



gallop off the other way from what they are going, and whistle "coming thru the mustard" or some other lively tune, and you've done got one bagged right then.

A flirt is a tough thing to overhawl unless the right dog gets after them anyway, but if you do make a hawl she often turns her impudence into politeness and her prancing hook into a cradle.

Old bachelors are like dried apples, they need a lot of soaking before they'll do to use.

I've heard the dried-up bone-baskets boast about their freedom, independence etc., when they were simply old dead beats past resurrection, for everybody knows there isn't a more anxious gang of dupes on earth than they are. All their dreams are about boarding-school Misses and girls straggling about in hobble skirts. They grease the remnant of hair remaining on their pink bald-heads, cultivate bunions to please the women and only get laughed at for their pains.

If an old disgusting, clammy-hearted he-thing hasn't anything in his nature but vanity, then he is pretty apt to make a bachelor.

Now, old pegs, what are you goin' to do about it? Going to continue to be a set of zig-zagin' zeros that ought to be eat' by a flock of leather-winged bats and puked into the middle of the salt seas.

The old bachelor represents about as much value to human happiness as three cents worth of itch medicine, and as useless as a shirt-button with out any button-hole. He goes thru life dragging out his own tracks and dies like cologne water spilt on a dirty apron.

Bacheloritis is an awful disease to have, and I don't know but one sure cure for it, and that is a wife and eighteen or twenty babies.

Try a treatment old blond mustache, no cure, no pay.

O JUSTICE, WHERE ART THOU?

Say, Mister, have you ever thought what a ridiculous farce our courts have become.

Do you ever take a close smell of our present system of pretended justice?

Has not the jury system fanked into failure?

Do you not know that it is more dangerous for a begger to steal a peck of meal than it is for a plutocrat to kill a man?

In plain cases where the law has no loop holes in it, twelve honest men, knowing the facts and acquainted with the parties may be expected to render a righteous verdict; but what can we expect of a know-nothing jury, gathered by chance where the testimony is conflicting, the interest involved is life or death, the loud-mouthed attorneys howling on both sides like a gang of wild coyotes, and the bible-giver is making everidge cut?

Do you not know of a number of men formally tried and solemnly acquitted who should have been hanged or put in the penitentiary for life?

Often a jury agrees to disagree simply because the miserable block-headed hoodlums can't tell what the devil all the contention of the lawyers is

about. Then what? The whole farce is played over again; next time the murderer is convicted of manslaughter and given a year in prison instead of ten minutes in a rope halter. So in a few months another cold-blooded murder occurs under like conditions, and the people remember the sham proceedings of the court and take the law into their own hands. And the mistake they make is hanging the assassin instead of the lawyers who use their skill in protecting criminals and encouraging crime.

It is as impossible now days to predict from law and evidence what verdict a jury will render, as where lightning will strike next, or what a stand-pat republican wouldn't do to get elected. But about the only thing to predict for a certainty is, if the suit is against a poor man he'll get the worst of it.

Why not elect our jurors and pay them the same as we do our judges? If we can trust delegates to make our laws, why in the dickens can't we trust delegates to enforce them? By so doing we could secure the service of men of more than average intelligence with a qualification for the work. With a bench of trained judges, the little tin-horn lawyers with brains worth about 2 cents a pound for soap grease, would cut out their two hour mule songs which impede our judicial progress and tax our people with long term courts.

Let us put men in the jury box who at least know a sow-pig from a hand-saw² men who freely accept the service, instead of those who are scared into hiccoughs and try to manufacture forty excuses to shirk the task.

Good-bye, dear old farmers, I must go, I'll stop and see you next month.

A CONFOUNDED OLD BACHELOR.

An old bachelor is a cross between a neuter gender tom-cat and a pair of wore out breeches, I don't care how much he offers to bet it aint so, but some of them have a good excuse for their neuterness. Some of them are too dadgummed stingy to marry; and that's about the best excuse I know of, for a stingy cuss aint fit to have a nice woman.

By gosh, I tried being an old bachelor myself till I was nearly twenty years old, and come mighty nigh dyin' a dozen times. I had more pain in one year than I've had since, puttin' it all into a heap, I was in the middle of a fix all the time.

I got after a lot of flirts in my single days, and tried to travel as fast as they did, but soon discovered that a flirt was hard to ketch, and not worth so dreadful much when you get one ketched.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and chocolate candy or somebody would trade them out of their capital the first swoop.

The best way to ketch a flirt is to get up and