EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Lunaties in an asylum in St. John, N. B., have decided to publish a paper. No better proof of their lunacy could be shown,

Tesla says that a person who sleeps nine hours a day ought to live a hundred years. It is a mystery how the Philadelphians manage to die at all.

The newspaper of 1897 may contain a social item to the effect that "the happy couple then entered, to the entrancing strains of the divorce march from 'Smile and Grin.' " The United States Senate is to test a

ent session. The Senate never will be satisfactorily ventilated, however, until the work is done at the polls. It does not require much courage to

much as it required in the days of boyhood to burn pepper on the schoolroom Frances Willard is to be presented ou a bust to her alma mater." It would be a waste of time to try to untangle this;

that she never is "on a bust," anyway. Neither mendicants nor millionaires are the happiest of mankind. The man who has a good business, and who can make a reasonable living and lay aside something for the future, who cen educate his children and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happlest of men.

Joseph Bailey, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, declined to attend a White House dinner because he never has worn and never will wear a dress suit. Texas will no doubt be palped to learn that the fupants in his boots and waded in

The New York Tribune advises Chicago to "negotiate for a cession of the Canadian half of Lake Michigan, and take a census of the fishes to keep somewhere in sight of the procession. This would be inexcusable in any other than a New York paper, but of course a Journal which believes Hoboken is the western boundary of the United States is not supposed to know that there is no such thing as "the Canadian balf of Lake Michigan."

The Chicago police department reports that Dennis Lynch, who graduated from the civil service commis sion's list of eligibles and became a fullfledged policeman, attempted to rob a escorted him to headquarters, where stinct, but in his onthuslasm he tackled course his name is what it is,

There is one institution in France which has hitherto contrived to withstand all the numerous and revolution ary changes of government, namely the Bank of France, which owes its origin to the first Napoleon. The question as to the renewal of its charter has just come up for discussion in the Leg-Islature, which has voted its prolongation. Since the foundation of the bank it has had but ten governors, while France has during the same period of time had no less than nine different regimes and considerably over a hundred Cabinets.

Voting by machinery has not yet been perfected so far as practical demoustration shows. The apparatus which was used at Troy, N. Y., broke down after it had worked a while and caused the electors and judges no end of trouble. Forty-two men had voted up to the time of the accident, and when the recording dials were examined to discover the cause of the acci dent, it was found that by some error of the mechanism all these votes were recorded for one set of candidates. It may be that these contraptions can be made absolutely flawless, but until that time the old way of voting would ber ter be adhered to. There is such a thing as carrying labor-saving devices

A Berlin dispatch says that hereafter it will be the settled policy of the German Vovernment to direct the stream of German emigration elsewhere than to the United States. South and Central American countries are mentloned as the places to which an attempt will be made to turn the tide, the reason assigned being that in those countries "the autonomous and uniform make-up of German coloules will not be politically interfered with." This is very vague, but probably it means that German emigrants to South America can still continue to be German citizens and subject to military duty. The German immigration is as good as we get from Europe, and set the United States is not suffering even for that. If German emigrants prefer South or Central America let them go there, but it is doubtful if the efforts of the Government to control the matter will

Can we ever truly benefit ourselves without benefiting our neighbors? We each have a certain amount of capacity and power in various directions, which we are continually giving out to the world, either in the form of work, or assistance, or affection, or influence, or in some other way. This power may be wasted and diminished, or developed and increased. One of the chief causes of the former is an enfeebled organization and impaired vitality, and a large factor in the latter is a health ful and vigorous condition of the plays-Ical system. It is true that these are not wholly under our own control, but science is daily revealing to us how City Chat.

amount to much.

much of them we may secure by saidtary surroundings and hygienic habits. In cultivating these we are adding to all our powers, and, as these powers directly result in benefiting the world, self-care becomes not merely a prudential but a moral and social dury.

The multiplex printing telegraph, inented by Prof. Henry A. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, will soon be put upon the market. By the instrument an operator can transmit a telegram written upon a typewriter and have it reproduced in typewritten form at the receiving end. In addition to the typewriting part of the invention, Dr. Rowland, with his new machine, can send over the same wire five or six different messages at the same time in one direction, which, in duplex, makes ten or twelve messages that can be transmitted on the same wire at the same time. Thus, with five operators at each end of a new ventilating system during the presline, sending each an average of thirty words a minute, 300 words can be transmitted each minute. Dr. Rowland inquired at the Patent Office in Washington, and was informed that no such invention has ever been receivburn a Spanish flag away out here in ed there, typewriting telegraphy havthe interior of America-not near as ing been attempted before, but upon entirely different principles. He has used a synchonous device in his invention, and in the mechanical arrangement of the typewriter has used but The Denver Times says that "Miss eight combinations. The current of electricity transmitting the message can be relayed and in this manner the invention can be operated for great but it may not be amiss to say that distances. When completed, Dr. Rowland says, the new instrument will be Miss Willard is not to be given away, to anybody or to anything, and also as convenient and as easily operated as the ordinary telegraphic dispatching and receiving apparatus.

Astronomers believe that they have discovered that the two smallest planets. Mercury and Venus, which are both nearer the sun than the earth. have practically stopped revolving around their respective axes. Each of these planets, it is claimed, revolves on its axis in the same time it takes to fourney completely round the sun. This results in only one side of each planet receiving the sunlight. Hence there is everlasting night on one-half of each planet and everlasting day on the other half. This is the same condition as prevails on our moon. So that, if astronomvenile Congressman has permitted ers are correct, the solar system has dress suits to scare him away from a three worlds that to all appearances are good dinner. He should have stuck his | dend, Three dead worlds! Can this be possible in a universe we have been accustomed to look upon as full of life? Suppose the astronomers are right in stating that Venus and Mercury have no revolution that can produce the changes of night and day, so that perpetual night reigns on one-half of each planet. It does not follow that life cannot exist in these worlds. Before deciding that these orbs are destitute of life, the factor of human activity or the activity of beings akin to human beings must be considered. If these extremely slowly, does this not mean planets? And if older, whatever life as he stood gazing blankly out on the existed on them must have attained a wisdom we know nothing of. What is there against the idea that the dark citizen on the streets late at night, and sides of these worlds are brilliantly lit the wayfarer arrested the officer and up with electricity and warmed by the same agency? They may be thickly he tost his star within twenty-four peopled by beings who work and play hours after his appointment. Dennis on the bright side for a period and then seems to possess the true police in- retire to the dark regions for rest, This been his right hand. Alas, for the is a more attractive view than the one the wrong man at the start, and of that dead worlds cumber the universe, ton had flatly declared to his father

COL ALFRED E BUCK.

Career of the New United States Minlater to the Mikado's Land.

Alfred E. Buck, nominated as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentlary of the United States to Japan, owes his success to the fact of the warm personal and political friendship existing between President McKinley and himself. Col. Buck was born at Foxcroft, Me., Feb., 7, 1832. His thirst for knowledge was so great that by his own exertions he paid his way through college and was graduated with high honors, having been the Latin salutatorian of his class. With the pertinacity that has always characterized his actions he taught school at Hallowell. Me., afterward becoming principal of the Lewiston high school. At the close of the war, through which he fought with great credit, he was appointed clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts of Georgia, resigning this position in 1887 to become United States Marshal. The next year was



signalized by his bringing Maj. Mc Kinley to Georgia for the purpose of addressing the Chantauqua. Col. Buck stearning bowl of water, read them. has been fortunate in his various bustness enterprises through his perspicacity and many pleasant personal qualimost attractive homes in Atlanta.

The Fortune Teller's Tip.

She-I went to a fortune teller to-day, just for a lark, and she told me a lot of things.

He-Yes, some of them his it pretty closely, but I hope you don't think there is anything supernatural about their powers. They use just shrewd judgment, that is all.

"That may be true, dear. She told me I was married to a man who fell far short of what I deserved."-Indianap olis Journal.

Not a Serior a Offi nie. He (prettily)-They ought to send you | the stretch of beach. to State's prison. You've stolen my

heart. State's prison for petty larceny.-Bay parade.

Tis a wearisome world, this world of

With its tangles of small and great, Its weeds that smother the spring flowers, And its hanless strifes with fate: And the darkest day of its desolate days

Sees the help that comes too late, Ah! woe for the word that is never said Till the ear too deaf to hear,

And wee for the lack to the fainting head Of the ringing shout of cheer: Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is What booteth a broken spar Of love thrown out when the lips are

And life's back drifteth far. Ah! far and fast from the alien past,

Over the mouning bar? A pitiful thing the gift to-day That is dross and nothing worth,

Though if it had come but yesterday It had brimmed with sweet the earthfading rose in a death-cold hand, That perished in want and dearth

Who fain would help in this world of ours Where sorrowful steps must fall, Bring help in time to the waning powers, Ere the bler is spread with the pall, Nor send reserves when the flags are

farled, And the dead beyond your call, or baffling most in this weary world, With its tangles small and great,

s lonesome nights and its weary days, And its struggles forlorn with fate, Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears, Of the help that comes too late. Margaret E. Sangster.

## A CLEVER PLAY.

"There! I have the satisfaction of knowing what it is all about, and of appearing dignified and firm at the same

Mr. Stanton chuckled to bimself as he held a sealed envelope up to the light critically.

"I told him I should return his letters unopened, and there this one goes for all the world as if I hadn't an idea of what it contains."

And, with another pleased little gurgle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton placed the letter addressed to "Luke Stanton, Esq., Grand Hotel, Great Startmouth," into another envelope and readdressed it to "Adrian Stanton, Esq., Turner Studios, Ruskin road, Kensington." Then he rang the bell and delivered it to the wniter to be put into the London postbag, after which be walked to the bay window and stood looking out upon the calm sea and the long expanse of yellow sand.

Great Startmouth is not a fashionable seaside resort; indeed, it is chiefly frequented by convalescent dyspepties, Anglo-Indians with sallow complexions and short tempers, and other invalids. Luke Stanton had come there partly on account of his health, partly because he held shares in the new hotel and other schemes for making Great Startmouth a little less funereal and a little more profitable. But, greatly as worlds have ceased to revolve except the financier was occupied with his companies and his schemes at the presthat they are much older than the other ent moment he was thinking of neither, beach, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, Jingling the loose coins and keys therein. Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to

himself the contents of a letter be had fust sent back. Adrian Stanton was his only son, who, by all the laws of heredity and advisability, should have crokedness of this world! Young Stansome three or four years: previously that he hated the city, that he could not calculate the commonest sum of simple interest, and that he would never understand the intricacies of the Stock Exchange-that, in short, he detested "business" and meant to devote himself to art! Luke stormed and raved, but had ended by giving in, and, in spite of his affected indifference and contempt, had been not a little pleased when, fast year, the hanging committee of Burlington house had accepted a small canvas signed "Adrian Stanton." True, it had been so hung that it was impossible to see it without risking a dislocated neck, but that detail the old man conscientiously ignored. So far, so good. Luke Stanton was almost reconciled to art, and was rather given to talking about "my son's studio," when all, at once the whole fabric toppled about his ears in the most ghastly fashion. Adrian came to him one day with the news that he was engaged to be married. It was unexpected, but not necessarily disastrous until the fatal truth was disclosed-be, Luke Stanton, the great city man, heavy alike of purse and moral reputation, was expected to welcome as his daughter-inlaw-n model! There was a scene-all the steps of paternal indignation and filial ingratitude were pulled out to their fullest, and it ended in Adrian walking out of the house.

He made several further attempts to see his father and bring him to a more amicable frame of mind, but ineffectually, and at last, in spite of threats to stop his allowance, to cut him out of his will. Adrian Stanton took to himself the girl of his choice and duly informed

his father of the fact. It was then that the family solicitor, at Luke's dictation, indited the young man a letter informing blut that his father desired to hold no further communication with him, and that any letter addressed to his father from Adrian would be returned unopened. This had happened six months ago, and Mr. Stanton invariably acted as he had done now opened the letters over a refastened them and sent them back, He was just now runninating on the last epistle. It was in the same strain ties. He is marred and has one of the as usual. Adrian asked for no money, was able to support his wife by his brush, modestly enough, still sufficiently but he wanted his father to recognize her, to know her be wanted reconcili-

> "And don't be wish he may get it! I recognize the bussy? Never! Oh! he can support her, can be? So much the better, for he won't get any help from me, now of all any other time. I know what it is be's afraid I'll marry again?"

atlon.

murmured, and catching up his hat the Alban was her extreme sensible She-Oh, they don't send people to went to disport himself along the

Presently he hastened his step a little would be sure to meet Kittle, and he canvashacks."-Evening World.

HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE | as a slight figure in a muslin gown futtered into view at the far end of the parade

"Ob, Mr. Stanton! You quite startled me! How delightful to meet you!" She was a dainty little person, with a genuine complexion, big blue eyes and the most puzzling and bewitching hair, which seemed to run the whole gamut of tints from brown to gold as the sunbeams played on it. She looked up into the old gentleman's face with the most confiding expression.

"Isn't it provoking? There is abso lutely no news."

"Really, I'm delighted-I mean," he corrected himself burriedly, "it is most extraordinary."

"Isn't it? I came down here a week ngo to meet my nunt and uncle, as we had arranged before they went abroad, and, to my amazement, found no one here.

"Yes, yes," he put in soothingly. "It was very trying. Poor little girl. Poor chlld!"

"I should have gone straight back to London if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Stanton, You have been more than kind to me.

"Not at all, my dear young lady. was touched at the loneliness of your position, anxious to be of service to-to

o charming a waif." She shot him a grateful glance. "But I think I really must go home now. I went to Carlinford, as you suggested, thinking that some letter might

be awaiting me at the postoffice, but, as I tell you, there was nothing. I eannot think what has happened to my friends. I feel I must go back to London to-morrow "To-merrow!" Mr. Stanton stopped aghast and looked down at her. "You

mean to leave Startmouth-"I-at least you will allow me to see ou safe to London-to your friends. Oh! I forgot, my poor child-you are an orphan. But at any rate you will let ne take you back to the people with

chom you were staying." "Oh, no," she said, hurriedly, "I could not think of giving you so much trou-

Trouble! If it were not that it means losing you at the end I should call it a pleasure. There! it is settled, isn't it? And what time shall we go?"

"Indeed, Mr. Stanton, I cannot accept your escort. If-I-they-oh! can't you

inderstand?" Her face was turned away from his, they had wandered away from the parade on to the beach and she was drawing cabalistic figures on the shifty sand with her parasol. He looked at her for a second, and then he felt the blood rushing to his head.

'My dear Miss Alban, do you mean that anyone—that someone She nodded, not desisting from her

lingrams. That someone has dared to hint that that you know what I mean-

Apparently she did, for she answered n a low voice: "That is it. I overheard something

in the drawing room this morning; and what would they say if you came to London with me? There was a moment's panse, and with a sudden gulp Luke Stanton plunged manfully into the deep waters of a declaration. They would say in

truth-that be could not bear to lose her, that he loved her, that he wanted aned, out of breath and red of face. when, having recovered himself, Mr. Stanton pressed her still further.

"I don't know," she murmured. must think. I am so surprised." Of course she should have time to think until to morrow. Wen's she

tell him to-morrow? An inarticulate sound no doubt meant ces, and then came a more coherent. You will go now, won't you? I want to be alone."

And with many a backward glance Luke Stanton went. He chuckled to himself again as in his own room his eves fell on the bowl ofwater, cold now, over which he had opened Adrian's letter. He would be finely caught; and it was not a case of cutting off his nose to spite his face, for Kittle Alban was as pretty a girl as anyone could wish and a perfect little lady.

He took unusual pains over his dressing, crumpled imminerable ties, and at last was ready. To his dismay, however, when all the guests had filed into table d'hote he had to realize that Miss Alban, whose seat, it is nedless to say, was next to his own, was absent.

On questioning the waiter he found that Miss Albau's dinner had been sent to her room. Luke was disappointed and a little alarmed. He fidgeted about after the meal in an aimless sort of fashion and finally sent a message to inquire after the absence. The answer came that Miss Alban had a headnehe

When a man of 60 screws bimself up to a pitch of taking unto himself a wife the presence of the dear one elect is necessary to prevent his reflecting too deeply on all that the step may mean, and the evening seemed very long to

Mr. Stanton. No Miss Alban was visible at the usual hour in the breakfast-room, and ananxious inquiry, less carefully worded this time, elicited the same reply. Really uneasy now, Mr. Stanton penned hasty note of condolence. It began; "My dear Miss Alban," and ended, "Yours always sincerely." The wor man wandered about feebly until lunch time, when the same thing was repeated. A leaf hastily tern from his Dearest Kittle" would not forget her romise and would come down presently and end the suspense of "Hers always, L. S." was this time pushed under the door with his own hand, and a few minutes later a small three-cornered note was brought him with the inconte communication inside of "4-30 on the parade,"

It was an hour and a half to that time, and it had to be got through somehow. Luke Stanton was distinctly im-And then Luke Stanton fell into a patient. His mind was made up; he reverie. After all, why not? Many men | would be able to spite Adrian and his did marry after 60, and and ..... He wretched little low wife, and at the bloked at his watch hurriedly-a quar- same time secure a delightful companter to 4, then his eyes eagerly scanned | ion for himself. But he wanted it settled. Surely no girl in her senses could "She'll be getting back directly," he refuse-and the great charm about Kit-

He knew the exact spot on which he

was hurrying toward it when be caromed against somebody coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg- Why, what the deuce-"Father!"

Adrian Stanton held out his hand persunsively. "Come, father, you're going to shake

hands? I felt I must come down." "Did you? Well, that's unfortunate, secause I'm going back to town."

But, dad, do listen to me. I-"I won't listen, I teil you. Besides, I have an appointment. I can't stay." The plnk muslin frock was distinctly visible. Luke felt that the situation was intelerable. "One moment. You must stay. My

wife is here-you'll see her-you'll-"I'll see her d-"Directly, won't you, Mr. Stanton?" soft voice broke in before the unpar-

donable word was uttered. "Miss Alban," stammered Luke, "this ls my son. I-

"I know"-and to the old man's horror and amazement Kittle slipped her arm within Adrian's-"and my busband. Luke Stanton's face became purple;

ie opened his mouth to speak, and then all of a sudden stood silent. "My dearest Kittle, always your own. L. S." The words seemed to buzz round him. And without giving him time to collect his thoughts Kittle began to explain; the idea had been hers; the doctor had ordered her sea air and quiet and had suggested Great Startmouth. Immediately afterward Adrian had heard of his father's intended stay there, and she insisted on having her own way. And, now he knew her, wouldn't he have a little mercy? Adrian broke in. Couldn't be understand? Here Luke broke in quickly. He would see them later at the hotel. But as he walked off Kittle ran after him and pressed a erumpled paper into his hand. He opened it apprehensively. It was his own note, and behind it was scribbled hastily: 'Forget all this. No one shall ever know. Whatever you decide, be-Here that.

A family party of three dined in Mr. Stanton's private room that night, and at dessert Mrs. Stanton, Jr., received from her father-in-law as a present a check for £1,000, written, not on a proper form, but on a sheet torn from a notebook

"Queer old chap! Fancy writing a check on a scrap of paper like that," remarked Adrian afterward; but Mrs. Adrian only laughed. She understood. -London World.

Regarding a "Close" Shave. "What makes my face so dry and dusty?" asked a man in one of the chairs at the hotel barber shop. "You shave too close," replied the

barber. "You get down under the skin and irritate it." "Well, I have to shave close. I don't want to bother with shaving every day,

hen get a good, close one. "There's no need of that," replied the barber, "There isn't so much difference between a single going-over and a very close shave. After the razor has been over your face once you can still feel a fine stubble. By a second or third. scraping you can get the face feeling perfectly smooth, but in three hours' time the beard has grown out to where it was after the first going-over. What nothing better than to hear her say she | 1 | mean is that you save only about would be his wife. Would she say it | three hours by getting what we call a unless the barber scrapes for about ten | spit on me hands."

Blamed Her for H \* Election.

Lincoln, like every other President, was besieged by the usual crowd of people clamoring for a share of the official loaves and fishes, and would have been worried to death had it not been that he was fortunate enough to see the humorous side of things.

A lady called upon him at the White House shortly after his election and told him plainly that had it not been for her exertions in her district he would not have won his election to the Presidential chair, and demanded that he should at once give an appointment to

"I ask it, sir," said the importunate widow, "because I and my family have been largely instrumental in bringing about your election as chief magistrate of the United States."

"Is that so, madam?" asked the President.

"It is, sir," was the reply. "Well," placidly remarked Mr. Lincoln, "you've got me into a nice mess, any how !"

This is Gravely Told as True. A Louisville man has a cow with a peculiar appetite. A house-cleaning servant left a small silver clock on the kitchen steps for a few moments, and on her return the time-piece was missing. Later in the evening, the small boy of the household was in the yard. Suddenly a silvery chime floated on his ear. He listened. Another and another, until five times the chime had sounded, and he recognized it as coming from his lost clock. There was nothing near but the cow. The boy searched all around the yard and then concluded that the clock was in the cow. For a while there was a sort of pandemonium. At 6 o'clock the family heard the hour tolled from the cow's stebook, on which he hoped that fuside. A powerful emetic did the ored, but was still ticking.—San Fran. for the compliments you have bestow-

A Queer Place.

Lizette Is it a noice place ye have, Marie? Marie (a new arival)-Noice enough.

"Yis, sure. Ivery mornin' the missus tills me to swape the doost from the flure an' phin I'm done she gives me a rag and makes me shoo the doost mosquite which modern science has back to the flure agin."-New York established:

Perfect Masquerade. "I hear that Mrs. Fourstar's masquer-

ade ball was perfect in every detail." on the supper menu masqueraded as his profession.



Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him, and poitely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily delined the offer, exclaiming: "No. thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no

Speaker Reed was making a speech on his native heath last summer, and to show the effect of the Wilson bill on sheep-farming, said: "You have three thousand sheep, and you get but 12 cents a pound for your wool." "You're wrong there, Biddy," called a voice in the crowd, with characteristic Yankee familiarity, "we only get 10 cents." "Well," responded Mr. Reed, quickly, you see, you can always retail what I tell you at a profit."

One well-known and decidedly inartistic quality of Lord Leighton's was his punctuality. He was once in Damascus, and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton and actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase

straight from Damascus, the model was knocking at the door of the studio. When Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers, returned from the Mediterranean, he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips. "Hullo, Codrington," he exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time, Had any good shooting lately?" "Why, yes," replied the Admiral, "I've had some rather remarkable shooting." And with this he went his way. The Count Saint Germain, who ap-

peared in Paris in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the Count was describing at a dinner party a circumstance which occurred at the court of "his friend, King Richard the First of England," he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied, "You forget, sir, I have been only 500 years in your service," "True," said his master, musingly, "It was a little before your time."

There was once an Irishman, says so I get a shave every other day, and the Boston Rudget, who sought employ ment as a diver, although he had never been beneath the water. The firm chanced to need a new man, and so on the following Monday morning Pat aid his smile for the first time in a diving belinet. The crew to which Pat had attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below. Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. here-now? He was an old man, triple | 'close' shave, and for a man who shaves | Then came a strong pull on the signal her age, no doubt-but-but- He every other day that isn't much of an rope, indicating that Pat had a very advantage. Besides, it irritates the decided wish to come to the ton. The and Miss Alban covered her face with | face and is liable to make the skin hard | assistants pulled him hastily to the raft her hands and made no answer-even and scaly. A man who shaves himself and removed his belinet. "Take aff the simply goes over his face once, but in rist av it," said Pat, "Take off the a barber shop the customer thinks he rest of it?" "Yis," said Pat; "OFII is not getting the worth of his money worrik no longer on a job phere Oi can't

nours to get the of heard."—Chicago renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr," "But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor, "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, jus as you do, and me coustn couldn't stand it for him to doubt his worrd, sorr, and so he said, Begorra I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped." The professor's face were an amused and quizzient expression, "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all," "But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself." "Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin, to send on his clothes,"

He Was an Old-Time Operator.

A young man leaned up against the counter of a branch telegraph office where two pretty young ladies are employed as telegraphers, says an exchange. He had been chatting with them for about an hour, but had forgotten to say that at one period of his life he himself had been an operator, During a full in the conversation one of the young ladies "opened" her key and said to the other: "What do you think of his niles at the

counter?" "Don't think much of him," was the

reply "Why 200 "Oh, he makes me tired—he talks like 3 Darrot." "He makes me tired, too-wish he

would sneak." The young man broke in at this juncwork. The clock was a little discol- ture and said: "Ladies, I thank you ed upon me, and as you are tired of my

company, I'll sneak." The numerous colors of the rainbow would not be sufficient to describe the changes that took place in the young ladies' faces. There is a moral atbut it's beyont me understhandin' phy tached to this tale and young ladies in they do make me do such quaire things, branch offices and elsewhere would do well to take heed.—Chicago News.

> Science of the Mosquito. There are four truths respecting the

First-A mosquito cannot live in air free from malarial poison. Untainted air has the same effect on him as a de ball was perfect in every detail."

"It was. Even the blackhend ducks of less favored localities to practice."

through an automatic valve who inserts its proboscis, contains as fied germ of the malarial fere according to the well-settled in inoculation, the introduction weak germ renders harmless a

quent attack by the strong on Third—The mosquito never my human blood. It cannot, that its body becomes discolored swells, while probing it swells, while probing is caused in discoloration of the lymph h with the blood and the muscular of inserting the probe.

Fourth-A mosquito will never its lancet in a person not steer to an attack of malaria, la ta spect its sense is more accurate the most skilled and experienced; ologist. This also proves, not as unerring instinct, but that hy wounds unneces arily. Its three those of a skilled and human en and even more unselfish, for lo a fee never quickens him, nords malediction of his patient deter is

the fulfillment of his duty. Remember, then, that the page of a mosquito is an infallible so, malaria is in the air, and that re exposed to it, and when you ber well-known but solemn note of m ing, do not trent him as a fee bar friend.-Boston Evening Transfer

PENNIES IN HAWAIL

General Jollification at Their pearance in Hospitta The pennies have come,

And now Honolulu people with lived east of the Rocky Mountain have all kinds of red, white me money. W. D. Dimond is reper for the innovation, and his cases are tickled to death when they that an article marked "Reds \$1.97" does not mean \$2 to the chaser

"I did it," he said, yesterday, he we can make exact change, aste we give people a discount forms will get full benefit of it. 1 is within a year other stores will in up and pennics will become re-coin in Hawali. When that a then they will probably be acope payment for stamps at the pea-No, there is no danger of their ing a nuisance; on the contag will be a convenience to step Only a certain number will be no for circulation here, and then danger of people boarding that enough to compel heavier inperof the base coin.

"They were brought into sehi ver, Colo., twenty years ago by an inent dry goods firm, and there roar from their rivals. A 10-og was the smallest coin used up to years before, then the sicked and finally the cent pieces. It is six months before every business in the city was using them of man who introduced them was ward asked to be Mayor of the run for Congress and all so-things. When he dies the cit probably erect a bronze moun his memory.

"You will understand that 14 anticipate that any political and will be given me in the future for ing introduced pennies in Havil think of the opportunities sign will have to prepare placards to 'A bargain at 100c,' 'Everything at \$1.43," and so on through in Pennies are a curiosity here mi late no confidence when I tell pu the principal reason for my in a few hundred dollars' little copper things is merely as

vertisement." "That they will be a conven shoppers there is no doubt and as of amusement as well, for the) here will follow in the food their consins across the water olulu Advertiser.

Millions a Year. The sardine, as everyone know, is a lowly member of the ring family. It takes its popular name in

island of Sardinia, near wild caught in great numbers. As there is the almost incredible ber of 120,000,000 of these life put up in boxes every year, had easily understood that they con er be caught in time by hook as Nets are used, and very mil sons gain their livelihood by is the industry of catching and pe

the fish. A cargo being obtained, the M immediately taken ashore and in to the salting room.

After being carefully densel washed they are then dried and ed in oil, subsequently to bein in the tin boxes we are familiate and covered with off. The boxes now go to the sale

who seal them up tightly. Est is carefully inspected, and the more the whole batch is cooked This time the boxes are put at en shelves and thrust into a bell arranged that the shelves may be drawn with ease. A last inspection having bets

to see that the boxes are is god! they are then stamped pade shipped. Couldn't Help Stealing The coal and merchands

from cars standing on siding around the city must aggregate thousands of dollars in a yest. dreds of poor families obtain the tire coal supply by thefts for the depredators generally beat dren of such tender age that ? road companies dislike to pulsi A striking instance of this predepravity was witnessed the on the Rending Railway per Falls. A flatear loaded with was standing on the track side trainmen were engaged in sort sary switching. Two little M elder of whom could not he over S years old, Jumped on the deliberately began throwing to the ground. Before they be plished much the approach a trian seared then away. To could have been of no partito the little thieves, and the to be engaged in the attempted merely for the sake of security thing that did not belong b

Tops for Bicycles Canopy tops for bleyels of a single rod fastened to the the machine and a well-hose over which Plight material Second The lymph, which flows ed have just been placed in the

Philadelphia Record.