

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Advertisements and save the sheriff the trouble of doing it for you.

The Salt Lake Herald prints a poem entitled "It Wasn't Him." We suspect, then, that it was he.

The father of waters is just recovering from a prolonged tear; he ought to be confined to his bed now for quite a while.

The telegraphic market reports say that "sailed codfish are sluggish and inactive." This probably is due to the way in which they are cut decollete.

An 8-year-old girl and a 12-year-old boy are said to have eloped in West Virginia. They probably may easily be identified by the dollies they carried along.

A New York woman 79 years old got married the other day "because the spirit told her to do so." After this she should use nothing but certified spirit in her business.

A Boston paper suggests that the streets of Chicago could be cleaned by turning the Chicago River through them for flushing purposes. Boston doesn't comprehend the Chicago River.

When Shakespeare offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered: "Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would."

The ancient English prize fighter, Jen Mace, has arrived in this country, but it is difficult to see what attracts him here at this time. Mace belongs to an age long since past, when fighting was not done with the jaw.

The attractiveness of the French capital was never better shown than by the case of a young American lady who would not take medicine for a cough. She didn't wish to get rid of it, she explained, because she got it in Paris.

Little Greece may be coerced by the greater European powers, but she seems to have more red pluck and courage than all of them combined. She has given Europe the greatest object lesson it has had in modern times.

The British Museum is not as sleepy an institution as might be supposed. It has arranged for the publication of a portfolio of thirty-two facsimiles from the earliest printed books in its collection. The price for such a literary treasure will probably surprise the museum trustees.

As the ice in the river which no force can displace melts and floats away under the warm and penetrating rays of the sun, so the cold extravagance which is so often followed an offense, and which is so hard to unseat, melts away almost unconsciously under the benign influence of candid confession.

The Alabama Legislature talks of confining the carriage of firearms to citizens of good moral character and possessed of a reputation for peace and quiet; who have \$20 with which to pay for a license. There might be some people without the requisite \$20, but it is safe to say that no responsible citizen of Alabama would be deprived of the contents of his pistol pocket by reason of character or reputation without indulging in some unlicensed pistol practice.

When you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean, stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising and clean simply because its editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody else's; for if you do, you are putting a premium on insincere journalism and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.

"The Rock," which is the organ of the ultra Low Church party in the English Church, cordially agrees with the Pope's decision against the validity of American orders. It says that, as a matter of fact, the English Church at the Reformation did reject the sacerdotal idea of orders which is taught in the Roman Catholic Church. This would indicate that the Low Churchmen in the English Church intend to use the Pope's decision as an excuse for breaking away more completely than ever before from the traditions of Roman Catholicism. If so, a renewal of the controversy between the High and Low Church parties may be looked for.

A story which tries to identify Osman Pasha with Charles A. Crawford, who deserted the Confederate army in disgrace thirty-three years ago, is going the rounds of the American press. The story was first started in 1878, when Osman Pasha made his famous defense at Plevna against the Russians. It obtained great currency at that time and many believe it to this day. There is no ground for this identification. Crawford, it is true, left the country and is supposed to have taken service in the East, as did several other Confederates at a later date, but it has been firmly established that Osman Pasha was born at Tokat in Asia Minor in 1832, and that he entered the military service in 1855. It would be fit material for the novelist to connect the cowardly deserter of Bull Run with the hero of the matchless defense of Plevna, but unfortunately it cannot be done and adhere to the truth.

Solon made a law forbidding men to speak evil of the dead, for it is pious to not to meddle with those that are gone, and polite to prevent the perpetuity of discord. He likewise forbade them to speak evil in the temples, in courts of justice, in the public office, or at the games, or else to pay three drachmas

to the person and two to the public. For never to be able to control passion shows a weak nature and ill-breeding; and always to moderate it is very hard, and to some impossible. And laws must look to possibilities if the maker designs to punish few in order to their amendment, and not many to no purpose.

It has been commented upon as somewhat strange that in the year of massacre in Armenia no man of that country has risen to the stature of a hero, gathered around him a band of his countrymen and, if nothing better, died fighting. There is much to account for the submissiveness of the Armenians, and if their men have given no conspicuous evidence of valor, the Armenian women have afforded ample proof of heroism. On several occasions, when resistance was hopeless and when confronted by the alternative of Islam and worse or death, they have welcomed the latter by throwing themselves from lofty rocks or into rivers. There have been and there are heroines among the Armenian women.

A sailorman or marine who comes aboard his ship drunk is let alone if he goes to bed, goes forward, and goes to sleep. The quiet man will probably receive no further punishment than to have his liberty restricted for a time. But if he announces as soon as he gets to the top of the gangway ladder that he is able, willing, and even eager to massacre and to do up all hands on the ship, he immediately finds himself in a peck of trouble. No where can a man who is hunting for a fight find it so quickly as on the spar-deck of a man-of-war. Marines, who have no manual work to do on a ship, like an occasional stint of violent exercise, and they goot over a chance like this. The drunken sailorman is man-handled with a swiftness that makes his head swim, although he will often stay with the game until he has knocked out the whole first attacking party of marines. A few wells over the head with the shank of a layonet do the work for him, however, and he is carried, howling and struggling, to the brig, up in the eyes of the ship on the berth-deck. If he is particularly violent he is chained to a stanchion.

It would be well for the public to keep cool about Cuba and commit some useful data concerning the island to memory. The greatest length of Cuba from east to west is 760 miles, and its greatest width is 135 miles. Its area, including dependencies, is only a little less than that of England. Cuba had in 1894 1,631,686 inhabitants, 65 per cent of whom were white. The capital must have a population of more than 200,000, since ten years ago its inhabitants were estimated at 198,000. It is a powerfully fortified city. Next in population to Havana comes Santiago de Cuba, with more than 70,000. Puerto Principe has nearly 50,000. Here is a country which would afford scope for many campaigns to an army better organized and led than that of Spain, more especially as the island has a mountain chain which affords innumerable fastnesses for guerrilla bands. These facts and figures should be borne in mind by those who wonder at the duration of the war and the tremendous exertions Spain is making to get at close quarters with the elusive insurgents, who know far too well to risk a pitched battle in the open. Each side has a literary bureau that manufactures fakes in quantities to answer the demand for news from Cuba. As a matter of fact, it is difficult and dangerous for business men in this country, with interests in Cuba, to learn the state of affairs otherwise than by word of mouth from somebody recently from the scene of action, the censorship of the Spaniards making it perilous to trust to the mail anything relating to the operations in the field unless it be eulogistic of the Spanish side.

GOLF.
One of the great advantages of the game is that you can play and have good sport even if there is no one to go around with you. You can try to beat your own best previous record, and, if possible, to lower the best score ever made by anybody over the course. If you succeed in this last, you will have gained the proud distinction of holding the "record for the course." Another good modification of the game is the "four-square," where there are two partners on each side, striking alternately at the same ball. But the ordinary match is against one adversary, and there is no reason why a girl may not play an interesting game against her brother. She may not be able to hit the ball quite so far, but once near the hole, where accuracy and not strength is required, she should be able to hold her own, and it is an old saying that many a game is won on the putting green. Or, again, she may be handicapped by an allowance of so many strokes, and in golf, as in billiards, handicapping does not detract from the interest as it does in tennis. There is no fun playing tennis against a very much weaker opponent, for you win rather on your skill, and this is fatal to true sport.

Large Enough.
A foot traveler through one of the hilly regions of Ireland came one day to a curious little cabin, so small as to seem hardly fit for human habitation. While she was whimsically considering as to whether it might be the abode of the famous "good people," about whom so many loving superstitions cling, the figure of a short, stout old man emerged from the cabin and stood confronting her in snuffling silence. After salutations had been exchanged the traveler laughingly told the old man that she had half fancied his dwelling the home of the good fairies.
"No, indeed, ma'am, but it's a good warm place, God bless it," replied the old man with a genial smile.
"But surely you cannot stand up to it?" the traveler said.
"Au' 'twat made to stand, ma'am?" returned the owner of the tiny house, "that same, an' 'twat O'M inside it's meself that can either go to bed or lie down, ma'am?"
There was such a warmth in the smile with which this cheerful philosophy was propounded, that the traveler was not disposed to pick flaws in it, and smiled in acceptance of its truth.
Young man, stay with your mother as long as you can; you cannot deceive anyone else.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day, With the little hindersing thing away?
Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-bye" to say, And mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief And half a something akin to grief.
She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their homes to the distant world,
To battle with life alone, And not even baby be left to cheer The scattered home of that future year.
She picks up the garments here and there, Throws down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

MOTHER LOVE.

The flaming red of the evening sky was paling into violet shadows, Night came upon the earth, over the little village, and the lonely house near its borders.
Dark shadows crept into the low, old-fashioned windows. They painted the white-washed ceiling a somber black, and filled with gloom the narrow angles of a room in which an old woman sat bending over her knitting.
Not a sound was heard save the monotonous click, click of the needles, and now the whirr of the clock just before the striking of the hour.
"Eight o'clock! It is night. Before long he will be here."
A sigh relieved the breast of the gray-haired woman. She pushed aside her knitting and set the smoky little oil lamp going. This she placed near the window that the light might greet the wanderer on his home-coming, and then took up her knitting again.
Three years had gone by. It was autumn now, and the old woman sat in the self-same place near the big warm stove, waiting for the return of her only son. Yesterday he had been released from the army at the expiration of his term of service. But the night passed, and then a day and another night, and still her son came not. Almost a week went by, full of tedious waiting. One day at noon the postman rode up to the little house in the meadow.
"A letter, Mother Kathrine, a letter from your only one!" he cried. He recognized the stiff, ungainly character of the absent peasant lad.
Mother Kathrine fortified her eyes with her old horn spectacles and hobbled with her letter into the broad strip of the noontide sun that came streaming through the small window. The wrinkled hands trembled, as she broke the seal. Is he coming home at last? No, not yet!
On the worn-out bench the old

woman dropped, clutching the letter which was soon soaked with the tears that rained from her poor old eyes.
No, her lad was not coming! He may never come again. He was locked up in a prison cell because he had killed a man in a drunken brawl.
"Mother," he wrote, "I am innocent. I don't know how it happened."
Yes, she knew. First a boy's rejoicing, because he was free to go home, then a spell in the tavern over the wine cup—a quarrel, insulting remarks, fierce, angry blows, a knife, and then, murder. Yes, she knew!
Three more years to wait! At the end of that time his sentence would have expired. The wrinkled lips never complained. The old hands never utterly wiped away the tears. Mother Kathrine arose, put on her Sunday bonnet and her friendless men, and went to see her relations in the village.
She told them, hesitatingly at first, and then glibly enough, that Jano, her only son, had shipped as a sailor on a big man-of-war and was making a trip around the world. The relations listened to her tale with astonishment, and praised the lad's courage. Soon the whole village knew it. The women came and congratulated her, and she, simple woman, turned dissembler in her old days for the love of her son.
Mother love must shield him from disgrace. The villagers must never know that Jano was a murderer. No, nor Katha, his sweetheart, who loved him and had been true to him, counting the days till his return.

In the night, when the villagers slept, Mother Kathrine sat weeping before her Bible, and prayed for Jano, her only son. Another year presented itself to the ever-thoughtful mother heart. Jano must have new clothes when he returns, and money—his savings from his long journey. And she began to save and strive to pile up a little store of silver. Like most women of her age, Mother Kathrine was fond of the snail in her coffee, but from now on she drank it unsweetened. All day and half the night she knitted socks for a large concern in the city, and every week she carried the humble product of her industry to the store for the small, hard-earned pay. Nobody ever saw Mother Kathrine at these things, for nobody must ever know, for Jano's sake.
Thus, the time sped by. Three years—and this was the day that would bring him home. The old woman opened the cupboard and took from within a package of warm, woolen socks, a knitted kerchief, a pair of new boots, and a large silk neckerchief. These things she laid out on the white pine table. From under the pillow of her bed she added a coarse linen bag, such as sailors carry, filled with clink-

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

ing coin. Thirty silver dollars! The little fortune had grown space, and Mother Kathrine chuckled with glee whenever she thought of her boy's surprise.
Bread and ham, sausage and butter, and a mug of elder made the old pine board look like a Christmas table. Everything was in readiness—Jano could come! On the bench by the stove sat cat waiting, straining the half-deaf ears to catch the sound of his footsteps.
It came. The door opened slowly. As if stricken with palsy, the faithful old mother sat glued to her seat. The tall form of a man, stooping as he en-



"WHAT IS GOD'S NAME DO YOU WANT HERE?"

tered, stood in the moonlight that came with him through the door. Two dark eyes looked into hers out of a white set face.
The mother's arms opened wide.
"Jano!"
With a bound the man knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap. Jano, her only son, had returned!

Mother love had banished the penitentiary specter. The villagers welcomed him cordially. The lad who had grown up with him took him to the tavern, and demanded that he tell them of the strange sights he had seen during his long absence. Jano related what he had heard others say, and what he had read in books. It was like gospel truth to the young men, who had never been twenty miles away from their village. After the first days of greeting Jano lived out as a farm hand and worked untriflingly. In the evening Katha, his sweetheart, came to the little house, and the three sat together and made plans for the future. When Katha and Jano would be man and wife. Soon Jano forgot the ugly past. It seemed like a dream that had high-winded Mother Kathrine and her son to death.

One sultry afternoon Jano came along the dusty turnpike with his rake over his shoulder. Toward him trudged the bent and ragged figure of a man. A tramp, thought Jano, then stopped suddenly, pale as death. The beggar, too, made halt, when he saw Jano.
"Halloo!" cried he, with a sneer, "my mate from No. 7. Don't you know me? Lanky Jake, your old cellmate?"
"What in God's name do you want here?" stammered Jano.
The beggar laughed. "Picking up what I can get—don't you see?"
Jano put his hand in his pocket and took out a dollar.
"Take that," he said, "and go away. Don't go to the village, and don't tell anyone that you know me!"
The ex-convict pocketed his coin. "Ashamed to know me, hey?"
"Not that," said Jano, with a shudder. "But they don't know here that I've been in prison. I'm leading an honest life."
"I'd like to do that myself. Have no fear, I'll not tell 'em. You were good to me in those days!"
He laughed and hobbled away. Jano stood still and looked after him till he disappeared from view.
"The stern has passed," thought Jano and hurried home.
He had scarcely turned when a good-looking young peasant, who had watched the scene between the two, emerged from behind a thicket and hastened after the tramp.

That night in the tavern over glass upon glass of fiery wine and silver coins piled up to the height of five, the handsome young farmer learned from the tramp Jano's secret. He was Jano's rival for the love of Katha, the prettiest girl in the village. The next evening Jano, as was his wont, hastened to Katha at the end of his day's labor, to bring her to his home for the chat under the apple tree, and the walk back through the blooming fields. This night Jano looked into a pale, distressed face, and eyes, frantic with fear, were riveted upon him.
"Katha!" he said. "You are crying. What troubles you?" Katha buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.
"Katha, tell me, your lover!" He lifted the hands from her face.
"Jano," faltered the trembling lips, "by our love, tell me, is it true, that you have not been around the world, but have been in prison the while?"
Jano was horrified. "Katha—who told you?"
The girl paid no heed to his question. "Is it true Jano?" she reiterated.
"Yes!"
From the finger of her right hand Katha took the little gold band with

which she had pledged her truth to him. She threw it at his feet and left him.
"Katha!"
Jano did not rave. The blow stunned him and the loss of the girl seemed small when he thought of his mother.
"Poor mother! You have hindered, and tortured, and stunted yourself for nothing. To-morrow everyone will point it into your face that your son is an ex-convict, and your old days will be filled with shame and misery. Poor moth-

er!

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

er.

The night was unusually dark, not even the stars came out. The crickets chirruped in the corn to lighten the gloom. The splash of the river was very sad, and from a way of there came a shrill cry of anguish.
In the dawn of the early morning a little procession wended its way toward the village. Two men carried a stretcher, over which a black cloth was thrown, outlining a human form. Behind the bear strode the miller and the Justice.
"I don't know how he got into the mill pond, but when we found him he was stone dead. He must have come down with the current in the river."
"I wonder," said the Justice, "continued the miller, 'To be taken from her like this, after waiting so many years for him?'"
"Yes, poor old Mother Kathrine!" reiterated the Justice.
They reached the little house. "Wait outside," said the Justice, "will we break the news to her?"
The sun was on its upward way. The sky was azure with red. Its reflex lighted the tiny windows, and over the white pine table, and over the face of old Mother Kathrine, who sat with folded hands in her armchair. The small white head inclined upon the breast. A sweet, peaceful smile hovered around the pale lips, only the wide-open eyes were glassy and set. She had been spared the blow.

On Horseback.
One must travel on horseback in Iceland, as there is no other method of transportation in that roadless country. Even the bridge paths are remarkably simple in their construction. Bridges are a rarity, and the general methods of crossing a stream are by ferry or swimming. The houses are partly of earth and partly of stone and have a turf roof, which in summer time is so green that it can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding fields. Timber work is seldom to be found, Iceland being a woodless country and the cost of transportation from the seaports being very great. Wooden houses are only found in the two principal towns. The Icelandic house, however, is no hut, but possesses intricate interiors, and is sometimes quite artistically arranged, though more frequently it is little more than an earthen burrow, low, smoke-stained and filthy. A good deal of the interior dirt is due to the fact that the houses are mostly built without fireplaces. For the accommodation of their sheep and cattle the farmers have small turf windowless houses, erected a short distance from the residence. The stables have no stalls, and the horses move about as they like. Generally speaking the farmhouses are built close together, each farmer requiring a large grass walk for his flocks, which sometimes are very numerous, and far lay for the winter store. The Icelandic agriculturist cares nothing for gay colors, and his house is always painted of a somber gray or a dark red. Corals cannot be grown with any success in this country, the only native grain being a wild sand-rye, from which an eatable kind of bread can be made. In addition to grass, which is the principal vegetable produce of the country, little else is grown beside potatoes and turnips.

Did Not Hold His Peace.
I attended a mountain wedding in McDowell County in West Virginia, said a postoffice inspector. Everything went along smoothly at first. The cabin was brilliantly lighted with candles, and one of the best fiddlers in the county was present to furnish music for the dance to follow the wedding ceremony. Nothing occurred to mar the proceedings until the minister came to the point where he invited any one who had anything to say why the couple should not enter the bonds of matrimony to speak or thereafter hold his peace, when a rough mountaineer arose and said:
"Anything to say, parson? Waa! I reckon I hev. I hev allus intended to marry that gal myself, an' the feller knowed it, so he jess kept outen my way. I sent 'im word ter prepare for a 'bikin', an' he hev the country, but kep' a writin' to the gal. Now, I'm here to make my word good, an' fore this here event goes any farther the feller-faced coward jess hev me ter fight."
In vain the preacher tried to restore order. A ring was soon squared in the center of the room, and the men went in. In about ten minutes the groom announced that he had enough, and the victor, taking the arm of the blushing bride, deliberately changed the groom's name in the marriage license to his own, while the vanquished lover made his escape. Everybody appeared to be satisfied, and the marriage took place as though nothing had occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion.

Jenny Lind's Last Appearance.
The last time Jenny Lind sang in public was on July 23, 1883, in the Spa, Malvern Hills, England, writes Mrs. Raymond Maude, daughter of the "Swedish Nightingale," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The concert was in aid of the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund, and indeed was a red-letter day to the country folk who came from all the country round with the modest eight-pence which secured them standing-room. On one of my walks, during the last sad week I helped to nurse her, I found an old woman in a remote cottage who eagerly asked for the 'good lady who was so fit up there.' Upon finding who I was she assured me that it would have been worth even more sitting and a further walk to have had such a treat in her old age as that singing."

Lived in Goat-Hair Tents.
Rupshu, a district on the north slope of the Himalayas, 15,000 feet above the sea level, and surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet higher, has a permanent population of 500 persons who live in goat-hair tents all the year round. Water freezes there every night, but no snow falls on account of the dryness of the air. The people are shepherds and dress in pajamas and a long cloak, wearing an additional cloak in unusually cold weather.

Not So Slow.
Menelik's capital will soon have all the attractions of Paris. The Negus has ordered from a Melingera artist a panorama of the defeat of the Italians.

A woman does not care how old she is, if only she doesn't look frozen.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Saying that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Too Possible.
Knicker—We had to discharge our pastor because he mispronounced a word.
Bocker—For such a trifle?
Knicker—Yes. He said the dear departed had gone to "the undivided country from whose barn no traveler returns."—Judge.

The Trouble with the Numbers.
"I have heard," said the pensive-looking girl, "that poets naturally speak in numbers."
"Yes," replied her father. "The trouble is that the numbers never have any dollar marks in front of them."—Washington Star.

Usefulness to the Last.
The Caller—You say he did a great deal to encourage science?
The Widow—Yes, poor soul, he was always changing doctors.—New York Tribune.

Great Scheme.
"I'm going into politics," announced Clumpley. "Got the greatest scheme on earth for meeting the revenue deficit."
"What is it, old man?"
"Have the government run the pawn shops. There'll be no disgrace in doing business with your uncle when he's your Uncle Sam."—Detroit Free Press.

A Touching Scene.
"Why don't you get a new man?"
"Faith, I'm the most ticklish man in all Cork; divot a tailor in the place can get the tape round me!"—The Skerret.

Love at First Sight.
Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight?
Mrs. Lovejoy—Yes, indeed. I was desperately in love with my first husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it all distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the promenade at Brighton when suddenly papa stopped and pointing him out, said: "There, to dear, is a man worth £20,000."—The Star.

A Con/used Recollection.
"Yes," said Mr. Cumox, "my youngest daughter will be through school in a short time. She is already making her preparations for commencement day."
"What are they?"
"I don't know that I followed a description very intelligently, but my impression is that they have something to do with the immortality of genius in plain white and the best filled in with chiffon."—Washington Star.

Understood Her.
She—That little fool, Johnnie has proposed to me.
Her Dearest Friend—When will he wedding take place?—Brooklyn Life.

Where the Trouble Came in.
Spokes—Do you have any meetings your creditors?
Spokes—Not at all. I find my trouble in getting rid of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Different.
Singly—Who is this man Gene whose divorce suit is causing much sensation?
Margaret—Oh, why, he's the man of that charming novel, "A Happy Marriage."—New York Tribune.

A Question of Harmon.
Mrs. Park Avenue—Don't you think this dress is very becoming to my complexion?
Mr. Park Avenue—Yes, the dress makes you look better with your complexion than with the complexion you had on last week.—New York World.

Hard to Discover.
Minnie—Doesn't Miss Highly look pretty in her bathing suit?
Mr. Eyclette looking intently at her wearing it now?

A Thoughtful Girl.
"Harry, you had better get out of the evening on my right side and sit on my left side."
"Cupid's ghost—what's that for?"
"I don't want people to be saying you got your curvatures of the spine on account."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Fat.
Lucy—Clara's bouquiness was so completely spoiled.
Alice—How?
Lucy—The papers containing the count of the wedding did not mention her.—Tid-Bits.

Politics and Society.
Mrs. Vogue—I expect to give my party of the season next week. What course you'll attend?
Mrs. Shy—I would like to return but I can't without offending my husband. As an influential political know he is strongly opposed to my parties.—Boston Courier.

The "Chinese Vote."
The "Chinese vote" will soon be a political factor in California, says Francisco's daily Chronicle. The army has been reduced to not less than 2,000 native-born daughters in San Francisco's Chinese town in whose veins Chinese blood flows and who are lawful American citizens. A small army of the Mongols is marching leisurely on the dusty highway of time toward the ballot box.
Not later than the year 1920, the present birth rate in China, assuming average conditions, will be such that the number of Chinese children will be 2,500 Chinese children will be born in California before the year 1920, and in fact nearly all of them in California have native-born Mongolian babies who on their way to citizenship.

Alas, Too True!
"A prophet is not honored in his own country."
"This is also the case with our checks."—New York Tribune.

Making Him Mad.
"Say, boy, what did you kick the dog for?"
"He's mad."
"No, he isn't mad, either."
"Well, if any one should kick me I'd be mad."—Truth.

Unkind Frauds.
Young Playwright—And what do you think of my climax?
Critic—It was very welcome.—Lyn Life.

A Ticklish Subject.
"Why don't you get a new man?"
"Faith, I'm the most ticklish man in all Cork; divot a tailor in the place can get the tape round me!"—The Skerret.

Love at First Sight.
Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight?
Mrs. Lovejoy—Yes, indeed. I was desperately in love with my first husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it all distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the promenade at Brighton when suddenly papa stopped and pointing him out, said: "There, to dear, is a man worth £20,000."—The Star.

A Con/used Recollection.
"Yes," said Mr. Cumox, "my youngest daughter will be through school in a short time. She is already making her preparations for commencement day."
"What are they?"
"I don't know that I followed a description very intelligently, but my impression is that they have something to do with the immortality of genius in plain white and the best filled in with chiffon."—Washington Star.

Understood Her.
She—That little fool, Johnnie has proposed to me.
Her Dearest Friend—When will he wedding take place?—Brooklyn Life.

Where the Trouble Came in.
Spokes—Do you have any meetings your creditors?
Spokes—Not at all. I find my trouble in getting rid of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Different.
Singly—Who is this man Gene whose divorce suit is causing much sensation?
Margaret—Oh, why, he's the man of that charming novel, "A Happy Marriage."—New York Tribune.

A Question of Harmon.
Mrs. Park Avenue—Don't you think this dress is very becoming to my complexion?
Mr. Park Avenue—Yes, the dress makes you look better with your complexion than with the complexion you had on last week.—New York World.

Hard to Discover.
Minnie—Doesn't Miss Highly look pretty in her bathing suit?
Mr. Eyclette looking intently at her wearing it now?

A Thoughtful Girl.
"Harry, you had better get out of the evening on my right side and sit on my left side."
"Cupid's ghost—what's that for?"
"I don't want people to be saying you got your curvatures of the spine on account."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Fat.
Lucy—Clara's bouquiness was so completely spoiled.
Alice—How?
Lucy—The papers containing the count of the wedding did not mention her.—Tid-Bits.

Politics and Society.
Mrs. Vogue—I expect to give my party of the season next week. What course you'll attend?
Mrs. Shy—I would like to return but I can't without offending my husband. As an influential political know he is strongly opposed to my parties.—Boston Courier.

The "Chinese Vote."
The "Chinese vote" will soon be a political factor in California, says Francisco's daily Chronicle. The army has been reduced to not less than 2,000 native-born daughters in San Francisco's Chinese town in whose veins Chinese blood flows and who are lawful American citizens. A small army of the Mongols is marching leisurely on the dusty highway of time toward the ballot box.
Not later than the year 1920, the present birth rate in China, assuming average conditions, will be such that the number of Chinese children will be 2,500 Chinese children will be born in California before the year 1920, and in fact nearly all of them in California have native-born Mongolian babies who on their way to citizenship.

Alas, Too True!
"A prophet is not honored in his own country."
"This is also the case with our checks."—New York Tribune.

Making Him Mad.
"Say, boy, what did you kick the dog for?"
"He's mad."
"No, he isn't mad, either."
"Well, if any one should kick me I'd be mad."—Truth.

Unkind Frauds.
Young Playwright—And what do you think of my climax?
Critic—It was very welcome.—Lyn Life.

A Ticklish Subject.
"Why don't you get a new man?"
"Faith, I'm the most ticklish man in all Cork; divot a tailor in the place can get the tape round me!"—The Skerret.

Love at First Sight.
Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight?
Mrs. Lovejoy—Yes, indeed. I was desperately in love with my first husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it all distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the promenade at Brighton when suddenly papa stopped and pointing him out, said: "There, to dear, is a man worth £20,000."—The Star.

A Con/used Recollection.
"Yes," said Mr. Cumox, "my youngest daughter will be through school in a short time. She is already making her preparations for commencement day."
"What are they?"
"I don't know that I followed a description very intelligently, but my impression is that they have something to do with the immortality of genius in plain white and the best filled in with chiffon."—Washington Star.