#### Humorous Department.

Not the Question to Ask.

The young mother, who excused he self for placing her five-year-old child The Senators Who Have Dominated in school on the ground that she had already exhausted her resources on her progressive offspring, should sympathize deeply with the distracted instructors who are endavoring to hold their own with the practical children of the day.

The teacher in a certain city school had laid aside the book and was drawing on her imagination for examples in fractions. In the first place this teacher, just out of the normal college, had she was absorbed in getting numbers capable of the divisions she had in

"Suppose," she suggested confidently, a pound for beef, at that price what ed, or are passing away. would three and three-sevenths pounds

come to? The scrawny girl to whom this was propounded, who had traveled innuhome and the grocer's and butcher's. giggled a little-not without contempt.

"It wouldn't come to our flat," she stated decidedly. "Ma'd send me back good 'n' lively if I didn't know better'n to pay that much for beef myself."-Youth's Companion.

A Born Orator .- It is narrated that Col. Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house.

To which the Majah replied: "Gen. Buckneh, suh, is making Gen. Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n speech oratah.

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked he much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes ne cessa'v to take an integeh of the sec end denomination and add it, suh to an integeh of the same denomina tion the result, suh, and I have the science of mathematics to back me is my judgment, the result, suh, and say it without feah of successful coa tradiction, suh, the result is fo'. That' a bo'n ocatah."-Lyceumite.

has visited London knows," said young man formerly attached to our embassy at the British capital, "the number of passengers carried on cer-

tain 'busses is limited by regulation. "Once a kindly Irish conductor, though quite aware that his 'bus was full, had permitted a young and sickly woman to squeeze in. The 'bus had not proceeded far before the usual crank spoke up. 'Conductah!' he exclaimed.

number, y' know! 'Have I. sir?' asked the conducto with affected concern. Then, beginning to count from the opposite end, leaving the complainant until the last, he repeated: 'Wan, two, three, four, faive, siv, sivin, eight, noine, tin, lefen, twelve, thir-so I have, sir, an' cils of the leaders, but he sever bebe the Lord Harry, ye're the man.

"And out he did go."—San Francisco upper house.

Future Food Faker .- Dr. Harvey W Wiley, the government's brilliant food expert, was talking about a notorious case of food adulteration.

"The morals of these people!" h said. "It is incredible. But I know a little boy who will grow up and join them some day.

"I was walking one morning in meadow when I saw this little boy gathering mushroom "'Have you had good luck?"

"'Fair,' he answered, showing m his basket.

"But I gave a cry of alarm. "'Why, my lad,' I said, 'those are

toadstools you've got. They're poison

"He tipped me a reassuring wink. "'Oh, they ain't for eatin', sir,' he said; 'they're for sale,' "-Washington

Played For His Wages .- The conduc tor of a certain band, which was re hearsing a piece, stopped the musi abruptly and frowned at a stout fellow who was putting all the other musicians out. "I say, Hermann," he de manded, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half-notes where there should be whole notes?"

Hermann lowered his instrument "Vell," he said, "I make explanations by you. You cut down my wages t half-brice, don't you?"

The conductor stared in amazemen He had done so, but-

"Und I gontinues to make der note mit my instrument, but dey vill be half-notes until der vages is put back to whole brice. Dat is fair, ain't it?"-

Silence Was Courtesy .- A man i West Newton, who has many friends was puzzled the other day when on of them called him to account for neglecting his wife.

"What in the world is the trouble said the friend. "You used to be the nineteenth century and which are madly in love with Mrs. Blank. Don't you care for her any more?" the nineteenth century and which are now confronting a new spirit, called for the concentration of power in "You used to be

"I surely do," said the husband "Well, if you love her, how does it come that you haven't spoken to her for the last fifteen years?"

"Oh, that," said the man. "Th Boston Traveler.

A Budding Merchant.-The jewele left his new boy in charge of the store while he went home to his dinner, but not until he cautioned the youth that all the goods were marked and that h

must not let any one take goods with him unless they were paid for. "Well, Sam," he asked, upon his re-

turn, "did you have any customers?" "You bet!" said Sam gleefully. "And I got his money, too! I sold one man all those brass rings you had that wer marked 18c, on the inside, and here

Not Much Difference. A strange addressed the farmer's boy across th

"Yes, that's the kind we planted." "Don't look as if you would get mor than half a crop.

"We don't expect to. The landle gets the other half." Then, after a short time, the ma

"Boy, there isn't much difference be tween you and a fool," "None" replied the boy, "only the

fence."-London Standard

Miscellancous Reading.

PASSING OF THE "BIG FIVE."

the Country's Legislation. Next March, when Senator Aldrich of a leadership without precedent last in the face of the new condiand probably without succession-the

Big Five.

Never since the senate came into being was there such a leadership as because, and Orville H. Platt, and despite the current attempt to guess at a new never in her life gone marketing. And Big Five, Big Six, or Big Four, it is not likely that any leadership to come will resemble that which has gone. For the leadership was created by conditions that had never existed be-"the butcher asks you forty-two cents fore, and those conditions have pass-

In most of the talk about a sucession the guessers have figured out who will take the chairmanship that Aldrich and Hale lay down. They merable times the distance between her have argued that Burrows is in line for the finance chairmanship, but that he may not be re-elected, and that if he is not Penrose will be in machine was Cannon. line-that Perkins is in line for appropriations, and so on. But it was who ran the United States. Where MacGregor sat was the head of the

> No quintet, no quartet, no sextet, ver bossed the senate before the days of the Aldrich-Allison clique. The culership of that clique arose out of eculiar conditions that are now dying. There will be leaders, but their leadership will be of a different stripe it is because of the passing of these conditions that Aldrich and Hale are belatedly following Spooner, who read the writing on the wall three years

It is an epoch parliamentary his- ate is no more. ory that is dying, and one which will be a favorite topic with political historians in years to come, as it beentiated from the conditions of those years. It is an epoch that will become stranger all the time, and may end by becoming incredible to future readers.

naturally to give those purposes rection?" Aldrich, Allison, Flatt and Spencer answered to readers

Aldrich has been loosely referred to not a boss in the sense in which Murphy rules Tammany hall or in which Quay bossed the state of Pennsylvania. He was the head of the quintet. When the quintet began to disintegrate the political guessers promptly busied themselves with each new disappearance from the ranks, in figuring out who would be the successor of the man who had gone-just as now they are speculating upon the

But the places of the men who vanished never were filled. First went Platt, who died in 1905. "Who will fill his place in the Big Five?" asked fixed on as the likeliest choice. But Platt had no successor. Lodge has been a leading figure in the senate, and has been included in the councame one of the five bosses of the

Then Spooner, chilled and uncomfortable in the new atmosphere which was spreading through the senate chamber, left it. Speculation became rife as to his successor. But there was no successor.

The Big Four became a Big Three In 1908 Allison died, and when Aldrich and Hale were left alone in the leadership their isolation emphasized the hopelessness of ever reconstructing the conditions of leadership that had prevailed so many years. Lodge was influential, so was Crane, o were others. But the place they filled was similar to that which Mark Hanna filled at the beginning of this entury; and Mark Hanna, important and powerful as he was, never was one of the dictators of legislation who

Now Aldrich and Hale are going nd going for much the same reaons that impelled Spooner to take the forelock. They lingered after the signs of the times beame manifest; he did not. Hale lingered until the sound of approaching defeat was in his ears.

made up the Aldrich quintet.

A quarter of a century ago George F. Edmunds of Vermont, now living retirement in Philadelphia, was he leader of the Republican party is the senate. But his was a floor leadership. He was not a dictator of egislation, and no one would have freamed of applying to him the word lrich. As prominent as he were such men as Logan, Sherman, Ingalls, Hawiley, Frye, Jones of Nevada, and many others; but there was no juintet which met in a committee oom, laid out a party policy and led he senate to its fulfillment.

With the admission of new states the senate grew more and more un-It was no longer a place in which everybody could be his own boss. The old political boss. The old political methods, the methods which ose to a climax in the last years of

In the house the result was reached by a parliamentary revolution. By the Reed reformation, perfected unler Henderson, Crisp, and Cannon, a ttle knot of men became rulers of

ith certain offices—the speakership d the majority places on the comfittees on rules. It did not make such difference who filled them, er the men were mediocre or He who held the speakership czar. That system is now by the rebellion that the political conditions are creating. intered in fewer hands continually

ntion for so many years.

It differed from the house despotsm in that these five men rose to heir power by dint of ability. True hey dld not hold certain chairmanhips; but when, one after another, he five dwindled to four and three nd two, the chairmanships did not

ve men who directed senate legis-

These five men did actually control ne senate's legislation. They did nore than that. On many occasions they controlled the legislation of con-They did even more than that. In not a few occasions they rose su-perior to both the house and the resident, and were in soher truth the vernment of the United States

Their zenith was when McKinley was president and Henderson speaker of the house. McKinley was no man o override a senate quintet. He sellom felt any desire to do so. Henderunder him the house was a mere tool.

Toward the close of Henderson's discontent growled in the The lower chamber chafed

under its impotency, and under the bitter gibes thrown at it from al ver the country as a mere appendage senate, a vermiform appendix in legislation, a rubber stamp for excuting the senate's will. And it was occause Cannon asserted the leadership and set his face flintly to its recognition that he achieved at a bound that vast popularity with his fellow-con-gressmen that withstood so many "Ever been up Horse Thief Can nd Hale retire, there will be an end shocks and has only wavered at

More attention has been given in leadership long known as that of the last two or three years than ever toward the top, mountain lilacs and a cold chill jest like a snake crawlin' bronco. before in the senate leadership. Tnat being was there such a leadership as because, with the vanishing of the that of Aldrich, Allison, Hale, Spencer others, Aldrich has seemed to stand alone and because one man's bossism is more apparent to the eye than a bossism shared by five.

Bossism is a hard word and not de-scriptive. Aldrich never really bossed Bossism implies machinery, and there is no such machinery to that equal position in the manage-Henderson's day, but it was a victory their bonnets made me think that. for the house, not for the members "Horse Thief? How'd it git of the house, and the house was

that they had recognized the Cannon machine as an equal; and the Cannon

But, bossed as the house might be the senate could not be bossed. Cannon could crack the whip and say, "Do this," and the house must do it. over the senate.

Dalzell, Payne, Grosvenor, Sherman and Walter Smith were autocrats in were autocrats because they were on the committee of rules; because they, with Cannon, were the house machine Men of less ability than they would have been as powerful placed where

But the five men who ruled legisla ion in the senate were men of great ability, and they ruled by virtue of that fact. They are just as able now as they were then, those of them who remain; but the conditions which vielded ready acquiescence on the part of the senate in their leadership have gone. The old, comfortable sen-

When no deep, dividing principle such as the New Idea presence arose to make leadership difficult the onl nistorians in years to come, as it be-comes more and more sharply differ-leaders? Our purposes being in the main pretty much the same through-out this comfortable club called the senate, who are the men best fitted

Aldrich has been loosely referred to
But now a wide division makes
the boss of the senate, but he was that impossible. The fundamental purposes of the senators are irrecon-cilable. The New Idea in politics, rising all over the country and making itself manifest in legislatures, in city elections, in state politics—making itself manifest in the house, where t snakes the firmly-seated throne of as strong a man as ever held the speakership-must make itself manifest in the senate; the senate could not possibly escape

For several years past a new rowd has been pushing into the chamber. Election after election sends to Washington some man who oes not regard the senate as a club, headliner in all the papers, an' when The new men have no instinct of clubbiness in them. Nor can party fealty be used to appeal to them. It s no party cleavage which separates hem from the senators of the old for a fact, that gentleman kept people the political gossips, and Lodge was type, the type which has not varied much in half a century.
So great are the changes which

now seem imminent that new sena-tors no longer serve their novitiate before taking a position in the front ceived. enate atmosphere has become one of strife, and in the midst of it are senate atmo nen not yet warm in their places Perhaps the sacrosanct rule of promotion by seniority may go next.
There is no limit to what the revoluion is capable of doing. If that happens the pillars of the temple will

In the heyday of the quintet they hose differences seldom reached the outside world. In some committee room—usually in Hale's—they would neet and thresh out their differences.

Once they agreed their union was ugainst the world. When the Philippine question camip, for instance, Spooner and Hale lisagreed with their three colleagues in the Caesarship. They were anti-imperialists. The matter was fought out behind closed doors. When the doors opened the policy of the quintet was annexation and Spooner, the an-i-imperialist, was put forward as the member of it deputed to defend the

olicy on the floor. He was its spokes-Hale never left anybody in do it was unconverted. He took o part in the execution of the 'imperialistic" policy. But he did noth-ng to embarrass it. How, without a machine such as

annon had in the house, could these ive men steer the senate this way and that? Aldrich, its central figure, and that? Aldrich, its central figure had neither patronage nor machinery nor the appeal to pay loyalty, for his followers were as good Republians as he. Senator Elkins was asked one day

the secret of Aldrich's power. He laughed at first and said he didn't know. Then he fell to considering it and finally he said: "Well, the best answer I can give is this: Suppose there is something you want very much indeed. You go

to Aldrich to get him to agree to let you have it. He talks to you about it, and after five minutes you go out. You have ceased to want the thing you want and now you cant the thing that Aldrich wants. Each of these men had his sheerl efined place in the quintet. Aldrich vas the political manager, Spoone the orator and lawyer. constructive legislator. Allison the pilot, the compromiser, the whittleronstructive legislator. way of difficulties. Hale was gener advisor and brake on the others After Spooner's disappearance Hocame virtually the floor leader Platt and Spooner were regarded a the statesmen of the combination Platt was a public man of the old

school. He was not showy, and when he got in the limelight it was without my intent of his own. His death i The throne had been estab ished so long that it seemed everlast ng and it never was so firm as the When, within two years, Spooner announced his intention to withdraw It was a clap of thunder to Washingtonians, it was the first real indi-cation that the old order was drawing La Follette was after of believed, and it was not true, that ooner left to avoid a fight, w order of things, already t

Cummins went after Allison's seat ut, though Iowa is a New Idea state she would not retire the venerable man in whose career she took so nuch pride, Allison's strength, howver was gone. He was dying then for a long time he had been unable o take his old active part, and the lower was concentrating in the hands of Aldrich and Hale. Shortly afr Iowa's vote of confidence in him he senate to swell the ranks of the

able in the senate, made it no longer

leasant to him

New York men.
A year and a half ago, it was en-nounced by a friend of Aldrich that ne would not serve out his term. Al he announcement, and it finally was forgotten. Probably Aldrich withheld the announcement so that he could earry to completion his battle over the ariff.

The old leadership is gone, or wil he by next March. What will the new bendership he? Lendership there must always be where two or three dozen are gathered together—But that there will never be a leadership like that of the comfortable days of Old Idea Aldrich-Allison quintet-as never before had there been such leadership—seems utterly improbable New conditions, new methods.

HORSE THIEF CANON. Rendezvous of Notorious Mexican Outlaws.

The old settler pointed to a weed-

grown track that veered from the main road and led off across the stage-"Ever been up Horse Thief Canon" Mighty pretty spot-when you get up into it-big live oaks and sycamores and bay trees, and when you get up then pines. Lilacs must be in bloom is not because it has been more then pines. Lilacs must be in bloom strongly accented than before, but up there now. Ever see 'em? Just like a blue spring morning cloud a-setting down on the hillsides! The old lilac at home, by the gate posts-I used to think they was the sweetest flowers God ever made-but them mountain lilacs, they're like a baby's face, so fresh and tender and delicate. The of in that body. The speaker, was really home lilacs always looked to me like a boss. Cannon did restore the house grandmas' faces, sweet and sort o' fadof ed, and yet with spring in 'em. Mebbe ment of the country's affairs, of ed, and yet with spring in 'em. Mebbe which the senate had robbed it in it was the lilacs they used to wear in "Horse Thief? How'd it git it

name? Well"-the old man shoved When he had compelled the senate back his sombrero, braced his feet on eaders to recognize the house as an equal, all that had been gained was shook himself down comfortably— "want to hear a yarn-a genuine Californy story?" he inquired; then added with a chuckle: "You fo'ks back east never believe us Californians when not the chairmanship of appropriation "Do this," and the house must do it, which made Hale one of the quintet But Aldrich had no whip to crack they are, you see. So we might jest as well tell 'em big and make a good story while we are about it-that's the way he house and none of them was a 'Californy' stories has come to mean man of overshadowing ability. They jest plain lyin'-but 'tain't our fault. 'F you mossbacks wasn't so afraid o' believin' anything that you didn't see happen in your own little township, we would be satisfied relatin' facts. This story has a foundation of truth, at any rate. It was tol' to me by a Californian, a native son o' the native sons He was born over yonder in the Sant Ana Valley; his father was a Fortyniner and his mother a Lopez-ol' Californy family-blue Castilian blood touched up with native American-an' that combination made some o' the finest wimmen that ever wrastled with the meanness of men. Ches had Yankee horse sense along with a Don Quixote imagination and the legs o' an Indian under 'em. He got his eddication, for the most part, from a gun an Hale a fish hook-knew ev'ry valley and peak, an' all the deer runs an' trout holes in this here range o' mountains As a young feller he did have som adventures. He spent a good part o' his later years tellin' 'em-an

they never lost nothin' by the tellin'. "Well, this particular incident happened along early in the '60s. This country was pretty primitive then-not much doing but stock raisin', an' horse stealin' was one of o' the principal occupations-Mexicans an' Indians would pick up a band and run 'em down through the mountains to Mexico. 'Twas 'bout the time Valesquez was the it come to fillin' space with fiction them country papers of the '60s wasn't so

guessin'. No rancher was surprised when he got up in the mornin' to find the pick o' his herd or the best horse gone. Ches's father had imported a stallion an' was raisin' racing colts. He of things; and that is the most revo-lutionary change that could be con-took mighty good care o' any promising serived. The tradition that young sen-ators must be seen and not heard has gone by the board entirely. The an' got away with his best. An' when that gang ran an animal off that was the last of it. The sheriff, ner the ranchers, ner the United States troops couldn't never locate the stock ner

catch the robbers. "Well, one day in springtime-ther differed among themselves is a springtime even in this climate— party policies. But hints of Ches and ol' Dent Peters's boy set out fer a big deer bunt. They was goin' to fetch home venison enough for the summer's supply of jerky, they said. They crossed over the mountains by the Lonesome Trail, down below here, without sightin' a single deer. They worked up along the foothills an' at night they camped down here at the foot of Dos Pinos Canon, the Mexicans called it then. Ches had heard that there was a trail up to the divide through that canon an' a pass to the Sant' Ana side; but no white man had ever been over that way, so fur's he knew. He was aimin' to have a try at it an' find out about that pass. And he reckoned the deer must be somewhere an' they ought to be up there He couldn't understand their not findin 'em right along-deer was about as common, and as easy to kill, in then

days as jack rabbits are now, according to Ches. "Before they was up in the morning Mexican come down the canon-a man, Ches knew. He said he'd been huntin' deer, too, an' that he'd com down Dos Pinos and not seen a sign but an Indian had tol' him there was a herd over in San Pasqual Canon. He declared 'twas all nonsense about there bein' a pass through this way, and he seemed so blamed anxious for the boys to go over to the San Pasqual or to Oak Canon, or most any other place, that Ches made up his mind there was somethin' back of it. The Mexican said he'd been travelin' all night an' was goin' to camp right there an' have a sleep. The boys, to throw him off the scent, made for San Pasqual; but as soon's they could find a way across they worked up over the ridge and come down into Dos Pinos. It was tough work-lots o' chapparal and a turrible steep, stony backbone. It was noon before they got down to water an' they was ready to rest and eat Before they got through along came two more Mexicans down the canor They was armed with knives and guns and stickers in their boots, an' they looked ugly when they seen the boy They asked 'em so many questions something was in the wind. They so down and said they'd have some grub an' when they got through the rations was pretty nigh cleaned out. They swore there wasn't any deer in that canon and finally they as good as or dered the boys to go back and be quick about it! So Chess tol' 'em that he was aimin' to get over to Oak Canor an' jes' took this way for a short cut The Mexicans didn't show no signs of goin' on about their bizness, and finally the kids had to start out again and climb another ridge-without any trail to foller. The other kid was sick afraid an' wanted to get out o' the mountains

and go home, but Ches he'd got an ide that there was something interesting i that canon, an' he was bound to find out what it was. They went up a perpendicular hill an' sneaked along in the brush for a couple o' miles, then they dropped back into the valley. Ches ays he never put in such a hard day's work before or since, I can believe it Travelin' in them lilac thickets is like cormin' your way through a fine-tooth omb, an' with loose rocks and boulders and rattlers and pisen oak an' the heat 'twan't any stroll fer health. "They went cautious this time, an'

could see half a dozen Mexicans sithis silver belt an' embroidered somup his back. That outfit didn't mind did stealin' a horse-murder and robbery was their ev'ry-day trade. But as he watched 'em, too scared to move

"It seemed like a good many hours o the boys before the robbers wranped themselves up in their serapes and they sailed along ledges; one horse lay down, an' then they sent one man went over and rolled down the mounup the canon and another down the tainside, but the string behind never trail as guards. When they heard broke. They went around turns so snoring the boys started again, crawl- short the boys'd 'a' been screwed off ing on their hands and knees. The kid if they hadn't stuck tighter'n the 30 C. E. WILKINS, President. planted his hand on a rattler once, but horses' own hide. Those boys'd never the snake was as surprised as the boy, have got to the bottom whole if they an' between their mutual astonishment hadn't 'a' been raised on horseback they got separated so that the reptile an' if them ponies hadn't been Califorhit only air when he left fire. The canon ny broke. was narrow here, an' so they had to "It was daylight when they struck crawl out once more. They had left the first ranch and told their story pretty much all their clothes on the By 10 o'clock twenty men was on th brush during the day, and it was their trail; but Ches didn't lead 'em. He owns skin they hung on the bushes that night. up that his mother put him to bed, They got out into the pines at last, rolled up in rags and taller 'intment and the moon came up. They could They didn't need no guide, though, to look down into the canon and see the follow the trail that band o' horses had trail, and after a while they spotted left. They found the potrero, and the guard going down the valley. they went through and come down this Soon's he was out o' hearin' the boys side and found the camps. But they slid down the bank and trotted up that | didn't find Velasquez nor any of his trail as fast as their sore feet'd carry crowd.

down into the Sant' Ana soon's he got his reputation. According to a ould, and gather a posse and lead 'em newspaper story I read the other day back to capture Velasquez. He knew he captured Velasquez alone up in the man that caught Velasquez would Horse Thief Canon. Mebbe, by now, he have a story to tell that would last a actually thinks he did!"-Los Angeles lifetime. An' then there was a big Times eward-and his colt, beside! "The canon got narrower and nar-

ower until it stopped short in a wall o' rock. At first they couldn't see any way out. The Peters boy said it was a trap, an' he set down, clean give out. Ches nunted around until he struck the trail again. He hauled the other kid sight he ever struck, Ches says. A little potrero, all soft grass an' flowers, just like a bowl. A wall of hills and rocks clear round it, and a band o' orses standin' round peaceful an' contented. There was a gate and a fence Journal.

pretty soon they heard voices ahead, along the break at the head o' the SSA A SSASA A They dropped behind the rocks and canon, but they couldn't see any way waited. After a while Ches snaked out. They started around it, an' behind himself along the creek bed until he a ledge there was the pass to the other side of the peak, a regular gate, with ting under a tree, smokin' and playin' a log fence across it. They took down ++ monte. He knew right away that he the fence, and then Ches went among the had struck the Velasquez band of cut-throats—he recognized Velasquez by moved down to the gate, and he found his own colt. She hadn't forgot his brero. He always declares that his call, an' in a minute he was on her heart plumb stopped beatin', an' he felt back and the boy had climbed on a . "They was circling round the hunch murderin' a man any more than they to start 'em through the pass, when they heard a yell and a shot. The + guard had come back. But Ches was bound he'd take them horses along, and

away, he remembered the colt he'd be kept on driving them ahead. They broke himself-his own property-that circled round and round the pasture, they'd took not more than six weeks but at last a little pinto Indian pony before. And he made up his mind he'd took the lead and bolted through the find that colt and catch the gang- pass. The cow pony knew the trail, somehow. He crept back to the Peters and she set the pace. But pretty soon boy, and they lay and waited an' they heard the whole gang coming watched, and held their breath, they through the potrero, yelling and curswere so afraid o' attractin' attention, ing and shooting. Them boys lashed I'll bet Ches Windon never dispensed the horses into a gallop, until they with talkin' so long in his life any othwent tearing down the mountainside, They slid down the hillsides, carrying rocks and dirt and brush along with 'em; they climbed hills on the jump;

Ches had his plan mapped out "An' that's how Horse Thief Cano

He was going to get across and got its name-and how Ches Windor

The Reason Why .- "Jane," said lady rather sharply to her cook, ' must insist that you keep better hour. and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kep me from sleeping because of the upup, an' there they saw the purtiest roarious laughter of one of your women friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," was the apolo getic reply: "but she couldn't help it I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make a cake one day."-Ladies Home



#### Many Women GEO. T. SCHORB who are Splendid Cooks

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