

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

The New York Evening Sun refers to the "true facts" in a certain court case. Aren't all facts in New York true?

Often the elements that move and mold society are the results of the sister's counsel and the mother's prayer.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done.

"What helped you over great obstacles of life?" they asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he answered.

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the government, is to live under the government of bad men.

Astor is credited with an ambition to become an English Lord. There is no doubt he is rich enough, but does not he know too much?

An Indiana lawyer became converted and died of heart disease the next day. Such cases are very rare, with or without the heart disease feature.

Duty stands for the most part close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him she is willing to enter and to be his ready guest.

The consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the alma, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a reactive good is entering into his own life and being.

When a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold, selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make any one care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

The most enterprising advertising agent yet heard from in Paris. He has acquired the services of a man with a bald head on the back of which are painted encumbrances of soap, pills, or whatever the agent chooses. Then the living signpost sits in the front row at a theater. It is a great idea, and it is only a question of time, doubtless, when it will be adapted to poster purposes.

People who buy have queer ideas. There are fads and fashions in the market, and goods that are in reality the best, do not always command the best prices. To-day in the markets the asparagus that is rated A, is in reality inferior to the asparagus tips that are treated as cullings. A white laundry soap would once have been a failure on the market, because people thought it was not as strong as a yellow soap.

Children are often trained to expect only an unbroken series of enjoyments, and to feel defrauded and astonished when anything unpleasant interferes with their pleasures. Thus they grow up quite unable to bear the inevitable burdens of life or to cope with its ills. All power comes by exercise, and the power of endurance is no exception. To learn to endure bravely, to bear patiently, to suffer, if need be, heroically, is one of the most important parts of a youth's education.

The government of the South African Republic, through a series of commutations, has reached a final settlement of the cases of the members of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg who were convicted of conspiracy or treason in connection with the Jameson raid. The four leaders, who were at first sentenced to death and afterward to fifteen years imprisonment, have been released on the payment of a fine of twenty thousand pounds each. Three of the four signed an agreement not to meddle with the politics of the Transvaal; the fourth, Colonel Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes, would not sign the agreement, and has been banished. The other members, nearly sixty in number, were released on the payment of moderate fines and the promises not to engage in political agitation.

Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, is now studying the subject of air ships, writes as follows to the London Times: "I think I am safe in asserting that until a very recent date the greater part of the experiments on flying machines have been little better than charlatans and mountebanks. It is only recently that men of science have actually taken the matter in hand, and during the last six years a great deal of valuable information has been obtained, not based upon theory, but upon actual experiments. I feel sure that it is now possible to make a successful and practical flying machine which will at least be a valuable adjunct to the offensive and defensive powers of highly civilized nations who are able to make and operate delicate and complicated machinery."

Van Bibber's adventures as an amateur burglar, when for a wager he went a round of receptions as an uninvited guest, one afternoon in New York, and purloined some twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of silverware and other portable articles of value, are recalled by the discovery of an aristocratic kleptomaniac in London recently. She is a widow of excellent social standing, with an income of three thousand six hundred dollars a year, and for a year past she has been going uninvited to weddings and helping herself to whatever struck her fancy. For months the police could find no trace of her, but at last she was caught in a strange way. She disappeared from her home, and her friends, who feared she might have come to harm and had no suspicion of her conduct, sent a minute description of her to the police; the police had a description of the wedding-reception thief, whom they had been unable to find; the two descriptions

tailed, and the woman was arrested. She gave an assumed name, and under that name was tried on sixteen charges of theft—one being the taking of four jeweled pins from the house of the Dowager Countess of Malmesbury—and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. She has just begun to serve her term in a common London jail.

If the report should prove true that the younger emperor of Russia will confer religious liberty on the many peoples who compose his realm, then he will take one of the greatest steps forward that will be made in the close of the nineteenth century. He is also credited with the intention to abolish corporal punishment for offenses against the law in all the Russias, and not only that, but with the intention to pardon thousands of political prisoners in Siberia. These reforms will mean that Russia receives at one stroke much which the nihilists have been dynamiting emperors for the past fifty years to obtain. It will mean that the Jew can worship as he chooses and remain in Russia, that the horrors of the knout and of Siberian penal servitude will be relegated to the shades of barbarism, along with the torture chair and thumbcrew. If the young czar fulfills these promises to his people, he need not fear being blown up by his subjects.

There will be a general desire that Mr. Richard W. Armstrong may win his suit against those unnamed New-Yorkers who robbed him of the pleasure of personally conducting expeditions to the "uninhabited Island of Coeos" in search of buried treasure. It appears from the reports that Mr. Armstrong, who hails from San Francisco, is too modest to appear in the directory of that city, has spent twenty years in organizing and accompanying these little jaunts, and one can appreciate his indignation at being forced to break off this long sustained habit. If these New-Yorkers, whose identity is not yet revealed, had not stolen Mr. Armstrong's maps and subsequently carried away the pirate gold, the Armstrong pilgrimages to this region, which is described as being "400 miles southwest of Panama," might have continued unabated and with increasing interest until his death. Why Mr. Armstrong, during the twenty years in which the "maps" were in his possession, did not take away the gold himself is not stated, but the inference is that he did not wish to end the excitement of searching for it. The "maps" appear to have shown exactly where the treasure was located and had been a legacy to the Armstrong family from the "great pirate Morgan," who personally directed the burial of the money. Mr. Armstrong says the amount was \$20,000,000, but one is inclined to doubt that it was not at least twice that insignificant sum. The traditional pirate, and Morgan appears to have been one of the most approved sort, has seldom been known to bury less than fifty millions unless under exceptional duress, and it is probable Mr. Armstrong in computing the total has overlooked a few millions. But the main point after all is that these thrifty New-Yorkers have restored the treasure, whatever it may be, to circulation, which is a distinct violation of the established ethics of buried treasures, besides being a natural shock to the expectations of Mr. Armstrong. There is no romance in a lot of pirate gold performing the common functions of a medium of exchange, and if the vandals of tradition can be brought to justice, a proper regard for the memory of Mr. Morgan will suggest that they be made to take the treasure back to the uninhabited Island of Coeos, so that searching expeditions may be continued.

Men and Meat.
"It is a fact that there are more cranks coming to butcher shops than you'll find anywhere else," observes the butcher, as he sharpens his knife, and carves away at half an ox lying on the block before him. "I suppose it is the trouble of trying to satisfy cranky husbands with meat that does it."
The butcher's wife smiled brightly in assent, and carried on the remarks begun by her husband, in her own way. Said she:
"It is harder to please a man with meat than with anything else that is put on the table. I know that, although my husband is a butcher and can tell me just what to get. I have seen that man turn up his nose at the most beautiful steak at breakfast, and at dinner time grumble because he could not have just that particular cut. They are the most inconsistent people on earth."
"Who—bachelors or men?"
"Men. I don't think butchers are worse than other men. But there is something in meat that brings out all the crankiness in a man's nature. It is not the woman's fault that she cannot be pleased with the meat that is offered to her by the butcher. She would be willing to take most anything, but she knows that she has that hungry, disagreeable man coming home to his meal, and that the chances are he will complain about his food, whatever may be set before him. If I had any way, I would make every man buy his own meat. Then he would know what it is."
"Good!" said the smiling butcher.—Philadelphia Times.

No Life on the Moon.
In the absence of all indication of any sort of life whatever on the moon, with no air nor water, together with the fact that no change of any description has been noticed by the keen and trained eyes which have jealously scrutinized its surface from the time of the first telescopic efforts to the present, we are compelled to conclude that there are no people who live in the moon. The wonderful combination of mountain and crater, valley and peak, is, after all, only a vast graveyard; and if living beings ever roamed over its plains and navigated its great seas, now dry, or frozen with appalling cold, they have been gathered to the nations of the dead; and all traces of them having vanished, the tall shafts of the mountains watch over their last resting place, and, with the crater rings, constitute their eternal and magnificent mausoleum.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sure to Be Popular.
A certainty of the beauty of one's own work is not always conceit; it may be a calm estimate of values. There may be in any art a just presentiment of success.
Verdi's "Rigoletto" was brought out at Venice in 1851. It is said that the composer had refused to fill up a missing part of the score. The singer who was

BOER AND UITLANDER.

The Cause of the Recent Trouble in South Africa.
The struggle between the Boers and the strangers, which has practically become a struggle between the English and the Dutch elements, now centers in the demand of the strangers to be admitted to the electoral franchise. Formerly electoral rights were readily acquirable by an immigrant in the Transvaal, as they are to-day in the Orange Free State. In 1851 a residence of two years gave the vote. But when President Kruger perceived that the influx of strangers would alter the character of the electorate, and ultimately transfer the balance of power to English-speaking citizens, he persuaded the Assembly to extend the period of residence required for citizenship, first to five, and then to fifteen years, and thus practically to exclude the whole of the new population which has come in since 1855. Thus electoral rights are now confined to less than 25,000 citizens, while probably double that number of persons, of voting age and sex, are living within the republic debarred from those rights.

It is easy to understand Mr. Kruger's position. "These newcomers," he argues, "are in all essentials strangers to our polity. They do not belong to our Dutch Reformed churches; they do not like our customs; they do not speak our tongue. They would use their votes, if votes were given them, to turn out the present officials and legislators, and would end by making the country English, like Cape Colony or Natal. It was not for such a fate that we quitted the homes of our fathers to go out into the wilderness and overcome the Zulus sixty years ago; and against such a fate we will struggle to the end."

On the other hand, the strangers complain that, though they form a large majority of the population, own half the land in the republic, and pay more than 90 per cent. of the taxes, they are denied a share in the government of the country and in the application of its revenues, and are obliged to submit to excessive and unfair imposts, voted by a legislature, some of whose members are gravely suspected of corruption, and administered by officials, many of whom are far from trustworthy. These were the motives which prompted the creation three years ago of an organization to obtain political reforms, and which led to the rising of the stranger population, or rather of the bulk of the English-speaking portion of it, at Johannesburg in December last—a rising the declared aim of which was the overthrow of the Transvaal Republic, but to compel the Boer Assembly to extend the suffrage to the newcomers.

The effect of that abortive rising, and of the expedition of the British South Africa Company's men, who came to help it, but were surrounded and forced to surrender by the Boer forces, has so far been unfavorable to the demands of the strangers. President Kruger's hold on his citizens had been previously shaken by their dislike to the officials he had brought from Holland. The rising, however, evoked all the patriotism of the Boers, and made the President, who successfully withstood it, more popular than ever. At the same time it stirred the feeling of the Dutch in the Orange Free State and even in Cape Colony. Seeing their own kinsfolk threatened by an expedition which had started from British soil, they forgot for the moment their own commercial grievances against the Transvaal Government (which had built up a wall of tariffs against them), and gave all their sympathy to the threatened republic. As the British home government had not only disapproved, but had even tried to stop, the expedition on its way, no resentment was felt by the Cape Dutch against Britain.

But the movement towards a political fusion of Dutch and English in the colony has received a check, and the tendency of the Orange Free State towards a closer union with its sister republic has been strengthened. Meanwhile, the grievances of the new population in the Transvaal have not been removed, and as the influx of strangers to the Witwatersrand mines will doubtless continue, it is clear that something must be done to give a more or less complete satisfaction to their claims, and to prevent a recurrence of the troubles of last December and January. It is impossible, in our times, for a minority to continue to rule over a large and increasing unfranchised majority of people superior in intelligence and wealth, however strong the original position of the minority may have been, and whatever sympathy their attachment to their own simple and primitive life may evoke.—Century.

Bryce's Tribute to Cecil Rhodes.
No man in South Africa has been more warmly attached to the British connection, or has done half so much to secure for Britain those vast territories to the west and to the north of the Transvaal, which were coveted by both the republic and by the German Empire. But in his political career in Cape Colony, of which he was prime minister from July, 1890, till January, 1896, Mr. Rhodes succeeded in obtaining the support of the Dutch party, and labored assiduously to bring about a unity of sentiment and aim between the Dutch and the British elements in the population. The energy and firmness of his character, and the grasp of political economic questions which he has evinced, make him the most striking figure among the colonial statesmen of Britain in this generation. He has been deemed by some a less adroit parliamentarian than was the late Sir John Macdonald in Canada, but he is possessed of a far wider outlook and far more conspicuous executive capacity. The ascendancy which these gifts gave him enabled him, while extending British influence up to and beyond the Zambesi, at the same time to retain the confidence of that Dutch, or Afrikaner, population which had least national sympathy with what is called an "imperial British policy."—Century.

Nothing.
Base-ball Catcher (roughly)—What do you know about base-ball, anyhow?
Umpire (looking at the howling rooters)—Nothing: I'm the umpire, you know.—Boston Herald.

Thirty-six Miles an Hour at Sea.
The fastest ship in the world is the French torpedo catcher Forban, which can steam at the tremendous rate of about thirty-six miles an hour.

There are lots of good things in this world without anyone to push them along.

to perform the aria besought him to finish it. Verdi replied that there was time enough. The aria, he said, was quite simple and easily learned.

This continued to be his excuse until the actual day of his performance, when, with many precautions against being overheard, he played to the mystified singer the enchanting air, "La Donna e Mobile."

But as the listener was expressing his delight, Verdi cautioned him on no account to hum or whistle the catching air before evening. The orchestra, he said, had learned it already, and were under a solemn vow not to let one note be heard before the actual performance.

"But why this mystery?" asked the puzzled artist.

"Because," said Verdi, "I do not wish all Venice to be singing it before my opera is out."

SHED RIVERS OF TEARS.

Burial Ammonia Pipe Sets a Multitude to Weeping.

A dozen funerals could not have produced the weeping that there was on Harrison avenue Monday evening, and yet there were no deaths that have been reported. The cause of the tears was the ammonia that was rampant on the street. The Kibbe Brothers Company has just bought a new refrigerator machine for cooling their chocolate. The workmen had just finished putting it in and had started it for a trial, when a pipe burst and the ammonia vapor, which is used for producing the cold, escaped rapidly into the basement, causing a general stampede. Nothing could stand before the stinging vapor, and it soon had the basement all to itself. But that was not enough; it spread upward through the building, but, as it was 6 o'clock anyhow, and the employees were just coming out, it did no harm there. But it also spread out into the street, and filled it full as far as Dwight street, and the passers-by had to hold their handkerchiefs in their faces. A considerable crowd gathered as near as they dared to watch the efforts of one of the workmen to get his coat and vest, which he had left in the basement in his hurried escape. It was impossible to go into the place again, and he got a long pole and angled through an open window for his garments. It was hazardous fishing, however, and the ammonia soon drove him away baffled, and he went to supper in his working jacket. Nothing could be done but let the ammonia waste its sweetness till it was spent, and the aroma was powerful all night.—Springfield Republican.

Art in St. Peter's.
Nothing, perhaps, is more striking, as one becomes better acquainted with St. Peter's, than the constant variety of detail. The vast building produces at first sight an impression of harmony, and there appears to be a remarkable uniformity of style in all the objects one sees.

There are no oil-paintings to speak of in the church, and but few frescoes. The great altarpieces are almost exclusively fine mosaic copies of famous pictures which are preserved elsewhere. Of these reproductions the best is generally considered to be that of Guercino's "St. Petronilla" at the end of the right aisle of the tribune. Desbrosses praises these mosaic altarpieces extravagantly, and even expresses the opinion that they are probably superior in point of color to the originals from which they are copied. In execution they are certainly wonderful, and many a stranger looks at them and passes on believing them to be oil-paintings.

They possess the quality of being imperishable, and beyond all influence of climate or dampness, and they are masterpieces of mechanical workmanship. But many will think them hard and un sympathetic in outline, and decidedly crude in color. Much will have been manufactured by the critics at the expense of Guido Reni's "Michael," for instance, and as many sharp things could be said about a good many other works of the same kind in the church. Yet, on the whole, they do not destroy the general harmony. Big as they are, when they are seen from a little distance they sink into mere insignificant patches of color, all but lost in the deep richness of the whole.—Century.

What True Friendship Means.
Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidence is too apt to be greeted with a curious satisfaction, and even from a friend his gratification makes one feel as if one's bruises had been touched with vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes, the best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned, being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when every thing should be said. There is very often an alliance between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that alliance.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bottomless Pond.
According to current report, Blinn Pond, near Oxford, Ala., is bottomless. Tradition says that less than 200 years ago the site of the pond was covered with a heavy growth of timber. The Indians say that several hundred noble red men were camped in the woods when the crust broke through, and that most of them perished in the rushing waters.

Bad News for the Drama.
"They say Mrs. Maybrick will be released soon," remarked Miss Kick.
"I hope not," declared her friend.
"Why? Has she failed to impress you with her innocence?"
"No, but we actresses have competition enough to contend with already."—New York World.

When a woman becomes poor she never thinks of going to work, but of selling a book, and blackmailing her friends.

NEY'S EXECUTION.

Absurd Attempts to Prove that Marshal Ney Escaped to America.

"A family Record of Ney's Execution," written by Mme. Campan, a confidante of the Century by a relative of this lady, George Clinton Genet of this city, N. Y. Mr. Genet, in a preparatory note, says: An absurd attempt has been made recently to prove in a published volume that Ney was not shot in 1815, but escaped to America, and became a schoolmaster in North Carolina, where he lately died.

An alleged facsimile of his writing is given in the book, as well as one of the writings of the old French cavalryman who, it is alleged, was under a certain occasion, declared himself to be the Duke of Elchingen. The writing which it claimed is the genuine writing of the marshal seems doubtful when compared with that known to be his, and the assumed similarity between that and the writing of the old French soldier of North Carolina is inconceivable. It is absurd to suppose that Ney should have proclaimed himself to be the Duke of Elchingen, since at the time of his execution he was Prince of Moskowa, and no longer Duke of Elchingen.

It is impossible that, as is asserted in the book referred to, Ney should have consented to the subterfuge of being shot at by muskets charged with powder alone, and after falling and pretending to be dead, should have suffered himself to be carried into exile in a strange land. At the battle of Waterloo Ney vainly sought death wherever the battle was hottest. With an army of sixty thousand men still left, he capitulated under general amnesty of offenses both civil and military. These terms were basely violated, and to satisfy the clamor of the returned aristocrats of the old regime, Ney was executed. Wellington could have prevented this crime after the condemnation by the chamber of peers, but did not, for reasons best known to himself. Ney was offered an opportunity to escape, but refused. He asked the soldiers to fire at his heart, and they did.

Moreover, at the time when it is claimed that Ney was concealing himself in North Carolina, Joseph Bonaparte was living at Bordentown, and his house and his fortune would have been at Ney's disposal. Moreover, after the fall of the Bourbons there would have been no reason why Ney should have been returned to France. In 1832 Eugene Ney, his third son, visited the United States, and went to the house of his kinsman Genet, who resided on the Hudson, near Albany, but never heard of this alleged Duke of Elchingen. It is useless to follow these absurdities further. Ney is buried in Pere la Chaise at Paris, with two of his sons and his brother-in-law Gamot. A plain slab marks the place. On the spot where he was executed stands a monument erected by the French Government.

Strangely Tongue-Tied.
A singular story of how Jack Frost captured a burglar comes from Fort Benton, Montana, by way of a dispatch to the Philadelphia Times. During the severely cold weather in January last Fort Bank, a notorious robber, went out alone one night to make a raid on the First National Bank of this place. His plan was to enter through a window at the rear of the building and make his way through the offices to the vault. An iron grating protected the window.

The night was intensely cold and the streets were like glass, a heavy snow having melted as it fell and then frozen smooth and hard. While Tip was fixing the first bar of the grating his foot slipped, throwing him forward violently against the window.

As luck would have it, the fall jerked his mouth open, his tongue was forced between his lips, and froze instantly to the icy iron bars. All efforts to release himself were vain, and he could not bring himself to that. A watchman making his rounds found him a half-hour later almost dead with cold.

Tip is alive and safely housed in jail now, but his tongue will never wag again. It is completely and hopelessly paralyzed.

The Dead of St. Peter's.
And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side; men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethelhem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James III, Charles III, and Henry IX.; the Emperor Otto II, has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface VIII, of the Caetani, whom Sciarra Colonna struck in the face at Anagni, is there, and Rodrigo Borgia; Alexander VI, lay there awhile, and Agnese Colonna, and Queen Christina of Sweden, and the Great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—even the Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory.—Century.

Old Missouri.
Col. J. V. Brower, Minnesota State geographer, has made the sensational discovery that the source of the Missouri River is not Red Rock Lake, Montana, as has been stated. Col. Brower has explored the whole region of the Upper Missouri, and now makes public the result of his discoveries. He says the longest upper branch of the Missouri does not flow through the lower Red Rock Lake in Montana, but comes from a hole in the mountains, volcanic in its character, at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, west of Heley's Lake, Idaho, and at a point bordering the boundary between that State and Montana.

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.

Useful.
Papa—Billy, you've been a very good little boy this morning. You haven't disturbed me once.
Billy—Yes, and I've been doing something real useful, too. I've cut off the ends of the cigars in that box over there and now you can just go ahead and smoke them without any trouble.
—Harper's Bazar.

Very Appropriate.
Miss Amy—Why have you named your yacht the *Kiss, Mr. Dolley*? Isn't that a queer name?
Dolley—Not at all. It's a little smack, you see.—Demorest's Magazine.

Wealth's Advantages.
Mrs. Forehat—This being so poor is terrible, isn't it?
Mrs. Topdoor—Indeed, it is. If we could only afford it I would have nervous prostration to-morrow.—Truth.

Up with the Times.
Mrs. Kalkrecker—Where is your husband this afternoon?
Mrs. Bloomerine—Oh, he is attending a father's meeting down at the church.—New York World.

The Bells.
Hear the scorchers with the bells—
Brazen bells!
What deafening disasters their melody foretells!
How they clang, clang, clang, clang.
Morning, noon and night!
While pedestrians who ramble
Through the streets are forced to scramble
In a paroxysm of fright.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of ghastly rhyme,
To the startled shrieks of passers-by that
every moment swells,
At the sound of the bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells—
At the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Beneath Contempt.
Mrs. Flagg—Tommy, why is it you never play with the little boy next door? He seems to be such a nice little boy!
Tommy—Aw, he's one of these sneaky kind of kids that says he likes his teacher.—Indianapolis Journal.

Expensive Ancestors.
Parvenu (to distinguished artist)—What will you charge to paint a grandfather for my gallery of ancestors?
Artist—Five hundred marks.
Parvenu—Five hundred marks? Why, Mr. Dauber painted me a great-grandfather the other day for 200.—Fle-gende Blaetter.

Another Casablanca.
The boy sat on the scorching wheel,
Of nothing did he heek
Till a copper man put after him,
And grabbed him by the neck.
—Detroit Tribune.

Wouldn't Know It.
"What yer fink 'er my dog?" "Yer doesn't call that a dawg, does yer?" "Yus!" "W'y, I fort it wuz a noo fowtgraft!"

Near and Dear.
"It was only yesterday that I gave you \$20."
"I know it, Harold, but I handed you back \$19.50."
"What became of the other 50 cents?"
—Detroit Free Press.

She May Live Through It.
Gertrude—I see that Mrs. Dasher has got the alimony.
Aunt Selina—Dear, dear! I'm afraid it will go hard with her; she's such a frail, nervous thing.—South Norwalk Sentinel.

Realistic.
Emily (playing "house")—Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies.
Willy (after a moment, anxiously)—Ain't it about time to whip the children.—Home Journal.

In the Tunnel.
Passenger—What is that sizzling noise ahead of us, conductor? Is there something wrong with the engine?
Conductor—No; the train ahead of us has just entered the tunnel.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Mean Thing.
"Yes," said the Lively Woman, "it was very lonely living in the West. No neighbors to speak of."
"That is to say," ventured the Mean Thing, "no neighbors to talk about?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Waking the Baby.
"May I wake the baby, mamma?"
"Why do you want to wake the baby, Johnny?"
"So's I can play on my drum."—Judge.

Serious Objection.
Mrs. Manhattan—What objection have you to marrying Mr. Severance?
Mrs. Lakeside—A very serious one. He's paying big alimony already.—Truth.

Eccentric.
Miss Hildre—Yes, he proposed to me last night and I accepted him.
Miss Sweete—Is that so? How glad I am that you are going to be his wife.
Miss H. (in surprise)—You are! Miss S.—Yes; I hate him.—Boston Courier.

His Yacht's Name.
Bilobbs—I heard you are going to sail for Cuba in your yacht?
Slobbs—Yes, and I've changed her name to Venus de Milo.
Bilobbs—What for?
Slobbs—So that they can't say she has any arms on her.—Philadelphia Record.

A Fore-Runner.
He—I dreamed last night that I was dead.
She—The room was rather warm, wasn't it?
He—No.
She—Then I guess country board will be cheaper this summer than usual, said Mr. Meekton.
"Why?"
"The price of canned goods has gone down considerably."—Washington Star.

No Doubt.
Wendroth—Do you think the great advance of the wheel has anything to do with the hard times in certain quarters?
Willing—Well, there is no doubt that a good many people feel sore over it.—Philadelphia North-American.

Limited.
No man knows how limited his wardrobe is until a Chinese laundry burns up.—Los Angeles Express.

No Need of It.
Laura—I am surprised to hear you are not going down to the seashore this summer. How's that?
Lulu—Oh, I don't have to go this year. I'm already engaged to be married.—Yonkers Statesman.

Floored.
He—One portion of salad will it won't it?
She—For me? Certainly. What you going to take?
He—I should say I did! I made a lifelong enemy.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tragedy in Four Lines.
A lady fresh from Ireland,
A stove that ran on gasolene,
A noon alarm of fire and
Some bandages and vaseline.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Musical Terms.
The piano stool—Didn't you let me have that fluffy-haired beauty ran her little white fingers up and down your keyboard?
The piano—I did, until she played as false.
The stool—Wretched coquette! I shall never forget how she sat down on me.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Perhaps.
He—Why is it that unmarried women are usually "girls"?
She—Possibly for the same reason that married men are mostly "boys".
—Brooklyn Life.

Great Danger.
"For three months during the war I occupied the most dangerous position in my company."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, every morning I carried the eight miles belonging to our company sary."—Minneapolis Times.

Unkind.
Wigley—What type of beauty should you say Miss Harlequin's face was?
Piqued—I should say the type was plain.—The Capital, Washington.

Saved Them Up.
Sister—Have you seen Blanche's new diamond necklace?
Brother—No, didn't know she had one.
Sister—Yes, she had it made from the settings of her last season's engagement rings.

Justin McCarthy on the Pope.
Justin McCarthy's monograph on "Pope Leo XIII." is now before the public. Mr. McCarthy begins his volume with an account of the selection of the Pope for his earlier days and goes on to trace his career in the Roman Catholic Church. Attention is given to the Pope's attitude in reference to Ireland and to his establishment of the hierarchy by him in Scotland. Other points of the monograph are Leo as a personality and a philanthropist, and his action upon the education question in France and Belgium.

