

LIFE.

Come, back with me this little vagrant rill, Wandering its wild course from the mountain's breast...

A CONTEST WITH THE WEATHER BUREAU.

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

The young man in the linen suit, after attending to the slight errand that had brought him to Lufkin's store at Hardback Corner...

For a week or so the honors were about even. Indeed, the rival forecasts were quite similar in substance, although worded differently...

Furthermore, in the little gatherings of farmers who came for mail and remained for conversation, Mr. Lufkin had been something of an oracle.

Mr. Lufkin was not only gratified, but considerably emboldened by his success. A neighborhood picnic to take place on a small island in Long Pond had been planned for Saturday...

Perceiving this, the young man hastened to change the subject, selecting a topic this time that is supposed to be safe on all occasions.

Look out for thunder showers and high wind to-morrow. The report from the Weather Bureau, arriving a little later, merely said: Fair and warmer Saturday.

"Well, if we do, it won't be because the man says so," returned the old gentleman, as testily as before.

"Do you really believe, Grandpa, that there is any danger of showers?" asked Fannie, pausing irresolutely in her task of filling her lunch-basket.

"Indeed! I judge then, that you are something of an expert yourself in forecasting the weather."

"I wish it would rain pitchforks and blow great guns!" he muttered, as he went outside late in the forenoon and cast a searching look at the sky.

"What! You help get up those Government predictions?"

"Yes, Fannie!" he exclaimed, his eyes blinking in the sunlight. "I supposed you were at the picnic."

"How long are you going to stay in these parts?" demanded Mr. Lufkin, with interest.

"The invitation was accepted, and the simple 12 o'clock dinner finally assumed quite the proportions of a banquet, at least so far as time was concerned."

"The news of the contest also spread among the neighbors, with the result that visits to the store became almost as much a matter of course as in the old days of coming for the mail."

"As a matter of fact, the shower, when it arrived, proved to be a rather small affair, but it served to justify Mr. Lufkin's frequent 'I told you so,'"

and to establish more completely than ever his confidence in his forecasting ability. In that confidence he still abides.

OUR DISAPPEARING TIMBER.

Three Times as Much Used Each Year as the Forest Grows.

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he could use if he were in Europe.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities.

There are no faro games in San Francisco, but craps, poker and the races do just as well, and keep the gang hunting fresh marks without any let-up.

"We'll make no mistakes," said I, when it had been agreed that our host was to be a party to the clean-up.

"I had to borrow \$25 from the owner of the poker game where I usually lost my money to buy the boot the first thing in the morning."

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CONFIDENCES OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

When I sit down with pencil and paper, and jot down the amounts I've made during the past year in my profession as a confidence man, the total staggers me.

I saw in a paper the other day a list of the salaries they pay to Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Justices, Governors and a lot of those big guns.

Why, back in Chicago, where we used to work the crooked faro dodge on every stranger we caught loitering around a hotel, there was an Oregon gambler who ran a faro game on Washburn avenue exclusively for bunco men.

There are no faro games in San Francisco, but craps, poker and the races do just as well, and keep the gang hunting fresh marks without any let-up.

"I've got an electric boot," I whispered, and I'll win that race if I have to turn my nag into a dynamo to do it."

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"There is something coming off in the first race," he hastened to say when he heard the blinking twenties.

When the odds went up for the opening event I went round the ring betting \$20 at a crack on Yellowstone.

It was a mile race, and the minute the barrier went up I knew my money was burned up.

As I turned back toward the betting ring cursing myself for a fool, I saw a fellow being served with a nice, thick porterhouse in the restaurant.

"I had to walk up from the ferry that night for the lack of carfare, but I was comforted somewhat by the thought that Mickey, my pal, would lend \$50 or even \$100, and I would be on my feet again."

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out of a \$100 bill after we had had dinner. But we didn't care nor even think about it.

But it wasn't long before the tide turned. In the first place we struck a losing streak with our tips and the \$200 a day dropped off until we scarcely paid office rent.

On the way back that night I felt natural. I was broke. I've been broke ever since, and the way things look now I am likely to stay that way.

"Well," said Condon, "there's only one way to beat a gambling game. Make the other fellow go against your game."

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

Life insurance companies in Japan are paying sixteen per cent. dividends. In one of them the directors got only \$3100 fees for their year's work.

Wounded Elk, a full-blooded Sioux missionary, is organizing a revival movement in New York City. He has a wonderful flow of simple oratory, besides a majestic presence.

The consensus of opinion among historians is to the effect that the most ancient city is Damascus. There is no doubt about the fact that Damascus has the longest continuous history of any city in the world.

Lord Breadalbane has more deer on his estates than any landowner in the United Kingdom, and yet, when he was Lord Steward, among his perquisites was a present of six bucks and six does every year from the royal herd.

The Tower of Babel, at Babylon, was composed of eight square towers, one upon the other, the pile being 660 feet high.

Whenever I think of the farm of my childhood And there let my fancy delightfully dwell.

I never was stuck by its moss covered beauty. Its creaking refrain never made my heart glad.

"She let fall a few remarks—" "Is that why she spoke in such broken tones?"—Baltimore American.

"I got my eyes and nose full of dust yesterday, and every muscle in my body aches."—"Long auto ride, eh?"—"Nop. Beating rugs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When was their engagement made?" "While they were singing in the church choir."—"What was the cause of their divorce?"—"Singing in the church choir."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

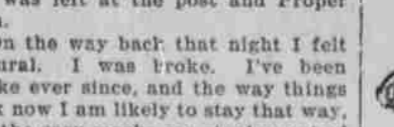
"The ladies stopped a little boy whose legs were briar-scratched. And laughed to see the novel way his little pants were patterned."

"I feel," he said, as he laid the morning newspaper aside, "that my country has called me."—"Make no mistake, dear," said the wife.

"That's the first time I ever sold a single envelope," said a young woman at a big stationer's store in the city's centre.

The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep.

My automobile is so simple to handle, writes Roy L. McCordell in the New Rochelle News, that any little girl can run it.



RIPPLES OF MIRTH.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

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