

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Gen. Weyler admits that he has lost 10,000 men since he took command in Cuba, and the inscription is stronger than it was before he went there.

There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

With the opening of the heated term the man who kills his wife and then commits suicide once more comes into prominence. The coincidence of this class of crime with a high temperature is perhaps significant of the future state of the woman-killing brute. At any rate it ought to be.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over a billion dollars, or more than twice the value of the entire output of all the mines. Yet nowhere on earth is the wealth of the forests wasted more wantonly than in this country. Trees and forests are slashed down not only without consideration, but with something akin to contempt.

Happiness is not a privilege, but a duty—not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage, and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as possible.

The calamity at St. Louis was understood by the English newspapers, it appears, as a disaster at sea, and they issued bulletins, saying: "The steamer St. Louis has been wrecked and 1,000 lives lost." It seems hardly credible that they should have come so close to the truth. To get the name correctly was a marked journalistic achievement for London, but in addition to have an approximation of the real number dead seems almost like a stroke of genius.

The city of Johnstown, Pa., which was overwhelmed by the waters of a broken dam May 31, 1889, engulfing several thousand people, is now a handsome and thriving place of 40,000 inhabitants, having added 10,000 to its population since that calamity. Johnstown lost 7 per cent. of its citizens in the raging torrent, and yet it is now one of the most prosperous cities of its size in the State. American pluck has always been found equal to every emergency.

Not much encouragement to a municipal supply of gas is offered by the experience of Philadelphia in this line. The waste of gas reported is enormous, the leakage for one year reaching 1,002,140,315 cubic feet, or one-fourth of the entire production. The offices and stations of the Gas Bureau used 26,840,000 feet, or more than the forty-two police stations, which are open all night. One-seventh of the whole supply was used by the city offices, whose increased consumption over the previous year was 15,000,000 feet. The report is an exhibit of prodigality in the city offices, and it is strange that a city like Philadelphia allows its substance to be wasted in this wanton manner.

Dr. "Jim" and his fellow conspirators in the Transvaal raid, Sir John Willoughby, Colonel White, Major White, Colonel Gray, and the Hon. Charles Coventry, have been committed for trial. When Dr. "Jim" and his companions reached England the leader was treated as a popular hero, jaunty and unconcerned, he appeared in public and in private only to receive unfeigned congratulations. Lawyers declared that no statute could be found under which it would be possible to arraign him. Doctors proclaimed over their signatures in the press that he was a delectable member of their profession in every part of the world, and that, should he remain in London, he would become a Croesus in fœx. Not a word of honest censure was uttered in Parliament over him or his gulfing friend, Rhodes, who was permitted by Chamberlain to return without surety to the cape. When President Kruger alleged in the very face of the idolatry that he possessed proofs that the South African Company had instituted the raid for stock jobbing and theft he was laughed at as a bluffer. When the documentary evidence was submitted before Sir John Bridge, the examining magistrate at Bow street police court, it could not be gainsaid. Instead of a hero who had risked his life to procure extension of political and civil privileges to his fellow countrymen in the Dutch republic, Dr. "Jim" and his fellows were shown to be deliberate criminals, determined to risk other men's lives in the pursuit of spoils. One of the dupes of the gang, a respectable and wealthy merchant, committed suicide in prison at Pretoria. The miserable business is thus ended there in death and dishonor. The chartered company has made no bones of paying the ransom of £125,000 by which the other prisoners have been enlarged. It now remains to be seen what British Justice will do with Dr. "Jim." An idol turned to clay ought to be on the lookout for the usual consequences.

Surely the cause of the new woman needs no stronger advocate than the existence of the trained nurse. Within a few years (so few that everybody vividly recalls the dismay and distress of amateur nursing), there has sprung into existence a small army of entirely new women, against whose claims for precedence there has not been raised a single dissenting voice. At first, as in the case with all new things, the trained nurse was a luxury, her wages were such as only the very wealthy could pay, but the spirit of humanity is too active in our time to allow such a boon to be an exclusive one for many years. There are now to be had, at any day, any hour, skillful, competent nurses who will go to the homes of those who are ill, for "anything from our car fare

to twenty-five cents an hour," as one cheery woman remarked. The birthday of Florence Nightingale reminds us that only a few years ago even camp hospitals were unknown, and the crustiest pessimist alive will admit that the organizing of a body of trained women whose business it is to lighten the ills of the sick and suffering was an eminently womanly thing to do. Florence Nightingale is seventy-six years old, and has never been married, but a grateful world gladly puts down to her credit a whole family of children such as were never seen before. The faithful "sisters" in the different churches served long and well, but since science has come so decidedly to the fore the striped gowns and white apron mean as different an attitude toward sickness as to the microscope and the X rays compared with the time-honored village doctor's simple remedies. Hospitals, too, have lost their uncanny atmosphere; the left hand and cheery outlook of the modern woman has turned even the abode of sickness into a haven of rest and peace. We can afford to smile indulgently at the bicycle when it runs on errands of mercy; we can tolerate short skirts when they leave the hands free to carry comfort to those in need, and we can well afford to be patient with the new spirit that wants to remake the world when it begins by training nurses and establishing hospitals whose open sesame is simply human need.

PASSING OF THE HORSE.

Thus Far Only the Cheaper Grade Has Been Affected.

Diabolizing the horseless carriage from the inquiry, the question arises, "To what extent, if at all, does the increasing use of the bicycle affect the sale and use of horses?" It is a notorious fact that horses have been for two or three years past selling for less and ever dwindling values.

This query has been put to practical horsemen, men who sell horses in this and other cities, or who are otherwise interested.

"To what extent has the introduction of the bicycle injured your business; or how do you account for the depreciated values of all grades of horses?" One of the first answers I received was from a dealer whose horse interests are about equally divided between this city and Chicago. In effect this is how he looks at the matter. Driving horses of certain grades are not lower in price to any appreciable extent because of the "wheel." It so happens that the introduction of the improved safety bicycle was coincident with the introduction of power traction on surface roads all over the country.

In New York and Chicago this entirely closed a demand for nearly 30,000 horses annually, and in every other large city in proportion. Thousands of horses, averaging in value about \$125, were thereby rendered unsalable for surface traction.

But for this phase of the horse business the public would not now be impressed with the idea that the bicycle is to blame. Speaking of Chicago, however, he said: "There certainly is in our section one class of horse whose sale is injured by the growing use of the bicycle, and that is what you may call the second class 'runabout' horse; and in this respect what is true of Chicago is true of New York and every other place where horses are bought and sold and used."

Regarding the saddle horse, no riding school manager seemed to think that the wheel made much difference. One of them said: "I have my average number of patrons, and though many of them own wheels and use them, they have not given up their saddlers. If there is any slight falling off in our business I attribute it to the recent hard times, from which we seem to be only now emerging, and not to the bicycle."—New York Herald.

These boys who draw on slates and whose time and thoughts are constantly running to pictures sometimes turn out to be great artists and leave splendid names behind them. In the great picture gallery at the Hague, which is at once the pride and joy of all true Dutchmen, hangs, among other masterpieces, the most famous animal picture in all the world. It is called "The Bull." It was painted by a very young man, whose name was Paul Potter, and who was only 22 when he signed this canvas. There are few paintings better known, and it is acknowledged by art critics to be the most complete work that any cattle painter has ever done.

Though this Dutchman died at the age of 29, he left behind him 140 pictures that were all out of the ordinary, while some of them were painted before he was 16. He made, when he was 18, a wonderful etching that attracted attention in the old town of Delft, and an artist in those days had to do excellent work to secure notice at all. Potter's works are greatly prized and are found in the principal galleries of the world. You may see them in the National Gallery in London; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna museums; the Hermitage in St. Petersburg; the Louvre in Paris, and all the art institutions of the artist's native land.—St. Nicholas.

Kruger a Millionaire. President Kruger is estimated to be worth something more than a million dollars, says the Argonaut. He has been President of the Transvaal republic for fourteen years, and of his salary, amounting to \$36,000 annually, he has saved and invested \$30,000 every year. Some of his property near Johannesburg and Pretoria has increased greatly in value within the past decade. He has had practically no education except what the diligent perusal of his family Bible has afforded him. When he visited London some years ago he never left his room except to keep political appointments, and he avoided gazing in shop windows for fear he might be corrupted by the temptations of the "wicked city," as he calls the English metropolis. He dresses always in black broadcloth, which never seems to be new.

Electric Lighting. There are about 120 public electric lighting systems in operation in the United Kingdom, of which nineteen belong to London. No less than fifty-four systems are now run by the municipal authorities.

Our new women generally cannot cook, but they can give dinners.

STEEL PENS.

More Metal Used in Them than in Making Guns.

"Do you know anything about pens?" asked a Nassau street stationer of a Mail and Express reporter. "I thought you didn't. Now, let me tell you something about the metallic pen that you never dreamed of. It requires the finest kind of steel to make a first-class pen. I have been overhauling records and I find that a greater quantity of steel is used annually in the pen-making business than in all the gun, sword and needle factories in the world. The recent popularity of the typewriter has of course diminished the use of pens, but the output is enormous nevertheless.

"In Birmingham, England, there are a number of pen manufacturers that turn out a total of 150,000 pens every working week. The majority of the workers are women, and the wages, while low, help to make Birmingham a notable seat of industry. To make 1,000,000 pens a full ton of steel is required. There is really so much work about the manufacture of a pen that it is surprising they sell as cheaply as they do, but as I have said, the production is so great it is a profitable business. Pens have been in use a whole century now, but forty years ago, when they took the place of quills as the popular ink spreader, it was one of the secrets of the age how that silt was made in the pen. Those employed in that particular branch of the work were obliged to record an oath that they would not reveal the secret of that silt-cutting process.

"The secret became an open one, though, in the natural course of events, and soon almost every interested person knew that the silt was made with a pair of scissors fixed in a press. Men perform the initial work. That is to say, the roll out the steel to the proper thickness. The women then take hold, cutting the steel into strips as wide as two pens long. Presses do the cutting for the women. The steel when it leaves the presses is shaped like a pen, but it flat. The forms made by these presses are then put into a red hot furnace and when thoroughly heated are taken out and permitted to cool slowly. This process makes them soft. Then the women use fast presses that hammer the points as well as stamp the name of the manufacturer.

"This done, the pens are heated again and while still hot are cast into oil. They are much harder, but dirty and greasy when taken out. To clean and whiten them they are boiled in water to which soda has been added. The next step is to place them in a cylinder which revolves over gas jets. This turns them blue. A number of other minor details and the pen is packed and ready for the market. Whether it be the rich or the poor man's pen the mode of manufacture is alike."

Because they come from meteors, bodies that fall in this way are called meteorites and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been seen to fall, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied. We know, too, that they have fallen in earlier times as well, because the histories of nearly all ancient peoples contain accounts of such occurrences, and of the homage paid to the "sky stones" by those who thought them gifts from the gods, or miraculous objects. It is possible that the so-called goddess Diana who was worshipped by the people Ephesus was a meteoric stone.

A mass of iron which proved to be a meteorite was found in Texas a few years ago, at the crossing of a number of trails leading in different directions. It was learned that it had been set up by the Indians as a fetish, or object of worship; and whoever passed by was expected to leave upon it beads, arrowheads, tobacco, or other articles as offerings, since it was regarded as having come from the Great Spirit. Another, which fell in India some years ago, was kept decked with flowers, was daily anointed, and frequently worshipped with great ceremony. There is preserved to this day in the parish church of Einsheim, Alsace, Germany, a stone weighing over two hundred pounds, which fell in the town Nov. 13, 1492. The king, being near at the time, had the stone carried to the castle, and after breaking it up into pieces, one for himself and the other for the Duke Sigismund, ordered the remainder to be kept in the church as a miraculous object; and it still hangs there, suspended by a chain from the vault of the choir.—St. Nicholas.

Folly of Forest Destruction.

The devastation of forests still goes on in various parts of the country, which, unlike New York, and a few of the Eastern and Middle States, do not appreciate the value of trees. Unfortunately, this appreciation, even in the East, has come too late. It is proudly announced in a Western paper that a large syndicate has acquired possession of 40,000 acres of timber land in Northern Idaho. It is estimated that this area will yield more than 40,000,000 feet of white and yellow pine, red and white fir, cedar and tamarack. The arid waste which it will also yield is not taken into consideration in this estimate. Americans have too long looked upon trees as in their way unless they could be used to build fires or for commercial purposes. This was true a hundred years ago in Germany, but now a man who cuts down a tree must plant one to take its place, or suffer a penalty.

A Pause in Battle. When the English, under the Duke of Wellington, were fighting with the French, commanded by some of Napoleon's famous marshals, in the Spanish peninsula, an interesting episode occurred during the battle of Talavera, fought on a hot day in July, 1809. The soldiers at a critical moment in the engagement ceased their firing, and with one accord met at a stream midway between the lines of battle, where they quenched their thirst, and filled their canteens before resuming the conflict. The day was so hot that human nature proved stronger than discipline—the authority of their commanding officers.—St. Nicholas.

Gen. Sherman's Prediction. In 1857 Gen. Sherman predicted that "the most terrible war ever known will take place in America before the end of the century."

TOO DRAMATIC.

His Talent Was the Undoing of a Noted Vermont.

Courts of law are now, as they always have been, occasionally the scene of thrilling dramas of real life, played out to the end before eagerly interested spectators, who become ardent partisans of plaintiff or defendant as the case progresses. Lawyers realize the dramatic value of the trials in which they take part, and still continue to appeal to the sympathies as well as to the reason of judge, jury and lookers-on.

Nevertheless, logic and skillful questioning now play a far more important part than oratory in court, and the grandiloquent speeches of many of the famous lawyers of an earlier day, should they be re-delivered in our own, would arouse only laughter; nor would some of the dramatic effects they did not disdain to spring upon a startled audience be to-day regarded as relevant or fair.

Thomas Bartlett, of Vermont, was at one time a noted lawyer of singular and impressive appearance—six feet three of four inches in height, with a paired arm and a slow, halting walk—and was renowned alike for his flights of elaborately rhetorical oratory, and for his ability to destroy the effect of the same kind of thing in the mouth of an opponent by clever mockery or a sudden thrust of wit. In the Green Bag is related an example of the effect he could produce in a case which offered an opportunity for pathos.

A poor widow was being sued for debt by a rich and notably close-fisted man, and Bartlett was assisting the defense. The case looked rather like persecution, and he determined to win the sympathies of the court for the woman. This is how he concluded his speech: "I am here at the solicitation of my young brother, serving without scrip and without price; I told him I would make no charge. I reconsider. I will charge, and he must now promise to repay me. When my shattered form shall be lying in the grave, and my wife shall be standing by with warm heart and large experience, let him come to her defense, as I have struggled to defend his client here to-day. Dale, will you do it?"

As he spoke he turned suddenly to his young colleague, and the young man rose to his feet and stretched out his hand.

"I will," he answered; and the two clasped hands amid a breathless silence in the courtroom, followed by a deep murmur of emotion.

The widow, let us hope rightfully, won her case; but such an expedient as that of her defender's, though excellent as a piece of acting, was absurd and improper as part of a legal address.

The high-flown, artificial quality of his successes brought about, in the end, his mortifying downfall, at least in Congress, which was the special goal of his ambition. A Fourth of July oration, which he had attempted to deliver one year at St. Johnsbury, had been interrupted, and finally suppressed, by the hoots and tin horns of a crowd of riotous Dartmouth students.

Instead of keeping a dignified silence under this unpardonable treatment—in which case he would have had the sympathy of the public—he wrote an ill-judged letter of remonstrance, which drew forth in turn a cruelly clever reply from the culprits, in which all Bartlett's peculiarities were exposed, burlesqued, and made laughably ridiculous.

A copy of this production was laid on the desk of every member of Congress on the occasion of the new member's first appearance; and of course the House was prepared to receive him in anything but a serious spirit. Rising to indorse a proposition which had just been vigorously attacked, he began to declaim impressively: "Sir, were it not for the rules of the House, I would pour upon the opponents of this measure the phials of my wrath."

He got no farther. Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, was upon his feet in a moment moving, with every appearance of eager interest, "that the rules be suspended, and the gentleman allowed to pour!" Such a disconcerting burst of laughter followed that all possibility of "pouring" was over in an instant, and the unfortunate orator could only subside wrathfully into silence and his seat.

Emerson and the Guide.

Years ago, when the "Philosophers," as the guides called them, camped in the Adirondacks, one member of the party occasioned a good deal of criticism. He devoted himself to reading and "worthless writin'," thus in the opinion of the guides, wasting time which might have been better spent in hunting and fishing. He was Ralph Waldo Emerson, not then a handsome man, and a writer in the Troy Times tells of the impression the poet-philosopher made on one guide: "There was one guide who recognized in Emerson something of his real worth, and upon whom the poet made a great impression.

"Steve," as he was familiarly called, was an observing man, and the poet's physical defects, then undoubtedly more prominent than in later years, did not escape his eye, as may be seen from the answer he gave to the question of the writer of this paragraph: "What kind of a fellow was Emerson?" "Wal, sir," said the guide, "he was a gentleman every inch—as nice a fellow as you ever see; pleasant and kind—and a scholar, too, allus aggerin', studyin' and writin'; but, sir, he was, I believe, the all-firedest homeliest critter for his age that ever came into these woods."

selling his extra ticket for twenty cents.

This made the baggagemaster furious, and when the train came in he informed the conductor that the drummer had excess baggage and only one ticket. The conductor took up the matter where the baggagemaster left off; but the drummer told him that one ticket was good for one fare and two checks were good for two trunks, and he would not pay an "excess" rate.

On their arrival at Blank station, the conductor warned the station agent to see that "excess" was collected. The drummer replied that, unless those trunks were delivered to him before the train started, he would remain on board, go to headquarters and report the case. He got the trunks.

BRING IN MILLIONS A YEAR.

British Sea Fisheries Far More Valuable than Generally Supposed. A return has been made by the Board of Trade giving statistical tables relating to the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom. The statistics relate mainly to fish landed on the coasts of England and Wales, but summarized statements are also given of fish landings on the Scotch and Irish coasts. For the purposes of comparison the statistics are given of the sea fisheries of Norway, Holland, France and Canada. As regards England and Wales the total value of the fish landed was £5,438,000. The corresponding values for 1885 and 1894 were £5,171,000 and £5,291,000, respectively. For Scotland the total value was £1,820,000 and for the Ireland £290,000. In Scotland, during the year 1895, there has been a slight increase in the quantity and an increase in the value of the fish landed as compared with 1894. In Ireland there was a decrease both in quantity and value. The aggregate value for the United Kingdom during the year 1895 was £7,537,000, as compared with a total value of £7,290,000 in 1894. The figures for other countries during 1895 are not at hand, but for 1894 the values were: Norway, £1,272,000; Holland, less than Norway; France, £4,081,000, and Canadian dominion, £4,317,000. More than half of the total weight of fish landed in England and Wales consisted of haddocks and herrings. But their value was less than a third of the total value, viz., £1,994,000, out of £5,438,000. The more costly kinds of fish—soles, turbot and plaice—are, it appears, decreasing slightly in quantity and increasing in value. As regards the value of fish, however, the average value per hundred weight has slightly increased during the last three years. As regards shellfish, the figures in 1894 and 1895 are very similar, but oysters show a continuous decline, the numbers landed being 32,425,000 in 1895. Grimsby steadily maintains its position as the leading port, with a total of 83,000 tons. Next in order follow London, with 52,000 tons; Hull, with 40,000 tons; Lowestoft, with 31,000 tons, and Yarmouth, with 28,000 tons.—London Times.

Sherlock Holmes Comes to Life.

"Hello!" "Hello!" "Hello!" The law clerk was in communication with the typewriter in another office. "Ah, you have read hair," he remarked. "How in the world can you tell that?" "A white horse just passed. Your hair is not very red, though."

What He Had.

"There goes Snuggs, the dentist; he seems to get along."

A French Duel.

"Are you going to the office?" "No, I'm going to fight a duel."

Why He Chased the Cat.

"The horse is not very white."

Encouragement.

"Her Father—Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?"

A Flying Machine.

"That boy of mine is a regular flying machine."

Want Department.

"A good opening for a small boy."

Gladstone Flunked.

"When Mr. Gladstone was a young student he met with an amusing disaster in the examination room. It was when he went in for his 'small' at Oxford.

He Did Have 'Em.

"He has wheels," she said. Her companion laughed uproariously and the man referred to looked downers at each of the throng.

The Brute.

"Husband—Is there any of that sauce you made for the cabinet pudding left?"

Wanted.

"Husband—I'm all out of macilage.—Truth."

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Interpreted. He—Don't you suppose the wild waves are beginning to say something down at the seashore?

She—I don't know. I do know what the winds are saying, though I don't think you do.

Trifling Delay. "Can't I present young Scaddlebury to you, Janette? He is just dying to meet you?"

Fateful. Mr. Hardlot—One thing, our son John can never bore his wife by telling her what a fine cook his mother was.

Beat Substitute. She—I wonder why they hung that picture?

The Longest Day in the Year. Dyer—What is your business, my I ask?

Boorish Stranger—I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

Willie (just from Oxford)—Ah, father, how dy-do? How dy-do? I declare, you don't know me. It's Willie, you son, don-cher know?

Father (sotto voice)—And it was for this that I mortgaged the farm—Boston Traveler.

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Shun Them. "You must take good care of your self this summer," was the physician's warning. "Don't worry about any thing and don't overexert yourself."

Accounted For. Hicks (melodramatically)—Yes, my home is a little heaven on earth.

Doubtful. Miss Shunally—Are you fond of children?

Pisto's or Knives. First Night—Was the new play success?

Her Mild Request. A woman is accused of having tried to poison her husband, who is in court.

The Reason. "There's one thing," he said, perhaps by "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do."

Sure Thing. "Excuse me, my poor fellow, for not before offering a few words of encouragement. I didn't hear of your loss to-day. How long have you been a widower?"

Other View. "How married life does change one!"

At the Doctor's. "The fright that you had, which impeded the circulation of the blood, hence your sickness."

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