

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Spain's ultimate conclusion is likely to be that Columbus made a great mistake.

In any event the Spanish, having evicted Minister Woodford, can claim they "fired" the first big gun.

General Grant's grandson serving on General Fitzhugh Lee's staff indicates that one war is over, anyhow.

It may be illiterate generally speaking, but Spain is going to collaborate in writing some remarkable pages of history.

Victor Hugo said: "Every man is the son of his own invention." If Victor was right Dr. Gatling, of Cleveland, must be a son of a gun.

Spain richly deserves punishment, of course, but we doubt whether she really deserves such treatment as the American newspaper poets are giving her now.

One of the Rhode Island churches has performed the astonishing feat of getting through with a "pie supper" containing fourteen varieties of pie. Think of linking religion and indigestion!

The Greek scholar Dragatzis is convinced that he has discovered the grave of Themistocles. Should he be mistaken he will have committed a grave error, and, to a certain extent, put himself in the hole.

The Philadelphia Ledger heads an editorial "Ambassador Hay's London Address," and, then, instead of telling where the ambassador lives, quotes from one of his speeches. Is this treating the public fairly?

A Vienna authority sweetly remarks that "it must not be forgotten that the niceties of European diplomacy are entirely lost in dealing with such a people as the Americans." It must not be forgotten, either, that the Americans are not lying awake at night on that account.

Occasionally the Havana papers find time enough to indulge in humor of a rare quality. That Havana editor who explained to his readers that "General Lee left Havana because he was too cowardly to remain longer" will experience no difficulty in getting a good job on Puck or Judge just as soon as the unpleasantness is over.

A hundred years ago nations went into war in a leisurely sort of way. There were no telegraph-wires, no cables, no rapid-fire guns, no tremendous engines of war, no armor-belted ships. Science has changed the whole aspect of war. The fate of battles hangs today upon the quick eye, the prompt decision, the lightning-like rapidity of execution with which the new appliances of warfare are employed.

The South is receiving high praise from the Northern press for the unanimity with which its Senators and Representatives voted for the \$50,000,000 appropriation for national defense. The South is the most interesting part of this country. It has more inherent poetry and romance than all the rest of the land put together; its history contains the most impressive drama of modern times, and it has produced statesmen and soldiers as great as any in the English-speaking world since William the Conqueror.

The arguments against the wearing of the feathers of song birds in bonnets are sufficiently strong and sufficiently numerous without resorting to such a statement as that made by Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, in a recent sermon, that, "If God had meant women to wear feathers he would have made feathers grow on them." Just as well might it be said, "If God had meant people to wear clothes he would have made clothes grow on them." But a logical absurdity or two may be forgiven when one who is doing effective work against the useless slaughter of the birds.

That travel toward Alaska is falling off is an established fact, and people are trying to account for it. One reason given is the war with Spain. It is far from being acceptable. When a man becomes inoculated with the gold fever he is not likely to stay at home for the purpose of shouting for the old flag, nor give up the prospect of a fortune so as to be enabled to get a slash from an unfriendly monarch. It is not difficult to understand, however, that the stories of death along the northern trails, of starvation and frost, and the gloomy reports of those who vainly sought to win glittering plenty there, might easily tend to check the malady, and at last clear the system entirely of the fever microbes.

Government bonds have fallen somewhat since the Maine disaster, but this does not mean that the public supposes the United States would be beaten in a war with Spain, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Neither does it mean that the Government's credit is lowered. One of the things it means is that many investors believe a war would bring such a demand for money that a higher rate of interest for it could be had than Government bonds provide. Hence there is a disposition, on the part of many holders of bonds, to sell in order to be prepared to take advantage of the expected urgent demand for money in various enterprises, governmental and other, and to get the higher rate of interest, which they look for. This tendency to sell sends bonds down.

Astonishing disclosures as to the difficulty of securing recruits for the army were made by the Philadelphia Ledger. Stations had been opened in that city, and one day 100 applicants were examined. Only four of the 100 could pass the test and were accepted. Thousands of men have offered to enlist in Philadelphia since the war began, but only a small proportion of them have been accepted, all the rest having been turned away on account of mental or physical disability, principally the latter, since the mental requirements in-

clude nothing harder than simple mathematics, and previous experience is not essential as in the case of the navy. The Ledger thinks that such figures indicate a degree of physical stamina among the applicants so low that it should engage the attention of scientific students. The only consolation it can offer is that "it is not improbable that many of the applicants were of the sort that have failed to meet the physical requirements of ordinary trades and industries."

The recent request made by the president of the University of Chicago for an additional \$5,000,000 to be added to its endowment funds shows how costly a thing a great university is. This institution is one of the youngest of the great schools of the country; it has already received in endowments about \$12,000,000, but yet there is an annual deficiency of something like \$200,000, which is not provided for and has to be raised from outside sources. To provide for this about \$5,000,000 more should be added to the revenue-producing funds of the institution. The University of Chicago is not in this respect an exception to the general rule in this country. It costs over \$1,000,000 annually to run Harvard University and its endowment is about \$9,000,000. Yale has funds aggregating \$4,582,000, and yet the institution is poor and is always pressed for adequate funds to carry on its educational work. Columbia, in the city of New York, has \$9,400,000 in funds, but it is restricted in each of its departments by lack of money. Some of the other universities in this country having large productive funds are: Cornell, New York, \$10,300,000; Girard, Pennsylvania, \$15,210,000; Johns Hopkins, Maryland, \$3,000,000; Leland Stanford Jr., California, \$3,500,000; Northwestern, Illinois, \$2,465,000; Tufts, Massachusetts, \$1,700,000; University of Pennsylvania, \$2,422,000; Vanderbilt University, \$1,100,000; and Wesleyan University, \$1,172,000. The number of schools with endowments of less than \$1,000,000 are to be counted by the score.

There is a disposition to regard Texas as one of the very backward States in the Union. This impression may, in some respects, be not altogether incorrect. But in many other respects Texas has made progress. Especially in regard to popular morality and in the maintenance of law and order the State of the lone star is creating a record that some Northern and Eastern States might imitate with credit to themselves. Some years ago the administration of criminal justice in Texas was principally in the hands of the lynch law courts. Great outrages were perpetrated in the name of humanity demanding redress for brutal crimes. But society did not get better. The rule of violence did not bring peace and obedience to law. The men of advanced thought and the friends of social order in Texas found that in many instances—perhaps in most cases in public violence—the peace officer of the county or city or town, as the case might be, made no effort at effectual resistance when a mob attempted to take a prisoner out of his hands for the execution of summary popular justice. It was then thought that if officers charged with the custody of prisoners were held to a closer accountability for the prisoners in their care the rule of violence might be brought to an end or at least restrained. The Texas Legislature, therefore, passed a law which perpetually disqualified for office—in effect disfranchised—any sheriff, deputy, constable, police officer or jailer who should permit a prisoner to be taken out of his hands by a mob for lynching purposes. It is a matter of official record that since the enactment of this law not a single lynching case has occurred in the State.

The wisdom and unwisdom of self-repression is carefully weighed by Mary E. Baldwin, in a paper on "Safety Valves in Home Life," in which she contends that a high pressure life calls for some protective measures, and that the woman who engages mind and heart in her purpose, even though she may not be classed among public workers, instinctively seeks her safety valves. These are peculiar to her individuality, and suit, as she imagines, her needs; but sometimes they are not chosen wisely, and are overused. The intense nature, with the greatest need for letting off steam, is the one who will make the mistake in this direction. The home of such a woman is often a place where tragedy is frequently enacted. Her nervous system, wrought up to a point bordering upon frenzy, her mental and physical energies following his lead, there comes a moment when the strain must be relieved or mind and body will both give way. It is not an easy thing to acquire the habit of withholding the worst from the dearest friend, and showing him only the best; but it is possible when the heart is right and the purpose has even a germ of strength. One brave, gentle woman confided to a friend her experience in trying to relieve the tension of mind and spirit without giving discomfort to those whom she loved. Her plan became her abiding friend whenever she felt the need of letting herself down from a too highly strung condition. She played off her feelings and gradually became calm. The woman with mental resources, and with wise discrimination, will learn to choose her safety valves with reference to the comfort and peace of the home, and will thus find a gain in self-respect and in strength of will.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted? Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing—not even my advice as to how things should be done.—Boston Transcript.

"She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Washington. "Perhaps," was the reply, "but she has a heart of gold." "So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkoot Pass in order to reach it."—Washington Star.

"My dear Miss Bullyvan," said the impetuous youth, "I love you more than I can find words to tell." "Well, then," interrupted the heiress, "why don't you try figures?"—Chicago News.

Talk is so cheap that much of it has to be disposed of at a big discount.

WHAT THEY DO.

All night long the little stars blink; All night long they twinkle and wink; All night long, when we're fast asleep, Through the cracks in the shutters they peep, peep, peep.

But what do they do when the daylight comes? When the sun wakes up and his big, round eye Stares and stares at the big, round sky, The little stars nestle right down in their nest,

And their bright eyes close, while they rest, rest, rest, And that's what they do when the daylight comes.

All day long in the warm summer time, The posies blossom and creep and climb; All summer long when the south winds blow, They nod their heads and they grow, grow, grow,

But where do they go when Jack Frost comes? They wrap themselves in their faded gowns, And they take a trip to the rootlet town, When the ledele fringes begin to grow, And the air is full of the snow, snow, snow,

And that's where they go when Jack Frost comes.

And the little ones chatter the whole day long, Of building and weaving and lesson and song, All day long in the merriest way, They laugh, and they work, and they play, play, play,

But what do they do when the Dream-man comes? They nod and forget all their joys and cares; And they fold their hands, and they say their prayers;

And under the blankets they gladly creep, And they close their eyes, and they sleep, sleep, sleep, And that's what they do when the Dream-man comes.

—Utica Globe.

HER UNAVAILING SACRIFICE.

"I was very quiet, very tranquil, in barracks that day, and from the deserted grounds, where only a solitary sentry or two paced up and down, none of the usual barrack-room talk, laughter, or singing could be heard. For every soldier, band man, and officer had been called to the officers' police quarters, where a fellow-soldier was being tried for his life by the court-martial. It was during the revolutionary days, when power was vested in the hands of the military. They had the right to say whether or not Private Santiago Moreno was guilty of manslaughter, and whether, in payment thereof, he should die."

No women were present in the grim, fortress-like quarters; only the soldiers who stood in silent, stern rows around the room. On the dais sat the colonel, the mayor, and some lesser officers; fronting them, straight and erect, with shoulders thrown back, stood the prisoner, Santiago Moreno. He was a good-looking fellow, and the star on his uniform lapel showed that he had received credit "for valor in the field." Not a flicker of an eyelid, not a movement, showed what he felt; there was not even a tremor when the colonel, after long and grave discussion, at last stood up, and with the other officers grouped about him, and pronounced the sentence of death—"that on the morning of the following day, Private Santiago Moreno would be escorted to the plains of San Geronimo, and there be put by the ley de fuga to death." That was all. The prisoner drew himself up, and saluted, his face no more concerned than that of the men about him, and was taken to his cell.

The soldiers melted away, group by group, some of them displaying sorrow, some unconcern, and others anger. For the slaying of his companion in arms by Private Moreno had been a very cold-blooded and more than usually wicked deed, even in a country where wicked deeds are common. Fox with deliberate intention Moreno had waited for the other, after parting with his sweetheart, Pancha, and coolly and methodically bored a danger straight to his heart. For it he had offered no excuse or defense, stating merely that the murdered soldier had "annoyed Panchita; that a caballero cannot allow such a thing as the molesting of his novia."

In his small stone cell—once the room set apart for those about to suffer in the auto de fe of the Inquisition days—Private Moreno walked about, whistling a gay Mexican danza, hunting the while for writing materials. He wanted to write adios to his sweetheart, he stated lightly to the warder, who was eying him warily, one hand on his pistol. Though Moreno might not be armed, he was a man to be watched. But at the prisoner's wish to write a note to Panchita, the warder's face relaxed, and he offered to find pencil and paper. For Panchita was his own cousin, and every one loved the gay, pretty girl, with her artless, innocent ways that had lured two men to their death.

Poor little Panchita! Five minutes after the death sentence had been pronounced, she knew of it, and, her door locked, was lying face downward on the cold stone floor, moaning and crying to the Virgin for help. It had all been her fault, as she knew—through her two men would go to purgatory, and how would she answer for them? On the shrine before her, decked out in blue and white, was a tiny, yellow image of the Christ, with blood-stained body and hands. Underneath him hung the holy pictured face of the Virgin, and to the two, Panchita, weak and faint from long fasting and crying, was pouring out heart and soul. Only that Santiago—her Santiago—might be saved somehow—in some way. Ay, buen Dios—Marie madre de Dios—take her life—her soul for torture in purgatory—only let Santiago escape! Too weak to pray aloud, she had crawled before the shrine, and with burning, tear-covered face was faintly whispering her petitions.

The girl drew herself up numbly on

her knees, sobs that came from her very soul still shaking her slender body. A sound outside startled her, until she remembered that Santiago's mother had come to weep and lament with her own mother. Out there, in the patio, they were lamenting and wailing with loud cries. How could they do it like that—wailing and shrieking so that the neighbors could hear? How angry Santiago would be if he could hear them making such a noise over him! She cast one more pitiful glance at the Virgin, but the sweet, calm face was so quiet, so restful, so little disturbed. What was the use to ask her anything? No, there was no help. She stood up, tottering, and moved over to the window. There was no one in sight; the hot sunshine poured down on the yellow sandy street and the gray adobe walls. Out in the middle of the callejon some dogs and small children rolled and tumbled in the dust together in high glee. A burro, with melancholy face and long, drooping ears, munched alfalfa, while his owner drank pulque in the pulque-shop nearby. It was all so ordinary, so everyday; and yet Santiago was to be shot to-morrow! That is, unless she could think of a plan to save him.

There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and boddings of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing mare, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a mazo on a haecienda horse. Panchita thought dully that some one at the pulque hacienda of San Juan must be very ill and wanted the padre for confession. It would be a long ride for the good old man, because San Juan was many miles away. He would be absent from the town for over a day. Pulling at the strings of his soutane, Padre Francisco rode on, his old black cloak flapping in the breeze. It was so odd and shabby that even Panchita's dim eyes could not but remark it. Poor Padre Francisco, with no one to look after his clothes—he was a good man, and really deserved a better cloak than that shabby thing! Perhaps, if she asked her father, he would allow her to take the cloak that had belonged to her uncle, a priest of the same order as Padre Francisco, to give to the latter good man. And the hood that the padre wore, covering his head and nearly all his face—was ever anything seen like that? One could, of a surety, wear it in a masquerade; perhaps she might borrow it for the next "Balle de Mascaros." At the thought she laughed and choked—it would be a good disguise.

The next moment she was weeping her heart out, pressing passionate kisses on the cold feet of the Ivory Christ. He had heard her, after all, and the Virgin had helped her—interceded for her! For now she knew what to do, and Santiago should be saved. There was a plan—the Holy Mother had sent it to her. Now to carry it out.

At 6 o'clock that evening the soldier on guard before Santiago's door admitted without question the thin, stooped form of Padre Francisco, cloaked and hooded in his usual manner, and carrying prayer-books and rosary. The good father was silently telling his beads, and the soldier bowed humbly and crossed himself as he opened the door, speaking no word. For no Catholic is privileged to address a priest who is counting his rosary beads—it is a sign that silence is desired.

The cell door opened and closed silently after the padre, and the wretched outside heard a smothered, impatient ejaculation from Private Moreno, who was smoking a cigarette and trying to write that adios to Panchita. Then the door was locked, for the padre was going to confess the prisoner, and the guards retired, laughing at the idea of confession for Santiago—the wickedest dog in the army of Mexico.

Lounging in the doorway, the soldiers speculated lazily as to what was going on in the condemned cell. It was so quiet. Not even a murmur could be heard, and finally the men agreed that the padre was praying silently, with Santiago cursing in the ether corner of the room.

It was dark—quite dark—when Padre Francisco came out, with head bowed lower than ever, cloak wrapped disconsolately about him, and fingers still telling his beads. He had been there for an hour, and surely Santiago was either talked down or dead by this time. "Shall we go and see?" asked a guard. "No, hombre; let the poor brute lie." "To the men who watched all night for fear that the prisoner might escape, it seemed a century before midnight gave way to the darkness that comes before dawn, though to the prisoner—quiet sabb! Such waiting is hard even on the men who are not to die, and there was a sound of relief when at last the first bugle sounded: it was time to get the prisoner and march. Because a soldier is allowed two privileges—to be executed before dawn, and to be shot in his uniform. There was no need to change the clothes of Private Santiago Moreno; so far as costume was concerned, he was ready.

In front of the prison, stifly drawn up into line in the darkness, stood the squad of the Twenty-third (Private Moreno's own regiment, who were to attend to the "law of fire," and in the corridor waited impatiently to walk on either side of him. The prisoner, however, was not ready; and deep disgust and scorn was shown on every face when the warder appeared and stated grimly that the prisoner was weeping como un infano, and had begged one moment's grace. Weeping, indeed! A pretty way for a soldier of the Twenty-third to die! And men who had thought privately that they would aim low in the ley de fuga, hardened their hearts—a coward did not deserve such treatment.

That the prisoner, barely visible in the gray dawn, was perfectly calm and composed when he did appear made no difference to them; perhaps he had mastered up some courage, after his weeping, but he had played the coward for all that, and a coward's death was no loss.

Out on the bare, swampy plains of San Geronimo, just where Mount Ajusco rises up bleak and rock-covered, was the place of execution. The walk was not long for the men, to the sound of the muffled marcha, but very dreary. There was hardly light enough to see each other's faces, and the trees and cactus shrubs loomed up gray and ghostly along the side of the rocky trail. As for the condemned man, though he might have played the part

of a coward in the prison, there was no sign of fear now. With quick, light steps, almost out-distancing the regular pace of the others, he walked out bravely, as though going to another decoration by el presidente. Instead of the hands of the very men with whom he had fought at Matanzas, and Huella and other places, arm to arm, back to back.

Here was the spot. And, with his back to Ajusco, his feet sinking into the damp ground, and the gray mist of the morning resting like a pall about him, the prisoner was allowed to stand for a moment, while the Captain made a brief address, concluding with the statement that only because the prisoner was a soldier the "law of fire" would be put into effect; when the word "uno" was pronounced he was to run for his life. On the craggy side of Ajusco, he might find shelter, perhaps. "Uno-dos-tres" would be counted; at "tres" the squad would fire. Therefore he would have to hasten—otherwise, God have mercy on his soul.

"Atencion!" The soldiers stood on guard.

"Uno" was counted slowly. The prisoner stood stock still, and the man nearest swore that there was a smile on his face. "Dos"—"Dios de la vida, he was paralyzed, that he could not run, even to save his life"—and at last, slowly, "Tres! Pro!"

Motionless, horrified, the men had watched. Still the prisoner stood there, at the head up and shoulders back. At the sound of the "tres," however, muskets were lowered, and every hammer pulled. Out thundered the salute of bullets, a veritable hail of them, and the solitary, pathetic figure tottered, then reeled over, face downward, in the damp grass. Dead, of course—how could it be otherwise? The Captain should have looked to make sure, but he wanted his breakfast and some cognac; merely glancing casually at the body, he gave the order to march, and with the marcha once more ringing out the men tramped back through the light of the coming day to barracks and breakfast, leaving the dead man alone on the plain.

The next day Private Santiago Moreno himself, whom we have seen shot and left dead on the San Geronimo plains, was there at sunset, pale, crazed with grief, and holding in his arms a dead body in the uniform of a soldier, but with the sweet, peaceful face of a woman who had offered up her life for a friend. When the sun went down his lifeless form remained, still clasping—even in death—the other body that had been thought his.—San Francisco Argonaut.

QUER STORIES.

There are forty varieties of the tobacco plant. A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

Booths are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin. In the whole of Greece there are only 152 newspapers.

A Kaffir's religion consists mostly in stinging and dancing. In India there is a fly which attacks and devours large spiders.

Silver money 250 years old is still in circulation in some parts of Spain. A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over 1,500 years old, has been found in Palestine.

The River Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of almost any stream. Massachusetts contemplates the expenditure of \$2,000 for the illumination of the dome of the State house.

It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 pounds of rubber is annually used in the manufacture of bicycle tires. The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway and lowest in Italy and Austria.

Admission to Holyhood palace and chapel will hereafter be free, the British government having decided to discontinue the taking of fees.

Italy has followed New York's lead in fighting the spitting habit. Notices in many streets and railroad cars request passengers to abstain on the grounds of decency and health.

Mr. Lea of Worcestershire, sauce-farmer, left an estate of \$3,350,000; his partner, Perrin, left nearly as much. They began life as druggists in a small way in an English county town.

Munster, in Westphalia, has a public school which has just celebrated the 1,100th anniversary of its foundation. It is the St. Paul gymnasium, and was originally a convent school.

One French citizen is doing his best to save his country from depopulation. A new recruit in Paris startled the enrollment board by announcing that he was the thirty-fourth child of his father.

The Theater Hat in Paris. M. Blanc, the new prefect of police in Paris, has begun his administration by the issue of a stringent ordinance against women's high trimmed hats in the parquet and balcony seats of the metropolitan theaters. The rule does not apply to women in the boxes. Curiously enough, a similar rule was enacted at the close of the last century by the chief of the Parisian police, whose name was not M. Blanc, but M. Nols. The same edict debarred all women, except those of the aristocracy, from appearing in theaters and places of public resort with rouge on their cheeks.

Measuring Tapes Made of Steel. Steel tapes for measuring are made in lengths varying from three to 1,000 feet. Tapes of 1,000 feet in length are made only one-eighth of an inch in width, so as to save weight, and are usually made to order. Tapes of great length are used in bridge and railroad work and in measuring streams. Sometimes two 1,000-foot tapes are joined in measuring.

The First Printers. The first printers used to print just on one side of a page, and then pasted together the two blank pages to give the impression of one leaf.

There is enough salt in the sea to cover 7,000 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Continuing the Trouble. He—The trouble with too many people in this world is that they don't know enough to quit when they are ahead of the game. She—I know it. I ought to have quit when I got your engagement ring, but I went ahead and married you.

Hearsay. Barkley—An honest man stands no show in this world. Dixon—Who told you that?

His Usual Position. Fweddie—Yas, I'm always for the under dog in a fight. Horneise—Oh, I could have guessed that. Charity naturally begins at home, you know.

A Gentle Hint.

Film—What's good for a cold? Flam—Have yer got the price of two hot scotch's about you? Film—Yes. Flam—Well, take one of them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Sad Day for the Muse. "Ah," sighed the poet, "I shall be satisfied if I can produce but one line that will make the world better."

Work at Helpmates. I was driving through one of the best farming districts in western Ontario a few years ago. I expressed my admiration.

"Yes," said my companion, who knew the country thoroughly, "nearly all the farmers around here have second wives."

"Why?" was my surprised inquiry. "Oh," he answered, "they killed their first wives making the farm."—Perth Expositor.

Looking Ahead. "And do you love me for what I am or for what I was?" coolly asked the old millionaire with one foot in the grave.

"For what you will be, dearest!" ambiguously replied the poor girl with a living to make.—New York Journal.

A Pertinent Inquiry. Timkins—Who is that solemn-looking man? Sunkins—Why, that's Crankleigh, the great society leader.

Timkins—Society for the suppression of what? A Questionable Compliment. Mrs. Borer—You heard my appeal last night in behalf of the advancement of women?

Mr. Blunt—Oh, yes; I was an attentive listener. Mrs. Borer—What did you think of my arguments? Mr. Blunt—I can unhesitatingly say that they were all sound.—Boston Courier.

Charitable. Ella—Young Lightwit was in a lovely frame of mind last evening. Hattie—But one can't always judge the picture by the frame, you know.

A Natural Deduction. Willie—Pa, are all blind people idiots? Pa—Certainly not, Willie. What ever put that idea into your head? Willie—Well, then, why do they say "out of sight, out of mind"?

She Never Tried It. Mr. Wabash—Are you fond of repartee, Miss Olive? Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—I don't believe I ever drank any of it. We always use "Oolong."

A Popular Superstition.

Brown—They say that sleeping with the moon shining in your face affects the head, but I don't believe it. Jones—Why, certainly. It makes your head light.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Expert Testimony. The Witness—No, sir; I never heard the lady swear in me loife, sir.—The Yellow Book.

Quiet Missionary Work. Literary Critic (laying down a new book)—I wish every maid, wife and mother in the country could read that book.

Able Editor—Well, run in a line to the effect that that book is one which no woman should be allowed to see.—The Yellow Book.

Why He Objected. Doctor—I wish you would tell those deaf mutes to stop talking; the noise disturbs me.

Attendant—Why, how can they make a noise when they talk with their fingers? Doctor—Well, don't actions speak louder than words?

Wardrobe. "She is having the loveliest gown made for her new play!" "Ah!" "Oh, inexpressible! Particularly a satin ball dress with a long train."

"I didn't know there was a ball in the play!" "There isn't; she has that dress to turn her new double somersault in."—Detroit Tribune.

His Excuse. Mrs. Blimburs (sobbing)—You are always finding fault with me now. Everything I do or say is wrong, and you never get tired admiring other women. Yet when you asked me to be your wife, you said I was your ideal.

Mr. Blimburs—That's all right. Have you lived to your age without realizing that only a fool never changes his opinion?

It Makes a Difference. "The man who can profit by his failures is the one who gets there in this life." "That's all right from your standpoint, but it must be remembered that we are not all fortunate enough to be in business for ourselves."

That Would Be Worse. "You have broken my heart," he sobbed. "Well," she replied, "I'd advise you not to make too much noise about it. If papa hears you he'll go out and smash your wheel."

Knave from Experience. "I don't think you boys get as many hard hits as we did when I was a boy," said the grandfather. "Why, grandpa, you didn't have cycles when you were a boy, did you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

As Usual. Col. Knuckey—Yes, boys, I remember way back in '63, when three bullets made holes right in my hat.

Julia—Before we were married Junius used to call me his idol. Janet—Of course. "But since we were married he wants to be the idle one."—Yonkers Statesman.

Must Have Been a Freak. Maude—Young Dashing is simply awful. Clare—Why, what did he do? Maude—The very first time I met him he had the audacity to put his arm around my waist twice.

Clare—Is it possible? Why, I had no idea his arm was long enough for that.

He Didn't Wait Long. Farmer—So you are looking for work, eh? What can you do? Tramp—Well, I once worked in a chophouse as waiter.

Farmer—Just the man I want. I'll give you a job in a chophouse, and you won't have to wait, either. Come right out to the woodshed.

As to Taste. Lioness—My dear, did you notice how neatly he was dressed? Lion—Well, yes, it struck me that it was a very tasty young man.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Information Wanted. Tufton—If you ever call me a list again I'll shoot you like a dog. Bluffton—You will, eh? By the way, how does a dog shoot?

In Boston. He—I'm not myself to-night. She—Then how dare you speak to me, sir, without an introduction!

Something Unusual. Biggs—I wonder what's wrong with Knox. Diggs—Nothing that I know of; but Biggs—I told him I was suffering from a terrible cold the other day and he never suggested a remedy for it.

That Language of Ours. Timkins—What did she say when you proposed to her? Simpkins—She didn't say a word, but just looked at me and then dropped her eyes.

He'll Know Better Next Time. He—Darling, I dream of you night and day. She—I'm sorry, but your dreams will avail you naught. He—Why, what do you mean? She—I mean that the man I marry must be wide-awake; no dreamers need apply.

Are Not Grumburs. I'll—Do you think raw oysters are healthy? Dr. Kurnit—I never knew one to be plain in my life.—New York Journal.

Alimony on Installment Plan. Lida E. Howell was divorced at Chicago the other day from her husband, George W. Howell, who is remembered in Western Kansas as the big lumber dealer who failed a few years ago. Under the terms of the divorce decree Mr. Howell must pay his wife \$15,000 in installments of \$250 a month. He is now working in St. Louis on a salary and it will take him sixteen years and eight months to pay off the alimony.

Speaking of alimony, an odd case is reported from Arkansas, in which where a man is paying \$5,000 to his divorced wife at the rate of \$50 a month. After procuring this divorce he married a rich woman, who, however, insists on handling her own money. Once every month she goes around to the divorced wife and pays the \$50 on her husband's account. The relation between the two women are amicable.

Cyclers' Match Box. A handy match box