EUGENE CITY..... OREGON

And now they say that Kniechou is only one word. Well, it isn't anything to be sneezed at, anyhow,

Depend on the bargain instinct working out in the sex. A society leader has marked down New York's 400 to

all it can to give Russia a hint that it's loaded for bear. Whichever of the powers may par ticularly advance in the East, there is more than a chance in any case of

China losing ground. The stomach may not be a vital or gan, as certain ambitious carvers declare, but you must take good care of it if you expect to live long and be happy.

An attache of Barnum's circus writes from London that it costs \$19 a day to feed an elephant in England. It probably costs more than that to see one in London, however.

The West and Northwest, says the Louisville Courter-Journal, are now leading every other part of the United States in real prosperity, and there is no one to grudge them their good for-

The New York customs inspectors object to kissing by relatives and lovers on the piers before the baggage of incoming passengers is examined, on the ground that it takes time. Well, kissing ought to.

The recent marriage of a titled Engashwoman to an Indian prince should that there are new worlds for them to conquer-or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, old world titles for them

England and the United States once differed gravely as to the "right of search." The gift of a vessel by an Englishman for use in Mr. Peary's expedition shows that perfect harmony now exists respecting the right, if the object of search is the north pole.

It is humiliating to the national pride to learn that for every United States ship that passed through the Suez Canal during the first six months of 1897 there were eighteen Japanese and two Chinese ships. The numbers were: Japan eighteen, China two, and the United States one.

The fact that a Swiss surgeon has succeessfully removed the stomach of one of his patients should not unduly encourage others to try this experiment. If some scheme could be devised to lay aside the stomach for a few days at a time, however, no one would seriously object to it.

Over 1,600 policemen in Chicago, in reply to civil service questions, swore that they never touched liquor. One innocent bluecost declared, as to his health, that he had once had the measles, but didn't know how many of them there were. Seeing that "the good dle young," It is a marvel how these innocent fellows manage to keep so well preserved.

There is nothing more disagreeable in a young person than an attempt to "put on airs," to order other people about, to speak with a half-hidden impudence to older people-to show no deference, no respect. Such behavior springs either from selfishness or vanity, and it would be ridiculous if it were not sad to see a young person behaving in so foolish a manner.

What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight in the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous, it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage to a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

A few persons have done a profitable business in tree planting in this country, but this occupation will probably not be followed by individuals, as the time required for trees to mature is too long. Governments do not die like individuals, and for this reason certain economic industries are more suitable for governments to control than for individuals to undertake. Tree planting is one of the businesses which we believe the government can prosecute more successfully than can any private individual or corporation.

Ah! If more Americans could learn how to fool-to fool wisely-that is, hilariously. Then fewer of them would need to get drunk and smash plate glass windows. A lively caper in the home is an electric wire that carries off no end of care, depression or ill temper. For, depend upon it, every nature will have its fling, and must have it. The only question is of what kind of a fling. There is the fling into bitterness of speech, into despondency, into suicide, and there is the fling into merriment and emancipation from the straitjacket of Mrs. Grundy and all her works.

The war reminiscences of the late Charles A. Dana establish a fact that every person to whom profaulty is an offence will be glad to hear. Mr. Dana saw much of General Grant during the most perplexing period of the civil war. and he now asserts that he never heard the great Union leader utter a profane word. Mr. Dana himself was for many years a tireless worker in a field in which profanity is common. Every man who enjoyed the privilege of working near him will testify that in the midst of the exacting requirements of his duties Mr. Dana was guiltless of the sin and vulgarity of profaulty.

As a general observation it may be said a gentleman lounges and a loafer lonfs, a shade of distinction, however, not always observable, as there is usually a noticeable tendency on the part of the lounger to become a mere loafer.

Hence the need of discrimination on the part of those who engage in either of these pleasing but unprofitable avocations, especially in the case of those whose characteristics are in process of formation. The rector of the University of Vienna, at least, seems to be duly mpressed with the importance of regulating even lounging, as shown in the following edict recently published for the benefit of the students in the Austrian capital: "For the university year of 1897-8 the bummel, or lounging, will be sanctioned under the following conditions: It must be practiced on Saturdays only and between the hours of 11 and 12 a. m., in the Arcadenhof, For Japan, with its hat one side and its changing the hour or prolonging the eye cocked as natural as life, is doing period of the aforesaid lounging a special permission must be obtained from the rector. Students not attached to the university are not allowed to participate in it. This permission is granted on the understanding that all cor porations of students taking part in the same shall avoid any action tending to create a disturbance or cause annoy ance in public places." To suppose that the lounger, whether student or otherwise, would engage in actions tending to disturbance er annoyance in public places would be to do violence to the time-honored traditions of lounging. The students, however, may be supposed to be only amateurs in this elegant art and the rector of the University of Vienna is wise, therefore, in guarding against the first approaches toward loafing. But to lounge by rule and on one specified hour of the weekthat must be a peculiarly Austrian notion. A writer in the Arena makes the ven-

erable Lafayette say in 1825, from the balcony of an old house, still standing at the corner of Park and Beacon streets, in Boston, "Where are your poor? Where are your poor? In this assembly I see them not. Why have they not come also?" Then some one in the crowd replied, "We are all here, rich and poor together." But with true prove a notice to American helresses French gallantry the venerable Frenchman responded: "No; the poor are not here. They are not anywhere in America. They are in Europe." Upon the basis of this little scene the writer remarks: "And that makes the difference between an assembly of free men in 1825 and an assembly of inchoate paupers in 1897." In a native tribe of barbarians there are no poor and no rich. In the tribal stage of civilization members of the tribe all share allke-hence there is no poverty. But it does not quite follow that this is the most desirable condition of existence. There are very few men living who can remember how an average crowd on the streets of Boston looked in 1825. That they looked better fed, better dressed, or carried more change in their pockets, few believe. That there was more equality is due partly to the more elementary character of trade and industry. It is always so, from the original tribe up to the most complex civilization. But It is these complex conditions that call out the displays of phlianthropy that we see on Thanksgiving day and in the holiday season. In saying that there were no poor in Boston in 1825 of he said it), Lafayette was bound to be polite, but we all know better. Inequality increases as society advances from the elementary to the complex. And so does philanthropy. But be cause of this are we prepared to return to the original tribal condition? Hardly. It is in the effort to remove inequality and ameliorate its effects tha should engage every good citizen, that the whole moral nature of the community is advanced with the increase of its material wealth.

A Home-Grown Experience. A man went into an icchouse to cool

An abrupt and impetuous bired man closed and locked the door and went away. The next day was Sunday and the hired man did not come back.

While the man who yearned to cool off walted for the return of the hired man his object was accomplished in a very thorough manner. He cooled off

The muffled door gave back but echoes to his blows, and his voice could find no place to escape and sound ties alarm.

When he grew tired of walking and swinging his arm to keep warm the chunks of ice that were piled around him did not offer a tempting bed. Hunger gnawed at his vitals and refused to be satisfied with diet of raw air. Darkness settled down like a six months' Arctic night, and the only sound which broke the profound stillness was the man who wanted to cool off trying to swear.

The hired man opened the door on Monday morning, and the man who wanted to cool off crawled out more dead than alive.

When his tongue had thawed out he began to abuse the bired man,

"Fool" retorted the bired man "Fool, you are a lucky dog and do not know it. Don't waste your time in abusing me, your benefactor, but go and write a book of impressions on Alaska.'

Then the man who wanted to cool off saw that his fortune was made,-Chicago Record.

No Gymnastics in Norway. Walking, climbing and ski-running

they have in Christiania, the capital of Norway, with skating and coasting. but gymnasium athletics are practical ly nonexistent. There are probably not more than a half-dozen pairs of boxing gloves in Christiania. There are no running matches, no jumping. few crews, no wrestling, no cricket, foot-hall or tennis, no teaching of the "manly art of self-defense," The boys fight like little demons, and one would think they would aspire to do so scientifically. At one of the large boys' school it is part of the unwritten law (of the pupils) that the classes first out of the building shall at time congregate in one corner of the great brick-wailed courtyard, whence it shall be the duty and pleasure of the remainder of the school to whack them forth with strennous application of flats and heads.

The best possible resistance is made. a great many eyes are blackened and some few teeth dislodged, but all casualties are received amicably (after ward) and all prowess duly accredited. Private quarrels are promptly settled, not in the school precincts, but in the recesses of the palace park, where a ring is formed, seconds chosen and all proceedings conducted in proper order. -Boston Globe.

THE BAEY'S NAME.

Mordaunt," she called him. In a novel His mother found the name she gave to

I didn't like it, fer I'd kinder took A sort of notion favor'ble to "Jim." But when she looked up at me from the

Half dead, but happy, an' she said: "I That you shall name him, after all,"

"Why, blame it all, of course it is Mordaunt.

She knew the way I felt about such

names. An' that this was a sacrifice, fer she Had often heard me say that honest

"James"

Had just about the proper ring fer me But though 'iwas disapp'intment, still ! thought She was the one that had the right to

An' I-there wasn't any question-ought To reconcile my wishes to her views.

was so delicate-so teeny small, But smarter than the cracker of a whip don't believe be ever cried at all-Sometimes he'd pucker up his little lip An' look at you until you was ashamed

Of all the sins you knew he knew you'd I often thought he grieved because we'd

By such a name a helpless little one,

An' thinking that, when we two was I called him by the name I liked so well His mother would 'a grieved if she'd 's known,

But neither Jim nor me would ever tell We never told. He'd laugh and crow to Me whisperin' so happ'ly to him;

"Yer name's Mordaunt, old boy, when mother's near; But when there's only me about, it's

We never told our little secret, and We never will-we never, never will; mewhere off yonder, in a flow'ry land A little baby's toddlin', toddlin' still, A-seekin in the sunshine all alone

The God that give an' then that sent fe-Mordanut's the name carved on the little

But in my heart the name is always -Chicago Record.

THE TWO MORTONS.

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming-I might as well admit it; you'd soon have found it out-young woman of my acquaintance. I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning gray; but when I spoke to Dolly about it she said I was not to bother; I was old enough to be gray, anyway. Ah! that's where Dolly hurts. and she knows it; for I am fifteen years older than she is, and when that willful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel she treats me with re-

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense: I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water. But when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me. And, alas! Dolly knows that, too, and she torments me and makes life an unut terable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eye; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark, "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think at all, but have just said it. And so it goes on until I wonder sometimes if I am quire right. When we go to dances-I say we, for I'm always there if I know she is going-things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with eads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night. "You here," she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"O, no, I'm not here; I'm somewhere else," I said, wittily,

She laughed immoderately,

"You're-so-funny," she remarked, choking. "Yes," said I, severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny. But where are

my violets?"

"Why, had you-any-violets?" said she. "I didn't know-how should I know?" She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I'd have liked to shake her. "Dolly, you know exactly wnat I

mean; where are my violets?" "If you mean the violets you sent me," she replied, with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them

This freezingly. "Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear; I don't want the d-1 beg your pardon; of course, I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, you know, darling.

But she saw that she had the best of me, so she carried things with a high

"The rose was sent me by a friend"she hesitated-"and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please. But sit down; don't stand so long; you'll be thred!" This was an allusion to my

age, and it maddened me. You are exceedingly 19de!" I said.

turning away and leaving her. It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days 1 didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days: I neither slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranger from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly | the inspiration of the moment.

was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her she looked over my head with her small nose in the air; I wished Miss Hunt was in-well, somewhere else-that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feetand kiss them! Yes, I acknowledge

that I have often wished that. Finally I wrote her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was nearly angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was characteristic:

"You are a silly old goose, and if yo had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care at all for red roses.

By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded, and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that willful and fascinating young woman would be appeared.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself-Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him; in fact, I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were not related; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon ber, and, heaven favoring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began; "I am so sorry-

"Don't." she said: "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about. Jane Hunt, for instance.

I shivered; I was about to be punished.

"Is she nicer?" said I. "What do you really think of her?" said Dolly, with rather an anxious look, I thought; but, of course, I was mistaken.

"O, she's a very good girl, very good," with a desperate desire to make Dolly Jealous If I could, which I couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head. "Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?" The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I, lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot in each cheek. "I think she looks like a cook!" she

declared, triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested. "O, Dolly, a cook!" "Yes," she went on spitefully, "and

not even like a good cook!" "Dolly! Not like a bad cook?" "Yes," she went on, like a very poor

cook!" I was obliged to laugh; I couldn't help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her. "Then you'd better marry her?" This from Dolly!

"O!" I began, but she was gone, and

there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went.

That night when leaving the theater we happened to meet a moment. She was radiant and scornful. "Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the contretemps of the afternoon.

"with whom are you going to dance the cotillon at the Terry's to-morrow night?" "With Mr. Morton," she answered, sweetly.

"What a dear you are! I was afraid you'd promise somebody else." And then she laughed. "With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never

says the wrong thing." And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word: her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night. I wished I had never seen

her-and took it back immediately. I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terrys', but, as usual, ended by going. I could dance stag and take Dolly out, and-lovely idea-perhaps she would take me out! Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before this beautiful hope faded. What would

she want with a brute like me? I never saw her look better than that night at the Terrys' dance; she was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel. And that fellow Morton looked pretty well, too, I had to admit to myself that he was rather a well-appearing chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," she said-a very gracious speech, indeed, for her. "Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a

"But what an awful flirt?" she went on. This left me gasping. "And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time.'

"Who said it?" I asked, hoarsely. Dolly engaged-and to that-end-with my name. "Oh, everybody says so," and then

she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name, too, Isn't It'?" "Yes, I believe it is," I said, brilliant-

ly, moving away from her.

Dolly engaged! I couldn't grasp the full significance of it; the thought left ne dazed and bewildered. This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there were any truth in it. Just then she came toward me as if she were going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her. "What is the matter? she asked,

turning a little white. "Dolly," I said, sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?" "Of course, if you want them; but

won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before. "No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange

look on her sweet face. It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think of what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on

At last supper was over, and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marching off to a quiet nook, put her

in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her. "Dolly," I began, "look at me?" This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to

say in the joy of looking at her. "My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care"-she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip-"but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was It?" she asked. "That you were engaged to-

"Who?" breathlessly. "Morton," I gasped; "that wretched, caddish-

"Stop!" she said, with dignity. "Tell me-you shall!" I grasped her wrists. Is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She netually blush-"No." she said, slowly; "it is not so; but-" Her hands went up and cov-

ered her face. Heaven! suppose she

"But what?" I insisted, crueliy; you're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?" She took her hat Is away, and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laugh-

should cry!

Mr. Morton has-never-asked me to be his-wife; if he does-I shail-

I was beside myself. "And if he does?" I hissed. "I shall say yes"-very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet. "You love this Mr. Morton?" I asked.

sharply. And then the very queerest thing in the world happened. Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put

out her hand. "Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love this Mr. Morton." It didn't take me long to gather

Dolly into my arms. The next five

minutes are not to appear in this nar-"Dolly," said L blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she-did," said the voice, and I'm glad she said it; I don't believe you'd ever have asked otherwise." My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?" And when I came to think of it I never had.—"The Folks at Home."

HER ULTIMATUM.

The Landlady Delivers It to the Hu morous Boarder.

"Mr. Grinsmith," began the landlady, cily, addressing the humorous boarder. I very much dislike to say anything that may hurt your feelings-

"Oh, don't mind me, Mrs. Hashover." interrupted the young man, cheerlly. I have been boarding for four years, and my feelings are entirely ossified." "It is my desire," proceeded the landlady, with studied calmness, "to keep boarders as long as I can, but-"I don't know that you really keep em any longer than common people." again interjected Grinsmith, "but you keep 'em so thin that they certainly

look longer." "That will do, Mr. Grinsmith?" answered Mrs. Hashover, sternly, "What I was about to say was that it is my wish to preserve amicable relations with all my boarders, but there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. I have endured in silence your alleged wittleisms on the viands and listened to them more in sorrow than in anger, but there is an end to all things. And, Mr. Grinsmith, if you repeat your performance of this morning and again give an idiotic imitation of hypnotizing the butter, I shall be forced to request you to pay \$2 more per week for your board or else seek another place of residence. This is my ultimatum, Mr. Grinsmith; please govern yourself accordingly. I have spoken"-New York World.

Curious Russian Sects.

A curious sect in Russia is that known as the Runners, because Its members run away like a sick animal a some lonely spot to die when disease overtakes them. Another is known as the Runner-Smotherers. When any member of this extraordinary sect is seized with a mortal or supposedly mortal illness, instead of being allowed to run off to die he is put out of the world by a woman whose title is the smotherer. The ceremony is, for safe ty's sake, generally performed, not in the victim's house, but in the common praying room, a secret room conveniently situated to escape the prying eyes of authority, and provided with numerous exits in case of a surprise. While psalms are sung and the censer swung, the old woman who usually holds the honorable office of smotherer performs her task with a small cushion held over the sick person's nose, and mouth, the body being afterward secretly buried in some remote spot, whither it is conveyed under a load of some innocent matter, such as hay,-New York Tribune.

A Chapter of Russian History.

Here is a little bit or Russian history that is not told in the school books and is not generally known. When Catherine II. met her husband, Peter III., for the first time his ugliness caused her to faint. It was only her ambition to become czarina that enabled her to go through with the wedding ceremony. The terrible consequences were inevitable. Catherine forced Peter to ablicate in her favor, after which she murdered him. But before these events had taken place Catherine had taken up with Count Soltikoff, who was doubtless the father of Catherine's son Paul, who succeeded to the throne, only to be assassinated a few years later.

When a man is a loafer, he is put on the rock pile; when a woman is a loafer, she is put in society.

When a woman chases a man, it

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Emineut Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

The Reporter's Joke. "What's afoot now?" asked the snake ditor, as the horse reporter proceeded to don his hat and coat after suswering

a telephone call. "Twelve inches, same as always," replied the norse reporter, as he dashed down the stairs three steps at a time.

An Easy Method. Bilson-That new cook of yours is a very handsome woman, isn't she? Jilson-You bet she is. Why, all she

has to do is to smile at the potatoes and they are mashed. A Pressing Invitation. She said he was a great big bear, And he it to his credit, He hugged her awfully then and there

And she was glad she said it. Very Appropriate. Hixon-Blowett, the puglist, is to star in a new play. Dixon-So! What's the name of it Hixon-"Natural Gas."

> Between Two Lovers. He is not jenious of his wife, Although he knows the elf Does foully love another-For the other is herself,

A Proud Father.

"It is perfectly natural that parents should be proud of their children," said the conductor, after he had finished taking up the tickets, "but that man in the rear car is entitled to the championship medal."

What's the matter with him?" asked

the brakeman. "Why," replied the conductor, "he's so proud of that 6-months-old boy of his that he insisted on paying full fare for him."

Experience as a Teacher. "Johnnie," said his father, "I'm surprised to hear that you have dared to

"Rut she was wrong, pa," replied Johnnie: "That has nothing to do with it,"

dispute with your mother."

Wise Beyond His Years, Teacher (in geography class)-John-nie, how is the earth divided?

Johnnie (who rends the foreign news) Don't know; I haven't read the paper this morning.

Proof Positive. Dealer-Now, there is a parrot that s a genuine society bird. Customer-What do you mean by that?

Dealer-It always talks when any one begins to sing.

A Mean Insinuation, Miss Autumn-I tried to get Mr. De Anber to paint my portrait, but he refused. Said he was too busy. Miss Young-Oh, I guess that was only a bluff. He told me the other

evening that he never copied old paint-



Society Item: A well-known Eas lish lord is now in America with the intention of taking back an America heiress.-Colifer's Weekly,

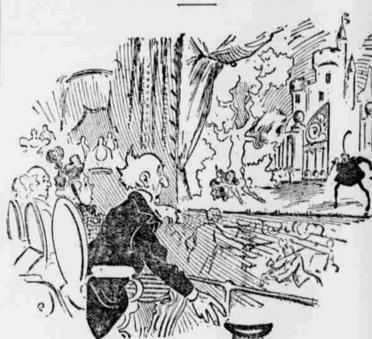
Little Fred-Mamma says she's ways glad to have you come to of

Mr. Jenkins-Indeed! Then your mamma likes me, does she? Little Fred-I don't know about that, but sister Milfred always divvies up

with the bonbons that you bring her. A Mean Trick. Cholly-Aw, say, old chapple, me man tells me I was beastly dwunk lawst night, doncher know.

Ha wold-Why, Cholly, me deah boy, I nevah knew you dwank anything said the old man; "you might just as stownger than sodah. well profit by my experience and learn | Cholly-Rah Jove, I nevah do. Me

DIDN'T WANT TO BE A WITNESS.



Base Villain (on the stage)-Ha, ha, h-a! There lies me hated rival fast asleep. Nothing but b-1-o-o-o-d can satisfy me hate.

Uncle Zeb (who is attending his first theater)-Gosh! Mandy, le's git out. I knowed that darned fool would raise trouble.-Detroit Free Press.

Prominent. "How is it, colonel, that the people engaged in those shooting affrays in your section are always mentioned as

belonging to prominent families?" "By gad, sah, it takes good shootin' and willingness to engage in it to make a family prominent, sah."-Indianap-

olis Journal. It Made Him Crazy.

The Milliner-What did your husband think of that \$30 hat I made for you last week?

Mrs. Heighfly-Oh, he just raved over it-when I told him the price. Called Down.

Doctor-This is the first complaint I have had from a patient. Visitor-I can believe that; the others didn't even get a chance to complain.

-Chicago Inter Ocean. He Died Too Soon.

day about an artist who used to paint cherries which looked so natural that the birds would come to pick at them." "Gee, what a hit that fellow could make if he were up in the Klondike country now."

Proof.

rich as he claims to be?"

"Because I saw him eating a 20-cent. hide the waiter's check. Only a man account of the creosote contained in it whose position is impregnable could af-Soot from hard coal exclusively is of ford to take such a chance as that. The Spring Was Missing.

Guest-Here, walter; I thought I told you to bring me a spring chicken? Walter-Yes, sah; dat's Chat I done gib you, sah. Guest-Well, if it is, it must have

been hatched from a hard-boiled egg. It's Constitutional. Diggs-I wonder if the Hon. Mary Lease of Kansas will ever occupy a

scat in Congress? makes him think he is a dalsy, and so. Some of the seats in the gallery Biggs-Certainly, if she cares to do are reserved for ladies.

once for all, that when a woman says | man thinks some howid fellah mixel a thing is so, it is so, whether it is so me chewing-gum. Beastly twick doncher thing?

His Normal Condition. Smith-I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence wasn't it?

Brown-Oh, I don't know, If light ning was to strike a Texas man when he wasn't swearing it would be much more remarkable. A Scientific Mistake.

They say that space is limitless, But "they" are wrong, alack! As the poet knows, whose outburst is For lack of space sent back. Balm. She fell upon the icy walk;

He rushed unto ner side. And are you burt, fair maid? the man Solicitonsly cried. the took his hand and rose, and then " Forgot her pain, for he Had taken her to be a maid-And she was 33!

A Home Thrust. "No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry." "Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly

would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you." Soot Aids Cultivation.

Large pieces of old sod form the very "I was reading somewhere the other obtainable. These heaped about the best winter protective material when roses will protect the most tender from severe freezing, and they come out in the spring in splendid order. It is just as good used about any other half hardy plant. Soot from the kitches chimney, especially from a wood fire. is invaluable in cultivation of flowers. "Why do you think old Getrocks is as Rich in ammonia it stimulates and deepens the color of flowers. Used as an insecticide it is equally effective in lunch yesterday and he didn't try to destroying and removing the pest 62 less value, still it is worth saving-

Vick's Magazine. Timkins-Christmas must have been a busy time for the pawnbrokers.

Timkins-Because so many people hung up their stockings about that The man with plenty of push is us

Simkins-Why so?

ually successful, but he lan't in it with the man who has a pull

People like to listen to advice only

when it confirms their own opinions.