EUGENE CITY..... OREGON

What the Congressional Record really needs in this most trying hour is a good

Klondike or Cuba-here is a choice that ought to suit the taste of the most fastidious adventurer.

Beer in small quantities is said to make one fat; in large quantities it is known to make one lean.

Contrary to the rule, when war-ships are stripped for battle it may be said they are undressed to kill.

A man who has just been sentenced to the Texas penitentiary has sixteen wives. How lucky some men are!

A medical journal says that cigarette smoking brings on softening of the brain. Is it not rather a symptom of that disease? "For many years," remarks a Topeka

hugging a vain delusion." Does Mr. Lease know this? It is just a little over 400 years ago since the Spanish flag appeared in the

Western hemisphere. What a future

Spain has behind it. Clasy Fitzgerald testifies in a New York court that her real name is Marie Kate Tipping. But what's the difference? A wink is the same in all languages.

A current magazine has an article on "The Art of Dying." It will not interconcerned with the practical problem of

Speaking about the war spirit, how about the fact that Mrs. Ace, of North Carolina, presented her husband with beat that hand?

Some inventive genius in Denver has invented a spanking machine for use in schools and reformatories. What's the use of introducing machinery for work which can be done equally well by hand?

A Boston paper says that "the grow-ing suicide habit canot be too strongly condemned." We should say not; anyone who contracts the terrible suicide habit rarely amounts to much afterward. In fact, suicide is the last thing anyone should think of doing.

New York's Rainy Day Society has cannot for my life see why woman's legs should be in one bag and man's in two." Can't this matter be arbitrated?

The Atlanta Constitution quotes the following explanation from an Arkansas exchange: "Maj. Williams did not mean to shoot Col. Scott through the left lung yesterday. The Major is nearsighted and mistook the Colonel for another man." It is very evident that the ling or "philately." The stamps which Jeke is on the Colonel.

Council in unanimously rejecting a pro- stamps, each representing a certain des its services in mediation between the United States and Spain was only what might have been expected. Switzerland is just fun of people who have made fortunes by minding their own busi-

A Berlin professor who declined to accept a challenge from a student whom he turned down at an examination is generally denounced as a coward by the students, but the German papers agree that it would be expecting too nuch to ask professors to meet in mortal combat all the students whom they were unable to assist to a degree.

A genuine picture in miniature of the effect of Spanish misrule is to be found in Puerto Rico. It pays Spain this year \$4,874,874 in taxes, of which only \$650,-000 is spent for the benefit of the native population. Out of 480,267 whites on e island, only 96,867 can read and write, and the Spaniards supported by the people number not less than 35,000. with the small savers of money, but This is a fair illustration of the way in which Spain governs its dependencies.

Any dishonest contractor, whose wealth accumulates while his work decays, ought to read, with a blush of shame, of a new bridge across the Danube. Pillars of a bridge built at the same place by the Emperor Trajan are to form a part of the structure. The engineers attest the strength of the Roman work under an emperor whose reign began exactly eighteen hundred years ago. To do as the Romans did or because there is no convenient way may sometimes mean a descent to the of taking care of them. Stamp-saving lowest vices, but it may also signify a societies help to prevent the waste noble integrity in building as in being.

Everything depends upon the point of view. A Chinese writer who recently feeders to them. made a tour through the United States assures his countrymen that Americans are barbarians. He says: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it; and they have no dignity, for they may be found

walking with women."

Statistics seem to disprove the popular idea that the average life of active rallway men is only seven years, but they confirm the statement that the brakeman's lot is the hardest. A Louisville road reports that in the last three years it has had only two men killed and 158 injured, and every one of the accidents in question occurred to persons acting as brakemen. In this connection an interesting set of statistics recently compiled shows that the number of trainmen injured during their first year of service is 12 per cent., during their fifth year nearly 22 per cent, during their eighth year 21/2 per cent. In other words, the largest number of accidents occurs after the employes have become sufficiently familiar with dan-

ger to become careless. Apparently those in whom familiarity has bred contempt are killed off in five or six years, and the accidents among the remaining ones are extremely few.

In Brooklyn a fourteen-year-old boy rode 120 miles over bad roads and with a high wind impeding his progress on the return trip. Immediately after reaching his home he collapsed, and in spite of the best medical attention sank rapidly and died within a few hours as the direct result of over-exertion. Near Toledo a yourg man attempted to ride a hundred miles over muddy roads. At the eighty-seventh mile be collapsed, his body from the waist downward being completely paralyzed. Physicians say he never will be able to walk a step. These two insances should serve as a warning to all who are tempted to over-exertion on the wheel. The value of the bicycle as a health-giving agent is too well established to require discussion. But even so helpful an agent must be used with wise discre-The fact that thousands of invalids have found health and strength by using the wheel should not conceal the fact that over-exertion in any form is highly dangerous. Use the bicycle rationally and it will prove a good friend, but leave feats of endurance for paper earnestly, "Mrs. Lease has been others who are fitted by training to attempt them.

In current discussions between those who defend the right of private property and those who insist on bolding all things in common, is there any reasonable middle ground? Yes, and both parties are gradually discovering that ground. The title to private property is always qualified by public rights. A man can call nothing absolutely his own. He holds everything, including his life, as a trust. He cannot live among men without being related to them. He cannot hold propest a fraction of the people who are erty in the community without regard to the necessities and the requirements of the community. The power to levy taxes rests on the claim of society upon the private property of its members. In extreme emergencies—as for public defense-this power of taxation is limfour sons the other day? Can Spain | ited only by the citizen's ability to pay. Under what the lawyers call "the right of eminent domain," the state may take whatever it need-just compensation being made so that the burden may be equally borne by all the member of the community. In a time of uttermost peril, the citizen offers his own life to save the life of the nation. As between individualism and collectivism, the common ground appears in this principle of trusteeship, which requires that private property be gained, held and used with due regard to the common welfare. When society defends every man's right to his honest personal gettings and holdings, and every man considers that he is under a moral obligadelivered its ultimatum about woman's tion to give a reasonable proportion of wear. Its president officially says: "A his income for the benefit of the comwoman is a bifurcated animal and I munity in which he lives, society will have ample resources to draw upon for its general and benevolent uses, without impairing the ordinary motives of industry and economy, without reducing the people to dependence, and without encroaching upon individual lib-

Stamp-savings societies have nothing to do with the pursuit of stamp-collectare saved through the agency of the societies are not postage stamps, but The action of the Swiss National bits of colored paper in form like posal that the Government should offer Ignated value, and each practically a receipt for the deposit of a certain corresponding number of cents. The purpose of the socieities is to encourage the saving of small sums of money. The method is simple, A schoolboy who has a few cents, instead of spending them for candy, goes to a station of one of the societies, and gets in exchange a corresponding value of the society's stamps, with a card to fasten them on, and an envelope to hold the card. When he has a few more cents he adds more stamps to his card. At any time he pleases, the society will give him back all or any number of the cents which he has given for the stamps, at the same time taking back the stamps. But if the boy is wise he will keep adding a few cents at a time until he has money enough to begin to draw interest at a savings bank, when he will draw it out and put it in the bank. Of course it takes some money to provide the necessary stamps, cards and envelopes, and some time and patience to deal this is a matter of benevolence, and does not cost the investors anything. There are stamp-savings societies in New England, New York and other parts of the country, and it would not be difficult to start them almost anywhere, for old or young people, or both. At a single station in Boston nearly two thousand dollars was saved in one year, most of it in penny deposits by school children. Small sums of money often are wasted because they do not seem large enough to be worth saving. Where there are no savings banks, they take the place of them to some extent; and where there are banks they become

Educated Tinkers. A leading Australia paper calls at tention to the fact that Bulgaria would offer a much larger market for agricultural machinery if there were some reliable repair shops for such machinery in the country. If there is but the smallest repair work on such a machine to be done nobody can be found to do it, and in many cases German exports have been called for. The Economical Society of the Bulgarian capital has just now submitted a memorial to the government asking for the state appointment of some 75 to 100 capable mechanics able to do this kind of work. The ministry supports this scheme, and decided that these mechanics should have to instruct in the first place the rural population in the application of improved agricultural machinery and

implements. This impetus will doubtless result in a large increase of the imports of all kinds of agricultural machinery.-Philadelphia Record.

A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

Some men are built for labor some are built for politics.

TO DAY'S TO-MORROW.

Oh! If like children straying guilelessly Down some fair lane of childhood, filled with flowers. thoughts to-day run sinkessly for me In the sweet path of all the day's glad

And if to-day my words, like flowers, epring Upon the wayside of the world's bot

words melt into deeds that haply Relief to some bent brother of his load;

Why, then, to-morrow I shall wake at From sleep so sweet, that, wondering,

I shall say: "If from unselfishness such rest is born, Oh, make to-day, dear Christ, as yes-terday?"

HARD SLEDDING.

"IT will be hard sledding." It was plainly my duty to warn her. I hoped, all the while, that she would overrule me; and she did. Sheany she-always does overrule the man

that loves ber. "Of course I'd like you to go," I add-

"And I'm going. Not particularly for that reason," she hastened to say. want to pick out the tree myself. And it's such a lovely day."

It was, indeed. The rugged landscape, already thickly mantled in snow, was now armored with an ley erust that shone like polished steel and lacked little of its hardness. The trees, also, were so cased in ice that they seemed the product of some giant factory, rather than nature's handiwork, and the drooping twigs clattered like the pendants of a chandelter when shaken by the slightest breeze, But their crisp tinkle was not half

so bell-like as the delighted laugh of



OUR SPEED BECAME TERRIPIC.

my sweet comrade, when we stepped forth together into that dazziing ice carnival

"Every tree is a Christmas tree today," she cried. "It won't be easy to choose. But, oh, what a heavy haul it will make for you, poor boy, dragging It home on that sled."

"No; it will be down hill most of the way." I explained, "and the only trouble will be to hold back."

"Just the same trouble you're always having," she cried, maliclously. "But I can help you hold back, you know." "Besides, we can beat off most of the ice," I continued, ignoring the innu-

"I wish we could keep it on-every bit of it," she protested. "Just think wind that had pushed us down the hill how glorious it would be when all the had reversed and surged in our faces, would only melt and run down in a ing the breath from my lungs. puddle. Things that are nict are apt to get sloppy, don't you think?"

I vouchsafed no answer. "Where are we going, anyhow?" she

asked. "To find a good fir we shall have to go nearly to the top of the Devtl's

Ridgepole." "What! Why, you wicked boy! Do

they really call it that?" That's the only name I ever heard for it. You see, on the further side it pitches down with a long, breakneck slope into a deep valley they call the Devil's Den. At the bottom there's a black, steaming pool of sulphur water, and they call that the Devil's Dinnerpot. Some call 4t the Devil's Sinner-

"Rustic wit! Any more?" "Yes. They call the steep, rough track that leads down to it the Devil's

Dump."

"Heavens! What a profune lot you are! And I fancied country people were all so good."

"You wouldn't find fault with the name if you ever saw the place. The hills rise up round it like prison walls. The steam always hangs over it in thick clouds, and in cold weather driszles back in a misty rain. And the odors are well, suggestive."

"And that is where we are goingfor a Christmas tree!"

"Oh, no! We are only going to the top of the ridge. The slope isn't steep at all on this side. But it's a long, hard tramping for a city girl who isn't used to walking."

"Not a bit of it. Why, it's only city folk that know how to walk, really. Here in the country they don't walk; they always 'hitch up' when they want to go anywhere. And the farmer boys shuffle and slump along as if they were trudging across a ploughed field, when they do condescend to use their feet. All except you-and I wonder why that is," she concluded abruptly,

"I love the woods and hills better than most, and I've wasted a lot of time roaming about with a gun," I explained.

"And that's the reason," she exclaimed, "why you're so much more interesting"-then she stopped short, her cheeks as red as any country lassie's. It was my turn now. "Yes, Miss Manning, I've always been fond of hunting, and I don't often miss," I retorted.

Brighter than the reflection from the hills, she finshed a glance at me-defiantly-and yet-

My heart throbbed with exultation

as we walked on together. Perhaps I was only making ready for a mighty disappointment, but this was my hour. Suddenly she broke the silence. "You needn't call me Miss Manning any more; that's absurd, I think. Call me Madge. Only you musn't fancy it neans anything-except just good-fellowship and common-sense. I do like you ever so much as a friend; too much to let you spoil it all." And she met my eye with a look so steady that

my hot pulses slowed once more.

Again we marched in silence along the glassy surface, across the hidden pastures, stepping lightly over the top rails of the smothered fences, dragging after us the heavy sled. She would help draw it, and she wouldn't ride. It was uneasy walking over that slippery glaze, but even when we began the ascent of the hill rarely would she accept my proffered aid. When she did take my arm for a few steps up a steep incline, the soft pressure of her hand sent my blood surging through its channels in a way the hardest climbing could never have provoked. But soon she sprang away, crying out gayly: "I'd rather walk free, Tom. Don't imagine you can tire me-even here on your native heath. And we can slide back most of the way, can't we, tree and all?

Won't that be jolly?" It was indeed written in the book of fate that we should slide that day, and together. It was far from "jolly," I shall ever bless that hour of pain and terror. Kismet!-which being translated into Christmas phrase read, "Thy will be done." It is the essence of all prayer, fitting altke in peril or in thanksgiving.

We had reached the crown of the hill. On one side was spread the sheen of the ley landscape; on the other a dense column of fog rose from the gulf below. We had selected a beautiful young fir, its fragrant branches drooping lower under their crystal load than they were destined to under the burden of all our Christmas offerings.

While I felled it Madge sat on the sled, just over the slope of the rounded summit, gazing with curiosity into the misty valley of ill-omened name, a little weary despite her boasting. Now and then she idly lifted her feet and allowed herself to slide forward a few inches, her soft blue muffler streaming out in the rising wind.

"Take care!" I called, and like an my ax and sprang toward her. A sudden gust had impelled the sled down the steepening grade, and her dainty feet were grinding upon the ice-varnished crust in vain. My heart stopped, and my breath; my eyes blurred; my thought was as inarticulate as the cry of a frightened beast. With flerce, tigerish bounds I overtook the sled and leaped upon it-only to drive it the more swiftly onward by the impact of my body.

We were in for it now. The sled dropped down from the brow of the hill with a dizzy rush that was like a sheer fall through space; the mists from the gloomy guif below seemed to be flying up in our faces. On that frictionless surface my efforts to check our speed were as futile as an attempt to stop in midair. Yes, we were in for it; but the Lord be thanked, we were together. We were to go together-to whatever ward to grasp the front of the sled; and as I felt her trembling form leaning back upon my arm, somehow my terror vanished, my sight cleared.

The slope at the start, though steep, was not precipitous, and the ground was open-a sheep pasture, in fact-but we were crossing it with arrowy swiftness. In a moment we had passed the first fence, striking the top rail near its end with a concussion that swept it from its place and sent it spinning like a teetotum down the frozen incline The cry of the ice grew shrill under the stinging touch of our steel-shod runners; it rose almost to a shrick; the candles were lighted. But of course it plucking the cap from my head, suck

And now the jagged outline of a stump fence starts up in our path like an evil dream-a bristling barricade of huge roots, tangled and twisted, only half submerged in the snow. To strike it is instant death. One parrow gap appears can I make it? Can I steer through? The sled is no more to be controlled than a skiff as it plunges down a cataract, but I strain in frantic effort. With sullen reluctance it re sponds; slightly-very slightly-it swings from its course; we shall run clear. Then a sudden swerve to the left; an instant that seemed an age; and we flashed past-so close that a sharp projecting fork sheared through my hair like a grazing builet, leaving

a furrowed scar that it with me still. From this point the track grew rougher and even steeper; our speed became something terrific. The stout sled-luckily it was framed of seasoned hickory by an bonest workmanlurched and swayed and bounded over hillocks and hollows in its crazy flight. Scattered trees loomed before us; they rushed past us up the hill like charging glants. It was God's own mercy that we struck no serious obstruction.

Then a thicket of light brush stretch ed its effvery hedge across our course. "Bend forward, Madge-quick quick"-I shouted, and as she lowered her head and I shielded her delicate form as best I might with my own body, half blinded by her streaming tresses, there was joy even in that keen agony. With a crash of shattering ice and a sharp sting of angry lashes we burtled through.

And now at last the end was near. A dripping mist beat in our faces; the black pool leaped up in our eyes. Around its edge was a little space of



THERE WAS A QUICK SLUMP, AND THEN

almost level ground-in summer a marsh-but what would that avail against our tremendous headway? Suddenty I was conscious of change. The runners had ceased their eerie cry upon the ice-they were slashing through the snow. There was a

quick slump, and then-I found myself lying on the margin of the pond, my feet in its fuming waters. The snow about me was soft and slushy. Dazed and stiff, I pulled my- woman calls him dear in public.

self up and gazed around. At a fittle distance sat Madge, nestled in a great splash of snow, looking like a fair nerolite just fallen from heaven. And she was laughing-actually laughing-perhaps with a note that was the least bit hysterical, but it was sweeter than the melody of harps to me.

I stumbled to the side of my beloved and knelt in the snow at her feet. I was weak with the reaction of the strain and terror of that frightful ordeal; I was quivering helplessly in every muscle. But my mind was clear and my heart-

"Madge," I cried, "darling Madge". and I caught my breath-"if we could go on together to the world's end"-"I'm sure we'll never find any rougher sleighing than this," she said-and laid her cold, wet hand in mine. . . .

How ever we made our way back to the summit neither Madge nor I would be able to tell. It must have been a hideous climb, but it was like the path to paradise to us. And we dragged up the sled-together. "You must always let me help draw it," she insisted, "but when we come to a hill, dear Tom, I guess I can trust you to steer." A few nights later, when our little fir

was all affame with candles and all a-tremble with the weight of its Christmas burden, there was one gift that didn't go on the tree-but it went on Madge's finger.-Utlen Globe.

"ME TOO !"

Self-Pity Too Often Menns I on of Moral Force.

We all love sympathy. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that few of us will listen to another's tale of woe without chiming in with an account of our own grievances.

A small girl who has a baby brother always seems to envy him the symecho came a bird-like scream. Idropped pathy showered upon him when he has the colic. As soon as the mother tries to soothe the fretful baby and speaks pityingly to him, a small hand pulls her arm, and a plaintive little voice suggests, "Me, too, mamma!"

Do not many of us go through the world with a pitiful "Me, too!" constantly on our lips? The heart knoweth its own bitterness and the soul its own trials, and it is hard to cry out "Me, too!" when we see lavished upon others the sympathy for which we long and of which we feel we stand in need.

And yet how much braver it is to keep sflence! Every time we exercise the habit of self-control we gain fresh strength with which to control ourselves. Last week I heard two women talking. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that one was talking, the other listening. The listener had recently been told by a specialist that a course of long and severe surgical doom. My left hand was thrown for treatment would be necessary to relieve her of a painful malady that had taken clasticity from her step and the roundness from her figure. The talker herself had not been very well, and explated upon her uncomfortable feelings and the many disagreeable things, such as dieting and regular exercise, her physician had prescribed for her case. "You don't know how hard it is to

> have to suffer so much!" she complained. "You have lost flesh, but you are well, aren't you? You never complain.' "I seldom have cause for complaint," was the cheerful reply. "I am indeed sorry you are so far from well."

Later I took my friend to task for her reticence on the subject of her health. "Why did you not tell her," queried

I, "that her suffering is as nothing to yours?" "Because," she answered, "I will not

allow myself to grumble. It becomes a habit which annoys others and harms yourself. I simply dare not do it. I will not even pity myself. If I did, I should be gone. Self-pity means loss of moral force."

She had struck the right note. While we hold our allments, physical or mental or spiritual ,at arm's length and fight them we keep brave. When we sink down and look at them in all their hideousness, and wall, "Woe is me!" we lose the last atom of courage, and become weak and cowardly. mental or spiritual ,at arm's length and but as we value our moral strength of character and force of will, let us re

fuse to utter the whining "Me, too!"-Harper's Bazaar.

A foreign physician asserts that the pain of neuralgia, if superficial, can be relieved by throwing a beam from a bright are light upon the affected

It is estimated that there was in 1897 a total shipment from the Lake Superior region of 11,500,000 tons of Iron ore, a quantity greater by one million tons than ever before.

An old Roman tub well has been dis covered at Slichester. It is in a comparatively perfect state of preserva tion, though nearly two thousand years have elapsed since it was made.

In the forests of Nubia grows a tree from which, when swayed by the wind, ome strange sounds like the note of a flute, fife or a whistle. The vocal tree is a terror to the natives. The sounds are caused by the wind blowing through little holes in the trees that have been made by insects. Human perspiration has been proved

to possess toxic qualities, and the poisonous qualities of the exudations are shown to be greatest after muscular exertion. Guinea pigs and rabbits were killed during the investigations of French scientists by inoculation of perspiration taken from the flannel shirt of a young man in perfect health. who had sweat profusely while dancing. That taken from a glove worn by a young lady heated by the same exertion was equally deadly in M. Arloing's recent experiments.

Soft Clay Pipe Is the Best. A soft clay pipe is the best. It gives cool smoke and the nicotine is easily and generally absorbed. Briar pipes and meerschaums are satisfactory for a while, but get clogged with tobacco oils in the bowl and become bitter. A hooked pipe-one with a curved stemis the best shape. Ebonite stems spoil the flavor of good tobacco. Nothing is better than real amber or bone. Cellu-

lold is dangerous. It makes a man feel cheap when

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

A Conscience. "You are advertising quite early in the year," said the summer-resort landlord's friend. "Yes, I always fix up my announcements at this time of year. You see, I am a thoroughly conscientious man, and I wish to be able to state that there are no mosquitoes."-Washington Star,

Didn't Quite Understand. "They say Willicuts made a great hit singing 'On the Banks of the Wabash,

Far Away,' last night." "All right; as long as he goes away out there to do his singing, we oughtn't to complain."-Cleveland Leader.

A Puzzling Letter.

"I don't know whether this new man

is a very astute diplomat," said the rall-

way attache, "or a very bad speller." "Have you heard from your letter asking what he has done with reference to those hostile members of the Legislature?" "Yes. He says he is doing his best to

passify them."-Washington Star.

Alike.

Tom-The waitresses at the women's restaurant reminds me of time and tide. Dick-Why? Tom-They wait on no man.-Truth.

Getting Permission. "Can you come down awhile this evening?" asked the lady at one of the

telephone lines. "Just walt a moment till I ask the cook," came promptly from the lady at the other end.-Detroit Free Press.

The First Requisite.



Colonel-What do army regulations make the first requisite in order that a man may be buried with military hon-

Private McShorty-Death, yer honor. New York Journal.

A Reasonable Refusal. Lady enters barber shop with Skye terrier. "Mr. Barber, can you cut my doggle's

bair?" "No, I can't; or, rather, I won't," "Indeed! You seem to hold yoursel pretty high for one in your position." "Perhaps I do, but I'm no Skye scraper."-New York Evening World.

Victims of Illusion. "Did you read about the woman who married one man, thinking he was an-

other? "Don't get worked up over that; lots of women do the same thing every day in the week."-New York Evening

The Nerve. "I could die for you!" he declared. "I want you to live for me, Alphon so!" she faltered.

He staggered as under a blow "The nerve of some people!" he mut tered and fled away, appalled.—Detroit Journal.

Irresistible. "And so that's George Ridgeley's wife? I'm surprised. I shouldn't think

such a woman as she would have any attractions for him." "That's because you don't know it all. She has a hundred thousand big, round attractions for him, and all well invested."

Solved. "Has your wife ever threatened to

leave you and go back to her mother?" "Ah! Then she is the master of the

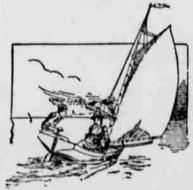
ponging Around. Bramble-The theory that women have no sense of humor is wrong. Wesley-How do you explain it? Bramble-Whenever Aunt Susan

comes to make us one of her long visits

my wife fairly compels us to live on

A Gentle Hint.

sponge cake.



Ethel-Don't you know you always remind we of the mast of a ship, George-Why?

Ethel-Because you never bend your your arms.—Detroit Free Press. But Which One Was Crazy?

"It is said that a very thin partition eparates gentus from lunacy." "That's a fact. A man who is learning to play the clarionette lives in the flat next to me."-Cleveland Leader.

Pictorial Matrimony. "Does your wife ever lecture you?" "Lecture? I'm going to get her a stereopticon."

Trying to He Smart. "My birthday will be along pretty soon."

"Ah, April 1st?" It Takes Two to Play the Game. "George, you've been fighting again."

"Well, 'taint my fault, ma. Me an' Jim Sturges have been fighting all term an' I got kind o' tired of it. So resterday I granted him an armistice... "An armistice. Well, what then?"

"Why, Jim jumped on me an' licked me just the same."-Cleveland Plain

An Eastern Fling. A Chicago debating club is about to wrestle with the question, "Which is the happlest day of a man's life-the day he is married or the day he is di-

vorced?"-Yonkers Statesman. True to America.
"My landlady is' an out-and-out pa-

"How-particularly?"

"Well, she hasn't bought a Spanish mackerel since this war talk began." Detroit Free Press.

Pertinent. Caughey-Who on earth is trying to day the piano, Caroline?

Mrs, Caughey (proudly)-It is Arabei She is learning to read music. Caughey (testily)-Well, ask her if a is necessary to read it aloud.—Stray

The Only Way,



Slow Boy-What's yer hurry, Weary! Weary-I'm goin' ter Cuba. I hear yer kin git half shot dere fer nothin .-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Downright Crnelty. Diggs-Hanks doesn't seem to have any plty for the unfortunates of this great city. Figgs-From what do you judge that!

Diggs-I saw him put a forty-page Sunday paper into the slot of the hespital box.-Harlem Life, Universal Knowledge. Yeast-Can you tell anything about

the weather? Crimsonbeak-Yes; I can tell there's a terrible lot of lying about it.-Youkers

He Got Her Eastly, Bertha-Were you very nervous when Jack proposed? Winnie-Awfully. I was so flustered that I forgot myself and said yes, without making him threaten to go away

An Optimist. "You say the world is becoming beter. Why do you think so?" "Our baby has got so it only wakes up twice a night now."

One Thing Sure.

and do some desperate deed.

She-Do you think the north pole will ever be discovered? He-Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find It.

Strong Evidence. "There has evidently been a reform in our city administration, despite the talk of corruption that we hear." "What leads you to think so?"

"I saw six men working on the street

this morning and there was only one boss to look after them." One on New York. Boston Girl (at winter resort)-What

do you think of cute little Mr. Simpson of New York? Philadelphia Girl-He's like a tele-

Boston Girl-He sees everything, no matter how far off; is that what you mean? Philadelphia Girl-No. You can draw him out, see through him and shut him



Louis Post-Dispatch,

"They say that Havana is likely top up in smoke." "Well, it won't be the first time." Broke Up Festivities.

An Old Habit,

Zim-Funny thing happened at that Chleago sofree. Zam-What was that? Zim-Fiddler hollered out: "Change partners!" and all hands went out to get a divorce."-New York Evening

Journal.

Sanguine. "Thompson is a hopeful soul." "Hopeful? I've seen him wink at a blind man." "See here," said a fault-finding hus-

band, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall always know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly all swered; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept," He lets things run about as usual-Philadelphia Call.

Scriptural Names.

We smile at such Puritan names as "Praise-God Barebones" and "Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord Smith." The Moors, it is said, give similar names, but of course the phrases are chosen from the Koran. They are quite as singular as were the Puritan names. and are said often to be as bad a fit-Some examples of these names are given by Mr. George D. Cowan.

More than one owner of false weights of our acquaintance rejoices in the title. "Slave of the Trustworthy." A former governor of Naha-detested throughout the province for his cruelty and extortion-answered to the name, "The Blessed One."

There is, too, in Mogador, a loafer whose flery eyes, dark skin, strong lanruage, and drunken habits have gained for him on the English steamers, where he now and then works, the sobriquel-"Devil;" whereas in his family circle and among the faithful be is styled "Pilgrim of Salvation."

Pulse Beats of a Healthy Man. The average pulse of a healthy man should beat 72 times a minute.