EUGENE CITY OREGON

The Boston Globe is opposed to the Cape Cod Canal, and yet quite frequently it takes a dig at it. At last Edison has met his match, He

confesses that the reporters of New York are greater inventors than he is.

Is the new menhaden fish oil and fertillzing trust to be reckoned among those rank injustices that "smell to heaven ?" America is beginning to supply the

thing in which this country has the strongest pull. "Cigarettes do no harm to the smoker," says a Philadelphia paper. Well, they do harm to others and that

world with locomotives. That is some-

ought to banish them. Lying vast, inert, the prey of the nations, China brings to mind the Bible words: "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the engles be gathered to

gether."

Several New York society women have organized the "Order of the Crown," with membership limited to the "lineal descendants of kings and queens." And jacks?

Science having demonstrated that the stomach is superfluous, dyspeptic gentlemen who contemplate a trip to the Klondike region should be careful to check all unnecessary baggage at

Women are literally stripped of their furs on the Canadian border, and everything that suggests a fur seal is confiscated, from a cloak to a cap. Uncle Sam will ere long have a big stock of goods on hand.

A Tennessee man reported that he had seen a ghost with horns and green eyes, and the news wasn't twenty-four hours old before a Government revenue officer was sneaking around in that locality looking for a moonshine distil-

In a recent book on Hawaii the author very thoughtfully remarks that "Mr. and Mrs. Dole, like the father and mother of their country, are childless." Just at this moment we can recall nothing that is sadder than childless motherhood and fatherhood.

Often enough, the grand master of the Free Masons of Peru, who, according to Grand Master Sutherland, of New York, has committed Masonle suicide by issuing an edict discarding the Bible as a basis for morality for the Masons under his jurisdiction, bears the contradictory name of Christian

An exchange mentions as a matter of news that the English have adopted a new fad in the shape of perfumed butter, but we fail to discover anything new in it. "Perfumed butter" can be found at any grocery store and at most boarding houses. Some folks do not like the perfume, but that is all a matter of taste, or smell.

The murderer of William Terriss was adjudged insane by the English jury, but he will not be set free, as is often done in this country in similar instances. He will be put in an asylum where insane people are supposed to be sent. The trial was completed in one day! How long would it have lingered in this country?

It costs fifty cents, in Mankato, Kansas, to sing, hum or whistle a certain popular song between the hours of six in the morning and ten at night. The town council has so directed, on the ground that the song has become an intolerable nuisance. Perhaps the moral is that the person with "an ear for music" should adjust it, at frequent intervals, to new tunes.

Books as well as nations have their statistical revelations. One of the bestselling novels of last year, "The Christian," contains, according to the Atlantic Monthly, one suicide, three murders, two deaths in bed, one bloodhound, four seductions, ballet-girls, gamblers, music balls and thieves' dens. The old style of fiction, wherein Macaulay counted twenty-seven fainting-fits in a single romance, is humorous in comparison with the modern realistic novel.

It is only logical that the tramp who starts out simply to enjoy idleness should gradually and almost insensibly degenerate into theft and thence to burglary. The dividing line between begging a living and stealing a living. and also between petty theft and petry burglary that always endangers the comfort of families and at times their lives is so narrow that the transition from the tramp to the burglar is hard ly perceptible to himself, and the only way to halt the professional tramp is to punish to the utmost the crimes his calling logically leads him to commit.

In most matters of serious momen! Americans are no laggards. As a rule, except in the punishment of murder ers, they are not sluggish or apathetic But the methods in most of the courts in this country in criminal proceedings are a reproach to American civilization, whenever wretches of the Durrant type are allowed to live for years after conviction. Is not the lawyer who seeks by every unserupulous de vice of trickery to prolong lives which are justly forfelt to the State a conscienceless rascal who ought to be in a

T' re was talk of a duel recently be tween residents of a Southern city Then It was announced that experts in the code duello had decided that the principals in the quarrel could not fight, because one of them had killed a man, had been tried for murder, and had barely escaped the gallows. The grounds for this objection were not good. The men would have met on the field on even terms, each with murder in his heart. The one who had killed a man, and meant to kill auother, and the one who had not killed a man, but meant to kill one, should have been arrested and placed under keeping than for safe-breaking.

bonds to keep the peace. In this year "RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE." of grace we are not living under the code duello.

A distinguished pastorate was terminated by the resignation of Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York. Thirty years of Dr. Hall's almost half-century of preaching have been given to that church. The result has been a testimonial to the fact that religious success can be accomplished without sensationalism. Dr. Hall has been conservative for even the Presbyterian church, in his adhesion to what is commonly termed orthodoxy. But he was also orthodox in his warmth of heart and in the sound sense of his methods and the diligence of his labors. As a result, the church of which he has been the pastor has been often styled the foremost Presbyterian congregation in America, for its influence and beneficence. Dr. Hall shows his devotion to the church by voluntarily suggesting that the time has come when for his advancing years should be substituted youthful energy. This may mean also time, for each generation challenges it leaves unchallenged such personal religion as that of Dr. John Hall.

dulge in while in this country. The ventionalized, repeating itself like hissecretary to John Hay, the American the floor, Ambassador, and J. E. White, son of thought. "I can go back to the oak Secretary White, of the embassy. The leaf pretty soon," affair in which they were implicated was a trifling one. The penalty at the the chief diversion of Faith's life, that highest would not have exceeded \$10. The offense committed was riding bicycles on the sidewalk. Americans in London think the offenders should have paid their fines and not brought the country into the case by pleading "diplomatic privilege." We do not expect the attaches of American legations to violate the laws of the country they happen to live in and then escape punishment by pleas of privilege of that sort.

The year 1897 went on record as one of the most disastrous in the recent annals of British industry. This fact is due chiefly to the lockout of the engineers and the accompanying disturbances of other branches of industry. There were not as many strikes and lockouts as in the preceding year, but the number of men concerned was far greater and the net result upon trade far more disastrous. There were in all about 850 disputes, affecting more than 200,000 workmen. As nearly as can now be reckoned, some 10,000,000 days' labor was lost. That means over 33,000 years of individual idleness, or a year's idleness of more than 33,000 men. As the majority of these men are skilled mechanics, receiving from 5 to 6 shillings a day when at work, the total loss to them in wages was probably little break." short of \$12,000,000. To this we must add at least \$3,000,000 more, paid out | had learned resignation. She had surby the Amalgamated Society of Engi- rendered to Mary the dishes and all the neers and other trades unions for suppress of the household divinities that she port of men on strike or locked out. A | had served so deftly and carefully for total loss to workingmen of \$15,000,000 | years that she might be more at leisure is therefore to be set down as one resutt | to while away her time in her own inof the year's disputes. That would be nocent fashion. bad enough if it were all. But it is not. The engineering troubles caused a considerable cutting down of railway had to come to mean so much to her in glameter. The branches spread over freight traffic. The shipbuilding indus- and could not think for the instant, try was almost paralyzed. Shopkeepers and tradesmen of all kinds in the affected districts found their businesses greatly injured. And as for foreign trade, the official reports tell the story of its disaster. In the one month of November, according to Board of Trade reports, shipments of machinery showed a falling off of more than \$1,000,000 from the same month in the preceding year. At the same time there was a great expansion of trade on the part of Great Britain's chief rival, Germany, the increase in German exports of machinery amounting in the first nine months of the year to \$2,375,000. The simple explanation is that British man ufacturers were unable to fill orders, and so the orders went to Germany. And it may be added, as British tradesmen have found, that business once lost to Germany is never regained. The most competent authorities estimate the direct loss to British industry and trade, to workingmen and employers together, of the labor troubles of 1897. at not less than \$75,000,000. That does not include the future losses resulting from the permanent diversion of trade to Germany. As an offset workingmen are said to have gained some \$750,000 in increased wages. No other gain to either capital or labor is recorded. That is to say, for every dollar gained a hun-

dred dollars has been lost. Nature's Balloons

The Island of fire, known by the natives as "The Home of the Hot Devds," is a recent discovery in Java. In the center of a huge lake of boiling mud and slime exists a phenomenon absolutely unique, and so wonderful that tourists brave the difficulties of the long lourney luland simply to see

Scores of enormous bubbles are formed in the sticky slime by the gases which arise from the lower depths, and these grow and increase to an enormous size, looking like nothing so much as the large model balloons sent up sometimes to ascertain the direction of the wind. These bubbles, some of them, attain a diameter of five or six feet before they burst, which they do with a loud explosion. The sounds are deringly. described as resembling a constant series of heavy platoon firing.

Pupils in Schools. Taking all the schools and colleges of the country together, the latest enrollment made by Dr. William T. Harris, the national commissioner of education, figures out a total of 16,415,197 pupils of various grades and accomplishments as studying in this coun

Sunday, the only day we have to loaf around in our angel clothes, is always cool enough for an overcoat.

More men are locked up for safe

We walk in a world where no man reads The riddle of things that are, From a tiny tern in the valley's heart To the light of the largest star, Yet we know that the pressure of life is

hard And the silence of death is deep, As we fall and rise on the tangled way That leads to the gate of sleep,

We know that the problems of sin and

And the passions that lead to crime, Are the mysteries locked from age to age In the awful vault of time; let we lift our weary feet and strive Through the mire and mist to grope And find a ledge on the mount of faith In the morning land of hope, William Hamilton Hayne.

MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companion ship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her that the new voice will be for a new look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vastthe theology of its predecessor, though | iy out of proportion to the cause. Miss Faith was still pretty, with the pathetic heauty held as notsam from the wreck of years. Her hair was prettier Two young Americans, connected as silver than it had ever been as with the legation of the United States | brown, and her eyes, though they had at London, have been granted release lost their vivid glow and engerness, from punishment for infraction of the had gained a kindly sympathy. Her ordinances of the city on a plea of tenderness had even extended to the "diplomatic privilege." The British crocheting in her hand and imparted government, with some hesitation, ac something to that usually very impercepted the plea, thereby placing the sonal object that her fancy had fret-United States under obligation to con- ted into thinking a response. She passdone the violation of ordinances that | ed her hand affectionately over it now, any British attache may see fit to in- as the figure of a pineapple, much contwo young men were Spencer Eddy, lory again and again, fell in scallops to "It's most done,"

> A change in the crochet pattern was ran on as monotonously to the observer as the time of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its sips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet. The examination of the work appeared to be satisfactory, and Faith laid it on the table at her side. This table was devoted to the uses of her art, nor was ever profaned by the presence of any irrevelant substance. There were rows of spools upon it, drawn up in lines like soldiers ready to receive an attack, hooks of various sizes lying like weapons by their side, and various rolls of lace, the finished product of their warfare, Faith regarded them with approval, but her hand that had lain upon the table fell away from the accustomed task, and she sat idle, watching the red coal, the shadows the lamplight threw upon the carpet, and listening to the clatter that Mary, her mald of all work, was mak-

ing as a part of the dishwashing. "it's a kind of jugglery she goes through with those dishes," thought Faith regretfully, "a sleight-of-hand performance, to see how many tricks she can do before one of them will

But her face did not cloud, for she

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting then half remembered, saddened a lit- ference, or 90 feet in diameter. Where tle, last the thread of memory again, recovered it, and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her paint. She could hardly believe now that a certain few years of her life had ever really happened. They must found. A Boston gentleman was riding have belonged to some other and wandered wilfully into her own, for there was no home for them in hers or likeness unto anything they brought. Was It so? They had gone so utterly, so the tree was on his lawn \$10,000 wouldcompletely, and she was happy now in her own harmless way, far inland, out of all reach of storm and reef. She was still looking vaguely, half wistfully, at the fire when her door-bell rang and some one had entered the room and

was hurrying to her side. "Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremu ous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered forget, and I thought perhaps you

could show me the way." Faith looked down upon the slight er hand gently upon the brown head, but she did not understand about the suffering.

"What is it, Grace?" she asked. "O, it's Phil?" she cried, "He doesn't are for me any more. He's taking Mother said other women had to been happy, and I could come to you. You could help me," she said, looking up appealingly. "You could teach me to

forget. "Yes." said Faith, slowly, Then it came back to her, all her own little story, and a dim, broken memory of the first heartache and her own long-

ing to forget. "Poor little girl," whispered Faith stroking the beautiful mass of golden hair. "How was it I learned to forget? Let me think. Yes, I remember now Walt a minute, dear. I will show

Faith slipped out of the room and soon returned, bringing three rolls of very broad crocheted lace. Can you crochet, Grace?"

"Not very much," said Grace,

"Well. I will teach you. This is the very way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and firelight shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began I countn't se the needle-O, how long ago that is!-for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all readyit's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after a while the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you to-day where it is. So I'll teach you, dear, These are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They are yellow now. you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, and very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to erochet. I never gave the lace away. you see, because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid. thought along time about it when Alice

year's-you see I've numbered it oneand this is the second's, and this is the third's. There's the three. Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have fergotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt euri-

was married, but I was afraid it would

some way make her sad when she wore

it. So it's all here. This is the first

ously as she bent over the lace. "That's a fern pattern," said Faith. 'It's very pretty.'

Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her At last Grace moved impa-

"Yes, yes," sald Faith, like one awakening, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you.

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers, and began her work. "There," she said after a minute.

Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it." Grace took the needle helplessly, "Do

you think I could forget so, nunt?" she asked hesitatingly. "I did," said Fuith.

Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door. "It's Phil" exclaimed Grace, spring-

ing up. "Grace!" said the recreant lover. standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward ber chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice. Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll my the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace.

Then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression, as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily

Falth listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happler," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crochet needle," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."-Ex.

COLOSSAL TREE IN MAINE.

Twenty-three Feet Round-Its Branches Contain Band : tand

Jay. Me., claims one of the biggest trees in Maine. It stands on the banks of the Androscoggin, on the lawn of a space of ground 270 feet in circui ence four feet from the ground is 23 feet, diameter 7 feet. About six feet from the ground there are seven branches radiating from its trunk which are from 18 inches to 24 inches a space of ground 270 feet in circumthe branches leave the trunk of the tree about seven feet from the ground there has been erected a band stand which seats twenty-five persons. A cooler place on hot days cannot be by recently and the tree attracted his attention. He examined and measured it and was astonished at its dimensions, He went away with the remark that if n't buy it. It was set out 42 years ago by Lafayette Bean on the day of his departure for California, whence he never returned.—Boston Record.

Snowbanks and Their Effects. An eastern exposure is not best for either a raspberry or blackberry plantation or for a young nursery. Most of our heavy snowstorms come with westlike this once and you had learned to erly winds, and the piles of snow that will fall on young trees and shrubs will inevitably bring them to the ground. and nearly always breaking the figure crouched there, sobbing, and laid | branches from the trunk of the tree as it goes down. But this same eastern exposure, as it protects the surface soil from blowing winds, will in an orchard make the snow He evenly over the surface, the water sinking down into the subsoil as the snew melts. Thus the Jernie Thompson now, and I can't bear same conditions which are unfavorable for nursery trees are best for fullbear such things, but she'd always grown orchards, which when they be gin to bear, require large quantities of moisture to perfect their crops.

The country clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trelliswork near his front gate when he noticed that a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention. "Well, my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?

"No," said the youth; "I be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thoomb."-Pick Me Up.

What He Forgot. "Didn't you forget something, sir?" asked the walter.

"Yes," replied Gimpy, reaching for his hat. "You were so long bringing dinner that I forgot what I had ordered."-Philadelphia North American.

Getting It Down Fine. Timkins-That's fine music, isn't it? Simkins-Why, that's a hand-organ, You certainly don't consider such music fine, do you?

Timkins-What could be finer? It's ground over and over again, isn't ty?

When you put your opinion against tile opinions of all other men, you are likely to be called a crank, and you deserve to be.

Some men are alive simply because it is against the law to kill them.

Words of the Famous Actress Brought Relief to Her Loyal Coachman. Clara Morris, the well-known actress, makes her first appearance as an authoress in the Ladies' Home Journal, presenting a grateful tribute to an old and loyal servant-"John Hickey: Coachman." In her malden effort as a story-teller she records the only sermon she has ever preached. It was delivered to relieve her faithful retainer's suffering-brought about through some fancied quarrel with his church (the Catholic church)-in response to his wall: "It's hard, madam-it's hard that a man should be made to lose his soul."

"'Never say that again, John,' I cried," writes the actress of the incident. "There is just one man created who can lose your soul for you, and that man is John Hickey!" "He looked at me a moment, then

putting one forefinger on my arm be asked solemnly, 'Madam Clara, are you talking as a Catholic or as a Protestant now?

"Laugh I had to, though I saw it hurt the poor, bewildered one before me, and belied the tears in my own eyes. But I made answer quickly: speaking neither as Catholic nor Protestiant, but simply as a woman, who, like yourself, has a soul, and does not want to lose it! Don't look so unhappy! Your church is beautiful, great and powerful, but there is One who is greater, more beautiful and more powerful. In all the ages there has been but One who left the unspeakable joy of heaven to come to earth to suffer and toll, to love and lose, to hope and despair, and finally to give up HIs perfect life to nn ignominious death, because His boundless love saw no other way to save us from the horror of eternal death. He paid too great a price for sonis to east them easily away. There Is but one Savior for us all, be we what we may! There is but one God whose smile makes heaven. We travel by different paths oh, yes! We wear different live ies, some showing the gorgeous vestments of the stately Catholies, some the solemn drabs of the Quakers, others black robes. But the paths all lead to the same place, and the great questions are, do we love the One we seek, and have we loved and helped those we traveled with? John, make Christ your church, and the mightiest cannot harm you?" and, catching up the seant folds of my riding-habit. I fled from the only sermon I ever

preached in my life."

Most people have a general idea that it is wise to take care of the teeth, and accordingly do so, as they suppose, They rub a brush hurriedly two or three times over the front of the teeth before going to bed, or on getting up in the morning, and think they have clean-

The importance of sound and serviceable teeth as an aid to health cannot be overestimated, for upon their good condition depends the thorough | phia North American, mastication of the food, which is the first, and not the least, requisite of good digestion. Many a person doses himself with all sorts of remedies to aid digestion, when the real cause of his dyspepsia may be found in the poor state of his teeth.

The proper time to brush the teeth is after each meal and at bedtime. Before this is done all particles of food should be removed from between the teeth by means of a toothpick, or, better, dental floss. Then they should be brushed thoroughly with a brush of medium stiffness dipped in tepid water, Very hot and very cold water are equally harmful.

The brush should be used with an up and down movement, and not sideways only, and the backs of the teeth should be brushed even more carefully than the fronts, for it is there that tarthat tartar is harmless, but this is an cent sort of a fellow." erroneous belief; its accumulation is one of the principal causes of the loosening of the teeth, and its presence exposes one constantly to the recurrence of gum-bolls.

The use of some good dentifrice once a day, or two or three times a week, keeps the teeth whiter and better-look ing, but is not absolutely necessary when the tooth-brush is used regularly after each meal. Rinsing the mouth after each brushing with some pleasantly flavored antiseptic solution helps to avert decay of the teeth.

Finally, not the least important point in the care of the teeth is a regular semiannual visit to the dentist, that he may examine the teeth and fill at once any beginning cavity. In this way the teeth may be preserved, accidents expected, for a long life-time, and the natural teeth, even when filled and repaired, are many times better from every point of view than any artificial

Nearly as important as the preservation of the permanent teeth is that of the milk-teeth in children.-Youth's

He was a slip of a boy of 4, with the face of a cherub crowned by golden curls, which persisted in wandering into his large blue eyes. Next to him sat a man, a huge six-footer, intent on reading his paper. The trolley car sped along till it reached the brow of a very steep and long hill. The child eyed the hill distrustfully for a second, then settled back with a contented sigh. The man glanced up from his paper, and, noting the movement, the boy asked: "Are you scared, mister?"

The man glanced at the mite, smiled, and said:

'No, not very. "Well, you needn't be," raising his eyes through the mass of tangled cris. All you have to do is to just put your

trust in the Lord."-Puck. Old Friends with New Faces, Miss Wheeler-Do you know that

Daisy Scorchieigh is so superstitious? Cholley Sprockitts-No! Is she? Miss Wheeler-Yes; she says that every time you see a red-headed bloomer

giri you'll see a white bleyele.-Puck A Californian has invented a trunk which can be used as a table, one of the trays having binged sides which can be opened outward and the tray inverted and set on top of the trunk.

We would rather see a man unusually homely than just ordinarily good look-

CLARA MORRIS' ONLY SERMON. OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Arc Odd, Curious and Laughable-The Weck's Humor.

An Interrupted Processal. "I have no store of wealth," he sighed, "But I've something better far-"Well, keep it for yourself," she cried, "And stop right where you are." ! ynonymous

"Can you let me have a five-spot for a few days?" asked the New Yorker of his Boston friend; "I'm dead broke." "Sorry," was the Bostonian's reply; "I also suffer from a fatal fracture." Not So Warm,

Mattie-Why do you always refuse to skate with young Softleigh? Helen-Oh, he doesn't cut any lee

Too Valuable. Friend deaving the office with the broker)-1 say, old man, you didn't lock

your safe. Broker-No. I never do. It cost £60 and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it.-Tit-Bits.

Toil vs. Toilet. Mabel wears fine silken hose Purchased with her papa's rocks; But the old man always goes Around in 10-cent cotton socks.



The Tailor's Boy-How's business? The Butcher's Boy-Oh, midlin', How is it with you.

The Tailor's Boy-Oh, sew-sew,

Before and After. Hix-Did you know your wife long before you married her? Dix-Not for a minute-but I was foolish enough to think I had known her for years.

Secret of the Art. Skinner-What makes Col. Puffington so successful as a conversationalist? Babel-He's so taciturn-gives the others lots of chance to talk.-Philadel-

The Other Fellow. "So you think Agnes is a pig-headed fool, eh? What has given you that opinion of him?" "We talked for half an hour this

Then He Hugged Her. She-And you say you loved me the

morning and couldn't agree on a single

first time you saw me? He-Yes. What did you think of me? She-The same thing that I am think-

He-Well, what was it? She-That you didn't know what to do with your hands.

Thomas Not to Blame. "Gossam claims to be a Jeffersonian Democrat, I believe."

"Yes; but if you'll take the trouble to read up on the subject you'll find tar tends to accumulate. Many think that Jefferson was really a pretty de-



A lot of girls imagine that when their young man holds their hands it's proof of love. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it's simply to keep them from playing the plano.-Ally Sloper,

Carrying It to Extremes. He-Do women ever kiss another when there are no men around? She-Yes; sometimes, He-Then they are more deceitful

than I had supposed them to be. They Worked in the Dark. "So burglars got into your house, did

they? You don't seem to mind it much, Didn't they get anything?" "Oh, yes; they took a lot of things, but they were all Christmas toys that the children had used for a week."

"Hy jove, old man, you always were a lucky dog."

Unjust. Mr. Sparks-I have a terrible pain in my-aw-head. Miss Suffers-There! I knew

Miffkins had wronged you. Mr. Sparks-Aw, beg pardon. What did she say about me? Miss Sniffkins-She said your head had nothing in it.

Time Doesn't Fly. She-And once you said you ove me forever and a day. He-It seems to me as if I did .- Indianapolis Journal.

i he Preferre a Man. "I must offer you an apology, Miss Willing," said young Dudeleigh, "and

"Never mind about it now," interrupted Miss Willing; "I expect a proposal from a man to-morrow evening, but should be fall to propose an apology will be considered.

Truth Crushed to Earth. Guest-What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this Little Willie (son of the host)-We don't, either .- Boston Traveler,

Abnormal. "What is your idea of a strong-mind.

ed woman? "Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without say. ing 'Oh!-how cute!' "-Puck,



"Aunty, what do little boys do when they want to sit on your lan?"

The Rev. Saintly-Ah, well, the path of glory, you know, lead but to the

Rising Novelist-Nonsense, The patts of glory lead to the lecture platform.

Its Power of Attraction. "Did you enjoy Scribley's last book?" "Enjoy it? Great Scott! My glass eye stayed up and read it after I'd gote

to bed."-Judge.

The Sign. Extract from a letter written from college: "I am much rejoiced, deares uncle, that you are coming to visit as next Monday. I will be at the states to meet the train. As we haven't see each other for a long time, that I me easily recognize you, hold a £10 note your right hand."-Tit-Bits,

Saying Nothing. Nellie (aged 6)-Mamma, you said h was not right to tell tales about John. Mother-Yes, that is what I told you

Nellie-Well, then, I won't say nuffir, but I fink John ought to tell how is scratched me pretty soon.-Haper Bazar. Pleasing the Public. Critic-You are not maintaining the

high standard which you set at you theater when the season opened. Manager-No; I've stopped encoung ing art to give the people what the want.-Philadelphia North American

A Safe Venture. "And do you love me for myself-Myself alone?" she cried. "I do-your fortune's in your name, Your daddy cannot lose the same,"

He candidly replied. Felf-Evident.



Jenny-Do you believe that then? marrying in heaven? Johnny-Certainly not. Isn't it has

en?-New York World. The Dream that Failed. I dreamed a beautiful dream last night The bashful young man said; 'And I wonder if you can guess it aright And he blushed a rosy red.

Dreams are things I never could goes The beautiful maid did reply. I dreamed to a question you answer He said, with a deep-drawn sigh.

'Well, you are aware, no doubt," said # "That dreams by contraries go; So, should you that question ask of w My answer will surely be no."

His Guess. Little Robert-Papa, do you kast who is was invented the phil "Weighed and found wanting?" Papa-No; I don't remember name, but I guess it was some felle

who put his goods on the scales all he got them home from the grocus-A Modern Instance. Arthur-Has she given you any

son to hope? Chester-Yes; she told me last at that I reminded her of the only

band she had ever really loved. He-I have yet to see the woman so can pull the wool over my eyes. She-I'm afraid you put it wi You probably have yet to see the

you by trying to pull the wool overs Within the Law. "Where are you going, my maid?" "I'm going a-biking, sit," said. "There's no bell on your wh

man who would care to compl

though, my pretty maid." "Whet mount there will be one, sir," she si -Harper's Bazar, "Comin' Through the Rye." Bismarck has had to pay for

through the rye," says the Wests ster Gazette. It is a harvest cust the duchy of Lauenburg when a per passes through a field where the con being cut, for the workers to stop. I a few ears to his arm and the mand money for his ransom. The old statesman and his son, (8) Herbert, were driving a few days through the cornfields of Bisman Schonau estate, and they stopped look at the men who were cutting

Hereupon the men threw down? scythes, took up some stalks of the and going up to the two Bismis courteously but resolutely fastered small bundle of the rye to the arm the visitors. The mist of blood iron, who has a conservative reven tor old German customs, paid for the ransom of himself and son with two gold coins.

Bismarck insisted on retaining signs of his bondage upon his are til he got home.

The watchmaker sells watched the jeweler watches cells.