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## POSTPONED.

[Anyone at all familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless and helpless, it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten, and more than one story begins: "You remember how old Fide."]

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows its tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides, you couldn't pint a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun today—
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion, you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way?
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey!

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the throat;
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long and thick
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick,
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,
We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but, say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what'll I say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill;
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand.
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gitten' old, too?
The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an' you.

—Charles E. Baer, in Philadelphia Press.

## HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

### Tragic-Comic Experience of a Woman Reporter.

She had just come—"out of the back woods"—they told her when she mentioned the place. Of course she did not call it "the back woods." She spoke of it reverently by the tender name of "home," and usually there were tears in her eyes when she mentioned it. But no matter: it was not New York, therefore it was "the back woods," they told her when she asked for work.

"What can you do?" asked the first editor, and he did not take the trouble to look up or to stop the pencil that was scrawling over the paper in front of him.

"Anything you would give a woman to do," she answered.

"Nothing," he said.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," he said, surprised into looking up by her prompt departure, but she was gone.

"Bring any stuff?" asked the next one. He was too busy to waste words. She handed him the little flat manuscript silently.

He fingered it a second. "I don't want it," he said.

"Thank you. Good afternoon," she said.

"G'd afternoon," he said.

For the next she had to mount to the eleventh story, and she looked dubiously at the sign in the little ante room: "We do not undertake to preserve or return unsolicited manuscript."

But when the editor came out he looked at her really as if he saw her.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but just now there isn't a thing in sight. Let me have your address, and if I hear of anything I'll be glad to give it to you."

Of course she knew what that meant, but still she was grateful for the courtesy. In her part of "the back woods" people had time to be courteous, and this man left a pleasant memory that made her almost hopeful of the next.

"What you want to do," the next one said, and he was very nice about it, "is to get a place on a magazine; I wouldn't advise you to go in for newspaper work. What you want is a magazine."

"What I want, yes," she said, smiling, "but probably not what I can get."

He smiled, too, very pleasantly, but still he did not quite like her correcting his grammar. The next chanced to be rosy and round and bald. He was reading a note when she went in, and he held it in his hand while she talked. Presently it reminded him of something.

"Why, the very thing," he said, briskly. "Here's a note from my wife. Just reading it when you came in. Quite a coincidence, surely. You see, my wife has a friend who's a—er—literary lady, gives talks, lectures, or some such things. Now, this—er—literary lady is going over into Jersey, to Orange, in fact, to give a talk before a club there, the Ultra Matrons, you know, and my wife wants me to send somebody over to report it. But, of course, I couldn't do that, you know." He looked up over his glasses as if he needed confirmation, doubtless because he was defying his wifely instructions, so she mildly said:

"No."

"Of course not," he went on, having taken heart of grace from her approval. "Of course I can't send anybody out of the office for that, but my wife says—," he hesitated a moment, then broke off with: "Now, how would you like to run over and do this lecture for us? Not much in it for you, of course; we couldn't use more than a stick at the outside; but better start at that than at nothing. It's the opening wedge you want, you know. What do you say? Let's see; round trip ticket to Orange would cost you 50 cents; both ways on the elevated, ten; that's 60. Not much in it for you. What say? Will you do it, or not?"

"I'll do it, thank you," she said.

"That's good," he said, folding up the note in a relieved sort of way. "Thank you. I'll tell my wife."

"See here," he said, as she was leaving, "better take this card and call for the literary lady in the morning and go down with her. She'll put you through."

She thought he looked like a cherub; she lived to learn he was a prophet. She took the card, heard him awakened early the next morning and called for the literary lady at the hour appointed. She wasn't up; call again, the boy brought back the message. She called again. Literary lady had decided not to go so early; call again. She called again. Literary lady was dressing; would be down. She waited. Literary lady came by and by in a great rush.

"So glad you are going with me," she said, and then raced her to the elevated station till both were fairly out of breath. They regained it, however, on the way down to Christopher street and started on a fresh race to the ferry. The gate was closed, so the literary lady walked up and down impatiently and finally bought a paper at the newsstand just as the gate opened. When they had found seats on the boat she unfolded the paper and turned to the woman's page. The first thing that caught her eye was her own name.

"I see I'm to lecture before the Ultras," she said, smiling. "Good gracious!" she broke off suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Why, gracious me," said the literary lady, "the notice says there will be a reception after the lecture, and look at this gown! That's what they meant when they kept telling me to dress up! A reception in this thing!"

It was only a plain tailor gown.

"Gracious! I wonder if they told me and I forgot?"

The young woman felt quite sure she had forgot, but she didn't dare say so.

"What would you do?" asked the literary lady.

"What can you do?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," said the literary lady.

"Then I'd try not to care," said the girl, philosophically.

The literary lady evidently tried not to care, but she failed, and her face bore a careworn look. When they were seated on the train the girl thought she had forgotten, but she had not.

"I'll tell you," said the literary lady, grabbing her arm, "I am sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to get you to go back for my gown. I simply can't attend an Ultra reception in this. I know I forgot. But you must go back and take a later train over, the next if you can. My satin skirt is in the bottom bureau drawer; the waist is in my trunk; it isn't locked. Hurry, you must get it for me."

The train was beginning to move, but she followed the girl to the rear platform and called to her as she jumped off:

"My room is second to the left on the third floor."

The girl was almost convulsed with laughter at the humor of the situation. She caught the ferryboat back, but had to wait at Fifty-ninth street for a Sixth avenue elevated. When she got to the house she pushed the bell frantically, but got no response. Once, twice, thrice again, but still no answer. Moments were precious. Finally some ladies opened the door and went out. The girl seized the opportunity and went in. There was no one in sight. She went upstairs and to the second room on the left, third floor. She knocked dubiously, not knowing whom or what she should find. No response. She opened the door and entered. Books and papers everywhere; evidently this was the literary lady's room.

She found the satin skirt in the drawer without any trouble, but had to light the gas to look in the trunk. Beside, there were two trunks, and there was no way of knowing which. Suddenly it occurred to her the possibility that someone might come in, discover her prowling and mistake her for a thief. There was not a person in the house who knew her. She rang the bell, meaning to explain to the maid. Then the impossibility of being able to explain to a maid who had never seen her suggested itself, and she locked the door. That very act made her feel like a thief, and she crept about stealthily, fearful half lest the maid should not come, half lest she should. She waited breathlessly; no one came. After much searching she found the waist and made up the package in a newspaper. There was not a bit of string anywhere, so she snipped off the curtain cord and tied it up. Now, the question of making an exit was an important one. Surely she could not get away with that big bundle without being seen, but get away she must. It suddenly came to her that she might be mistaken either for a laundress or a sewing woman, and in that hope she opened the door, but in spite of herself she could not keep from feeling guilty and trying to steal out noiselessly. When she got to the door it seemed as if she could not get it open, and when the outer one slammed to noisily behind her she thought surely discovery was at hand, and she could not restrain herself from running down the steps and, indeed, to the elevated station at the corner. If a voice had by any chance cried "Stop, thief," she would have collapsed. She even glanced furtively around at the people on the car. What if that harmless-looking little man in the corner should turn out to be a detective? Really she could not compose herself. For one thing her bundle was too big, and for another she feared she would miss her train. When she got off the elevated she looked behind to see if the little man in the corner was following her. She bought a ticket to cross the ferry and asked the time of the next train to Orange.

"Do you want a ticket to Orange?" the man at the window asked.

"No, I have one," she said.

"Then why don't you cross the ferry on it?" he asked. She felt that he suspected her and snatched her bundle and ran.

When at last she was seated on the train, with the big bundle in her lap, feeling fairly comfortable for the first time, her eyes fell to scanning the newspaper that inclosed the precious gown. Suddenly they were caught by the notice of the lecture. Heavens! It was to be at 2.30, and she was then on the 1.30 train. She had never been to Orange before; she knew no one; she had no idea where the literary lady was to be found. If she was not at the station to meet her, all was lost.

She looked out eagerly when the conductor called her station, but the literary lady was not to be seen. She struggled across the platform with her bundle.

"Drive me to—the club," she said desperately to the cabman who came to her assistance.

"What club?" he asked.

"The Ultras," she said.

"Oh, the hall," he answered, and she thought she was saved.

She pictured vaguely the consternation she would create by bursting into the hall in the midst of the lecture possibly, but by this time she was physically exhausted and mentally blank. She paid the cabman intuitively and had started up the stairway before which he had stopped when she thought she heard voices calling and a heavy step running toward her. At last she was pursued. But save the gown she must and would. Springing up the stairway she burst open the door into the hall. The platform was empty, but there was a noisy hum of expectancy running through the crowd. At first she heard nothing distinctly. Then a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice behind her said:

"Give me your bundle, miss."

She looked up at the blue coated policeman, who had come up behind, and fell in a faint at his feet. When she revived she was lying on a rug in a little white plastered room. The window was open, the cold snow-laden air from without was blowing on her, and a sweet-faced, gentle woman was bending over her, holding a bottle of smelling salts to her nose.

"Are you the matron?" she asked, feebly.

"The what?" asked the woman.

"The matron?"

"No."

She waited a moment. "Then were you put in, too?" she said.

"In what?" the woman asked.

"In prison," she said, shuddering.

"Why, this isn't a prison, child," the woman said with a smile. "Why did you think you were in prison, pray?"

"For stealing that gown," said the girl.

"Why, you didn't steal the gown, did you?" And the woman burst out laughing.

"No, but I thought they thought I had, and the policeman arrested me."

"How very funny," the woman said, still laughing. "Why, he was only getting the gown to take to the literary lady, who was waiting at the milliner's across the way to put it on. She saw you come and got him to run after you. But how very funny."

"But where's the gown now?" the girl asked.

"Why, the lady has it on and is speaking away; don't you hear her?"

"Then for heaven's sake let me get out and report her," said the girl, struggling to her feet.

"Not before you've had this cup of chocolate and a sandwich," the woman said, putting them before her.

"I am hungry," she said.

"Of course you are; that's why you fainted."

When she went out by and by and saw the literary lady in all her glory "arrayed like one of these," she felt repaid for her excitement over the gown.

That night when she got back to town she took in her "stick" to the office, and credit for that amount was duly given her on the books. But somehow one of the men in the office had gotten hold of the adventure, so he made a full column story about it, with a picture of her with her big bundle just as she fell at the policeman's feet. So, to put it mildly, her fortune was made.—Philadelphia Times.

## HE LOST HIS PENCILS.

### But the Reporter Wrote His Story with an Electric Light Bulb.

"Did I ever tell you about the time that I wrote a story with an incandescent light bulb?" said the police reporter to a few of his professional friends.

"No? Well, it's a fact, just the same, and all I had to write with was one of these glass globes."

The hearers moved uneasily and one was heard to say something about taking another draw. The police reporter was undaunted, however, and went on:

"This is no pipe dream. I was working on the Brooklyn Eagle and had been sent down to a small interior town on one of the 'hottest' stories you ever heard about—double murder with a good mystery end—dead people both prominent, and suspected murderer a prominent citizen.

"I pulled into the station at exactly 11 o'clock and of course went into the station, the only telegraph office in the town, to tell the operator that I'd have some 'stuff' to file not later than 1 o'clock in the morning. He was an agreeable fellow, and he said he would go home and get two hours' sleep and be back in time to handle my story. I jumped in the town and in an hour was back to the telegraph office, which the operator had left open for me.

"I peeled off my coat and vest and sat down to write the crime story of my life. My hand sought my upper vest pocket, where I carried my pencils, and, jumping Jupiter! I had lost every one of them. I remembered that I had them a little while before when taking some notes, but they were gone now.

"I then began to gaze around the office. The operator had plenty of ink, but nary a pen or pencil could I find. I was in a beautiful hole. Within an hour of filing time and not a thing to write with. I just thought and thought, and in doing so happened to look again at the operator's desk. There lay a pad of thin paper and between the first and second sheets was a piece of carbon paper. The way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash.

"In the little office were three incandescent lamps. I turned the key and put out one, unscrewed it, and in another moment had the pad of paper with its carbon sheet in front of me. At the big end of the bulb was a protruding point of glass. I took the globe in my hand, holding it like a stylus, and marked on the top sheet: 'The Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.' Imagine my joy when I lifted the upper carbon paper to find that I had taken the impression perfectly. Then I went to work and at 1 o'clock when the operator arrived, had a starter for him of a thousand words."

"Did you finish the story that way?" was asked.

"Yes. The operator offered me writing material, but the novelty of the thing had taken hold of me. So I ran the other 1500 words out in the same way."

"Then," drawled the court recorder, "you waked up." —Atlanta Constitution.

### Left His Daughter in the Well.

George Smith of Blaine, Me., while drawing water for his cows, lost a tin pail in the well. He had let his eldest daughter, a girl of 17, into the well by a line to recover the pail, when he saw that his cattle had entered a field of potatoes that had been newly poisoned. In his desire to save his cows from death he forgot all about his daughter. When he came back half an hour later she had wept herself into convulsions and was making a desperate effort to cling to the stones in the well to escape drowning. Smith has promised her an $85 organ if she will stop talking about the event—New York Sun.

### Tennessee Nerve and Skill.

A Giles county citizen is reported to have carried a bushel of eggs in a meal sack on horseback to Aspen Hill without breaking an egg.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

## THE BOERS AT PRAYER.

### Their Army on Its Knees Before Going Into Action.

An Englishman who accompanied the Boer army under General Joubert in the recent campaign against M'Pefu, chief of the Makatese, in the northeastern part of the Transvaal, gives some interesting details of the Boer military organization and other matters. The commando under General Joubert was the largest ever assembled in the Transvaal, numbering with the native allies nearly 10,000 men. This force was divided into five laagers, each under its commandant. The first impression of a Boer army, the writer says, is not flattering. There is no appearance of order and the men are not uniformed, which is in striking contrast with the regular armies of other countries. But the apparent absence of discipline is on the surface. Commandos are made up of burghers drawn from various districts, each man considering himself on an equality with any other. They are only subject to orders from their own district commandants, who in turn are responsible to the general. In the field all fare alike, the commissariat knowing no distinctions. The only regulars are the state artillery drawn from the sons of burghers, and paid about $2 a day.

One of the principal features of the Boer laagers in the campaign was the religious exercises each evening, when the men would assemble under their leaders for prayer, concluding with the singing of their battle hymn, "Rust myn ziel, uw God is Koning" (Rest my soul, your God is King.) War, with the Boers, is considered a religious duty and enforced by the state only in self defence. The night before the storming of M'Pefu's stronghold, in the Magato mountains, a united prayer meeting was held of all the laagers under the personal leadership of General Joubert, and the scene is described as singularly impressive. The day following, the Makatese position was carried with only trifling loss, after the Kraals had been subjected to a heavy artillery fire; and the remainder of the campaign was pushed with such vigor that several of the chiefs, with their men, surrendered, and M'Pefu, with about 10,000 followers took refuge in Masonaland, in Rhodesia, across the Limpopo river. The victory of the Boers was complete and was a signal triumph for General Joubert, the Magato mountains having been considered impregnable and the strongest natural fastnesses in South Africa.

Of General Joubert himself, known among his men as Slim Piet, the writer says he has been uniformly successful, notwitstanding that his detractors have proved to their own satisfaction, times without number, that he has neither military talents, courage, nor backbone. That may be, he says, because of his appearance on the field of battle, which is not impressive, his costume during the Magato campaign having been a tweed suit with a tail coat. But neither the general nor his men care for externals, and although their clothes would hardly excite the envy of a self-respecting tramp, they do excellent work in them.

## CALIFORNIA'S OLIVE OIL.

### An Infant Industry That Adds Greatly to Her Wealth.

The olive oil industry is likely soon to attract attention and add greatly to the wealth of California. It is now in its infancy. The young orchards are just beginning to bear, and as they show large profits many people are going into the business. There are now about 30,000 acres of land devoted to olives, and one-third of it is bearing.

We import from Italy and Spain about 1,000,000 gallons of olive oil annually. There is a popular belief that much of it is cottonseed oil, sent over from this country for adulteration and brought back in bottles bearing Italian labels. But the rapid development of the olive oil industry in California will soon make this unnecessary. Italy markets 70,000,000 gallons of oil, valued at $120,000,000, annually, and the product of Spain is not much less. Last year the shipments from California amounted to 50 cars in bulk. This year they will be nearly double, and when all the groves in southern California come into bearing and the superiority and purity of the American oil become known the industry will assume great importance. But the olive oil growers are meeting with the same prejudice that was formerly felt against California wines. People were persistent in their preference for the adulterated logwood and vinegar concoctions that were imported from France rather than the pure grape juice from California, and even now more California wines are sold in London than in any city in the United States.

The olive was introduced into California by the Franciscan friars, the first tree being planted at the San Diego mission about the middle of the last century. The Californians like the natural or black olives, which they consider as an article of food rather than a relish. When ripe all olives are purple black, but the curing process can fix that color or change it to the familiar shade of green that is borne by imported fruit. The yield of an olive tree varies with its age. When eight years old it will produce about 100 pounds of olives, from which about one and one-half gallons of oil may be extracted.

## HIS NOVEL POINT OF VIEW.

### Thought One Lung Made Him a Better Insurance Risk.

The young man was either an optimist or the possessor of a Harveyized steel armor-plated nerve. Perhaps he was a little of both.

A short time ago he came to the conclusion that he would like to insure his life. With this object in view he made application to a prominent company. After filling out the necessary blank he received an invitation to call upon the medical officer of the company and undergo the usual physical examination. In due course he presented himself at the office of the examining physician.

Requesting the young man to remove his coat and vest the doctor produced a stethoscope and began his examination. All at once he stopped and regarded the candidate with an expression of alarm.

"Young man," he said, "do you think you can bear a shock?"

"Oh, I guess so," was the cheerful respose. "Fire away and let me hear the worst."

"You have only one lung!" announced the doctor solemnly.

"Well, what of that?" retorted the candidate, with the utmost composure. "I never told you I had any more, did I?"

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, "do you mean to say you were aware of your condition?"

"Of course I was. Do you suppose a man could have only one lung with out being aware of the fact?"

"And yet," said the doctor, "you apply to a respectable company for a policy of life insurance. Do you expect to get it?"

"I certainly do. Not only that, but I think I ought to get it at a substantial reduction in the premium."

"Upon what ground, may I ask?"

"Upon the ground that having only one lung I am 50 per cent. less liable to contract consumption than if I had two lungs."—New York World.

### How Jones Beat a Rival.

A reporter named Jones, on a daily in St. Louis, was detailed to interview the governor of another state, who had slipped into the city on a secret political mission. He learned to his disgust that Jackson, the star reporter of a rival sheet, was on to the fact and proposed to call in an hour. Acting on inspiration, he sent up a card bearing Jackson's name, and was promptly admitted.

When he had learned all he wanted, he asked with gross and intentional impudence, whether the information was really true. The governor turned purple.

"D'y question my word?" he said.

"Oh, don't get gay!" replied Jones, angrily; "common governors cut no ice with my office."

The old man foamed at the mouth. "You insolent scoundrel," he roared, "get out of my rooms!"

That was exactly what Jones wanted, and he went. Presently Jackson showed up.

"Here, boy," he said pompously, "take my card to the governor."

When the old man looked at the pasteboard he nearly expired. "The blankety-blanked infamous villain!" he spluttered; "I never heard of such effrontery in my life! Tell that miscreant if he or anybody else from his infernal paper comes up here I'll kill 'em!"

The word was carried to Jackson who went away raving. Next day his paper intimated the governor was in town on a bender. Jones' paper had a capital interview and a big "scoop."—"Jahart" in the Argonaut.

### The Air Cure.

"It's queer to me," said a healthy looking citizen, "that more people don't take the air cure. There's nothing like a breath of fresh air; it is delightful and refreshing, uplifting and invigorating, stimulating and exalting, and without any depression, and all this is absolutely free. There are far more people now than ever before in this country that go in for outdoor sports, for bicycling and all that sort of thing, and so get the fresh air; but there are many left who do not give themselves the benefit of it as they might. It isn't necessary for a man to have a bicycle or a horse or a steam yacht to enable him to take the air cure; such helps, of course, might make it easier to take, but they are not essential. It can be taken effectively walking; and there is nothing like it. Air might not heal a broken leg, but for many ills of mind and body it will be found a sovereign remedy."—New York Sun.

### A Western Society Notice.

Here are some extracts from a rather odd marriage notice which appeared in the Stockton News: "Miss Delia Hill is married. Her husband is a traveling man of considerable means, and she does not have to labor, not even to make her own bed. Her husband is some years older than she is and weighs 256 pounds. Their home is in Louisville, Ky. They were married in Kansas City. Miss Hill's friends here will all rejoice."—Kansas City Journal.