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Terms—\$5 at time of service and \$20 when mare proves in foal.

## A PAGE OF SHORT STORIES THAT WILL INTEREST YOU

### THE "CRAP" GAME.

The favorite game of the Southern negro is "shooting craps." A negro will "shoot" away anything from the clothes on his back to the meal on his table; but "shooting" for prospects is a new phase:

A capitalist was the guest of a Southern hotel, and the first night he gave his waiter a fifty-cent tip. At breakfast the waiter could not do enough for him, and he tipped him another fifty cents. At lunch he had a new waiter. The capitalist said nothing, but when the same new waiter served him at dinner that evening, he asked:

"Sam, where's the boy I had yesterday?"

Sam hung his head. "He ain't at dis table no mo', boss."

"I know that, but why was he moved? I liked him."

Sam looked frightened, but he stood his ground. "It was like dis, boss. After breakfas' dis mornin' we shot craps for dat fust fifty cents you give him, and I won dat; den we shot for dat second fifty cents you give him, and I won dat; den when his money was all gone, we shot for to wait on you, and I won you."

### NEVER GIVE UP.

(Arthur W. Newcomb.)

Napoleon was a military genius. He was brilliant, aggressive, bold—a master of stratagem and lightning-like in his decision in emergency.

Von Moltke was an efficiency engineer of warfare.

He had decided, before war was declared, just what was the objective point of the conflict—what he wanted to accomplish.

Then he planned, in detail, just what moves he must make to gain that end.

His plans made, he provided, down to the tiniest item, everything needed at every stage of the game. He had all these things where they were instantly available at the right time and place.

His system of warfare admitted of no unforeseen emergencies. Everything had been anticipated.

Grant was neither a meteoric military genius nor did he have an opportunity to plan in advance the war in which he fought.

But he could take defeat after defeat and still keep on fighting.

After the enemy had worn himself out beating Grant—thought he had him whipped to an utter standstill—Grant was discovered plodding doggedly into battle.

History has not decided which was the greatest general.

Look around and you will find these three types—among others—in the world of business.

Not one man in a million possesses or can develop the genius of a Napoleon.

Few men have the marvellous powers of calculation, foresight and constructive imagination of a Von Moltke—although you and I can develop more and more of it.

But you and I—and every man—can refuse to acknowledge himself beaten; can keep on fighting to win as long as life is left in his body—and perhaps afterward.—From "The Business Philosopher."

### AN EDITOR'S PLEASANTRIES.

Most any man can be an editor, says an American paper. All the editor has to do is sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks in a month, and twelve months in a year, and "edit" such stuff as this: "Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry. A mischievous lad of Picketown threw a stone and hit Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday. Joe Doe climbed on a roof of his house looking for a leak and fell striking himself on the back porch. While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the

church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square. Isaiah Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the varanda. Mr. Frang, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corner."

### PANAMA CANAL ZONE.

In all this wide world the most orderly community is that of the Panama canal zone. Here is the least crime; here are the fewest misdemeanors, the least exercise of the functions of the courts; the most industrious, the fewest idlers, absolutely no poor, equally conspicuous the absence of the rich.

With its steam shovels working like sentient beings, its locomotives rushing about like screaming busybodies, its cement buckets skimming over the earth and riding the air to perform their varied tasks, with the long trains weaving, and turning on their tortuous tracks like pythons, still the most persistent impression is of beauty, orderliness and propriety.

The greatest public work the world has ever seen is carried on not only with unremitting diligence, enthusiasm and honesty, but with elegance, a high standard of living and a morale to which the oldest and most opulent cities have never attained. These are the words of truth and soberness. The problems of the engineer are greater than man has ever before encountered but in kind. The cubic yards of dirt and cement transcend experience, but only in bulk. It is the organization that is without precedent in the whole history of public works—it is this that is the eighth wonder of the world. In this organization there is no detail so minute but to have received attention. From the most puzzling problems in engineering to the American youth's love of ice cream, nothing seems to have been left unconsidered. This elaboration of detail has doubtless been gradual, but the visitor coming upon its completeness to-day the impression is staggering and not unmingled with envy.—Mary Gay Humphreys in Scribner's.

### DETECTING LEAKS IN WATER MAINS.

One of the latest adaptations of the telephone principle is that of the water-works department of the city of Vancouver. With the aid of the receiver alone a man is able to ascertain at what point beneath the surface of the ground a leak exists in a water main. The other day on Pender street west an employee of the department was the object of considerable curiosity. Equipped with the ordinary long, slender cut-off wrench and an unattached telephone receiver he was intently listening in the middle of the street. The end of the pipe-wrench was placed on the ground, while a small thin piece of steel projecting from the end of the receiver was laid against the upper end of the wrench. Applying his ear to the receiver, the man was able to detect the sound of the escaping water two or three feet below the concrete pavement.

Such a device as this meant the saving of much labor. Under ordinary circumstances it is difficult to locate the exact spot below a permanent pavement where a leak in a water pipe may exist, but when it is known just where the defect is the gang may break through the concrete with a minimum of labor and expense.—Telephone Talk.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it. "You sold me two bottles of stuff to make the hair grow."

"It is very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."

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