

TOMBSTONE ABSURDITIES

MIDICULOUS EFFORTS OF CLEMSY EPITAPH-MAKERS. Samples of Verse and Prose Collected From Church-Yards and Other Places of Interment.

Without vouching for the accuracy of the quotations, or the exact location of the dead, although I think they are nearly if not wholly correct, the following epitaphs will, I fancy, prove of interest to readers of The Oregonian:

A young lady is buried at Dorchester, Mass., and on her tombstone is the following: On the 21st of March God's angels made a SARCHÉ. Around the door they strolled. They took a walk. It is said. And out her down like wood. In a church-yard at Hartford, Conn. is this: Here lies two babies so dead as mice; De Lord he killed dem with a stick. When dey was good to live mit me. He took dem up to live mit me. So He did.

Down in Kentucky is the following, on a tombstone: "This year is sacred to the memory of William Henry Skirakan, who came to his death by being shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." An inscription on a tombstone in East Tennessee concludes thus: "She lived a life of virtue and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 25 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

This comes from the great State of Ohio: Under this sod And under these trees Leth the body of Solomon Pense. He's not in this hole. But only his pod. He should not be here. And went up to his God. The subjoined comes from old Connecticut: Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit, The wife of Deacon Jesse Shute. She died of drinking too much coffee, Amy Dumley eighteen forty.

"Blessed Are the Dead." A tombstone in the State of Texas bears the following inscription, and I have always suspected it was written by my eloquent friend, General Killfeather: "He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of Democratic principles and measures. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The State of Maine has a stone erected by the widow, bearing the following epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of James H. E. m., who died August 6, 1880. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 23, and of no special qualification for a good wife, lives at street in this village."

But here is an epitaph that is more than a match for the widow "who can be comforted": "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style, \$20."

South Carolina has this: "Here lies the bones of Robert Gordon, mouth slandering and teeth according; stranger, tread lightly over this wonder; if he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder."

The following is attributed to Oregon, and was written by a better place, I will give it to Astoria: An honest fellow here is laid. His debts in full he always paid. And, what's more strange, his neighbors tell us. He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

In England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the necessity of rhyme is curiously illustrated in many epitaphs. See the following: Under this stone, aged three score and ten. He remains of William Wood Hen. N. B.—For Hen, read Cook. Cook wouldn't come in rhyme.

EPITAPH. Here lies John Burn. Who was killed by a gun. His name wasn't Burn, but his real name was Wood. But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Burn would.

Mr. Thomas Section, of England, had the misfortune to remark the pro-motor's wife, "I found that the colored servants were just as careless as the foreigners."—Baltimore American.

"The time has come in this Chinese affair," said the man from the West, "to let loose the dogs of war."

"You may rest assured," said the Boston member of the Aikinson Peace Society, "that among those war dogs there will be no Boston terrier."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"In neglecting to accept the urgent invitation sent him by the Dowager Empress of China, old Li Hung Chang shows that he intends to remain in the front ranks of progress."

"How so?" "He means to keep a head!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am thinking about sending some of my new electric fans to China."

"Don't do it."

"Why not?" "There are too many revolutions there already."—Chicago News.

"They say that Kruger is going at it harder than ever."

"What has braced him up so suddenly?" "Oh, he's mad because the Dowager Empress has knocked him out of the public eye."—Detroit Free Press.

Snarley—There's one thing about this Boxer war that worries me. You—What's that? Snarley—I'm afraid it'll revive the fifteen puzzle.—Syracuse Herald.

BROKEN-CHINA PATCHWORK.

Funny Quips of the Funny Writers Over Boxer Situation. The Dragon—My civilization is older than yours, and to my mind much sounder and sweeter. It agrees with me, and all I want is to be left in the peaceful enjoyment of it. Why can't you leave me alone? England—You keep on shutting your door! United States—You chew up missionaries! Germany—You are all that is left to go for! France—A box, fabled monster! Russia—You would make a beautiful offset to India! Japan—We want to finish with you! Dragon proceeds to get steam up.—London Outlook.

Among the natives there were two parties. Of these the progressives favored killing the missionaries. "For unless we embroil ourselves in war with the great Caucasian or Christian nations," they argued, "how shall we ever become civilized?" "We don't want to be civilized," said the conservatives. "Let the missionaries alone!" Party feeling ran high, and much rancor was displayed, first and last.—Detroit Journal.

"Hello, central!" "Well!" "Pekin, please: the palace of the Dowager Empress."

"All right!" "Who wants Her Majesty?" "This is Paul Kruger, president of the South African Republic."

"Well, Paul, what do you want?" "I just want to warn you that the international will get your capital."

"Well, if they do, they will have to pay a price that will stagger humanity. So long!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Get fire to the city," commanded the Dowager Empress. "May I ask why, sublime sister-in-law of the Celestial spheres?" inquired the head of the household watch-guard.

"I am burning the city," replied the Empress, "so that there will be no Peking around here!"

And, gathering up her brocade train of real China silk, she swung like a water-logged junk from the apartment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am sorry about this disturbance in our great capital," said the grave Chinaman, as he laid down the Celestial Gazette and took up his copy of Confucius. "Has it personally affected you?"

"No. And I am superior to material considerations, anyhow. What annoys me is the probability that this trouble in Peking will hinder us in our programme for sending missionaries to St. Louis."—Washington Star.

"Joel," said Mrs. Chugwater, who was looking at the headlines in the morning paper, "what is this Chinese problem they are all talking about?"

"You wouldn't be able to understand it if I should show it to you," replied Mr. Kruger. "It's written in tea-chest characters, and lots of the Chinese themselves can't work it."—Chicago Tribune.

"What do you think of these yarns about the Chinese being the most civilized people on earth?" asked Piute Pete.

"Well," answered Three-Finger Sam, "I must say they're a treatin' strangers they don't happen to like reminds me of the palmy days in our great 'n' growin' City of Crimson Guich."—Washington Star.

"Did you say the Chinese language is monosyllabic?" asked Mr. Keekton.

"Yes," answered the professor. "Well! Well! I must tell Henrietta about that. It's the Empress Dowager and the other ladies of the court being obliged to express their feelings one little syllable at a time!"—Washington Star.

"The Germans are taking a hand in the breaking up of China," said the young law student, looking up from his paper.

"Well, before we quit house-keeping and went to bed, I'd like to see the pro-motor's wife, 'I found that the colored servants were just as careless as the foreigners.'—Baltimore American.

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Chinese Maxims. The mean man sees that he himself may reap. Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones. The good man loves all men: he loves to speak with all. Have no companionship with a man who injures his neighbor. One forgives everything to him who forgives nothing to himself. To develop the principles of our higher nature is to know heaven. Deal with evil as with disease, the object of punishment is to make an end of punning. The path of duty is near, yet men seek it far off. Go home and seek it and you will not lack teachers. When you know a thing maintain that you know it: when you do not know it admit the fact—that is wisdom. In transacting business be faithful in speech with friends, be not envious, and in daily conduct be dignified, refined. The disease of men is neglecting to weed their own fields and buying themselves with weeding the fields of others. Never allow yourself to do a wrong thing because it seems trifling, nor to forego a good thing because it seems small. The man who in the presence of gain thinks of righteousness, who in the presence of danger is ready to give up his life, who in the presence of a promise is a complete man.—Unidentified Exchange.

CAMPING-OUT COMFORTS

SEASONABLE HINTS FOR FISHERMEN, HUNTERS AND OTHERS. Up-to-Date Conventions That Hob a Season Spent in the Woods of Every Discomfort.

Camping-out things have, of course, long been articles of sale by the dealers in sportsman's goods, but there never was a time before when they were offered in such variety, and of such perfect adaptability to their use, as now. Of tents there is a great variety, of all kinds and styles and sizes, for from two men up, and if these tents are not in stock, the dealer makes any of them to order within 24 hours. There are camp stoves and camp ovens and various camp cooking utensils. Among the new things in this line are the cooking kits of aluminum which are wonders of lightness and compactness; such kits are made of various sizes, for from two persons upward. An aluminum cooking kit and camp outfit for six persons occupies, when packed for transportation, a space little, if any, greater than that taken up by an ordinary water bucket. Such a kit contains four pails, nesting snugly together and each provided with a cover and a handle. There are in the kit knives and forks and spoons and cups and plates

five inches in diameter. Sleeping bags, which, not many years ago were articles of limited sale, and which when used were more likely to be supplied by the guides, are nowadays made in variety and sold in considerable numbers. They are lined with furs of various kinds, or with lamb's wool, or blankets, heavy or light, sleeping bags being made for use in any climate. Sleeping bags may be costly, or inexpensive, according to the materials of which they are made.

There are camp chairs of various kinds, old and new, and tables likewise, all highly portable, a table for four people, for example, being made to fold into a bundle three feet long and four inches thick one way by six the other. A modern sort of contraption is a pocket ax, a useful little implement, that can be dropped into a pocket or in one's bootleg. The pocket ax has a pivoted guard that can be closed down over its edge, as the handle of a razor is closed over its edge; this for the protection of the carrier, and to protect the edge itself, when the ax is used by the hand. It is thrown back on its pivot, to shut into the handle, out of the way, flush with the handle's surface.

There are compasses, of course; the modern camp compass being put into a nickel case like a watch case, most convenient to carry and use; there are waterproof match boxes, and so on. There is, in fact, to be found in these days, for camping-out, everything that could be required, for convenience, for comfort, or for luxury, and all these up to date in economy of place and weight. The camper-out can also get in the sporting goods establishment food in considerable variety, this being, like the sportsman's camp equipment, food put up in the compactest possible form. He can

buy in a cylindrical paper box of the size of a quart measure, and very light to carry, in the form of a powder, the yolk of six dozen eggs; in a form somewhat like that of a dynamite cartridge, six inches in length by an inch or an inch and a half in diameter can be bought, in this highly condensed form, peas sufficient to make two or three gallons of pea soup. Potatoes and other vegetables can be bought condensed. In a box not much larger than that of a penny box of matches are sold a dozen capsules of beef extract so condensed that one of them will make a quart of bouillon. There are soups and other foods highly concentrated, put up in little blocks comfortable to sleep on, that will go up or down to make a meal; so that it is quite possible for the man who is going camping out to carry along, in very little space, food as well if he so desires for several days, until he begins to get his own, or to guard against any emergency or for sking out other supplies.—New York Sun.

Had I But Thought. Not great achievements, Nor that which might have proved A savage gained, exultant joy. Ambition's glittering goal, Nor earned a saintly crown— Nay, but little things, sans labor, without cost; Commingled tithes of duty, said, neglected ones; A partial merit for mankind's esteem And professed love of kin and kin, I might have done, had I but thought!—ARTHUR D. MARSHALL.

ICE CAVERNS OF CROOK COUNTY—ONE OF OREGON'S NATURAL WONDERS



ENTRANCE TO PRINCIPAL CAVE. THE LOG CABIN ON THE SURFACE LEVEL WAS FORMERLY USED BY HUNTERS FROM PRINEVILLE, WHO MELTED ICE OBTAINED IN THE CAVERN FOR WATER.

A correspondent of The Oregonian suggests, as a side trip for the Mazamas, on their annual outing and visit of exploration to Mount Jefferson during the coming week, a "jaunt" to another of Crook County's natural wonders—the ice caves in the region of the Deschutes River. These caves are wonderful in formation, and are said to be picturesque beyond description, but, for some unknown reason, they have not received the attention from explorers and others that they deserve. The Oregonian today presents the above sketches descriptive of the caverns, and which were kindly furnished by W. H. Dierdorff, of Hillsboro, who was one of a railway surveying party which visited the scene 12 years ago. An article in a recent issue of The Oregonian covered quite freely the several features of these natural phenomena, and brief reference thereto at this time may prove interesting.

Near the source of the Deschutes River there are a number of caves, but the chief curiosity of the group is the great ice caverns. Strange as it may seem, they border on one of the "deserts" common to the region, and a partial exploration supports the belief that they are not very large. The "father cave" contains a considerable amount of ice, at nearly all seasons, while a number of the group furnish a supply the greater portion of the year. In the first-mentioned cavern the ice supply is only 75 feet from its mouth, and possibly not over 50 feet from the surface of the earth. In other caverns of like depth, in the same vicinity, there is no ice, and a well at that depth would not retain ice much longer than it were on top of the ground.

Entrance to the principal cave is gained by descending an incline of about 45 degrees. The south opening receives the light of the sun with considerable force, and at noon its rays almost reach the ice. The locality around the caves experiences very warm weather during the summer, and the preservation of the ice is certainly a great mystery. The Mazamas would certainly find no more fruitful section for exploration in Oregon.



Interior of cavern, looking outward. Ice floor and boulders covered with ice.

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Interior of cavern, looking outward. Ice floor and boulders covered with ice.

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YE SLY AND JOVIAL CRAB

FINDS MUCH AMUSEMENT IN TRYING WITH BATHERS' TOES. Abounds at Fort Stevens, Where He Is Said to Flourish Best When Many Fishermen Drown.

FORT STEVENS, Or., Aug. 2.—The fortunate sojourner by the sea is touched with pity, when he reads of the many prostrations and deaths from heat in the East, and he notes with commiseration the pitiable condition of the denizens of Portland, as they sweeter under a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade. Down here, on the classic shores of the Columbia, at Fort Stevens, no such conditions exist. The cool breezes from the ocean soothe the aching brow of care, and the hoarse roar of the sea lulls one to sleep at night.

There are no limp collars here. One may be worn a week, and then stand as rigidly erect as a Boston spindler of 40 Summers. This must not be construed as suggesting the impropriety of bringing more than one collar, if a visitor is going to spend a week here. Two are absolutely necessary if one wishes to acquire any social standing, and there is one very stylish young man here who actually sports three. He is the cynosure of

separated from the object of his attachment. He had secured a firm hold on the boy's big toe with his most formidable fingers, and set the time clock to 11, and was there to stay.

We finally separated the claw from the crab's body, yet it still held the toe, and the claw had to be divided before it was taken away. The boy's toe was cut to the bone, and it is a wonder it was not cut off. Not long since a man had the index finger of his right hand caught in the claw of one of the monsters, and the finger was cut off as smoothly as could have been done with a pair of surgeon's forceps.

The wonderful strength of the front claw of a crab was manifested not long ago by a "crabber," who carried a large crab from the beach to Hammond, a distance of 100 miles, by simply putting the leg of one in the claw of another and repeating the process with the others until he had formed a chain of crabs; the hind leg of one being caught in the claw of one of the monsters, and the finger was cut off as smoothly as could have been done with a pair of surgeon's forceps.

The incident reminded me of a story I had heard of a hog-drover in Illinois. He had an old pig trained to lead the herd, and he had a dog trained to drive the hogs, place his leader in front, put his tail in the mouth of another hog, that one's tail in the mouth of another, and so on until all were attached. Then he would start the leader, which would lead the drove straight into Chicago, while the owner would ride ahead and drive the hogs along long before their arrival.

Loses Whole Drove. But this enterprising man came to grief at last, and lost a whole drove of hogs. A genius who had been taking items slipped up one day, when the drove was about two miles from town; cut off the leader's tail, took hold of the bloody end, and led the drove into town by another street. Then he sold the whole lot and skipped out to St. Louis, where he was happy ever afterward.

But returning to the subject of shellfish, there is no greater dainty than a fat, juicy crab. However, they are not so fat, epicures say, this year as usual. The wise men attribute it to the small number of fishermen drowned. During the years when the waters were rough and many men drifted over the bar and were drowned, the crabs were almost too fat to be palatable, and a distinctly Swedish taste, mingled with Russian Finn.

There is a story current here of a drowned fisherman being picked up, who was full of crabs, and a lady with a basket, gathered them up and then begged them to "set" the Swede again, alleging that he was good for nothing else, and that she had reached the age when she was willing to eat Swede, second-hand. No one will vouch for the truthfulness of this story, and it may have emanated from the mind of some depraved individual who has no regard for the truth.

If one lives of the beach and its charms, he may slip away into the cool woods, where a heavy carpet of moss covers the ground to a depth of two inches or more. Here he may lie at ease, and as long as he wishes, and that is what I have been doing for two long, blissful hours.

T. FRANZEL CRAWFORD.

STILL SET THE FASHIONS.

Parisian Women Maintain the Lead in This Respect.

The real women of Paris are having an excellent opportunity of showing the world that the Parisian woman still holds her place as the foremost exponent of fashion. There has been an attempt of late years to topple her from her pedestal and set the American woman upon it; and there is reasonable ground for the theory that the well-gowned American girl is hard to beat, but all the same, the scepter remains in Paris. The American woman may carry the mode better than the French woman, but she doesn't get it to carry into the fastidious French leader of fashion has tried it for a season and turned to something else. Foreign buyers flatter themselves that they are obtaining the latest French mode. In all probability they carry home styles that are ahead of the mode elsewhere and are enjoying in Paris, but the mode that is popular in Paris is the mode of the Parisian smart woman. She sets the fashion, and when others adopt it, she demands a new one.

There is, says the New York Sun, no absolute leader of fashion in Paris society today. In the old days when Worth was king, there were two or three women whose dictum could make or mar a fashion, and it was for those few that Worth achieved his greatest triumphs. He turned out correct, but ordinary, confections for his rich Americans and foreigners, but when he had a daring innovation to make—when he wished to take the world of fashion by storm, he tried his innovation on one of his few Parisian patrons who could make or mar his triumph.

His Opportunity. A great ball, an important wedding, a particularly swell social function of some sort gave him the opportunity for launching his daring craft, and no new play or book or picture made a more sensational debut and excited more comment than a new mode.

Today, when the sovereignty of social leaders and of dress-makers is much divided, new fashions blossom out in a less striking way, save when some popular actress is chosen as a medium for the introduction of a new mode. The first night of a new play in which one of these actresses appears is an important event, and often the religious observance of the season is decided then and there, but this method of exploitation has a vulgar publicity that dooms the mode to a swift death among the ultra swell and a speedy acceptance by the great and undiscriminating public.

When one sees a fashion in shop windows and in the showrooms of the dress-making establishments, one may be sure that there is a certain sort of French women who have already tired of it and thrown it aside. There are a host of designers employed by the dressmakers of Paris, but there are only two or three artists of fashion who understand the philosophy of color and line, and with whom designing is a fine art, who can transform a complexion by a color scheme and a figure by a scheme of lines, and even they bring the best of their art to bear only upon a select few.

One French hobby is exciting the amused comment of visitors to the exposition. In no other place is the pet dog the object of such devoted attention and extravagance as in Paris, and this is the great season of the dog. His exhibition toilets are affairs of as great moment as the toilets of his mistress, and jewelers and dog tailors have lavished ornament and elegance upon him. The managers of the exposition recognize his importance as a social arbiter, and he is admitted to the "blue room," where he is the center of the bouquet of a few ladies trying to obtain a copy of the thrilling story.

Johnny and the Crab. There are many pleasant ways to while away the time here, and the most exciting of all, perhaps, is fishing for crabs. The crab of Fort Stevens is not a seductive-looking object; neither is he inclined to be social with the genus homo, although I saw a lad and an old grandpa, and father crab that were very much attached to each other.

It was another case of Mary and the lamb, only, in this instance, it was Johnny and the crab, and every place that Johnny went, the crab went, too, and Johnny did not waste any time going, and howled at every step. Someone finally caught Johnny and held him, while the rest of us tried to divorce him from Mr. Crab. But the beast refused to be

all eyes, when he appears, and one young lady who drops into rhyming as easily as a child, has written a sonnet, in which she makes collars, dollars, strollers, and "ollers" all rhyme beautifully. She closes her little gem by rhyming sea, free, three and me. It really must be read to be appreciated.

There is one thing about this gifted singer one can't help admiring, and that is her indomitable pluck. She knows no such word as fail.

One evening a group of ladies and gentlemen were discussing their favorite novels, when some one focularly asked her if she had ever read "The Seven Buckets of Blood." She never had, and stuck then she has spent all her leisure hours trying to obtain a copy of the thrilling story.

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CHINESE CHOW-CHOW.

Suggested by the Attitude of the Boxer and the Powers. THE BOXER. I am the whole thing. For full 1000 years I have been in blocking all the wheels of progress. I propose to play out the game to the bitter end. To do this I may have to kill every "Foreign Devil" in China—all the men and all the women! Even the little children shall not escape my wrath! Amid the flames of their blazing missions I hear their groans! This is sweet music to sound in the ears of all my ancestors and I have been BOTTLED UP.

The Powers they're all up a stump and don't know what to do. Unless they move right carefully there's trouble sure to brew. Old Li says "Keep your soldiers off!" To do so seems a sin; meanwhile the whites are bottled up inside of old Peking. They hold them as hostages, and will a bargain drive, and hope to force the Powers to terms, to keep these folks alive. Lisshon high hand—looks like a cinch—although it's mighty hard! It looks as though this wily man now holds the winning cards. Perhaps he does—but then, again—he may be wretched out, as soon as all the Powers can find just what they are about. It's pretty tough that Li, alone, can call the bluff.

His Little Hatchet. Well, I march! I'm interested in this Chinese question now. For it looks as if those Boxers have kicked up a fearful row. I was most awful tickled. At the news from Washington, An' I took me time with Chaffee's Gun' ter give them Boxers fun. When I see old England's willin' To line her men with our, With our Chaffee, as the G'ral, Regardless of the powers, I jest let out a holler. An' I hollered loud as aft. For now the allied armies Will be marchin' on Peking.

MARCH' ON PEKIN. Well, I march! I'm interested in this Chinese question now. For it looks as if those Boxers have kicked up a fearful row. I was most awful tickled. At the news from Washington, An' I took me time with Chaffee's Gun' ter give them Boxers fun. When I see old England's willin' To line her men with our, With our Chaffee, as the G'ral, Regardless of the powers, I jest let out a holler. An' I hollered loud as aft. For now the allied armies Will be marchin' on Peking.

Forbes and His First Audience. As a lecturer on his experiences, Archibald Forbes was very popular, and he was fond of recounting an experience of his debut in that capacity at Leven, Fifeshire. With a thumping heart the new lecturer appeared at the hall door shortly before the starting time of 8 o'clock, and, not wishing to crash through a great audience on his way to the platform, he asked the hallkeeper to conduct him to a side door.

"Ye needs mind," replied that functionary, not unkindly; "there's no crowd."

When Forbes entered the hall he had to admit that the keeper was quite correct. There was not a single soul present. After a bit, however, a man strolling in, and calmly proceeded to choose a seat. It seems he was a commercial traveler, putting up at the place for the night, who had found little hanging heavily on his hands. Nobody else coming, Forbes said to the "audience":

"Will you have the lecture, or will you have a drink?"

"A drink," said the traveler.—Golden Penny.

THE BOXER.

I am the whole thing. For full 1000 years I have been in blocking all the wheels of progress. I propose to play out the game to the bitter end. To do this I may have to kill every "Foreign Devil" in China—all the men and all the women! Even the little children shall not escape my wrath! Amid the flames of their blazing missions I hear their groans! This is sweet music to sound in the ears of all my ancestors and I have been BOTTLED UP.

The Powers they're all up a stump and don't know what to do. Unless they move right carefully there's trouble sure to brew. Old Li says "Keep your soldiers off!" To do so seems a sin; meanwhile the whites are bottled up inside of old Peking. They hold them as hostages, and will a bargain drive, and hope to force the Powers to terms, to keep these folks alive. Lisshon high hand—looks like a cinch—although it's mighty hard! It looks as though this wily man now holds the winning cards. Perhaps he does—but then, again—he may be wretched out, as soon as all the Powers can find just what they are about