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The girl with the blue-bead necklace  
nodded her head and then, taking  
the hairpins from her mouth and trans-  
ferring them to her hair, said, "My,  
yes! We had a perfectly elegant  
time."  
"Was Maud up there?" asked the  
girl with the art nouveau waist buckle.  
"I should say not!" replied the girl  
with the blue beads. "What do you  
think! She went to him an' ast him  
to take her—as good as ast him. She  
says, 'You're a-goin' to take me, ain't  
you?' Sorter joshin' him, o' course.  
She wouldn't have gone if he'd  
said 'Yes.' Oh, no! She'd have slap-  
ped his wrist for darlin' to take her so  
serious. Now, what do you think o' that?  
Ain't she the nerviest thing? What  
do you think he says to her? 'You've  
got another guess comin', he says.  
'I'm goin' to take Babe.' I think it  
was good enough for her. That's the  
way she is, though—always tryin' to  
butt in an' make trouble if she can.  
The nerve of her, astin' him if he  
wasn't goin' to take her! An' I told  
her myself the same mornin' that I  
was a-goin' to go with him. No, she  
wasn't there."  
"I think he done just right," said  
the girl with the art nouveau waist  
buckle, approvingly. "Say, Babe, I  
think he's just grand."  
"Sure; I think so, too," said the girl  
with the blue-bead necklace. "Ain't he  
the elegant dresser?"  
"I sh'd say," said the girl with the  
art nouveau waist buckle, heartily.  
"If I had a feller like him—"  
The girl with the blue-bead necklace  
tittered. "He ain't my feller," she  
said. "Just because he takes me out to  
a few places ain't no sign he's my fel-  
ler. I don't know whether I'd have  
him for a steady company or not. But  
I do think he's grand. Ain't he got  
nice hands? Did you ever notice his  
hands?"  
"Sure," said the other girl.  
"Father don't like me goin' with  
him," confided the girl with the blue-  
bead necklace. "He don't like him be-

cause he wears good clothes and he  
thinks because his hands ain't all dirt  
that he don't work, an' he thinks that  
he don't get enough wages. Father  
makes me tired. Walter'd look well  
handlin' ribbons with hands like Jim  
Sloan's, I guess. An' as far as wages  
goes, Walter's makin' good, an' he'll  
get a raise Christmas, maybe. Look at  
Mr. Ferguson. He started in at seven  
per. Jess'n six years ago. Anyway, I'd  
rather have a feller that had some  
style about him, even if he was draw-  
in' out less money. Me an' him was  
out las' night, an' I tell you he's no  
cheap skate even if he ain't makin'  
more'n \$10. I was a-goin' to tell you  
about suthin', but I guess I won't."  
"Go on!" pleaded the girl with the  
art nouveau waist buckle. "Tell me,  
I won't tell nobody."  
"Oh, it ain't nothin'," said the girl  
with the blue-bead necklace, "only if  
Miss Maud thinks that she can string  
Walter I can tell her what he told her.  
She's got another think comin'. Her  
name won't be Maud, it'll be Maud. I  
guess I'll spring that on her. I'll say:  
'Hello, Maud, an' she'll say: 'My name  
ain't Maud, thank you, an' I'll say:  
'Oh, ain't it? I thought it was.  
What'll you bet it ain't?'"  
"I dast you to," giggled the girl  
with the art nouveau waist buckle.  
"But you tell me what you was a-goin'  
to tell me. Honest, I won't never tell."  
The girl with the blue-bead necklace  
stook her head until the hairpins tum-  
bled out again.  
"I'll pinch you till you tell," said  
her friend.  
The girl with the blue-bead necklace  
squealed. "Quit now, you mean  
thing!" she cried. "Say, guess what  
me an' Walter was a-lookin' at in the  
shop windows when we was out las'  
night. Cross your heart you won't  
tell!"  
The girl with the art nouveau waist  
buckle crossed her heart and the girl  
with the blue-bead necklace bent to her  
and whispered:  
"Diamond rings."—Chicago Daily  
News.

Keep the streets clean by using paper baskets for waste paper.

**OUR DIFFICULT ENGLISH.**

An Aus. can who met Henryk Blen-  
kiewicz during his stay in California  
many years ago has recently confided  
to the public that the great Polish nar-  
ratist has only become an admirer of  
America since he left it. While he was  
here, a homesick member of an ideal-  
istic community which was a failure,  
American manners and customs did not  
please him, and he did not display the  
usual aptitude of his countrymen in ac-  
quiring the language, which he used  
reluctantly and as little as possible.  
On being introduced to the American,  
he inquired, politely:  
"How is your health?"  
Perceiving a puzzled expression on  
the countenance of his new acquaint-  
ance, he, too, looked puzzled for an in-  
stant, then whipped a little phrase-  
book out of his pocket and pointed tri-  
umphantly to the question, "How is  
your health?"  
It was merely the foreigner's diffi-  
culty with the th, combined with a nat-  
ural inclination to pronounce heal in  
health like heal outside it.  
His mistake, although amusing,  
could not have been so difficult to listen  
to with a courteous grace face as  
was that of a Frenchman of letters  
who not long ago called upon a charm-  
ing American lady in Paris.  
She was loath to lose his call, and  
decided to receive him, although she  
had not yet wholly recovered from an  
attack of facial neuralgia, which still  
somewhat impaired the outline of her  
usually oval visage. He was most  
grateful and sympathetic.  
"Ah, madame!" he cried, throwing  
up his hands. "The nerfs! The nerfs!  
Truly it is the American disease! Al-  
ways the fat neck and the swelled  
head!"  
Learning to be content with what  
we have is what jolts most of us.

**More Economical.**

Expert testimony may be valuable  
from a scientific point of view, but  
there are often cheaper ways of estab-  
lishing a certainty, as the hero of the  
following anecdote decided at the last  
moment. The story is told in the Phil-  
adelphia Public Ledger. An Irish la-  
borer entered a drug store, and draw-  
ing a paper bag from his pocket, poured  
out the contents on a number of very  
sticky and unattractive-looking loz-  
enges.  
"Can ye examine this candy?" he  
asked.  
"It looks queer. What is the matter  
with it?" asked the druggist.  
"Pizen, Oh'm thinkin'. Did ye ever  
see such stuff? Dinis Italy give thim  
to me by, and Dinis is no friend of  
mine."  
"Well, I can make an analysis."  
"All right. O'll come in to-morrow  
on my way from worruk."  
The Irishman had reached the door,  
but he suddenly stopped with his hand  
on the latch.  
"And how much will that 'nalysis be  
costing me?" he inquired.  
"Five dollars," was the answer.  
The man walked over to the counter  
and swept the lozenges into the bag,  
which he replaced in his pocket.  
"Niver mind," he said. "O'll feed  
wan to the cat."

The bidding in of the property by  
one who has taken an assignment of  
a mortgage as collateral security at his  
own foreclosure sale is held, in Ander-  
son vs. Messenger (C. C. A. 6th C.), 7  
L. R. A. (S. S.) 1084, to give him a  
good title to the property, and to trans-  
fer the trust in favor of his debtor to  
the proceeds, although such assignor,  
because not within the jurisdiction,  
was not made a party to the proceed-  
ings, where, in a contract after the  
sale, assignor and assignee contracted  
for a settlement, one element of which  
was that the foreclosure proceedings  
should not be disturbed.

**TROUBLE IN GETTING WOOD.**

Youth Becoming Anxious About Its  
Supply of Fence Posts.  
Developments of the live stock inter-  
est in Georgia and the need of good  
fences are becoming important matters,  
says the New York Herald. Instead of  
splitting rails and building old-fash-  
ioned fences farmers are using wire  
fences. It is now a hard matter to get  
material for fence posts instead of tim-  
ber to built the whole fence.  
Almost every farmer in the South  
and East knows that the supply of lo-  
cable, white oak, cedar and other dur-  
able woods has become so restricted in  
the last few years that the cost has be-  
come almost prohibitive. In the Middle  
West the supply of good post material  
was always limited, while in many  
places in the West it is becoming more  
and more expensive to build good fences  
because good timber for posts is becom-  
ing very scarce. The fence post prob-  
lem, therefore, appeals to the farmers  
of the whole country, and they will be  
benefited by any process by which a  
poor post may be made to give double  
or treble service.

The preservative treatment can be  
employed more successfully with cer-  
tain kinds of wood than with others,  
but it fortunately happens that the  
open-grained, quick-drying timbers  
are the easiest of all woods to treat.  
Among these are old field or loblolly  
pine of the South, lodgepole and West-  
ern yellow pine, cottonwood, willow,  
blackeye, beech, sycamore and others in  
the West and Middle West.  
Woods which decay most rapidly in  
their natural state, with few exceptions,  
are best adapted for preservative treat-  
ment. This is important because it ren-  
ders cheap and abundant timbers avail-  
able and makes use of what would other-  
wise be wasted.

The process of treating farm timbers  
is simple and the cost is low. The ap-  
paratus may be set up and operated  
by a farmer on his premises, or two or  
more farmers or timber users may join  
and lessen the expense for each. The  
only apparatus required is an open iron  
tank, large enough to receive fence  
posts in an upright position. Shingles,  
stakes and other small timbers may be  
treated in the same tank.  
The cost of the treatment after the  
apparatus is ready depends upon the  
size of the timbers and whether the  
posts or only the butts are treated, and  
the thoroughness of the treatment.  
Where freight rates permit the shipping  
of the preservative at a moderate ex-  
pense the total cost of a treated post  
of old field pine, lodgepole pine, cotton-  
wood or similar timber ought not to ex-  
ceed that of a high-grade post in its  
natural state, and is often less.

**Unprofitable Adam.**

There is occasion for much beating  
about the bush for answers to many  
questions put by wise legislators to  
timid people, but one set of men found  
their match in the old Scotchwoman  
under examination for admission to  
church fellowship.  
"What are the decrees of God?" she  
was solemnly asked.  
"Indeed, I trow, he kens that best  
himself."  
"What kind of a man was Adam?"  
"Oo, just like liker fook!" was the  
quick reply.  
The questioner insisted on a more  
definite answer. "Weel," said she, "he  
was just like James Madden, ye ken."  
"How so?"  
"Weel, nobody got anything by him,  
and many lost."  
Curios.

Mr. Chow has a passion for curios,  
but was not able to distinguish a gen-  
uine article from a spurious one. One  
day a dealer came to him wishing to  
sell the hequer bowl of Emperor Shun  
(B. C. 2265), the rod with which the  
Duke of Chow (about B. C. 1122) sog-  
ged Pak Kam, and the mat on which  
Confucius sat (B. C. 551). Mr. Chow  
sold all his worldly possessions and  
purchased them. Holding the bowl in  
his left hand, clutching the rod in  
his right hand and carrying the mat  
upon his back, he went around begging  
for a copper coin of King Woo (B. C.  
1122).—From the Chinese.

**Didn't Agree With Him.**

A Carolina man was recently in-  
specting a farm owned by him and op-  
erated by an old friend who had pressed  
into service every member of his fam-  
ily, including his aged father.  
"The old man must be getting along  
in years," said the owner.  
"Yes, dad's nigh on to ninety," was  
the reply.  
"Is his health good?"  
"Well, no. The old man ain't been  
himself for some time back."  
"What seems to be the matter?"  
"I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't  
agree with him no more."—Success  
Magazine.

**Naturally.**

Two men met at the gate of the cem-  
etery, and each with excessive politeness  
bowed to the other to pass in be-  
fore him. After a few minutes of this,  
when neither would give way, the  
younger of the two smiled and said:  
"You are the elder of the two, so  
naturally you ought to go first."—  
Sonnet.

**Conversation.**

"She's considered a very clever con-  
versationist?"  
"Yes, but there's no satisfaction in  
that."  
"Why?"  
"Her husband has to hire a cook."—  
Detroit Free Press.  
The people who have most charity  
for the erring are usually those who  
refuse to give honest men the credit  
they deserve.

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