a man's making an escape from a dangerous predicament with eleven wives. Abdul must be pretty clever after all.
Charles P. Taft, brother of the president, says he has had enough of politics and will not be a candidate for the senate to succeed Charles F. Dick. It looks as though Brother Charles felt that he didn't get his money's worth.
The authorities object to having George Meredith interred in Westminster Abbey. The novelist's advocacy of trial marriages is the cause of their opposition. In America this was not taken seriously, but just as an attempt at humor.
Mr. Harriman has been ordered to get away from his business and take a rest. Of necessity he must go to Europe to carry out the physician's instructions. He can still travel in Europe without passing over his own railroads.
Senator Bailey struck the right note when he said: "It seems to me there are rich men who are willing to give benefactions in order to have them published who are not willing to pay their fair proportion of the expenses of the government."
Andrew Carnegie predicts a war between England and Germany. Let us hope the laird is a poor prophet, for a war between two nations armed to the teeth with every modern instrument of destruction would be a most terrible struggle.
American college students of today are taller than their fathers or grandfathers. In England, the landed gentry and the skilled artisan are holding their own, but the laborers are decreasing in stature and increasing in numbers more rapidly than the other classes.
Dr. Wiley, the government pure food expert, gives the people warning that all soft drinks contain poison. The sweet syrups of all contain more or less caffeine, which, though not as

dangerous as strychnine or as strong as dynamite, are just as sure to get the boy who imbibes soft drinks as those who of older years take something stronger.
Congressman Sharp of Ohio said in congress the other day: "I want protection for every industry till it can stand on its feet." Congressman James of Kentucky quickly replied: "I'll go that far; I'll favor protecting industries until they can stand on their own feet, but I don't feel like continuing the protection until they stand on everybody else's feet."
That famous seventy-year old pedestrian, Weston, says "that a middle aged man may acquire the disease habit just as a boy acquires the cigarette habit. He gets to think in terms of liver pills, liver pads, electric belts, essences and extracts and finally scares himself to death. There's no enemy that can run a bigger bluff and get away with it than sickness."
An immense bronze statue of James J. Hill will occupy a central position on the Alaska-Yukon exposition grounds. It has been paid for by popular subscriptions and is a tribute from the people of the northwest to the genius of the great railroad builder. At the close of the exposition the statue will become the property of the state university of Washington and will stand on its campus.
The fact that a district judge has been accused of accepting a bribe in Oklahoma, and the fact that such a charge has created no small sensation, is fitting commentary upon the fact that for the most part our courts are clean, honest institutions. Seldom do you hear of a district judge or any other judge of a high court being actually corrupt in his decisions.
New York politicians are very anxious to know what Governor Hughes intends to do at the expiration of his second term as the state's chief executive. Some think he will be a candidate for a third term, others believe he would like to succeed Dr. Depew in the senate, while another rumor is current to the effect that the president will appoint him as associate justice of the United States supreme court.
Old Man Island, off the Maine coast, has been reserved for the breeding and protection of the elder duck. The warden, who by the authority of the Audubon society, has charge of the island, estimates that the colony of elders in which there were thirty pairs last summer, raised about seventy-five young ones. It is most necessary that something should be done to preserve these valuable wild fowls from extinction.
The man whose life is without a definite purpose is like a ship without a rudder. Purpose gives new meaning to life. It shows the only real reason for living. The great thing in life is not realizing a purpose but fighting for it. Failure in a great work is nobler than success in a petty one that is beneath our maximum of possibility. We have nothing to do with results anyway. "Not failure but low aim is crime."

RAINS WERE BENEFICIAL.

The refreshing rains of the past ten days have been highly beneficial to crops of this territory and prospects are much more promising than they were two weeks ago. With showers coming steadily, the rainwater has all soaked in and a maximum of benefit has obtained.
There is every indication now that the season will be abundantly productive and that prosperity will reign as a result of the bountiful harvest.
From August 19 till October 19, Ecuador will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the outbreak of the revolution which drove the Spanish from South America. Although Ecuador did not gain independence until 1830, her enthusiastic citizens could not wait for the hundredth anniversary of that date for their international exposition. They remember that delays are dangerous and the conditions of South American republics very uncertain.
For crazy propositions, Professor Pickering's scheme to construct a huge reflector at an expense of \$10,000,000 to signal to Mars, is the climax. Supposing that Mars is inhabited and that the people should notice a strange light on the earth, how would Mars know that we were signaling her or how would we know was an answer given? Professor Pickering has really overreached the bounds of silliness allowable even to college professors.
Texas has long been celebrated in song and story as the state where the "gun toter" was in his element, and could "get a drop" on his enemy without question. But all that is past. The Lone Star state now leads many others in the severe restrictions against carrying weapons. There is no need in this day for anyone to carry arms. If the privilege of making a walking arsenal of oneself were taken away many heedless deaths and

unnecessary crimes would be prevented.
There is no finer evidence of the growth of public spirit in this country than can be found in the greater interest which is being taken in the cleanliness and beauty of cities and towns. A public spirited people will not live in foul unwholesome surroundings. It is worth noting that in every community to which has come this new ideal of the city beautiful—which means the city healthful—it is the women who have been the leading spirits in the crusade and in many instances they have had to do the work almost alone.
ROSEBUD IN RAIN BELT.
They used to say western South Dakota and southern South Dakota, along with western Nebraska, were not in the rain belt.
Tuesday's copious downpour, covering that whole territory between the Black Hills and the Missouri river like a blanket, is only one more demonstration of the fallacy of that old theory.
If there is any "rain belt," north Nebraska and southern South Dakota are in it.
TOO MANY ROBBERIES.
The Omaha train robbery, together with the innumerable bank robberies that have been occurring in the middle west during the past six months, should give cause for general alarm and for a rigid effort upon the part of states and nation alike to run down the criminals and bring them behind prison bars.
Not in years have robberies of this sort been so commonplace, and the fact that few of the culprits are caught points to something rotten in the police circles of the large cities, where the crooks congregate and too often receive police protection.
President Taft is contemplating a trip to Alaska this summer to learn at first hand of the condition and needs of this most important of American possessions. Important not alone because of great wealth and natural resources, but also because Alaska will become a member of our body politic and the home of millions of Americans, while the others can never be anything more than hangers-on. Much Alaskan legislation will come up in the near future and it is wise for the president to visit the country and get in personal touch with conditions there as he already is with Panama and the Philippines.
While workmen were removing rock from the old channel of the Niagara river near Fort Frances, Ontario, to make way for the big power dam on the American side, they unearthed a most remarkable collection of Indian weapons and utensils all made of pure copper and hardened to the consistency of steel. They are of superior workmanship, being evidently the work of a prehistoric race who possessed the knowledge of tempering copper to perfection. It is believed from these articles being found together that they were originally packed together in a leather sack and were being carried in a canoe which was overturned in the descent of the rapids and have lain for centuries in this hole.
A bill has passed one house of the Illinois legislature making the dealing in futures a crime. It provides that any person who sells produce on stocks or bonds which he does not actually own at the time he sells or pretends to sell shall be adjudged guilty of a crime. It provides that the buyer who knows that the seller has not the property but is dealing in futures shall be equally guilty. In short, it puts this particular form of gambling in the same legal position that other forms occupy. No one can estimate the fortunes, the reputations, the lives that the enactment and enforcement of such a law would save. The mere maintenance of the apparatus for this gambling in futures costs \$150,000,000. That is what the people pay out without getting any return. If this special session of congress would put in its spare time while not busy on the tariff in making similar national legislation to that attempted in Illinois and the president would endorse it, they would atone for any past delinquencies, rouse the public to a frenzy of enthusiasm and assure the continuance of the republican party in power for many years. Why not try? It will come eventually, anyway.
The value and necessity of good roads as an adjunct and promoter of prosperity and civilization is just beginning to dawn with power upon the American people. Some one has observed that there is no surer index to a country's real character than is to be found in its public highways. This much is true as is known to every student of history that Ancient Rome in the days of her splendor depended not alone upon the valor of her arms but the excellence of her roads as well. If the first were her support in time of stress or no less importance were the great well made highways over which her troops could march in all kinds of weather with safety and with celerity. England and France each with 30,000,000 of people living in areas not larger than

MISSOURI'S INSURANCE LAW.

Although the Missouri state law prohibiting from the state insurance companies paying any salaries in excess of \$50,000, was upheld by its supreme court, that tribunal gave as its opinion the statement that the legislation was unwise, and recommended the law's repeal. While such procedure is rather out of the ordinary from a court, in this instance the setting forth of such an opinion seems to be wholly justified by the situation.
Just why an insurance company should be kept out of a state because it was able to employ the brainiest men in the country, is not apparent. And that a man capable of handling the affairs of a gigantic insurance company, involving billions of dollars, ought to be a man worth at least \$50,000 and perhaps more a year, is self evident.
The solons of Missouri did not take into account the fact that a man's brain can be worth almost an unlimited sum, if it delivers the goods.
And in shutting out the big companies, a hardship might very easily be worked upon those citizens who might, for one reason or another, desire to buy insurance from just those companies.
That sort of legislation deprives citizens of independence and is going at things wrong end to.

CHARLES P. TAFT IS GOING INTO FARMING ON A MOST MAGNIFICENT SCALE IN TEXAS.

He owns an estate of 160,000 acres in the Lone Star state which he proposes to cultivate as one huge farm, applying modern business methods to the great enterprise. He proposes to raise a diversified crop. A thousand-acre cabbage patch and thousand-acre lots of other vegetables. There are to be great orchards, herds of choice dairy cattle and a mammoth creamery. Railroad tracks will cross the farm and shipments will be made in carload and even trainload lots. What Mr. Taft is doing by hiring an army of farmers the farmers in any locality can do for themselves by combining and agreeing to raise certain kinds of products. For instance, in potato raising, the market demands certain kinds and demands those un-mixed. Even the best mixed varieties are worth from five to ten cents per bushel less than any one of them un-mixed. Therefore, a group of farmers in a locality can get a much better price for their potatoes if they will all plant the same kind. The same thing holds true in any farm product. Commission men will pay a higher price if they can get carload or larger lots of the same kind of product in a locality.
HENRY H. ROGERS.
In the death of Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate who died suddenly in New York this week, the country has lost one of its most famous financiers, one of the most hated and also one of the most beloved of men. In New York business circles Rogers was a czar; in the little town of Fairhaven, Mass., he was a good neighbor.
The career of this man shows tremendously what business opportunities are open to the American youth. Questionable methods were used in making the Standard Oil company what it is, it is true, but the fact that a newsboy could develop into a man worth from fifty to seventy-five millions of dollars, in one short lifetime, is a striking commentary upon the possibilities presented in this rich land of opportunity.
It is claimed in some quarters that Rogers began life as a grocer clerk, at \$3 per week, instead of a newsboy. However, that may be, his beginning in life was humble.
Until three or four years ago Mr. Rogers' undertakings were all attended by brilliant and almost unprecedented success. In fact it is almost too much to say that he ever lost his Midas touch, although his huge expenditures upon his tidewater railway during the past few years—amounting to some forty millions—are said to have caused him worry that finally resulted in his breakdown and death. Money market conditions were unfavorable, the new line traversed a thinly settled territory and depended upon a single industry for its success. The result was that Rogers was forced to carry the greatest portion of the burden and to carry it longer than he had expected.
Mr. Rogers was married twice. He was born in 1860, being 69 years old when he died.
In some quarters Rogers, and not Rockefeller, is credited with the idea of forming a pool or trust in oil.

AROUND TOWN.

Got your golf sticks yet?
Probably that Tilden liverman didn't realize he was being taken for

single states of this union are mighty influences in the world. These millions live in comfort and order very largely because of the superb roads which abound and bind them together as great natural bodies. It is true here in America that every dollar well spent on the public highways helps most wonderfully in increasing the welfare of separate communities but tends greatly toward the unification of the great republic which we love so well.
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OVER NORTHWESTERN PRAIRIES.

Carlock, S. D., is to have a jail.
Madison may ask for a Carnegie library.
The O'Neill Independent was 21 years old last week.
An Eastern Star lodge has been organized at Dallas, S. D.
C. A. Jerrard has started the Democrat, a new paper, at Bassett.
The Beemer Times believes that Beemer's plow factory is now a sure go.
Arthur F. Mullen of O'Neill has succeeded C. J. Smyth of Omaha as state deputy of the Knights of Columbus.
P. L. Wyman, manager of the Bristol cheese factory, may interest Bonesteel citizens in a factory at that point.
By a vote of 108 to 0 Gregory, S. D., voted \$20,000 bonds, \$15,000 for a high school building and \$5,000 for refunding purposes.
The Randolph high school won the cup at the Hartington field meet, Hartington won second place. In baseball Randolph defeated Creighton 3 to 1.
Bonesteel Pilot: James Dahman, who was recently re-elected mayor of Omaha by a handsome majority, is a brother of Mrs. T. J. Thompson of Fairfax.
The Witten town lot sale has been postponed from June 1 to June 3, on account of the Tripp county election coming on June 1. The sale is held at Gregory, S. D.
Collins, the newest Tripp county townsite, is between Witten and Seiler on nearly a direct line. B. F. Collins, J. M. Hackler, Fred Huston and Windsor Doherty are said to be back of the new town.
W. I. Kortwright, editor of the defunct Randolph Reporter, who won fame by editing the Fairfax Sun-Review from the county jail, was looking for a newspaper location in Tripp county, but failed to find one.
The Colome Times asserts that Colome will be a railroad town before snow flies. The railroad survey, it declares, passes through Colome going northwest through the John Bandon allotment. The Times says that a visit to Colome by Contractor Treadway, who built much of the Bonesteel extension, looks like railroad building.
A supreme court announcement states that the decision is affirmed in the case of H. J. Hoffman against I. W. Aller, police judge of Wayne. Hoffman sought to have part of the police court record expunged. This was denied by the court. The record was made by the judge who had fined a number of persons on a misdemeanor charge.
Business Changes in the Northwest.
Fred Volberding has purchased the D. J. Brazda grocery stock at Wisner.
W. P. Bishop, a Gregory hotel man, has sold his cafe to Hocking & Scott, but retains the management of the hotel.
The Kilgore State bank, A. G. Holt of Johnston president, E. R. Gurney of Fremont vice president and W. L. Dillon cashier, has been incorporated with \$10,000 capital stock and will open for business June 1.
About Norfolk.
Madison Chronicle: Norfolk has sidestepped from the camel brigade, after a week or two of drouth, and has licensed six or seven thirst emporiums.

a bandit when his touring car broke down in Norfolk Sunday morning.
How's your dandelion patch?
Now's the time to sell September wheat.
How'd you like to be a girl graduate about now?
The sweet girl graduate will be the next batter up.
The Coney Island press agent certainly knows the game.
Where's that long faced individual who was forecasting a drouth?
The law was on Herman Boche's side that time, even if they did fine him.
Jim Patten seems to have turned the laugh on Tama Jim in the latter days of May.
Wouldn't it have been cunning if Kermit could have caught that charging hyena in his hands, instead of killing it?
Probably the Omaha train robbers, when seen whizzing through Norfolk in an automobile early Sunday morning, were bound for Sioux City. It's only to be expected that they have heard of the way the Hadar bank robbers have been taken care of over there.
A girl who is engaged to be married and whose tresseau is being made, shouldn't announce that her engagement has been broken until she's dead sure of it. A Norfolk girl during the past week called off the dressmaker with word that she wasn't going to be married, after all—that the engagement was broken. Within three days she gave an order to go on with the duds—that the engagement was "on" again.

A BACHELOR'S LAST CHANCE.

By ARABELLA JASON.
[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]
Aunt Mary Spooner, widow of Deacon Spooner, sat on the veranda of her house in the village of Parkville with some sewing on her lap, when there was a rattle of wheels in the road, a "Whoa!" from a man driving a one horse wagon, and she looked up to catch her breath and exclaim: "Now, then, if that ain't Sam Bortford, whom I haven't seen for the last six years, then it must be his twfn brother, though I know he never had any!"
It was Sam. He hitched his horse and entered the gate, and they were soon shaking hands and asking about each other's health. A chair was brought out for him, and after some general talk the widow said: "Sam, you are looking worried and troubled, and I'm sorry to see it. Is there anything on your mind that you want to consult me about?"
"There is, Mary," he replied. "That's the reason why I've come over to see you after all this time. Yes, I've been worried for a good spell back and hadn't anybody to go to for advice. All at once the other night I happened to think of you, and I says to myself, 'Why not go over and see Mary Spooner about it?' and that's why I am here."
"I hope you are not going to lose your farm on a mortgage?"
"No; nothing of the kind. Mary, I've got to be fifty-five years old, and I've been living alone all these years. I'm the oldest old bachelor in the county. Ten years ago it kinder seemed for awhile as if you and me was going to make a match of it, but it fell through. The deacon came along, and you preferred him to me. I ain't kicking about it. He was a good man, the deacon was, and I was sorry when I heard that you was left a widder. He's been dead two years or more, but don't think I've come a-courting. I've got old and shakety and bald-headed, and I know it would be no use to begin talking about turtle-doves to you."
"No, Sam, it wouldn't," was the quiet reply as the widow breathed a sigh of relief.
"In fact, Mary, I'm sorter bound to another woman—another widder—and I'm not the man to be evorting around after two widder women at once. She's a woman named Grimes, living about three miles this side of my farm. She owns what they call the Plum Tree farm."
"Yes; I know her by sight. So you've fallen in love with her?"
"Y-es; my heart's been a-throbbing for her for the last six months. She hain't no great shakes as far as looks go, and I wish her hair wasn't so red, but she's got a nice farm there, Mary—a mighty nice farm—and she can cook the best boiled dinner a hungry man ever sat do' n to. We agree on the Bible, on the way to smoke hams, on having wire screens to the winders in living-rooms on everything but one, and that is what is bothering me and why I've come over to see you."
"And what's that, Sam?" asked the widow.
"I popped the question two months ago, but there's another fellow did the same thing. He's Abe Johnson, a widower. He's about my age and no better looking, and the widder is hanging fire as to whether it is best for her to marry an old bach or an old widder. She says she's got to take time to think it over."
"And you want to hurry her up?"
"That's just it, Mary. You are understanding the situation right off. Yes, I want to hurry her up, and I want the decision to be in my favor. You are a woman and a widder. You ought to know what another woman and widder would do under certain circumstances."
"Perhaps," was the doubtful reply. "What are the certain circumstances?"
"Jealousy, Mary—jealousy. I've had it all planned out for a week past, and I believe that if you will help me I can win out as easy as grease. I take it that Abe and me stand about equal in the Widder Grimes' affections. It's like balancing a stick on the top rail of a fence. Abe can drive oxen and not swear, and in case the preacher ain't there he can take the lead at a funeral or prayer meeting. I can drive a hog out of the garden without yelling to be heard a mile away, and I have made two speeches on the Fourth of July. It's about an even thing between us. The widder is balancing. She may balance for a year if something hain't done. Something is going to be done. I'm going to appeal to her jealousy. I'm going to make her think she's lost me forever."
"But just how?"
"That's where you come in, Mary. You'll set a day, and I'll drive over here and get you. I'll drive you past the farm and back. She'll surely see us. She'll see us sorter cuddled up to each other and talking confidentially. Right in front of her house she'll see my arm stealing around your waist, and we'll both be looking as happy as all outdoors. The demon of jealousy, as they call it, will bubble up in her heart at once, and she'll feel that she loves me only and must have me or die. When I pass for the third time after leaving you home she'll be down to the gate to stop me and say, 'Sam Bortford, you hump yourself and bring a preacher here and marry me or I'll show you what a desperate woman can do.' She'll say that, Mary, and within two hours she'll be mine. Come, now, wouldn't you act just like that under the same circumstances?"
"I-I hardly think so," replied the woman after a moment's thought.
"But you hain't red headed, you see, and that makes a heap of difference.

A BACHELOR'S LAST CHANCE.

Mebbe you couldn't be made jealous, but red headed women and jealousy go together. Lord, but when she sees my arm stealing around your waist she'll grow a foot taller in a minute!"
"But I couldn't allow that, Sam."
"Oh, yes, you could, Mary. You'll allow it for old time's sake. Your conscience has always troubled you for the way you throwed me down, and I'm telling you that this is the last chance for me. If I lose the Widder Grimes I'm gone cool. The turtle-doves will never coo for me again."
"There was more talk, and the Widder Spooner finally gave a doubtful and reluctant consent. She warned Sam, however, that he was taking chances and must put up with consequences.
A day and hour were named for him to drive over again, and he went home with a smile on his face for the first time in weeks. When the day came for him to head for Parkville again he drove at a slow pace past the Plum Tree farm.
The Widder Grimes was out among the cabbage killing slugs. She saw him and waved her hand, but she looked straight ahead and never stopped. This was to make her wonder what was up. The other widder was ready, and in an hour or so the old white horse and democrat wagon came trotting back. The Widder Grimes stood in the open door. They saw that she did, and Sam chuckled and cackled and whispered to his companion:
"It's a world better, Mary. Lenn on me as if you loved me half to death!"
Mary leaned, and two minutes later, as they were square in front of the house, he said:
"Now my arm goes around your waist. The Widder Grimes sees it. Her heels are lifting up. I don't look at her, but I know that her face is as red as a beet. The demon has suddenly appeared, and she's saying to herself that she'll kill any woman that takes me away from her. Lord, Mary, but I shall be grateful to you all the rest of my days!"
They drove up the road two miles and then turned about to repeat the performance. This time the Widder Grimes was halfway down to the gate. She pretended to be pulling some weeds out of the bed of pinks, but it was only pretense. She saw the Widder Spooner lean; she saw an arm go around her waist; she almost heard whispers of love as the old wagon creaked along.
"Mary Spooner," said Sam Bortford as he helped her out of the wagon at her own gate. "I'm owing you a debt I can never, never pay. You've helped me through like the good woman you are. As I drive along back the Widder Grimes will be at the gate to blow me up, and after the blowing it will be the preacher and a marriage. Nobody ever had such a plan before. It has worked without skipping a cog. Don't you buy no taters this fall. I'll see to it that you have ten bushels to start the winter on—yes, ten bushels of taters and a crock of butter."
"And when shall I know how you came out?" she asked.
"Oh, you'll hear it talked of in two or three days, and you'll hear that we are off on our wedding tour. Lord, Mary, hain't it worked beautifully—beautifully!"
Two hours later, as the Widder Spooner was eating her supper, she heard the rattle of that democrat wagon again and another "Whoa!" and went to the door just as Sam Bortford reached the veranda and sat down on the steps.
"For mercy's sake, but what has happened?" she exclaimed.
"There won't be any wedding!" replied a hollow voice.
"No!"
"Nor any bridal tour!"
"No!"
"Nor any nothing!"
"But why, Sam, why?"
"Because the Widder Grimes and Abe Johnson were married three days ago! She was down to the gate to tell me as I drove back and to hope that my health was the same as usual."
The Widder Spooner turned her head to hide a smile.
"I knew it all along, Sam," said she, "but I thought you wouldn't ever be satisfied until you had tried every way you knew."
Samuel looked at her. Slowly a smile crept over his face.
"To tell you the truth," said he, "I nearly boiled for joy, Mary," he said sharply. "Mary, do you want me to remain an old bachelor?"
And after a little while the Widder Spooner whispered "No."
On Saving.
"The late James Molloy," said a music publisher, "wrote humorous songs now and then, but it is as the author of 'Love's Old Sweet Song' that he will be remembered."
"Not his humor was good, too-bright, clean and pure. He liked to make fun of people who lived in the country. I once heard him say in London to a Devon man:
"Why do you live in the country, anyhow?"
"So as to save money," was the reply.
"Are vegetables and milk and meat cheaper?"
"They are, on the contrary, slightly dearer."
"How do you save, then?"
"No opera, \$50 a year. No restaurant dinners, \$100 a year. No theater, \$100 a year. No taxicab fares, \$50 a year. No distractions of any kind, \$75 a year."
"Look here," said Mr. Molloy, "couldn't you save money if you died?"—New York Tribune.
Information.
"Where do all you Americans live?" inquired the European.
"About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the caustic American, "and the rest of us live in caves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
Always there is a black spot in our sunshine. It is the shadow of ourselves.—Carlyle.

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"But I couldn't allow that, Sam."
"Oh, yes, you could, Mary. You'll allow it for old time's sake. Your conscience has always troubled you for the way you throwed me down, and I'm telling you that this is the last chance for me. If I lose the Widder Grimes I'm gone cool. The turtle-doves will never coo for me again."
"There was more talk, and the Widder Spooner finally gave a doubtful and reluctant consent. She warned Sam, however, that he was taking chances and must put up with consequences.
A day and hour were named for him to drive over again, and he went home with a smile on his face for the first time in weeks. When the day came for him to head for Parkville again he drove at a slow pace past the Plum Tree farm.
The Widder Grimes was out among the cabbage killing slugs. She saw him and waved her hand, but she looked straight ahead and never stopped. This was to make her wonder what was up. The other widder was ready, and in an hour or so the old white horse and democrat wagon came trotting back. The Widder Grimes stood in the open door. They saw that she did, and Sam chuckled and cackled and whispered to his companion:
"It's a world better, Mary. Lenn on me as if you loved me half to death!"
Mary leaned, and two minutes later, as they were square in front of the house, he said:
"Now my arm goes around your waist. The Widder Grimes sees it. Her heels are lifting up. I don't look at her, but I know that her face is as red as a beet. The demon has suddenly appeared, and she's saying to herself that she'll kill any woman that takes me away from her. Lord, Mary, but I shall be grateful to you all the rest of my days!"
They drove up the road two miles and then turned about to repeat the performance. This time the Widder Grimes was halfway down to the gate. She pretended to be pulling some weeds out of the bed of pinks, but it was only pretense. She saw the Widder Spooner lean; she saw an arm go around her waist; she almost heard whispers of love as the old wagon creaked along.
"Mary Spooner," said Sam Bortford as he helped her out of the wagon at her own gate. "I'm owing you a debt I can never, never pay. You've helped me through like the good woman you are. As I drive along back the Widder Grimes will be at the gate to blow me up, and after the blowing it will be the preacher and a marriage. Nobody ever had such a plan before. It has worked without skipping a cog. Don't you buy no taters this fall. I'll see to it that you have ten bushels to start the winter on—yes, ten bushels of taters and a crock of butter."
"And when shall I know how you came out?" she asked.
"Oh, you'll hear it talked of in two or three days, and you'll hear that we are off on our wedding tour. Lord, Mary, hain't it worked beautifully—beautifully!"
Two hours later, as the Widder Spooner was eating her supper, she heard the rattle of that democrat wagon again and another "Whoa!" and went to the door just as Sam Bortford reached the veranda and sat down on the steps.
"For mercy's sake, but what has happened?" she exclaimed.
"There won't be any wedding!" replied a hollow voice.
"No!"
"Nor any bridal tour!"
"No!"
"Nor any nothing!"
"But why, Sam, why?"
"Because the Widder Grimes and Abe Johnson were married three days ago! She was down to the gate to tell me as I drove back and to hope that my health was the same as usual."
The Widder Spooner turned her head to hide a smile.
"I knew it all along, Sam," said she, "but I thought you wouldn't ever be satisfied until you had tried every way you knew."
Samuel looked at her. Slowly a smile crept over his face.
"To tell you the truth," said he, "I nearly boiled for joy, Mary," he said sharply. "Mary, do you want me to remain an old bachelor?"
And after a little while the Widder Spooner whispered "No."
On Saving.
"The late James Molloy," said a music publisher, "wrote humorous songs now and then, but it is as the author of 'Love's Old Sweet Song' that he will be remembered."
"Not his humor was good, too-bright, clean and pure. He liked to make fun of people who lived in the country. I once heard him say in London to a Devon man:
"Why do you live in the country, anyhow?"
"So as to save money," was the reply.
"Are vegetables and milk and meat cheaper?"
"They are, on the contrary, slightly dearer."
"How do you save, then?"
"No opera, \$50 a year. No restaurant dinners, \$100 a year. No theater, \$100 a year. No taxicab fares, \$50 a year. No distractions of any kind, \$75 a year."
"Look here," said Mr. Molloy, "couldn't you save money if you died?"—New York Tribune.
Information.
"Where do all you Americans live?" inquired the European.
"About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the caustic American, "and the rest of us live in caves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
Always there is a black spot in our sunshine. It is the shadow of ourselves.—Carlyle.