

Should Have Been More Explicit.

A prospective Boston bridegroom, who meant to be master in his own house, called on the well-known Unitarian clergyman, Rev. C. W. Wendte, who was to tie the knot the following day. "I have heard," he said, "that you omit the word 'obey' from the marriage service. Will you kindly insert it to-morrow?" Mr. Wendte obligingly promised to do so. "With thou, Lucy, promise to love, honor, and obey?" was promptly answered by the bride without demur. The same question was put to the groom, who hesitated, stammered, and gulped, but answered, as had his bride, "I will," probably not wishing to create a scene. Later he reproached the minister. "But you asked me to use the word 'obey,'" said Mr. Wendte, with a twinkle in his eyes; "how was I to know that you wanted it for the lady only? You should have been more explicit."

Feeding the Animals.

Little Johnny had been gazing thoughtfully at his book of animal pictures, when he suddenly called out: "Say, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?" "Yes." "How much?" "Oh, a lot of money." "A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?" "Yes, I guess so." "And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it?" "Yes, yes." "And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?" "I suppose so." "And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?" "Of course." "And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it, pa?" "Yes, yes." "And a fly would be enough for the spider?" "And a drop of molasses would be all that the fly would want, wouldn't it?" "Oh, stop your chatter." "But wouldn't it, pa?" "Yes." "Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of molasses?" But just at this point it was discovered that it was time for little Johnny to go to bed.

Not on Sale.

A company which manufactures band instruments receives a large number of letters from green players, asking advice as to their difficulties. Several months ago this company sold a cornet to a man in Montreal. As might have been expected, after he had played it for some time without removing the valves the action became stiff. He wrote to the manufacturers, explaining the trouble, and asking whether he should grease the valves. In answer he was told that it was the usual custom of the cornet players, when this difficulty occurred, to remove the valves and put a little saliva upon them. To their astonishment the next week's mail brought the following letter: "Gentlemen—Kindly send me twenty-five cents' worth of saliva. I can't get it in the stores here. Enclosed find stamps in payment."

A New Malady.

It was Christmas Day and the candy lion had been waiting—oh, so patiently—for Mary to finish her dinner. Much against her baby wishes had she been obliged to swallow the last of her bread. When her mother insisted on the finishing her milk the small face looked up in desperation as she lisped, "Gizzer, if I eat any more food I will humpback in my stomach like papa!"

Only One Could Dictate to Her

Someone who has been in Los Angeles recently tells the following story on the Burdettes: "The Pastor of the Temple Church and his wife were traveling on the Overland Limited. They were seated during the day in sections of the sleeping-car opposite each other. Each was vigorously at work with a typewriter. A young man coming through the car thoughtlessly imagined that Mrs. Burdette was the stenographer of the train and waiting at her side until she looked up asked her if she could take some dictation for him soon. Vigorously pulling his coat tail and with a twinkle in his eye Mr. Burdette said: "Young man, Mrs. Burdette allows only one man on earth to dictate to her."

A Queer Case.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said the old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons." "How did it work?" asked his companion. "Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me." "Strange! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on the branch of a very tall tree."

A Hustler.

The Customer—You've been a jolly long time for that coffee. What have you been doing? The Waitress—Well, if you want to know, I've been helping an old chap on with his overcoat, explaining to three gentlemen that I couldn't meet them on Sunday, getting a week's notice, and refusing an offer of marriage. That's a pretty good record for four and a half minutes, don't you think?

When Mark Twain Played Turtle.

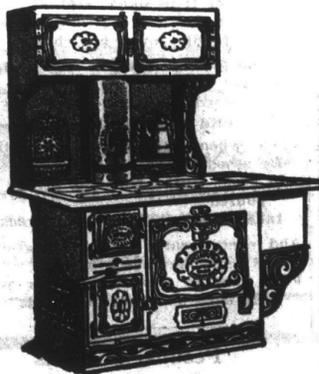
Out in Hannibal, Missouri, there are old people who remember an interesting incident in the childhood of Mark Twain. When the Clemens family moved to that town from Florida, Missouri, in 1839, the great humorist was four years old. Among his playmates, and living next door, was a little girl named Fanny Pavey. Between the Clemens and Pavey homes was a high board fence, punctured here and there with knot-holes at which Mark used to play peek-a-boo with Fanny. One day he suggested to her that they play turtle. "What's playin' turtle?" asked Fanny cautiously. "Poke your finger frew a knot-hole an' I'll show you," observed the boy. Little Fanny did as she was ordered. The moment the tiny finger of the trusting child appeared in a knot-hole, Mark Twain, on the other side, grabbed it between his teeth. Of course the little girl, not being able to see what had grasped her finger, became terribly frightened and tried to withdraw it. She could not do so, for Mark Twain held on for keeps. Fanny set up a great hue and cry, which any child is liable to do under the circumstances, and the Pavey and the Clemens families rushed out to see what was the trouble. He did not heed his mother's command to let go and it was necessary to "choke him loose." Later, when the excitement had subsided, when the youthful turtle had been properly attended to, and when Fanny's finger had been carefully bound up in a piece of calico, Mark Twain was asked why he had refused to let go. "Turkles, when they bites," said he, "never let go till it thunders." But it was only the thunder of his mother's slipper that he was permitted to hear.

Kootenay Steel Range

A GOOD BAKER

The oven in the Kootenay Range is scientifically proportioned to the size of the fire-box, so that no more fuel can be burned than is absolutely necessary to heat the oven.

The oven is lined with heavy sheet steel, which is a great radiator of heat and insures a uniform heat throughout the oven—no danger of a loaf of bread being half done on one side and burned on the other.



The Kootenay Range is built on scientific principles throughout, and should be carefully examined before buying any other.

Sold by all enterprising dealers.

Booklet free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Warner's Ltd. featuring 'The World famous Window Decoration' and 'WARNER'S, Ltd. BRANDON, Man. SASKATOON, Sask.' with decorative borders.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges, and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter (commission or salary \$500 a year, or \$50 a month and expenses, \$3 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. ALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada.

FARMS WANTED. Will pay fair price for two good farms. Not particular about location but they must be situated in good agricultural section. Soil must be first class. One place must be over 200 acres and one small or medium size. We also want good dairy or stock farm or good wild land. Will buy gain for machinery or stock if price suits. All or part cash. Possession must be had in April or October. Give description and price at once. Address: North American Land Co., Minneapolis, Minn.