

# In Uganda is an Unlimited Supply of Brides at Three Dollars Each



THREE DOLLAR WIFE AND HER BABY

(Copyright, 1908, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
**K**AMPALA, Uganda.—(Special Correspondence to The Bee)—Do you want a cheap wife?  
 You can get one here in Uganda for "peas."  
 The actual price is \$3.33, and there are thousands now on the market for just that much and no more. The rate has been fixed by the lukiko, or the native royal council, which governs this country under the king, and the man who bids higher will be fined. At the same time the parents who demand more are liable to a fine equal to the price of their daughter. So you see everyone bids a fair show. I have met crowds of these maidens since I came into Uganda, and I am told there are at least 100,000 now ready for marriage. According to the new laws, a girl should be at least 12 before she is wedded, as there are 2,000,000 souls in Uganda a fresh crop comes on every year.

**How the Girls Look.**  
 But before I go further let me tell you how these Uganda girls look. The country swarms with them and I have taken snapshots of a dozen while walking over the hills. They represent girls of all ages from little tots of 8, as naked as the day they were born, save for a cord about the waist as big as my thumb, to full grown, well developed maidens of 14, clad in bark garments of a brick-dust hue. All have beautiful forms. The average young woman is straighter than the Venus de Medici, and she carries herself like a queen. She is an African queen, however, and that allied to the best negro type. Take for instance one whom I sized up today. I never go traveling without a tape-line in my pocket, and I can give you her measurements. She was just five feet one inch in height, thirty-two inches across the chest under the arms and thirty-five including the bark cloth which covers her bust. I did not take the lines around her waist, but it was longer by far than that of our average woman of the same age, coming perhaps from the extraordinary amount of bananas upon which these people feed. This girl was of a rich mahogany brown and her skin shone as though it were oiled. She was clad in bark cloth from armpits to ankles and her garment consisted of a bark blanket, wrapped tightly about her body under the arms and by a cord at the waist. This cord was of bark, and the extra folds of the blanket were gathered into it so that they fell over in front. The girl's neck and shoulders were as smooth as though cut out by a sculptor, and she had beautiful arms. She had thirty-two teeth, and they were so firm and as white as ivory. I cannot describe her hair, for her scalp was shaved close to the skin and she had evidently just left the barber. The shaving made her little brown ears especially prominent. Other maidens whom I have seen have hair decidedly woolly, and I doubt not that many of the same who grow out. Through my guide, Ephraim, or Sassafras, as I call him, I discovered her age. She is just 17, and, I understand, she is about to be married.

**Love in Uganda.**  
 The girl told us that her prospective husband was just 16. She slipped a little in talking of him and was evidently proud of the fact of her approaching wedding. Sassafras says it is really a love match and that such matches are common in Uganda. These people are the most civilized of the natives of the central parts of this continent. They are polite and full of good nature. In many respects they remind me of the Japanese.  
 Girls and boys go around hand in hand, and there seems to be considerable affection between the young men and young women. It used to be that a man could have as many wives as he pleased. King Mutesa had his hundreds, and until lately every chief had his harem. After the country was converted to Christianity slavery was practically abolished, and now the rule of one wife prevails, except among the Mohammedan believers, who are few and far between.

**The Re-Case.**  
 Miss Geraldine Farrar honored with her presence a luncheon of debutantes in New York. She told the debutantes that there was happiness in work. Work, she said, would preserve them from degeneration into such a type as Mrs. Rose of Melrose.  
 "Mrs. Rose's type is too familiar," she said. "To show you the sort she is, I'll tell you. She came home from business. Mrs. Rose lay on a couch. He sat down by her side and said:  
 "What did the doctor say, dear?"  
 "He asked me to put out my tongue," murmured Mrs. Rose.  
 "Yes?"  
 "And he looked at it and said, 'Overworked!'"  
 "Mr. Rose heaved a long sigh of relief.  
 "Then, my dear, he said firmly, 'you'll have to give it a rest. I have perfect confidence in that doctor.'"—Washington Star.

**When Conkling Poed.**  
 When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony, such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion, and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced; a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence, and, of perhaps, unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded, Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there, he did not mingle with them.

to stay long when she comes. If she wants to see her daughter she sneaks up to within fifty feet of the house and waits until the girl happens to come outside. The two then have their talk together, and if the mother-in-law wants to greet her son-in-law still inside the hut—she may yell out in the native language, "How are you?" The man, if he is in a good humor, may respond with "All right, mamma," but it would be infra dig for him to look out.

**Widows.**  
 Sassafras tells me that many of the women I see here who have let their hair grow are widows, and that on this account they have hair. The average married woman shaves frequently, and the heads of the marriageable girls are usually as clean as a billiard ball. A widow to show her grief is not supposed to cut her hair until two months after the death of her husband, and if she is overwhelmed with despair she may let her hair grow for five or six months. I have already written of how the widows of kings are supposed to spend the rest of their lives watching in the tombs of their husbands, and how scores of women are now doing that for some of the past-away kings of Uganda. As to the children, I see little black babies everywhere, and there are numerous boys dressed in dark cloth and little girls almost naked. I am told, however, that this is a land of small families. The average man and his wife do not have as many

children as among the rich of Europe and the United States. The woman who bears several children is the exception rather than the rule, and many of the families have none. Indeed, the birth of a second son is always an occasion for pride and rejoicing. The fact is announced with drums, and the drumming may be kept up for a month outside the hut. This is a sign that there is joy within and that the couple's friends should come in and drink some banana beer to the health of the new arrival. The mother who has a second son is entitled to a new dress for having brought this honor to the family. This dress is of terra cotta bark cloth, and its ordinary cost is about \$3 cents.  
 I like the looks of these babies. They are bright little brown things, good-natured and full of smiles. The mothers fasten them to their bare backs inside their bark cloth gowns while working in the fields and the little ones look up and down as mamma wields the hoe. Sometimes they are tied inside goat skins and thus carried. The men often go along with their babies astride their hips and I occasionally see one with a pickaninny riding on his shoulders. They seem fond of their children and proud of them.

**Uganda Houses.**  
 These Uganda people live happily. They are always laughing and smiling and the men and women go along hand in hand. They have comfortable homes from an African standpoint. They live in villages scattered over the country, but each village covers a great territory and every hut has its garden about it in which grow bananas, sweet potatoes and other vegetables. As a rule the banana trees shade the huts, and one often walks quite a distance through a banana plantation before he gets to the house.  
 The houses are of different sizes. Some, such as those of the chiefs, are of great extent and are most elaborately made. Out in the country they are more like huts, about twelve feet in diameter and twelve feet in height, except that each has a sort of brim, which extends out and shades the door. The huts are made of reeds with thatched roofs, the latter being upheld by poles. Every hut has several rooms, which are divided by walls of matting and bark cloth. Even the poorest house has two apartments, one at the front and the other in the rear. In the rear apartment are bunks around the wall, upon which the people sleep. Such huts have little furniture; two or three stools, a half dozen earthenware pots and some wicker or grass basins constitute an outfit for beginning married life, and if in addition a woman can have a hoe or so and a sythe she is full ready to assume her part of the contract.  
 As to food, the chief staple is the banana. There are many varieties of these in Uganda, and they are more important to

you to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

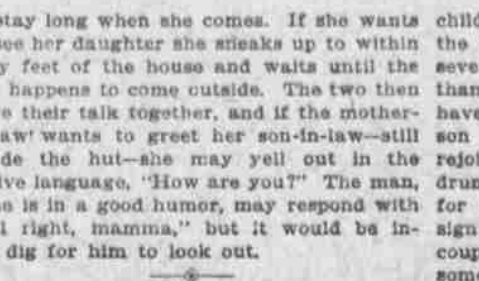
**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in a hoarse whisper replied:  
 "I forgot it, yer honor, but I'll bring 'em tomorrow."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Traveled Bird.**  
 Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's famous phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:  
 "There are worse things than a swearing parrot and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a woman bought him. But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on a shipboard in the women's saloon, for what he would say was this:  
 "For hours at a time he would choke and gag and blough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Stewart-Buckel.'"—Washington Star.

**To Temper the Wind.**  
 A mot of Dr. Wain Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.  
 On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked round City Hall square with a young editor.  
 As the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you?" Providence, then, might be induced to temper the wind."—Philadelphia Record.

**Few Concessions Given.**  
 So far it has been the government's policy to grant but few concessions for the exploitation of Uganda. The lands are held by the natives and also by the English government. Some of the chiefs own large tracts. The native prime minister, for instance, has about 100 square miles of land; he owns 1,000 head of cattle and his income is over \$5,000 a year. Other chiefs have smaller tracts, and the king himself has a considerable property. All forests over two miles square are supposed to belong to the English crown. The timber is especially valuable and the rubber possibilities are great. At present the British government is planting rubber trees along the principal roads. There are such all the way from Kampala to Entebbe, a distance of twenty-three miles. The trees are carefully set out and are guarded by fences of wicker or cane. Those who work the grounds cultivate these trees and they are now growing luxuriantly. They will probably yield a considerable revenue to the government within a few years to come.  
 FRANK G. CARPENTER.



COUNTRY HUT IN UGANDA.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in a hoarse whisper replied:  
 "I forgot it, yer honor, but I'll bring 'em tomorrow."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Traveled Bird.**  
 Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's famous phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:  
 "There are worse things than a swearing parrot and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a woman bought him. But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on a shipboard in the women's saloon, for what he would say was this:  
 "For hours at a time he would choke and gag and blough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Stewart-Buckel.'"—Washington Star.

**To Temper the Wind.**  
 A mot of Dr. Wain Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.  
 On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked round City Hall square with a young editor.  
 As the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you?" Providence, then, might be induced to temper the wind."—Philadelphia Record.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in a hoarse whisper replied:  
 "I forgot it, yer honor, but I'll bring 'em tomorrow."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Traveled Bird.**  
 Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's famous phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:  
 "There are worse things than a swearing parrot and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a woman bought him. But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on a shipboard in the women's saloon, for what he would say was this:  
 "For hours at a time he would choke and gag and blough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Stewart-Buckel.'"—Washington Star.

**To Temper the Wind.**  
 A mot of Dr. Wain Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.  
 On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked round City Hall square with a young editor.  
 As the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you?" Providence, then, might be induced to temper the wind."—Philadelphia Record.

**Few Concessions Given.**  
 So far it has been the government's policy to grant but few concessions for the exploitation of Uganda. The lands are held by the natives and also by the English government. Some of the chiefs own large tracts. The native prime minister, for instance, has about 100 square miles of land; he owns 1,000 head of cattle and his income is over \$5,000 a year. Other chiefs have smaller tracts, and the king himself has a considerable property. All forests over two miles square are supposed to belong to the English crown. The timber is especially valuable and the rubber possibilities are great. At present the British government is planting rubber trees along the principal roads. There are such all the way from Kampala to Entebbe, a distance of twenty-three miles. The trees are carefully set out and are guarded by fences of wicker or cane. Those who work the grounds cultivate these trees and they are now growing luxuriantly. They will probably yield a considerable revenue to the government within a few years to come.  
 FRANK G. CARPENTER.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in a hoarse whisper replied:  
 "I forgot it, yer honor, but I'll bring 'em tomorrow."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Traveled Bird.**  
 Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's famous phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:  
 "There are worse things than a swearing parrot and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a woman bought him. But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on a shipboard in the women's saloon, for what he would say was this:  
 "For hours at a time he would choke and gag and blough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Stewart-Buckel.'"—Washington Star.

**To Temper the Wind.**  
 A mot of Dr. Wain Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.  
 On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked round City Hall square with a young editor.  
 As the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you?" Providence, then, might be induced to temper the wind."—Philadelphia Record.

**Few Concessions Given.**  
 So far it has been the government's policy to grant but few concessions for the exploitation of Uganda. The lands are held by the natives and also by the English government. Some of the chiefs own large tracts. The native prime minister, for instance, has about 100 square miles of land; he owns 1,000 head of cattle and his income is over \$5,000 a year. Other chiefs have smaller tracts, and the king himself has a considerable property. All forests over two miles square are supposed to belong to the English crown. The timber is especially valuable and the rubber possibilities are great. At present the British government is planting rubber trees along the principal roads. There are such all the way from Kampala to Entebbe, a distance of twenty-three miles. The trees are carefully set out and are guarded by fences of wicker or cane. Those who work the grounds cultivate these trees and they are now growing luxuriantly. They will probably yield a considerable revenue to the government within a few years to come.  
 FRANK G. CARPENTER.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in a hoarse whisper replied:  
 "I forgot it, yer honor, but I'll bring 'em tomorrow."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Traveled Bird.**  
 Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's famous phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:  
 "There are worse things than a swearing parrot and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and a woman bought him. But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on a shipboard in the women's saloon, for what he would say was this:  
 "For hours at a time he would choke and gag and blough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sing out feebly: 'Stewart-Buckel.'"—Washington Star.

**To Temper the Wind.**  
 A mot of Dr. Wain Mitchell, the famous poet and novelist, is going the rounds of the Franklin Inn, a literary club of Philadelphia.  
 On a particularly blustery March morning, the story goes, Dr. Mitchell walked round City Hall square with a young editor.  
 As the two men held onto their hats and leaned against the blast, Dr. Mitchell said: "I think a shorn lamb should be kept tethered here, don't you?" Providence, then, might be induced to temper the wind."—Philadelphia Record.

**Few Concessions Given.**  
 So far it has been the government's policy to grant but few concessions for the exploitation of Uganda. The lands are held by the natives and also by the English government. Some of the chiefs own large tracts. The native prime minister, for instance, has about 100 square miles of land; he owns 1,000 head of cattle and his income is over \$5,000 a year. Other chiefs have smaller tracts, and the king himself has a considerable property. All forests over two miles square are supposed to belong to the English crown. The timber is especially valuable and the rubber possibilities are great. At present the British government is planting rubber trees along the principal roads. There are such all the way from Kampala to Entebbe, a distance of twenty-three miles. The trees are carefully set out and are guarded by fences of wicker or cane. Those who work the grounds cultivate these trees and they are now growing luxuriantly. They will probably yield a considerable revenue to the government within a few years to come.  
 FRANK G. CARPENTER.

to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away. "Ode thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Chicago girl once gave her away."  
 "This girl sat in a dimly lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:  
 "How divine, my dearest Hillary—"  
 "Hillary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"  
 "The girl flushed and bit her lip.  
 "Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me. I thought this was Saturday night!"  
 New York Times.

**Why Bill Was Saved.**  
 George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood.  
 "Bill," said the well-meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't tched by the story of the Savior that died to save your sins?"  
 "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save men when he never shed a drop of blood?"  
 "He shed a drop of blood when he died, and he never knewed me!"  
 "It was a durned sight easier for the Lord to die for you because he never shed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

**Well Basketed.**  
 One day in the spring '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Mont. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling house and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, staggered into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb. "Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.  
 "I reckon 'th, Zeb drowsily mumbled.  
 "Ain't fer 'frail yer'll freeze?"  
 "Tis cold, ain't it?" Zeb, Cap. just throw on another wagon, will yer?"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Joke Was on the Judge.**  
 Judge Williams of the juvenile court one day last week was "stung" by a joke with which he intended to roaste himself and some women probation officers.  
 A small boy was before the court for commitment to a home. His mother was there, too. Her appearance indicated that if she didn't drink more than was good for her own good her face grossly misrepresented conditions.  
 Assuming an expression of severity, he leaned over the bar and demanded: "Where is that bottle, Mary?" It was almost time for every one that was in the joke to laugh. The woman craned her neck to bring her mouth within close range of Judge Williams' ear and in