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Cravats, Shirts  
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Waists and  
Shirts

## IN LIFE'S REALITY

BOASTFUL MAN, AS DESCRIBED BY ONE WRITER.

From the Beginning to the End, Always the Mother-Soul to Guide and Guard "Lords of Creation."

He was a strong, valiant little boy. He lorded it over his playmates; he posed, half-contemptuously for the eager worship of the small girls. He was sure of his ground; he got what he wanted. He fought and gave other boys bloody noses. He did all that was expected of a boy, and a little more. And in the evening, when he was tired, he went to his mother, and she rested him. He exaggerated the deeds of his day, and talked big. But she understood the hero, and rubbed smelly things on his forehead. "He is a wonderful child," she said, proudly. And she sang him to sleep.

He was a capable young man, Cock sure of himself, he did the things that seemed best to him and he had his reward. And he found a pretty girl who would listen to his pardonable boasting, and who would say: "How wonderful it is to be a strong man!" So, finally, he offered her his name and protection. "What a wonderful thing it is," she said, "to have such a lover." Pride and love struggled in her eyes as she looked at him. When he received the first setback to his ambition, she said "Never mind, dear. We'll see it out together." And she married him, and braced him up.

He was a successful professional man. Men acknowledged his forceful nature, and he laughed at their want of it. He had his way, usually. But sometimes he didn't. There were other forceful men in the world. He was bewildered every time he found it out. But he set him back on the feet of his self-confidence, and he blundered ahead and won. That was all of his life.

And that is all of our lives. We say—men—that we "take care" of women. We look at them to the end of life, they take care of us. At the end, we are as at the beginning—helpless, fighting, self-sufficient children, who come home when we are tired of everything else, and relate our triumphs. And the wise, loving guide of our little lives—the woman—accepts it all generously for a little more than it is worth, and tucks us up and kisses us good night, and waterfalls let us go out to the play ground again in the morning.

O, my blundering schoolboys, lords of creation! Stop in your noisy play at the bottom of things, silently guiding and guarding you, the women are taking care of your little world and seeing that it does not hurt you too much. And however real your play may seem to you, be glad that there is a solid reality to turn to when your legs ache—the mother-love that is slowly teaching you how to grow up in spite of your persistent babyhood!—Cleveland Leader.

### FLATTERY NOT IN HIS LINE.

Where Mr. Spooner Lost Out for Ever with Miss Flattery.

"That's a portrait of your grand-mother, as she looked when she was a young lady, is it? How strongly it resembles you, Miss Flattery."

"You say that only to flatter me, Mr. Spooner. Grandmother was quite a beauty and everybody knows that I make no pretensions of that kind."

"I assure you that, Flattery, is far from my thought, Miss Flattery. The family resemblance is striking. I've often known cases of that kind. There were two sisters I was acquainted with when I was a boy. They looked

wonderfully alike, just as that portrait looks like you, and yet one of them was as beautiful as a poet's dream and the other was dreadfully—that is, I mean, she wasn't at all—or rather she was lacking in that—attractive quality, you know, that constitutes what a lovely frame this portrait has, hasn't it?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### Letter Writing.

Writing interesting letters doesn't come natural to me, and there are a good many people with whom I must keep in touch through letters, if at all. So I have got into the way of keeping a notebook and jotting down in it brief notes to remind me of little bits of news that will specially interest my different correspondents. I even jot down a little joke sometimes, says Home Chat. Then, when spare time comes to write my letters, my notes are ready to hand, and the interesting scraps of news don't go flying away directly I put my pen to paper, as they used to do. Everybody tells me my letters are much more interesting than they used to be. If so, that is the secret.

### Fish Insensible to Pain.

How sensitive to pain are fish? A correspondent writes: "I have a small pond which is stocked with trout. I keep an accurate account of those I catch and name them. The other morning a big rainbow trout broke the worm hook with which I had hooked him. That evening I looked and landed a good trout, also with worm tackle, which proved to be my friend of the morning, as right down in his stomach was the broken gut and hook, and, besides this, in his lip was a March brown fly hook which, according to my fishing book, must have been there many weeks. A fish with a fly hook in his mouth, a worm hook in his stomach and ready to gulp down bait must be quite impervious to what we mortals call pain."

### Butterflies in Mimicry.

Caterpillars and butterflies go far in the line of mimicry. They assume the strangest, most impossible disguises, appearing now in the shape of a leaf or stem, now as a bundle of dark-green pine needles, and now again as a bud or flower, all for the innocent purpose of concealing themselves from the inquisitive gaze of their enemies, the birds. When the caterpillar lives on the grass he is striped up and down like the foliage that supports him. When he feeds upon broad leaves that have midribs and branching veins, his stripes and streaks run crossways at the same angle as those of the food plant.

### Aids to Self-Assurance.

"There are two things which I always insist on to myself," said the girl with a small income. "One is to keep my hair well brushed and becomingly arranged; the other is to have my shoes polished and the heels in perfect shape. If my hair is all right, then I know I look nice, and if my shoes are good, then I can stand or walk with more assurance than a brand-new gown would give me if my heels were run down. It's not alone the way they look that is important, but the way they make me feel."

### Witty French Writer.

Of Edmund about it is said that he, those who saw him for the first time seemed to be an intellectual millionaire, but his pockets were full of fifty-centime pieces. He once wrote a feuilleton that Alphonse's singing (she was his) was "like a nightingale piping out of a lamp of sunset." The indignant prima donna sent him a green quill by the hands of a marquis. About received the pen with his most charming smile, and said: "I regret, sir, that M. Alphonse should have placed you for my sake."

## FAILED TO IMPRESS "SQUIRE."

Country Justice Had His Opinion of Supreme Court Decision.

Speaking of the perversity of country "Squires," State Senator John S. Fisher, chairman of the Pennsylvania capitol investigation commission, told this story recently:

"We have one old coddler out in Indiana county who fears neither lawyer nor court. Not long ago Dick Wilson had a case before the 'Squire,' and knowing his man, he went to the office fortified with a dozen or more supreme court decisions.

"Wilson argued his case, cited several opinions, and finally remarked: 'Squire, I have here some decisions by the supreme court of Pennsylvania, which I shall read.'

"Wilson finished one decision when the justice interrupted, saying: "'Mr. Wilson, I reckon you've read enough. Those supreme court decisions are all right so far they go, but if the supreme court has not already reversed itself I have no doubt that it will do so in the near future. Judgment is, therefore, given against your client.'"

## WOULD ESCAPE THE MENDING.

One of the Two Reasons Why Mrs. Billings Would Like to Be Rich.

"Hardly a day of my life, Sundays included, that I don't have to mend something," said the gentle Mrs. Billings, not complainingly, but still it must be confessed a little wearily, as she caught up a little rip in something before doing it up in the bundle for the laundry.

And Mrs. Billings wouldn't want to be very rich, she has never wanted to be that, but she would like to be rich enough so that she wouldn't have to worry over anything, and so that she wouldn't have to be always mending, mending. Why, it takes half her time now keeping things in repair, and she would like to be able to throw things away when they got worn, not wear out her fingers and waste her time mending them, but simply buy new.

Mr. Billings thinks that even if they had wealth she would still continue to mend things just the same, for there are, he observes, at least two ways in which she seems to be somewhat strongly set: she hates to throw away anything and she likes to keep everything in order. But while she is willing to concede the force of this argument yet Mrs. Billings thinks, as she discovers something else that has to be mended before she sends it to the wash, that if they were rich she could not over the habit of mending.

### Microscopic Sensations.

The joys and sorrows of life to a baneful bacterium are said to be as real as the pains and pleasures of an elephant, for example. Why do the bacteria choose certain conditions and reject others? This selection of the favorable and rejection of the unfavorable is perhaps the fundamental point, although other elements of their existence point to the fact that they have sensations. It often is maintained that this selection is personal or conscious choice. Prof. Jennings is convinced that if the amoeba were a large animal, so as to come within the every day experience of human beings, its behavior at once would call forth the attribution to it of states of pleasure and pain, of hunger, desire, and the like. If words have meaning it is correct, he argues, to say that the bacteria enjoy life. They struggle for existence. The struggle implies all the victories and all the defeats attendant upon the struggle for existence among the highest organisms. The bacteria of an organic disease should be as capable of sensations as a monkey.

### Protecting Stage Children.

The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York for the convenience of theatrical managers, makes out the requests when children are to be put upon the stage, and this request is sent to the mayor. He then gives the order that enables the child to take part in the performances. It goes without saying that the society does not make out the order unless convinced that the child would not come to harm, morally or physically. It is worthy of note that the New York society in 1887 insisted that the child Joseph Hoffman be withdrawn from the stage because of his health. "This was done, and that is, no doubt, why he is now the master that he is."

### Living with People.

Life's best school is living with people. It is there we learn our best lessons. Some one says: It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and friction than to live in undisturbed quiet alone. It is not ideally the easy way. It means oftentimes hurts, wrongs, injustices, many a wounding, many a heartache, many a pang. It requires self-forgetfulness, self-restraint, the giving up of one's rights many times, the overlooking of unkindnesses and thoughtlessnesses the quiet enduring of things that it would seem no one should be required to endure from another. But it is best.—Forward.

### The Usual Stuff.

"Pa, there's a reporter at the front door who wants to put your picture in the paper."

"Tell him I would not stand for any such nonsense, but be sure to give him that picture on the parlor mantle. It's the best one I ever had."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Gentle Rebuff.

Robert W. Hebbard, New York's commissioner of charities, concluded an address at a recent philanthropic dinner in this way:

"Yes, immeasurable are the rebuffs that the helpers of the poor, the seekers after charity for their suffering brothers, undergo."

"A friend of mine, a Methodist minister in a small western town, told me the other day of his last rebuff, a not unkind one."

"Reporting the office of the local weekly the minister said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud a man to make his suffering known."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing up his eye shade, "I'm the only chap in the village who answers that description. What's this gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I'm not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be me," said the editor. "It is me. It's me, sure. Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work."

### Most Dangerous Animal.

"What is the most dangerous of all the wild animals that I have encountered?" The rhinoceros, said John R. Bradley, one of the big-game hunters of the world.

"In equatorial Africa you will find the rhinoceros almost everywhere, in the high land and in the low land, in the open country and in the brush. You will find him when you least expect him, and most often when stalking through his habitat, wholly unconscious of his presence, you suddenly hear his 'chug, chug.' Then God help you if you are not provided with a rifle of large caliber and carrying steel bullets. Your only chance is to do a swift sidestep, and even then you have only three shots that will count—the brain, the neck, and heart shot. When he is charging head on it is impossible for you to reach either one."

### WOMAN'S PLACE IN COMMUNITY.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale on Their Work and Influence.

In his Monthly Talk in the Woman's Home Companion, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says:

"Will you please to remember that the bottom rock of American success is the habit of determination that every place, village, town, neighborhood, or whatever you call it, shall have home rule. If I and Mr. Goodchild want to have a road and a bridge which shall go back to the rhododendron swamp, we build the road and we build the bridge with such help as we can get from Mrs. Tucker or from Mr. Champlin, and we do not write to a sub-prefect, who writes to a prefect, who writes to the secretary of engineering, who sends word to us from the seat of government whether we may build it. Life where you stand expresses the foundation principle, the subsoil, the hard pan, the bed rock of American life."

"Now, a very queer thing has developed in the evolution of this principle. It has proved that where the men of the country have been too busy, or have thought they were, to attend to their own affairs, the women have been able to attend to them better than the men do."

"Take this business which I have referred to, of a neighborhood library, feeding a region of not more than four or five thousand people. The affairs of that library, if they are well conducted, are conducted by the women of the neighborhood. They know what their children want; they know what their husbands need. And it is very fortunate for the neighborhood and the library that they can harness the horses and can drive themselves to the meetings of trustees and select the books and tell Miss Dorcas how many she may buy."

### What's in a Name?

"Pop," asked little Tommy, looking up from his book, "is a Mohammedan stronger than other men?"

"Not necessarily, boy," replied his father. "Why do you ask?"

"Then why," demanded logical Tommy, "do they call him a muslim man?"

### Fair Warning.

"John, dear," said Mrs. Wedderly, "is it true that the average woman has no sense of humor?"

"That's about the size of it," replied her husband.

"But the average man's—yours, for example—is pretty well developed, isn't it?" continued her husband's wife.

"Oh, yes," answered the unsuspecting other half of the combine, "mine is all right."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. W.—"as I have a treat in store for you. Next week I am going to ask you for a new sealskin sack and I want you to laugh and feel folly, just as you do when you read of such things."

### An Overwrought Virtue.

S. I. Kimball, general superintendent of the life saving service, said of an applicant for a certain post:

"The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that goes none too far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know."

"Mrs. Madden, a gentleman once said to this old lady, 'your neighbor, Herbert Bissling, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?'"

"Mrs. Madden threw up her hands. 'Steady, is it?' she said. 'Sure, if he was any steadier he'd be dead.'"

### All That Was Necessary.

A man who bored all his friends with his incessant talking prided himself on being able to hypnotize people. One day while asserting this and perceiving signs of incredulity on his friends' faces he turned to one of them and said:

"In order to prove it to you I will make you go to sleep if you like."

"Certainly," replied the friend; "you have only to speak."

### Anent Wisdom.

It hath been said that "wise men say nothing in dangerous times," and Swift, the greatest of English satirists, with provision, remarked that "wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg, but then, lastly, it is a hen which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay you with nothing but a worm."

## BIRDS FLOCKED TO FEAST.

Vultures Came Down Head First with a Fear Like a War Rocket.

The rush of scavenger birds when big game is killed is vividly described by R. C. F. Maughan in a book on Portuguese East Africa.

"Having shot an elephant," he says, "I sat by while the great slabs of skin were removed from the gigantic sides and the carcases, hastily summoned from the camp and re-enforced by people from a neighboring village, proceeded to cut up the vast mountain of flesh."

"Almost immediately a shadow fitted across the carcases, and looking upward one became aware that the deep blue above was rapidly filling with countless black winged specks.

"The buzzards, kites and vultures, and on a few neighboring bushes and awaited calmly the moment when we should take our leave, while overhead at a great height the skyer varieties, including the marabou, large bare necked vultures, and screaming fishing eagles continued to hover."

"At length all the meat was carefully apportioned, the tusks chopped off and we started for camp, but before we had marched 20 yards every one of those waiting birds was settled upon the remains, while with a rush like the roar of a war rocket the greater vultures fell, with wings tightly folded, from a height of 500 or 400 yards to take part in the feast."

"The startling noise made by these heavy birds falling head foremost through the air, to check their plunge with outspread wings so close to the ground as to make destruction appear inevitable, was most singular and impressive."

### Early Auto's Death Record.

"Talking of automobiles, I remember one, rather crude in design and dirty in its smoky progress, away back in 1860. Of course, there were steam carriages a century ago," said Stephen B. Greene of San Francisco. "The machine I refer to was constructed by an eccentric character, who in those days had a deserved celebrity as a mining engineer. He used his contrivance to come to and from the mines in Nevada, very much to the annoyance and disgust of the stage drivers and liveriesmen of that day. In fact, the opposition to his contrivance became so acute that one day the machine was literally dismantled in the hotel yard at Sacramento, and in the fight that ensued over its destruction one man was killed and the designer, whose name I have forgotten, was wounded. I believe he never attempted to rebuild the machine, but I am not certain on this score. So far as I know no other attempt to build self-propelling vehicles for use in passenger transportation on trucking roads was made until the application of the explosive gasoline engines in the past few years."

### Cost Conquers the West.

Whether the currency stringency is responsible for it or not, it is certain that the long existing prejudice of the west against the use of the cent is being broken down. In Oregon and Washington merchants are yielding to the demands of their patrons, many of them people of eastern birth who have settled in the northwest, to introduce the copper coin in business transactions. Formerly no coin smaller than the five-cent piece was in circulation, and in cases where purchases came in sums which were not multiples of five it was the custom to make transactions in "even money." The principal objection to the reform in this method is that it means additional work for accountants and an entire change in cash registers. Nevertheless, many of these, and a larger number of slot machines, have been changed so as to receive cents. Department stores use gum and weighing machines with penny slots in order to stimulate their use and give them a supply with which to do business.—Seattle Weekly.

### Odd Bequests in Wills.

A lady recently left \$1,000 a year for the comfort of her servant. Far more extraordinary was the bequest of an Ohio gentleman, who left money for a cat infirmary or sanitarium, which was to have rat holes for sport and ample grounds for exercise. The same testator, wishing to give some consolation to the feline race, whom he supposed to supply the material named catgut, left directions for his intestines to be made into fiddle strings, and these to be sold, the proceeds to be used for the purchase of an accordion which one of the nurses at this cat infirmary was to play continually for the delectation of the cats.

### Avoid of a Precedent.

Lady Visitor—Mr. Hardist is very rude. He passed me just now without touching his hat, merely nodding. Waiter (confidentially)—That isn't rudeness, madam. It's because he is that mean he won't even tip his hat.

### MATTER FOR THE SCIENTISTS.

Theory as to Whether We Live Inside or Outside Earth.

There are a number of believers in the theory that we are living inside the earth instead of outside. These unpleasant people want us to admit that we are surrounded by a shell like a huge nut. Just what good it will do us to admit this isn't clear. About the only benefit to be derived from the information, as far as we can see at present is the possibility that the believers may prepare themselves for a hard bump against the inner side of the shell if they ever go up too high.

We are also told that the acceptance of this theory in the nut theory will explain many things—some of which we remember.

It will also upset a great many things with which we are familiar and which, on the whole, we like pretty well.

This leads us to remark that we prefer to believe we are out. At the same time if the inside facts are convincing we are open to conviction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"Scouse of lob-scouse, a parson's face scuple, junk, tack, slush and duff—there's a meal ye can't beat nowhere," said the sailor.

"Yes," he went on, "ye can talk about yer ris de veau, yer vol-au-vent, yer mousques and other French dishes, but they ain't none o' them in it with good sea fare dished up by a good sea lawyer."

"Scouse is soup, soup made o' salt beef. Add some good sea vegetables to it, stich as spud sprouts and split peas, and ye get an extra fine soup, what is generally called lob-scouse. Pot-au-feu is alope beside a rich lob-scouse."

"Foller up yer scouse with a parson's face scuple. That's a pie made of bullock's head. Good? Why, friend, there ain't nothin' like it on earth."

"Junk is salt beef. Junk ain't no brain food; it don't strengthen the mind like a correspondence course; but, by tar, I'd rather have it than catch a la presse or a supreme de sole."

"Tack and slush is the sailor's bread and butter. What if ye do have to break yer tack with a tack hammer, and what if yer slush is sometimes strong enough to queer the compass? Sailors need strong food, for they must do their work."

## ON TWENTIETH CENTURY FARM.

Bathroom for Pigs Looked Upon as a Necessity.

"And this is the pigs' bathroom," said the twentieth century farmer, as he fitted an Egyptian cigarette into a long and elegant tube of meerschaum and amber.

"I have heard of hog wash, but I didn't know pigs bathed. Do they?" The farmer struck a match on his London-made walking breeches.

"Yes, the modern pig bathes," he said. "With squeals of rage and sobbing he tumbles once a week into a hot bath, and is thoroughly scrubbed with stiff brushes dipped in strong, soft soap. This cleanliness keeps him always well, and it increases his weight 20 per cent."

"All our agricultural colleges now advise the pig to bathe. By experiment they continually show that baths cause him to fatten a fifth better. The pig's bathroom is a feature of the twentieth century farm."

## If You Suffer from Headache.

Many suffer needlessly from headache. It is not a normal condition and unless due to some functional disorder or to defective eyes usually can be traced to overeating or to sleeping in badly ventilated rooms.

Be careful about your diet, take plenty of exercise, do not overstrain your eyes; above all get plenty of fresh air and your headaches are apt to vanish.

Never sleep in a room that has not at least one window up high, winter and summer. It will not do to ventilate from the next room or the hall; what is needed is air fresh from out of doors.

## Abelard and Heloise.

Heloise was noted as much for her intellectual ability as for her personal beauty. She was familiar with the literature of four or five languages—Italian, French, Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Her knowledge was remarkable. Her conversational powers were brilliant. It was her bright mind and varied learning that first attracted the attention of Abelard. Abelard died 1142, Heloise 1164. First buried at St. Marcel, Abelard's remains were shifted several times, but finally reached the well-known tomb at Pere-la-Chaise, wherein also rest the ashes of Heloise.—New York American.

## Test of the Housekeeper.

Some one fond of generalizing has said that the conditions of the windows reveal the character of the housekeeper. A small quantity of water with alcohol in it is recommended as the best medium for window cleaning, with a squeegee rub afterward. A dry cloth for a window

may be made with liquid whiting spread over it, and there are numerous substances used for the purpose that make it possible to keep the windows so clean that even an indifferent housekeeper may get the credit of being a better one by virtue of her clean windows.

## Her Grievance.

"Mr. Clugston," said the caller, "you may stop my paper."

"It doesn't fit your pantry shelves, perhaps, ma'am," said the editor of the Spiketown Bazaar, sarcastically.

"That hain't got nothing to do with it."

"You've found that you can borrow it from a neighbor hereafter?"

"That ain't the reason, neither."

"Possibly you don't like the editorial policy of the paper."

"No, sir; I don't. My nephew was arrested last week for stealing a hog, and you didn't say a word about it!"

## Great Scheme.

Two musicians share one studio downtown. One of them was out the other day when the other, accompanied by a pupil, reached the studio. He tipped and felt carefully along the top of all the door a moment and then exclaimed:

"Confound it, the Dutchman has walked off with that key in his pocket again."

"Why don't you have another key made, so each could have one?" suggested the pupil.

The artist gazed at him in ingenuously wonderment.

"Why, we have three already, one for each of us and one to leave over the door in case we forget. It's a great scheme, but he's so careless. This makes four times in less than a week he's left me in such a predicament."—Kansas City Times.

## Nature Beauty.

There is a lady in Washington, the wife of a prominent scientist in the employ of the government, who has always been told by her husband that there is nothing unladylike in nature, and who, in turn, has carefully endeavored to inculcate the same idea in her children.

One day the youngest, Mildred, aged six, came into her mother's presence, saying:

"Mother, won't you have the maid brush down that horrid cobweb in my room?"

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, "but don't call it 'horrid.' It's only because it's in the wrong place. In itself, it's beautiful."

"I don't see how any one could think a cobweb beautiful," remarked the little girl, "except, perhaps," she added, doubtfully, "the cob."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

## Presents from the Woods.

Presents obtained from the woods are as pretty and will give as much pleasure as costly gifts. Gather leaf mold and fill Japanese bowls or baskets. If the latter are used fit them with a tin pan. Arrange in each the bright little partridge vines, ferns and other little woods plants which may be found under the dead leaves as late as November. Keep the plants moist, and they will make most acceptable gifts, especially to city friends.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Terrible Fix.

"Call your dog off or he'll murder me!" yelled the shabby stranger, excitedly. "Call him off, man!"

"I can't," asserted the owner of the beast, despairingly. "The man I bought him of forgot to tell me his name."

Sadly but helplessly he watched the demolition of the unfortunate victim.

## A Modern Development.

"Your child undoubtedly has chicken pox," says the attending physician. "And why does she have continual chills with it? Is not that unusual?" asks the parent.

"Well, up—no doubt it is a new manifestation of an old changing disease. I might discuss the case on cold storage chicken pox."—Bureau Magazine.