

ward by the Aleutian islands and flows down the American coast, its warm waters modifying the climate as far inland as the warm ocean winds penetrate, its influence being felt to the extreme limit of California. The high coast mountains in Alaska cut off the interior from the beneficent influence of this great ocean river, and thus assist to make the wonderful contrast in the climate of adjacent localities in that northern region. The Alaskan tourists sees in the distance the snows of winter and feels upon his brow the balmy breezes of summer, while around him are peaceful, sun-kissed waters and islands clad in the verdant garb of the forest.

THE JURY BY PROXY.

KANSAS BAILIFF (re-entering court room alone)—May it please yer honor, the verdict uv the jury is "not guilty."

JUDGE—'Tis, eh? Why don't the jury come in and say so, then?

BAILIFF—Wal, you see, yer honor, they was still wranglin' over it when a boy hollered in at the winder that thar was an eastern capitalist up in town lookin' fer bargains in lots, so they told me to bring in any verdict I blame pleased, an' skipped out uv the winder to hunt up the capitalist. I reckon "not guilty" is about the correct thing, and—

JUDGE—What's that—capitalist in town? I—court stands adjourned till tomorrow! Know where he is now, Jim?

SPECTATOR (to bailiff, after departure of judge)—Why didn't you go, too?

BAILIFF (cheerfully)—Oh, I hain't got no lots!

A DEGRADING ACCIDENT.

MRS. PONGEE—I was so shocked to hear that Mr. Creme had been run over by a train. Is he hurt much?

MRS. DELLA CREME (sobbing)—The doctors can't tell yet. But think of the disgrace. He was run over by a freight train!

THE WAIL OF THE FINEST.

POLICEMAN RAFFERTY—Did yez hear about Flaherty?

POLICEMAN DOUGHERTY—Is it Flaherty, wot shot the man wot was runnin' to ketch the noight car?

P. R.—The same. The coryner's jury has censured him severely.

P. D.—Faix, the coorts are takin' away our privileges ivery day.

PHYSICIAN (to druggist who believes in doctors paying for what they use)—Have you observed that a wet sponge absorbs the odor of drugs?

DRUGGIST (to physician who believes in helping himself freely in drug stores)—Yes. I have observed, also, that a dry sponge absorbs lots of whisky.



HE—Well, my dear, what do you see out of the window?

SHE—Nothing in particular, only this Oregon weather reminds me of Queen Victoria.

HE—In what respect?

SHE—Such an endless rain.



MR. A. (to Miss B., who has been visiting England)—And may I ask what you think of the English?

MISS B.—To be very candid, I think they must be very unclean. They actually tub, as they call it, every day.

A CARPER.

JUSTICE WESTSHORE (of Mt Hood City)—Mr. Hooker, this new-comer charges you with swindling, alleging that there is a crater of an extinct volcano on the lots you recently sold him in your Cascade range addition to the city.

MR. HOOKER (a fisher for men)—Well, I acknowledge, judge, that the mountains do sort o' meander through my addition, and that there are a few cavities in the vicinity; but the stranger expressly stated that he was looking for an opening where he could get into active operations, and as there is a boiling spring at the bottom of his crater, I felt that I was suiting his taste to a dot. The gentleman is evidently a carper.

DISPENSING WITH PROVIDENCE.

CHIEF OF VIGILANTES (to prisoner)—Before we string you up fer the cold-blooded murder uv that new-comer, if you've got ary shadder uv'an excuse to offer we'll give you time to make it.

ALKALI IKE (on the barrel)—Wal, ye see, the feller met me jest after he'd dyed his whiskers black, an' I couldn't stand it an'—

VIGILANTES (in one voice)—Not guilty! The departed died uv a dispensation with Providence!

THE KANSAS STYLE.

REPORTER OF CITY DAILY (viewing the ruins after a cyclone)—The scene beggars description! Everything blown away; the settlement completely obliterated and depopulated; not a soul left—

HEAD OF PROMINENT CITIZEN (emerging from cyclone pit)—Howdy, stranger! Right brisk wind, wasn't it? Say, if you're looking for bargains in corner lots, I—

OTHER HEADS (as the pits open, one after another)—Me too! Me too! Me too!

REFORMING.

TOURIST—Are the efforts of the reform committee crowned with success?

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—You bet! The Sunday races don't begin now till the Y. M. C. A. meetin's over. We believe in givin' everybody an equal show.

A RARE FLOWER.

GARDENER—Yes, Miss Redwrong, we have all the rare plants.

MISS REDWRONG—Oh, please show me one of those flour mill plants.

MASTICATION.

As you go through life, my dear young man,
Don't have too rapacious a maw;
Don't get so greedy to haul in the seals
As to bite off too much for one chaw.