

Whether Common or Not.

The River of Afterwhile.

Its bosom is calm and its current slow,
Its waters are deep and wide;
And the soft winds blow through the trees that
grow
On the banks at either side.
And the lapping waves croon a restful tune
As they kiss each grass-grown isle;
While a silver moon and the balm of June
Guard the stream of Afterwhile.

But under the banks that the great trees deck,
Where the waters murmur low,
The light waves fleck full many a wreck
Of the current smooth and slow.
For out of the depths do the dangers creep,
While the happy hours beguile;
And lost hopes sleep in the waters deep,
Of the stream of Afterwhile.

The whitening bones of a million hopes
Are washed by the moon-kissed waves;
And the soft wind gropes up the grassy slopes
That shadow their watery graves.
But, singing and shouting, men gaily glide,
Ne'er noting each passing mile—
No compass to guide on the bosom wide
Of the stream of Afterwhile.

But the happy shouts die away in moans,
And the travelers sink to rest
'Midst the crumbling bones on the wave-lapped
stones
'Neath the river's fatal breast.
For never a mortal has sailed that stream
But meaning has killed his smile—
For the silver gleam is a treacherous scheme
Of the stream of Afterwhile.

Good Name.

"Why did you name your baby 'De-
tective?'"
"Because he never sleeps."

Natural Query.

"I hear that Writebit is to be ap-
pointed to a fat government job."
"That so? That's the first I knew
Writebit ever wrote poetry."

Sure Sign.

"Bilkins must have fallen heir to
a lot of money lately."
"What makes you think so?"
"For the last two or three weeks
he's been saying 'eyether' and
'nyether.'"

Back Action.

When things go right they smile with
joy
And all the credit's claimed.
When things go wrong they shake
their heads,
And Providence is blamed.

Uncle Josh.

"After an observation of years," re-
marked Uncle Josh, carefully replac-
ing the lid on the crackerbox, "I have
discovered that th' man who never
tries to achieve a destiny is allus
mournin' about th' fate that has over-
took him."

The Unattainable.

"They tell me old Orchid died of a
broken heart."
"Yes; he tried for fifteen years to
raise tomatoes that looked like the
pictures in the seed catalogues, and
when he realized that he sought the
unattainable he lay down and died."

From the Heart.

She was growing old, and she knew
it. Likewise she was becoming some-
what passe, and realized that, also.
He had been very persevering but in
one important particular he was slow
desperately slow.
The light was turned low, and the
shadows lurked in the corners of the

room. Suddenly the silence was
broken by his voice:

"Please play something for me," he
said.

She went to the piano without a
word, opened the lid and let her fin-
gers sweep over the ivory keys. Then
she asked:

"What shall I play?"

"I do not care for the classics," he
replied. "Play something that will
arouse the emotions. Play something
from the heart. I like the heart
songs."

"So you want something from the
heart, do you?" she queried.

"Yes, something from the heart."

She looked at him in silence for a
moment, then turning to the piano
she began playing with deep feeling
and expression Gottschalk's "Last
Hope."

The G. O. P. Scheme.

A heavy tax,
Some tariff facts,
A trust with millions in it;
Some watered stocks,
And oily talks—
'Tis thus they do begin it
Then trusts supreme
Begin to scheme
To hold the snaps created,
By seeing that
With campaign fat
The party fund's inflated.

Awful.

When the facetious boarder seated
himself at the table it was plain to
be seen that he had another of his
feeble conundrums to spring on his
helpless companions.

"What is the difference," he queried,
"between a load of saplings and a po-
lice judge meeting out justice to the
drunks and disorderlies?"

For a moment the silence was
unbroken save by the exertions of the
butler.

"It's easy," gurgled the facetious
boarder. "One is a load of poles and
the other is a poll of loads."

Brain Leaks.

Well do we rest while half done wor-
ries.

A clasp of the hand is worth a book
full of advice.

A flower in the hand is worth two
on the coffin.

Riding a hobby is better than walk-
ing in hobbles.

A gloomy family sitting room fills
the streets with boys.

Too many men admire the wisdom
of Solomon and emulate his foolish-
ness.

Too many men fail to distinguish
between satisfaction and content-
ment.

The man who spends his time
tearing down others never has time
to rise.

It is well for us that we are to be
judged by our efforts not by our
achievements.

It is forever too late when some men
discover the difference between Chris-
tianity and moral dyspepsia.

There is a great difference between
taking an interest in labor and tak-
ing an interest from labor.

The gold brick artists will prosper
as long as there are men who believe
they can tax themselves rich.

A great many men cast their bread
on the waters and spend the rest of
their lives grumbling because they

did not immediately get back a bak-
ery.

The young man who always works
for six o'clock never ceases to wonder
why he is compelled to work by the
clock.

The widow gave only a mite, but her
gift will be remembered long after
colleges and libraries have crumbled
into dust.

Some men have no visible means of
support because their wives always
do the neighborhood washing behind
closed doors.

—Will M. Maupin.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE.

Mr. John F. Coulter of Excello,
Manco county, Mo., a prominent and
successful breeder of Polled-Angus cat-
tle, recently gave out the following in-
terview in regard to his favorite breed.
Mr. Bryan has purchased one of his
herd:

"Almost from time immemorial there
have existed hornless or polled va-
rieties of cattle. The origin of the
Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle is not
definitely known. Its early history,
like that of all breeds of domestic ani-
mals of the present day, is lost in ob-
scurity. It appears to be generally
conceded by historians and investiga-
tors that the Angus is a purely Scotch
breed, and found for more than a cen-
tury past only in the northeastern dis-
tricts of Scotland. The first written
mention that is made of polled cattle
in northeastern Scotland is found in
an old account book, the property of
Mr. G. B. Simpson, Broughton Ferry,
Dundee, Scotland, in which, among
other entries of cattle transactions, is,
on June 9, 1752, one polled ox from
James Cramond, and on June 4, 1757,
a purchase of a two-year-old polled
cow. In an old "Statistical Account
of Scotland," dated 1797, there is this:
"There are 1,229 horned cattle of
all ages and sexes in the parish. I
have no other general name for them,
but many of them are dotted, wanting
horns; we call them cattle to distin-
guish them from horses."

"Of all the enterprising promoters of
this breed early in the nineteenth cen-
tury, Mr. Hugh Watson achieved the
greatest success. It is universally con-
ceded that he was the first systematic
and great improver of the breed. He
was to the Aberdeen-Angus what the
Collins were to the Shorthorns and
Tompkins to the Herefords. The ef-
forts of Mr. Watson for the improve-
ment of the 'doddies' and the marked
success attending them supplied an
incentive to other breeders of this
now popular breed. During the half
century following the establishing of
the herd at Kelois by Mr. Watson,
which was in 1808, many notable herds
were founded.

"Notable early breeders were: Earl
of Louthesk, Mr. Bowie, Geo. William-
son, Robert Walker, John Marr, Rob-
ert Scott, James Skinner, William
Fullerton and many others. William
McCombie, who established his herd
in 1830, is credited with being the
great deliverer of the Aberdeen-Angus
breed of cattle from threatened ex-
tinction by reason of the popularity of
the cross between them and the Short-
horn for feeding purposes. It is
claimed that he, well knowing from
his long experience as a cattle dealer,
the great merits of the native polled
cattle, was among the first to realize
the threatened danger, and take ac-
tive steps to meet it. And among the
notable cows in this herd was Queen
Mother 41 (348), to which cow unto
this day, if an Angus can trace by a
direct maternal line, it is considered
an aristocrat. This noted cow fell into
Mr. McCombie's hands at the sale of

her breeder, Mr. William Fullerton, in
the year 1849. Mr. McCombie's show-
yard career beginning at Alford in
1832, ending in Paris, 1878, was one
round of successes. With his favorite
Queen Mothers he drove competition
before him in England, Scotland and
France, and is credited with having
done more to advertise the merits and
extend the popularity of the breed than
any other man. So great was his fame
throughout the kingdom that royalty
was induced to notice him, and Queen
Victoria graciously paid a visit to Til-
lyfour to see the famous beauties on
their native heath, and it is said that
on this occasion Mr. McCombie so for-
got the proper deference due his
queen, and reversing the usual order
of things, presented the queen to his
favorite cow, Charlotte.

"Formerly the breed embraced a
variety of colors; some were brindle,
some red, others brown, and a few yel-
low. But systematic effort has dis-
carded everything not 'black and all
black.'

"The principal strong points of the
breed, the ones to which are due the
wonderful increasing popularity, are
(1) early maturity—baby beef; (2)
absence of horns; (3) uniformity; (4)
high price of finished products in lead-
ing markets; (5) good constitution,
longevity and fecundity. A notable
instance of the latter claim is found
in the history of the first cow recorded
in the Scotch Herd Book as Old Gran-
nie No. 1, in American Herd Book
No. 125. She was calved in 1824 and
lived to the remarkable age of thirty-
five years and six months, having pro-
duced twenty-five calves, the last of
which was dropped in her thirtieth
year. An engraving made from a pho-
tograph of her taken a few days before
her death appears in first volume of
the Scotch Herd Book. The American
Herd Book association was not or-
ganized until the year 1883, first vol-
ume published 1886. Total number
recorded to January, 1902, about 45,
000. Breeders located in about thirty
states, Canada and Scotland. The
states breeding the greatest numbers
are as follows in their respective or-
der: Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Ind-
iana, Ohio, etc. And as for their suc-
cess of late years in the great shows
and on the market, little need be said,
for the cattleman of this age is a
reading man and it is very evident
from the rush of business in the Angus
camps they have not only read, but are
acting upon the knowledge gained.
We ask to be permitted to make just
a few references and comparisons.
For instance, in the fall of 1901 at the
great Pittsburg fat stock show, one
Angus steer sold for \$25 per 100 lbs.,
live weight, and thirteen more for
\$21.50 per 100 lbs., and yet sixteen
more from \$20 down to \$11 per 100
lbs., while there was but one Here-
ford sold in the two figures (\$11.25),
and not one Shorthorn sold over \$8.50
per 100 lbs. And coming down to
present date, on Monday, March 3,
1902, when there were 24,000 cattle at
Chicago, of this number just nineteen
head were good enough to bring \$7.25,
35 cents above any other sale. They
were grade Angus.

Neither Interesting Nor Amusing.

The performances of the house of
representatives have degenerated into
little better than farces, the parts
taken by its members failing to create
illusions sufficient to interest or amuse
the public. It is not surprising that
the galleries of the house are deserted
even by the newspaper men, whose
quest for news leads them occasionally
to the most unproductive sources.—
Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS
of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETH-
ING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE
CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN;
CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for
DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of
the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a
bottle. It is the Best of all.