MAJOR CROFOOT'S BIG PLAN

To Make Millions for Share Holders

In the Great American Combination Baby Carriage Company—His Own Invention.

As the man turned into the doorway leading up to Major Crofoot's office he had a look of determination on his face. As he ascended the well worn stairs his tread showed aggressiveness. As he banged the major's door open and entered he had the air of a creditor who'd get his money or carry away his pound of flesh. The major was in. He sat at his desk smoking a very short stub of cigar, but as the door opened he whirled with a bland smile on his face, and, rising, with both hands held out, he exclaimed:

"Well, now, but this truly a coincidence—a coincidence! Come right in, my dear fellow—come right in!"

"Oh, I'll come in fast enough," answered the caller as he suited the action to the words and came to a halt in the middle of the room. "Now, then, no more skulking and dodging. You owe me $10 borrowed money, and I want it right off the reel."

"My dear Mr. Shine," said the major as he took a last puff at his stub, "you formerly had an office next door. We became acquainted. You learned that I was temporarily embarrassed, and, sizing me up as an honest, ambitious man, who would ultimately overcome his bad luck, you kindly loaned a $10 bill upon me one day."

"I deny it!" shouted Mr. Shine. "Why, hang it, you were annoying me every day for a month before I let you have the money, and you told me a thousand lies to get it!"

"When you so kindly forced that money upon me," continued the major as he smiled and walked, "I said to myself that some day I would repay you a thousandfold. It was your trust, your confidence, in me that touched me. I was almost unknown to you. For all you knew I might be a deadbeat. You had only your judgment to go on, but your judgment was right. This very morning I should have telegraphed you to call in."

"Oh, you are going to pay, eh!?"

"Major Crofoot always pays his debts, sir, and in some cases he returns $100 for $1. It will be so in this case. I could have paid you back long ago, but was waiting to make it a memorable occasion for you. The time has arrived. My dear fellow, let us shake hands."

"What for? You owe me $10. You say you are going to pay it. I don't see the object of shaking hands."

"Yes, you truly cast your bread upon the waters," said the major as he paced the width of the room and looked into vacancy, "and I am pleased that your returns will be so gerat. Do you know I love a man who trusts to my honor and integrity? Let a man show his confidence in me, and I would sell my shirt for him. Yes, you kindly forced this upon me, and"—

"And now you kindly force it back again," interrupted Mr. Shine. "It's no use dodging, old man. I'm here for my money and am going to have it."

"My dear fellow, you are one of the few who trusted to my integrity when I was down on my luck, and I there fore pass over your hard words now. You haven't heard of the Great American Combination Baby Carriage Company, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Because it is just being incorporated, and we are taking the greatest care not to let anything get out until we are ready. My own creation, sir, and the biggest thing of the decade. If we don't make a million dollars out of it the first year, I shall be more than surprised. I wouldn't take half a million in cash for my chances."

"That's all blamed nonsense!" shouted Mr. Shine as he began to bristle up. "I know you, you old land sharper! You want to dodge that $10, but I'll have it before I leave!"

"My own inventive idea, as I told you, and it will astonish the world. The baby carriage can be changed into a cradle, a hammock or a sled by moving a lever. Good for summer or winter, you see. Is provided with a stationary milk bottle, a whistle and a cuffbox. Has an ice chest and a soothing syrup department. As the wheels turn a mouth organ plays. Provided with a patent brake, rubber tires and a mothproof cover; also has revolving fans to keep the flies away. After the baby gets out of long dresses he can use the carriage as a tricycle. That's the invention, Mr. Shine. Organized on a capital of $750,000, and shares to be sold at par. There's more than millions in it."

"I don't care a rap if there is. What I want is my $10, and I'll give you just five minutes to shell out."

"I was going to offer you the secretaryship," softly observed the major, "but the salary will be only ten thousand a year. What I shall offer you and what I was going to telegraph you about as you came in was the purchasing agency. We shall want a man to buy the milk and soothing syrup and see that they are pure. The salary will be at least $15,000 per year, with perquisites thrown in. My dear man, you trusted me. This is your reward. Now, will you shake?"

"Not by a durned sight!" shouted Mr. Shine as he bobbed around. "None of this sort of rot will stand me off on my $10. Do you want me to take it out of your hide?"

"And you can buy stock at par, my dear fellow—stock that will be worth 150 inside of four weeks. I have arranged for that. That stock will pay you at least 100 per cent. Invest $10,000, and you have an income of $25,000 per year. That's what comes of trusting to the integrity of Major Crofoot. Is it enough? If not, just say so, and I'll add $5000 from my salary as president."

Mr. Shine deliberately removed his coat and vest and flung them on a chair.

"Or if you want to borrow $10 for a day or two you can have it and welcome. I'll just step out and get it for you."

The major stepped, and Mr. Shine removed his collar tie and cuffs. Then he spat on his hands and limbered up his arms and waited. He waited for half an hour—two hours. Then he got up and dressed himself and kicked over the chairs and desk and went out. The major had stood him off once more.

M. QUAD.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The widow's favorite novel, "Put Yourself In His Place."

Nothing worries some women like the absence of worry in others.

A man has to be dead a good while before he is a patriot in the eyes of some people.

A wife is sometimes known as a man's better half—and sometimes as the whole thing.

Sometimes it takes the speaker longer to clear his throat than it does to clear the hall.

Every horse race is a sure thing, but the trouble is a man usually bets the wrong way.

If you can't wash your face without freezing the water, it's a sure sign you are cold blooded.

The best way to keep on the right side of people is not to let them get on the wrong side of you.

The soldier who gives a good account of himself at the front is apt to give a better account after he gets back home. —Chicago News.

Inconsiderate Youth.

Son (fresh from college)— Beastly weather! And when you come to think of it that adjective applies to the weather in general and to the general run of things, for that matter.

Father—Don't be too severe in your criticism of such matters, my son. You should bear in mind that possibly Providence hasn't had the educational advantages that you have been afforded. —Boston Courier.

Retort Cynical.

"Morning paper, sir?" sang out the newsboy. "One penny, sir."

"Here's threepence, boy," replied the facetious customer. "Keep the twopence. Buy a cake of soap with it and give your face a washing."

The newsboy handed back the money with great dignity. "Keep the change yourself, sir," he said, "and use it to buy a book on etiquette, sir."—Tit-Bits.

Considered as Realestate.

"How do I know," demanded the woman whom he had asked for charity, "that you're not a thievish vagabond instead of a poor man out of work? How do I know you've got a clear title even to those old dirty clothes you have on?"

"Ma'm," mournfully asked Tuffold Knutt, "don't these clothes look as if I'd had 21 years' undisputed possession of 'em?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Farmer's Happy Days.

Oh, th' cows is all beribboned, an th' pigs is washed an clean,
An th' lambs is shear'd like poodles es they gambol on th' green,
An they's flags stuck in th' hayricks, an th' farmhands is struck dumb
Es they see th' boss in duck pants,
For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' cook hes washed her neck an ears an cut her finger nails,
An choreboy with some marble dust hes burnished up th' pails,
Th' dairy maid's in short red skirts th' which is frolicksome,
An th' boss puts on a necktie,
For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' ice cream cow's been put on ice, likewise th' cow condensed;
Th' ram hes had his horns cut off, th' bull, he hes been fenced;
Th' meader's full of statoos, an th' well is full of rum,
An th' boss puts on his store clothes,
For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' clover's soaked with perfume, an th' grain is gilt with gold;
Th' sour milk's been well sugared an th' cheese been scraped of mold;
Th' sign "For Sale" 's been taken down thet erstwhile looked so glum,
An th' bull blame farm's been brushed up,
For th' summer boarder's come!

Oh, Arcadia hez come at last, an I'm a Corydon,
An th' dairy maid es Phyllis is a-kinder gettin on;
Th' mistress drinks her champagne with thet label on it—Mumm!
While th' boss is writin billheads,
For th' summer boarder's come!
—Harold MacGrath in Syracuse Herald.

F. A. Cleveland is prepared to do heavy or light freighting and packing to Montana and Eureka creeks, the Black Hills country and the conglomerate mines across the Indian river. crt

MR. JOBSON NEEDED A REST

And Change of Scenery From Home Views.

He Intended to be Gone Several Weeks But Was Called Back on Important Business.

When Mr. Jobson had finished looking at the pictures in the papers a couple of Sundays ago he walked up and down for awhile, occasionally surveying Mrs. Jobson out of the tail of his eye, and then he said:

"I'm going away."

Mrs. Jobson looked up from her study of the cooking recipes in one of the supplements.

"Going away?" she said. "When? Where?"

"Tomorrow morning. Any old place," replied Mr. Jobson. "Just want to get away for awhile—that's all."

"Has anything gone wrong?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Nope," replied Mr. Jobson. "Everything's all right. Everything's bully, in fact. But I just want to get away on a little trip, and I'm going. Did you ever read or hear, Mrs. Jobson, that married folks ought to be separated from each other at least one month in every year?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jobson, "but it always seemed to me to be a foolish sort of theory, and"—

"There's nothing foolish about it," cut in Mr. Jobson oracularly. "On the contrary, it's about the wisest theory in connection with marital life that's ever been propounded. It's a great theory. When married folks are constantly in each other's society, outside of business hours, they're bound in the course of nature to pall more or less upon each other—sort of get tired and long for the sight of other countenances in such close contiguity."

"Where do you meditate going, and how long do you intend to be away?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Don't know," replied Mr. Jobson. "I'm just going to take the trail and let it lead me whither it will. I've got an idea, though, that I'll get on a boat and go somewhere or other. Might take a steamer over in New York and run down to Florida or to Porto Rico—don't much care which. I don't think I'll be gone more than a month or six weeks, but my stay may be protracted to two or three months. As you know, that last little deal of mine panned out pretty well, and I've made arrangements down at the office to be gone as long as I like and I'll have no worry about my affairs. You can either close up the house during my absence and go and visit your folks, or you can stay at home."

Mrs. Jobson cogitated.

"Do you know," she finally said, "I think that is a real good plan of yours to go away and seek a change, I"—

"Didn't I say awhile back that you were just aching to get rid of me?" broke in Mr. Jobson a bit testily. "I knew it all the time. You're anxious to see my back that you can barely wait till I get on the train."

"Now, you know differently," said Mrs. Jobson. "But I think, as you said, that a man needs a change after having been a home body for a long time, and I am certain that when you come back you will appreciate your home all the more."

So it was arranged. Mr. Jobson spent the remainder of the day pointing out the things to Mrs. Jobson that he wanted to have packed, and the things he pointed out included enough clothes to fill two big trunks and two valises and to last him for several years in many different climes.

Mrs. Jobson decided to remain at home during Mr. Jobson's tour. She went down to the station to see him off on the New York train on the following afternoon.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Jobson offhandedly as he waited for the train gate to open. "I'll write to you frequently, wherever I may be. I don't want you to think," he added a bit woozily, as the time for separating drew pretty close, "that I'm going away because I've any fault in the world to find with you. But you understand—its just because the home surroundings began to wear on me a good deal, and I feel that a little trip of a week or two will"—

"Why," said Mrs. Jobson, "I thought you said that you'd be gone a month at the least and perhaps two or three months"—

"Who—me?" inquired Mr. Jobson, "Never said such a thing in my life. Stay away from home a month? Not if I know it! Well, there's the gate open. Goodby!"

There was a suspicion of hoarseness in Mr. Jobson's voice and more than a suspicion of moisture in Mr. Jobson's eyes when he went through the gate, but Mrs. Jobson smiled as she waved her hand to him.

"I'll give him two days," she said to herself as she returned to the Jobson domicile on the car.

About 10 o'clock two nights later Mrs. Jobson, who hadn't as yet heard from Mr. Jobson at all, was gossiping with a woman friend in the dining room of her home when there was a well known tread on the front steps. She hastened to the front door, and Mr. Jobson gave her a hug, looking somewhat sheepish.

"Got a telegram from the office calling me back," was all he said, and 15 minutes later, after the departure of Mrs. Jobson's woman friend, he was sitting in front of the dining room latrobe in his smoking jacket and slippers, elaborately explaining to Mrs. Jobson the nature of the important business that had necessitated the abandonment of his "tour."

And Mrs Jobson smiled inwardly while she listened with every evidence of deep interest.—Washington Star.

STORIES ABOUT OWLS.

The Birds Can Make Themselves Very Unpleasant Companions.

They say all sorts of mean things about owls. If a man hasn't much respect for your gray matter or intelligence in general, he will say you are as stupid as an owl. On the other hand, if you are brilliant and he likes you it would be just like him to say you were as wise as an owl. And there you are. To come right down to the subject, an owl is not by any manner of means the stupid bird many people believe him to be.

Mr. John A. Lord, a taxidermist, says the Portland (Me.) Express, relates a story about how he had once gone out to look at some traps he had set for rabbits. When he reached his traps, he found that a rabbit had been caught, but something had carried it off and left no trace of its identity behind it. That night Mr. Lord took two or three traps and baited them about where the game had been stolen the night before.

A rabbit soon got ensnared, and Mr. Lord proceeded to watch it from a nearby cover. For a long time everything was quiet, except for the frightened tugs and jumps the imprisoned rabbit made to get free. Suddenly there was a whir of wings, and, like a flash of lightning, a great horned owl pounced out of the gloom down on to the struggling victim. He killed the rabbit instantly and began to eat it.

In his movements he got one foot into another trap and found that he in turn was a prisoner. He thrashed around for some time, when Mr. Lord and a friend went to his release. The friend did not know the peculiarities of the great horned owl so well as Mr. Lord did or he never would have attempted to lift the bird by his well foot. The owl wasn't feeling particularly amiable and made one of its famous passes at the man, fastening its powerful claws in the fleshy part of his right hand.

There was a very animated scene for a few moments, and about all that could be seen was a bunch of man and owl rolling about the ground. When the combatants were brought to their feet again by Mr. Lord, the owl refused to break clean, and his claws remained firmly imbedded in the flesh. The owl had to be killed and the tendons in the leg cut before the cruel claws could be opened and withdrawn from the man's hand. He learned something about owls, however.

Mr. Lord relates how he once saw fully 50 crows after a great horned owl. They made it so hot for him that he dropped to the ground, where they began to dart about him. The owl merely hunched himself up into a defensive position and let them play their game. He kept so still that they became bolder, and finally one came near. Like a flash that "irresistible right" shot out and fastened on Mr. Crow. There was one doleful squawk, and it was all over. The owl then deliberately pulled the dead crow apart and ate it before the screeching flock that was watching him. It is safe to say that they did not come near enough to bother him after that.

Right here it might be well to state a little something about the manner in which an owl strikes its prey. If you ever noticed when owls pounce down on their victims, they usually stretch their legs out in front of them. They strike in with their sharp claws, throwing their bodies forward and literally sitting down on the unfortunate object upon whch they have fastened. This gives them a leverage and locks the sharp claws together in the flesh of the victim so firmly that it is impossible for them to let go again until they have straightened out their legs. They can generally put their claws through any flesh they pounce upon.

Age Sadness.

"And did you pocket your pride?" we asked anxiously.

"I—I tried," sobbed the eternal feminine, "but I couldn't find it."

Far down the wind shuddered the wailing of the zeitgeist.—New York Press.

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COMPARISONS.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindustan is more than 100 times as large as Palestine.

The English channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The great desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado and is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindustan, one-twelfth of China and one-twenty-fifth of the United States.

The gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior and about as large as the sea of Kamchatka, bay of Bengal, China sea, Okhotsk or Japan. Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than 50 times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German ocean, Black sea, Yellow sea; Hudson bay is rather large, the Baltic, Adriatic, Persian gulf, Aegean sea half as large and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Afghans never leave their homes without having an arsenal of weapons in their belts. Arms are their adornments.

The study of the Irish language has been revived and will probably arrest its rapid disappearance as a spoken language.

In New York city there is a maximum density of 1,000 residents to the acre, and this is more than double that of the most congested cities in Europe.

The tramways department of the Glasgow corporation, on the occasion of the celebration of the British entry into Pretoria, exhibited an electric car beautifully illuminated with 480 electric lamps. The lamps were of various colors and were formed into numerous patriotic designs.

One Kind.

"Pa, what's an optimist?"

"A man who sometimes hears of people doing things just as he would have done them if he had been there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mumm's, Pomerey or Perinet Champagne $5 per bottle at the Regina club hotel.

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SOCIETIES.

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