

# EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON

"On what do Chicago business men lunch?" asks a New York paper. Most of them lunch on stools.

Knowledge is said to be power; and it is power in the same sense that wood is fuel. Wood on fire is fuel. Knowledge on fire is power.

Now, if England doesn't fight, it will be due to abject cowardice; the new American rams and torpedo boats are to be painted green.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.

True freedom consists with the observance of law. Adam was as free in paradise as in the wilds to which he was banished for his transgression.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly; he who aspires to nothing, and learns nothing is not worthy of living.

The Duke of Veragua says: "The United States should remember what she owes to Spain." After this gentle hint we hope Tom Palmer will turn over that relief fund of \$1.68.

King Menelek has asked Italy for 40,000,000 lire. If Humbert isn't too particular about the pronunciation we presume he can pick that number of campaign lines over here almost any time.

A European letter says that Dr. Carl Peters, the African explorer, who is to be tried for crimes committed in the dark continent, is very bogged. It seems, then, that he is crooked from the ground up.

A South Dakota divorce explained to the court that on the eve of her marriage she held her prospective husband under a pump to sober him up sufficiently to permit the ceremony to be performed. Afterward, she added, she had often regretted that she didn't shove him into a watering trough and anchor him there head foremost over night. Women often lack thoroughness in their work.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp an idea of this magnitude let the reader fully realize that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface, that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number of 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 400 or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

The friends of Oscar Wilde are preparing a petition to the Home Secretary, praying for his release at the end of eighteen months' imprisonment. The prisoner has been visited in jail by his wife, and it is said that a complete reconciliation has taken place. When his term is completed he will accompany Mrs. Wilde and his children to the Continent, where he will permanently reside. During the last few months, in the time allowed by prison regulations for recreation, he has been reading the works of St. Augustine and Walter Pater. To a gentleman, who recently visited him, he said: "I have erred throughout my life in leaving out all consideration of the moral element." He is said to be affected in mental vigor by the incarceration, though not in physical health. If his release is secured, he will have no difficulty in earning an adequate income by his pen, though probably under an assumed name or anonymously.

Cuba may be congratulated upon the fact that it is not threatened with a presidential campaign, but it is not otherwise open to felicitations. Ravaged by war, burdened with a debt which will curse its people for a quarter of a century, the island suffers in addition to all its other woes an epidemic of yellow fever, the worst ever known. The disease recurs regularly as the wet season begins, but this year it is working unprecedented ravages. The death rate is said to exceed 30 per cent. of all those seized. The military forces along the trocha are decimated by the plague. Several general officers are among the victims. In the Havana hospital the number of wounded and sick soldiers is over 2,000. It is not wonderful that military operations should be suspended and that officers should seek a furlough from this campaign against an unseen and remorseless enemy. The Cuban ally, yellow Jack, has come to the rescue with a vengeance. His death roll will be larger than any the machetes and rifles of Maceo's men can place to their credit.

It makes a difference whether it is your bull that goes mad, or my bull that is expending his surplus energy and disposition to fight on your ox. France makes a formal protest against our retaliatory action in putting an embargo on French cattle. A cablegram from Havre lately announced that our consul had refused to permit a shipment of five French cattle to the United States. This rigid enforcement of the prohibition of importation of neat cattle and their hides from countries infected with cattle disease, including France, Germany, and Switzerland, which is provided for in the old tariff act of 1894, but not invoked until some months ago, when a proclamation on the subject was issued, is directly due to the aggressive policy of countries like France and Germany in endeavoring on one pretext or another to

exclude American cattle and meats. Repeated representations and warnings have been made to both countries through the State Department, but to no purpose.

Under a system of treaties which were exacted from Japan by the civilized nations when its ports were forcibly opened to commerce duties upon all forms of imported merchandise are limited to 5 per cent. ad valorem, and this has prevailed for more than a quarter of a century, although Japan has continually complained of the injustice. The government has for years contended for the right to regulate her own revenues, fix her own tariff and manage her own custom houses and ports, and the United States has repeatedly expressed its willingness to concede those rights. But Great Britain has stubbornly declined until last year, when new treaties were negotiated with our government and with France, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and other countries, in which important concessions were made. These treaties are nearly uniform and recognize Japan as a civilized nation. On and after July 17, 1899, Japan may regulate her own tariff and exercise jurisdiction over all persons residing within her territory. She agrees that all her ports and cities and towns shall be open to foreign commerce, and that foreigners may come and go and enjoy the same treatment as citizens of Japan so long as they obey the laws and regulations of the country. It will be difficult, however, for the United States to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Japan for the reason that the "favored-nation" clause appears with unusual breadth in all her treaties.

Twenty million dollars sounds like a pretty big sum to expend annually for the satisfaction to be derived from chewing gum; yet Dr. Cyrus W. Edson, who has studied the subject profoundly, does not consider this an over-estimate. There are at least five immense chewing gum factories, a dozen of moderate size, and innumerable insignificant firms in the United States. One company alone sells \$5,000,000 worth every year—including, of course, the quantity exported. This is as much money as the United States furnishes one year for the support of her home and foreign missions. As a nation of churches, we are still further humiliated to learn that we expend \$8,000,000 a year more to purchase gum than we give for the maintenance of clergy of all denominations. The entire revenue received by the Government from taxing fermented liquors only exceeds the chewing gum limit by a paltry \$3,000,000, while the cost of the chewing gum craze is greater by \$9,000,000 than the entire expense of running the prisons, courts, hospitals, police force, etc., of the city of New York. The habit is increasing at such a rate that Americans bid fair to become a race of enormous facial development. Chewing gum will be a national characteristic as baseball is the national game, and clever slang is our native speech. Twenty-five per cent. of the 70,000,000 people in the United States are already addicted to the habit. And not only do an ever-increasing multitude chew, but they are chewing openly, defiantly, on the public highways, at places of amusements, and at the clubs.

**A Father's Sacrifice.**  
In former days it was the ambition of a Scotch peasant, poor as he might be, to see one of his sons in the pulpit. Sir Walter Scott relates a pathetic instance of the intensity of this ambition.

Scott, while attending lectures at the University of Edinburgh, made acquaintance with a youth who so interested him that he frequently invited the lad to a stroll in the country. One day they met a venerable "blue gown," a beggar, clean and ruddy, whose traditional outside garment, whence the name of the mendicant class, was worn as though it was the toga of a Roman senator.

Scott gave the beggar alms, but his companion exhibited restless confusion.

"Do you know anything to the dishonor of the old beggar?" asked Scott, seeing the nervousness of his fellow-student.

"God forbid!" said the youth. "He is my own father! He stands bleaching in the wind that he may get means to pay for my education."

Scott kept the lad's secret and held on to his companionship. For several days the youth's seat was vacant, and on Scott again meeting the "blue gown," the old man said:

"God bless you! You've been kind to Willie. He has often spoken of you. Come to my roof and see him, for he has been sick."

Scott went to the beggar's cottage, and found Willie sitting on the bench before the door, enjoying the sunshine. The voluntary beggar welcomed him, and they sat down to a dinner of mutton and potatoes. During the conversation the old man exclaimed, with much emotion:

"Please God, I may live to see my hair with his head in a pulpit yet!"

Scott told his mother about Willie and the old "blue gown," and through her influence the mendicant's son was appointed to a tutorship in the north of Scotland.

**He Hived Them.**  
"Beans" Hickman, one of the old-time characters of Washington, lived entirely on his wits, and no one from the President down escaped him. One night he wandered into the National Hotel, and asked the clerk to give him a room. The clerk had him shown to the room immediately over the kitchen, which was swarming with flies. About nine o'clock in the morning, "Beans" came along smiling, and, stopping at the office, some of the loungers, whom the clerk had told of the flies, hastened to ask "Beans" how he had rested. "First rate," answered he. "Flies trouble you any?" asked one. "A little," replied "Beans," "in the early morning, but I 'hived 'em." With one accord, the crowd broke for the room to discover the means employed in "hiving" them. "Beans" had taken a piece of pie which he had spread it upon the floor, waited until the flies had settled upon it, then turned the wash basin over them, and gone to bed.

No woman can make the crust of the pie as good as the Lord makes the fruit filling.

## CHURCHES OF GRANADA.

At Once Magnificent and Beggarly, Solemn and Gay.

It was in its churches that I thought Granada at once most magnificent and beggarly, most solemn and gay. I know nothing in France or Italy to compare with the effect of the cathedral when the sun-steeped streets were left, and we were suddenly in darkness in far shadows, vague, motionless figures, prostrate before it. Their silent terror in the strange, scented dusk gave a clue to the ecstasy of a Theresa, of an Ignatius. But it was well to turn back quickly into matter-of-fact daylight. To linger was to be reminded that mystery has its price, solemnity its lawfulness. In cathedral and capilla real if we ventured to look at the royal tombs, at the grille—which even in Spain is without equal—at the retablo with their wealth of ornament, one sacrilegious after another kept close at our heels, impudently expectant.

If I know little church our eyes grew accustomed to darkness, it was that they might be offended with Virgins gleaming in silks and jewels, with Christ clothed in petticoats. And if we did once visit the Cartuja, it satisfied our curiosity where other show churches were concerned. The word Cartuja hung upon the lips of every visitor at the Hotel Roma. Foreigners wrestled hopelessly with it. Spaniards repeated it tenderly, as if in love with its gasping gutturals. We never sat down to a meat that some one did not urge us to the enjoyment of its wonders. At last, in self-defense, we went. The Cartuja's architecture struck us as elaborate, its decoration as abandoned as the gush that had sent us to it. It had not even the amusing gaiety of Bohemia's rocco, but was pretentious and florid in a dull, vulgar way, more in keeping with gilded cafe or popular restaurant. But to this visit my record owes a place, since it was our one concession to the guide-book's commands. It pleased us better to forget the exaggerated, tortured flamboyance in the kindly twilight of churches the names of which we never troubled to ask.—Century.

## A Bold Brigand.

Franz Csoska, a famous 74-year-old brigand, was hanged recently for murder at Esseg, in Slavonia. He smoked his pipe to the galleys, slapped the hangman on the shoulder and said to him: "Do your job well; don't make a fool of yourself." He was the most fearless of the hand of Rosza Sandor, and lying breathless for seven minutes, as if hesitating to accept or decline his destiny, finally gave a wall as he caught the breath of life. Napoleon turned, caught up his treasure, and pressed it to his bosom. A hundred guns announced the birth, and the city burst into jubilation, which were re-echoed throughout Europe from Dantzig to Cadix. Festival succeeded festival, and for an interval men believed that the temple of Janus would be again closed. No boy ever came on the earthly stage amid such splendors, or seemed destined to honors such as appeared to await this one. The passionate devotion of the father was constant from the beginning. It lasted even after he had been deserted and betrayed by the mother, after the child had been estranged and turned into an Austrian prince.—Century.

## Society in Guatemala.

"Life in Guatemala city to a foreigner, and especially a young man, possesses about as much attractiveness from a standpoint of amusement as would a residence in a graveyard. There is absolutely nothing to do except work, sleep and eat. The only place a man has to go when he has finished work," said J. J. Pringle, son of the consul general to Guatemala from this country, "is to a saloon, and there he has nothing to do for recreation but drink. The door to the best society is shut in the face of Americans—'gringos,' as they are called by the haughty dons—no matter what their standing. Of course, when one has official dignity he is invited to the president's ball and other official functions, and has entrance into society, but there is no such thing as social intercourse in its American sense. Nobody is allowed to see a young lady unless it is in the presence of her entire family or under the watchful eye of her duenna, and there isn't much pleasure in this kind of a visit to most young men of America. Guatemala city has a population of 80,000, but has no theaters. There was an opera company of fair character there two years ago, but there have been no attractions at all of this kind during the past season. Living is very high in Guatemala city, and salaries are by no means correspondingly high. I would not advise any young man to go there with the idea of making his fortune. There has been too much immigration to the country as it is."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## All He Was Fit For.

The American says that in an Irish court recently an old man was called into the witness-box, and being old and a little blind, he went too far in more senses than one, and instead of going up the stairs that led to the box, mounted those that led to the bench.

The judge took the mistake good-humoredly.

"Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" he asked.

"Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply, "I'm an old man now, and mobbie it's all I'm fit for."

## Spanish Blotting Paper.

An English exchange says "that in Spain there are many manufacturers of pasteboard, blotting and packing paper, and these goods are exported to the Spanish colonies in large quantities." The blotting paper is so poor, however, that the greatest care must be exercised to prevent it from literally becoming "blotting" paper. If the native article were not so very cheap, American blotting paper might be sent there; but Spaniards are price economical, and as a rule regard price rather than quality.

## Without Photography.

Drawings on paper can be transferred to wood or metal, if executed in crayon or ordinary writing ink, by moistening the copy in a strong solution of caustic potash and alcohol. Place the copy face downward on the wood or metal, rub down with a folder, or take a proof on an ordinary proof press. This is useful information for those who wish to obtain a transfer of a design or label for the purpose of engraving, as a die for embossing, or other purposes where photographic materials are not accessible.

## But for Her.

Mattress salesman—Did you ever stop to think that you spend one-third of your life in sleep?  
Customer—Well, I might, perhaps, if they were not for my wife.—Somerville Journal.

## NAPOLION'S SON.

Few Heirs Have Been More Keenly Welcomed.

During the season of 1810-11 the Emperor's private life was virtually devoted to beneficence. In addition to the favors granted to Carnot, he lavished money on other objects, some not so worthy. Canova, who had been called from Rome to make a portrait-statue of the Empress, obtained a substantial grant for the learned societies of that city. Chenier, like Carnot, had been a pronounced adversary of the Empire. He now sought employment under it, and was made inspector-general of the university, an office which he did not live long to enjoy. All the old favorites were remembered in a general distribution of good things. Talleyrand having just lost an immense sum by the failure of a trusted bank, the Emperor came to his relief by purchasing one of his most splendid palaces for more than 2,000,000 francs. The court resided sometimes at St. Cloud, sometimes at Rambouillet, sometimes at the Trianon, but the most part at Fontainebleau, where the ceremonious life, to which all concerned were now well accustomed, was marked by none of the old awkwardness, but ran as brilliantly as lavish expenditure could make it. The pregnancy of the Empress was celebrated with great festivities, during which Napoleon performed one of his most applauded acts—the endowment of a vast maternity hospital. The Empress was brought into a society consisting of the president of a society consisting of a thousand noble ladies, under whose patronage the charity was placed.

The unconcealed and ecstatic delight of the prospective father found vent in delicate and tender attention to the mother of his child, and until her delivery he was a gentle, devoted, and considerate husband. His whole nature seemed transformed. When in the early morning of March 20, 1811, word was brought that the Empress was in her labor, and that a false presentation made it of instant necessity to choose between the life of the mother and that of the child the feelings of the Emperor can better be imagined than described. If the expected heir should die, his dynasty would be jeopardized, his enemies would once more be making appointments over his grave, the hopes of a lifetime might be shattered. But there was not a moment's wavering. "Think only of the mother," he cried.

The fears of the attending physician were vain, after all, and the man-child, coming without a cry into the world, and lying breathless for seven minutes, as if hesitating to accept or decline his destiny, finally gave a wall as he caught the breath of life. Napoleon turned, caught up his treasure, and pressed it to his bosom. A hundred guns announced the birth, and the city burst into jubilation, which were re-echoed throughout Europe from Dantzig to Cadix. Festival succeeded festival, and for an interval men believed that the temple of Janus would be again closed. No boy ever came on the earthly stage amid such splendors, or seemed destined to honors such as appeared to await this one. The passionate devotion of the father was constant from the beginning. It lasted even after he had been deserted and betrayed by the mother, after the child had been estranged and turned into an Austrian prince.—Century.

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little crash and there, exactly opposite where my head would have been if I hadn't stooped, was a splintered pole in the plate glass window, made by a rifle bullet. I got the pin just the same, and then jumped for the nearest stair-way. Since that happy escape I have picked up pins with an almost religious fervor. Ha, there's one now."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

## A Monomaniac.

About ten years ago a man named Menager died in New York who was known as the clock miser. The details of his life were told in the daily papers, but were so unusual and significant as to bear repetition now.

Menager was a young man, the junior partner in a manufacturing firm. He threw into his work such energy and intelligence that a career opened before him both useful and successful. It was necessary that he should be punctual each morning at his office, and for this reason he bought a Swiss clock and placed it opposite his bed. Doubting its correctness, he bought another of German make, and concerned himself to keep the two running exactly together. He grew interested in their mechanism, studied their points of difference, and began to buy from time to time other clocks.

He had ceased now to care for clocks for their real use, and valued them as curiosities and articles of property. The whim grew upon him as years passed. He was learned in the history and in all the peculiarities of the different time-pieces that he possessed. His accumulation increased until he had specimens from almost every clock-making nation.

So keen was his zeal in this pursuit that he grew indifferent to every other object in life, dropped his friends, and at last lived in a large, dingy house with only an old servant and the ticking multitude of clocks, that seemed unceasingly to strike the funeral knell of his wasted years. Interest in man or woman he had none, but spent his time among his treasures, winding them and talking to them as if they were live creatures.

He died at last. In his house were found over four hundred clocks, which were sent to auction, the proceeds finished at the elbow with a twist of ribbon, and the darlingest pair of gloves, and oh, the sweetest pair of slippers, and a new silk undershirt.

## Married.

Barber—Don't you want some tonic to make your hair stay in?  
N. Peck—A—ah—I don't believe I do. The easier it comes out the less it hurts.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Some Fearful Moments.

During the late war between China and Japan we heard often of wonderful acts of bravery performed by the Japanese, but tales of Chinese bravery were few and far between. The following story, however, which appears to be told by an eye-witness, is enough to show that the Chinese had at least one officer who was no coward.

The deposed viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and the committee appointed by the government to investigate the reasons of defeat at the battle of Port Arthur, met in the city of Peking on September 28. Among the charges was one of "poor gunnery," brought against Capt. Li Chen Fue, who had commanded the Yen Tse Chang, one of the largest battle-ships that escaped from the action without great damage.

After Li Hung Chang had read the charges in full, the accused captain rose and requested that a dozen shells be brought from his vessel. This was done, and the shells were set in a row before the committee.

Li Chen Fue then stepped forward, and drawing his sword, said: "Can you wonder that we were defeated when our shells were like these?"

As he spoke, and before any one could stop him, he raised his sword and brought it down on the shell in front of him. The shell was split in two and sawdust and red-brick dust flew all about.

Then in rapid succession he struck shell after shell. Nobody moved, we were so surprised and frightened. I remember thinking that if the last one proved a good one there would be none of us left to tell the tale; but no, that was like all the others—a sham.

## The Greatest Charm of Granada.

But when all is said, in the end as in the beginning, for us the great charm of Granada was in the grove, with its cool shade, its soft green light, its incomparable outlook. Here was perpetual twilight when all the land beyond lay glowing in the sun. The chant of locusts was loud in the gardens of the Alhambra, loud the water-carrier's ceaseless cry of "Agua! agua fresca!" White-hot, the sky met the now snowless heights of the Sierra Nevada; as from an oven came the air that blew over the Vega, burned and scorched the town's white houses, climbed its triple hill. Yet under the elms planted by the conquering Englishman there was always rest from blinding light and pitiless heat.—Century.

## Art Criticism.

A French journal, by way of ridiculing the ignorance of art critics, tells a story of a lady, who, with a maid, went to purchase a still-life picture for her dining-room.

She selected a canvas on which were painted a bunch of flowers, a pie cut in two and a half-penny roll, and was paying five hundred francs for it when the maid approached to whisper in her ear.

"Madam," said the servant, "you are making a bad bargain. I saw a picture very much like this sold the other day for four hundred francs."

"And was it as good as this?"  
"Yes, madam, it was better; there was a good deal more pie in it."

## Promotion in Bank of England.

The patronage of the Bank of England belongs entirely to the directors, a clerk being appointed by each director in rotation until the vacancies are filled, with the exception of one clerkship in every seven, which is given to a son of one of the clerks of the establishment who has discharged his duties to the satisfaction of the directors.

Settlement day finally comes to every man. The best thing you can do is to get ready for it.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

**Too Bad.**  
"It's too bad," said the young woman who wants to be new.  
"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.  
"Just as soon as we've made up our minds to show the world that we are not the weak, timid creatures we have been pictured the announcement comes that the trees are full of caterpillars this year."—Buffalo Times.

**Inconsiderate Mar.**  
Husband—Don't you think you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock, and then get up at 8 to go to my work?  
Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—Odds and Ends.

**Thoroughly Prepared.**  
Fond Mamma—Alice, have you thoroughly prepared yourself for graduation?  
Alice Uptodate—Oh, yes, mamma. I've my new dimity gown with a skirt seven yards wide, and edged with valenciennes lace, and a perfect dream of a waist, with a bow at the back of the neck, and monster sleeves finished at the elbow with a twist of ribbon, and the darlingest pair of gloves, and oh, the sweetest pair of slippers, and a new silk undershirt.

**Married.**  
Barber—Don't you want some tonic to make your hair stay in?  
N. Peck—A—ah—I don't believe I do. The easier it comes out the less it hurts.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Not a Word.**  
Laura—Mr. Custer sat alongside of me on the train to-day and he never said a word all the way down to the city.  
Lillian—Then you didn't ask him to open the window for you?—Yonkers Statesman.

**No Good.**  
"How do you like your new music teacher?"  
"He's no good."  
"Why, what makes you think so?"  
"Yesterday I played a common tune clear through and he didn't say it would take a week's practice to offset the harm done."—Cleveland Leader.

**Weeds They Were.**  
Young Chip—Why did that man who was here call your cigars "weeds," pa?  
Old Block—Because, my son, that's what they are. Your ma bought 'em.—Kansas City World.

**Made Up Enough.**  
"Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make it up," she said, forgivingly.  
"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Necessary.**  
Dawkins—How well Miss Antique holds her own!  
Dawson—It's a matter of necessity. She can't get anybody else to hold it for her.—Harper's Bazar.

**A Nuisance.**  
Samantha—Ephraim, what's ye a-doing with that ere dictionary?  
Ephraim—I'm a-going ter burn it. Every time I look up a word, th' darn thing's wrong.

**Dropped Oat It.**  
"Charlie Barber's wife dropped on to a good thing to-day."  
"What was that?"  
"The new pavement on the avenue. She got off the car the wrong way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Raving Crazy.**  
Briggs—I believe Brown is insane.  
Diggs—Why?  
Briggs—He has brought suit against the New York Central Railroad for killing his mother-in-law.—Harlem Life.

**Very Clever.**  
Boardman—Don't you think Footlight is a clever actor?  
Hansley—Clever? Well, I should say so! He hasn't paid the landlady any money for six weeks!—Yonkers Statesman.

**He Was a Cyclist.**  
"Cinders" exclaimed the newly arrived soul rapturously. "What an elegant place to scorch!"  
Satan meanwhile clutched a chair for support and whispered some feverish commands in the ear of an attendant.—Detroit Tribune.

**Inquisitive.**  
Miss Scraggs—Yes, once when I was out alone on a dark night I saw a man and, oh, how I ran!  
Little Willie—And did you catch him, Miss Scraggs?—Odds and Ends.

**He's Fair About It.**  
"What? Perkins going to marry Miss Sere?"  
"Yes. Why not? She's worth a million."  
"Yes—but she's 60 years old."  
"That's true; but Perkins allows her a discount on her age for cash."—Harper's Bazar.

**Let His Desk Alone.**  
In the wilderness of advice how women shall please their husbands, nothing is more to be recommended than that they should let their desks alone. Upon the latter's table, although upon the eye and the papers on which they are in the condition which the owner prefers or with which the least familiar. Their rearranging, however, is a sure sign of confusion. It is a sure sign that a man wants to do as please himself, where he can do as please himself, as true as the truest gospel, applies with peculiar force to every man's desk.—Philadelphia Quirer.

**Bornham's Big Deal.**  
The colossal Mingoon bet, which is now being raised, is being set at great Pagoda at Rangoon, where to defray the expenses, it is estimated at \$3,000. The distants are said to be contributing.

**A Philanthropist.**  
The landlord had just dropped Mrs. Muloch and informed her that she had decided to leave her apartment. "It's the darlin' ye are raisin' it meself."—Albany Times.

**Flattered.**  
She—What charming teeth Mrs. Muloch has?  
She—Oh, parlor, you are here?  
He—Oh, no, only her dentist.

**Ambiguous.**  
Mr. Gotroks—I am worth a good deal of money. Do you think you could lend me Miss Highflyer—Oh, dear, dear, dear, I'll just love you to lend me \$100.  
Judge.

**A Horrible Insult.**  
Change boarding houses?  
"His landlady got personal this morning."  
"How was that?"  
"Well, she was particularly proud of her breakfast, and she asked me to change the eggs struck him."—New York World.

**Cleaver.**  
Watts—Been reading anything of these Cuban atrocities?  
Potts—No. I've got a box of home that my wife bought me a few months ago from an alleged man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Gothamite's Wit.**  
She—Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it?  
He—Yes. When I was there I was at a friend's house, but the hostess declined to take in my card and identified.—Harlem Life.

**As to Theology.**  
She—Such an absurd doctrine, can any one believe that a person who has been dead for a long time can come back to life?  
He—Our office boy presents a phenomenon that that. He's been dead alive all the time.—Town Topics.

**His Suspicion.**  
She—I wonder what I ever saw you for, anyway?  
He—I guess it was to get even with your first husband for being mean enough to die.—Indianapolis Journal.