

Eugene City Guard.

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

Don Carlos is said to be worth \$30,000,000. If money talks no wonder he can't keep still.

With many papers it's well to read between the lines these days. There's nothing printed there.

There are several million boys in arms in the United States, but they all belong to the infantry.

Senator Moret says "the Spanish ship of state is drifting." What else can logically be expected of a derelict?

The fixed and staring expression of countenance that has become common of late is known as the bulletin face.

A local contemporary claims that "character is told by the tongue." Lack of character also is told in the same way.

Since it's true that it costs hundreds of dollars to fire a single big gun, is it a case of blowing it in or blowing it out?

"Hobson's Choice" will have a new significance hereafter on account of the death risk chosen by Lieut. Hobson, the hero of Santiago.

A Texas woman says: "A thin man makes the best husband because it is easier to sell his old clothes." We are afraid this is a commercial age.

The charge that sons of Senators have been appointed to military positions because they are "sons of great men" needs corroborative evidence.

Maryland is about to unveil a monument to the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The tribute comes late, but otherwise the moment is extremely appropriate.

The residence of Mrs. R. K. Collins was struck by lightning at Johnson City, Tenn., recently, but the current was diverted by a clothesline. There's nothing like having a good line of defense in war times.

Five years ago a farmer in one of our country towns, who had on his farm a thorny little ravine of no value, set it with balm of Gilead roots. He now gathers every spring from eighty to one hundred dollars' worth of buds from the ravine, selling them to pharmacists.

Civil life has its heroes as well as the military. The general who leads an army to victory, or the admiral who destroys a navy, is not a greater hero, no matter what the world may say, than the man who does his duty to his family, to his country and to his God, in the relations of life where providence has placed him.

The modern trust is imperial in its conception and subversive in its continuance to a republican form of government. They cannot exist together for the simple reason that every government is practically a despotism where its powers are controlled by a few and that no government can possibly be democratic unless its sovereignty is but an expression of the popular will.

It is not boasting to state the well-known fact that American seamen are as fine as any in the world; they have in the past shown themselves better than most. If we are to encourage the high sense of duty which has always marked our enlisted men there should be some reward for duty faithfully and bravely performed. It is well, indeed, to be generous with the brave officers, without whom these gallant deeds would be almost impossible, but it is not like Americans to forget the enlisted men.

It does not pay to be so utterly unprepared for war as the United States have been for years. This time we are up against a very feeble adversary. Our unpreparedness could not easily have been brought home to us in a less troublesome way. But we have found out that Spain was not frightened by the latent strength of this country. The time may come when a more powerful nation than Spain will be at war with us. Unless we learn the lesson of the present war the first part of the next war will be bad for the United States.

The people of the United States, if not the statesmen who were responsible, have chafed at the difficulties and delays caused by the short-sighted and niggardly policy of the past thirty years, with reference to the army and navy. To use a colloquial expression, it has been "like pulling teeth" to get a single war-vessel out of Congress; and the politicians have pretended fear that the liberties of the country would be in danger if the army of a nation numbering seventy millions should exceed twenty-five thousand enlisted men. Now we are thanking our stars that our foe is poor, weak Spain—rated as a third-class European power. If it had been England, or France, or Germany, or Russia, or Italy, perhaps we should have conquered in the end; but at the beginning any one of them would have outclassed us hopelessly. Fortunately we have not to cry over spilled milk this time. Yet unless we learn the lesson of our narrow escape, the twentieth century may find Uncle Sam in more than one tight place.

Thomas E. Moore, United States commercial agent at Welmar, sends to the State Department a short but significant statement showing the rapid colonial growth of Germany. Including the recent grab in Kiau Chou Bay, the colonies of that empire aggregate in extent 1,615,577 square miles—an area five times as large as the German empire proper, which contains only 335,831 square miles. As a colonizer Germany holds the third place among the European States, Great Britain standing first, with 16,022,073 square miles and 322,000,000 population, and France second, with 2,503,000 square miles and 44,280,000 population. The country next in order are Portugal (800,914 square miles), Holland (788,

600, Spain (405,458), Italy (312,420), and Denmark (86,614). Only Great Britain, France, Holland and Portugal have more inhabitants in their colonial possessions and protectorates than there are at home. These figures may shortly be subject to revision. Spain will go to the foot of the list, and its colonial possessions may disappear altogether. Germany would like to increase its area by adding that of the Philippines—but that is another story.

Treason against the United States consists, as constitutionally defined, "only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The founders of the Government were evidently determined to make the definition thus explicit that there might be no chance for the "powers that be" to put objectionable persons out of the way on trumped up charges, as had been the case in England. In 1790 a law was passed by Congress providing that a person charged with treason could only be convicted on confession, or on the testimony of two witnesses to the overt act in open court. This was a further safeguard placed around the citizen, protecting him from the possibility of unjust conviction. This same law of Congress made death the penalty for guilt, to be inflicted in the usual way. In 1862 a law was passed by Congress, in which it was provided that the court, at its discretion, could substitute for the death penalty imprisonment and fine. "Misprision of treason" is a punishable offense. This consists in concealing knowledge of the treason of others. The two most famous trials for treason in the United States were those of Aaron Burr and John Brown. The trial of Burr lasted a number of months, and resulted in his acquittal. The trial of Brown resulted in his conviction and execution. Both trials were in Virginia. Doubtless the strictness with which the language of the constitution defining treason would be construed would depend on circumstances. Doubtless, in certain emergencies, a wrong exercise of the ordinary right of free speech would be held by the courts to be "offering aid and comfort" to the enemy, and doubtless there might be times when armed interference with the operations of law, practically amounting as a lesser offense than treason.

The present war has demonstrated beyond dispute that coal will be a controlling factor in all future naval wars. This has been predicted and expected by naval strategists and clearly foreshadowed in former naval operations, but it has never been so clearly demonstrated as it is in the present war. It is one of the strange mutations of time that the whole science of naval warfare should be revolutionized and the progress of civilization shifted to new lines by the application to ocean navigation of the natural product which has already placed the two great English-speaking countries of the world in the front of civilization. It looks a little as if Providence, in giving England and the United States inexhaustible supplies of coal had intended to make them pre-eminent on the sea as well as on land, in war as well as in peace. Without coal England would have lost the naval supremacy established by Nelson and other great captains and conquerors of the ocean, who never dreamed of coal as an element in naval warfare. If any person had predicted to Nelson that the invincible ships in which he achieved his great victories would one day become worthless for naval warfare as so many wooden tubs, and that the splendid seamanship of himself and his assistants would be among the lost arts, without any use for its revival, he would doubtless have regarded it as the dream of a lunatic. It is to the infinite credit of England that she was the first to perceive the coming revolution, to adapt herself to the new conditions, and to reconstruct her navy in such a manner that her supremacy, gained in the era of wooden ships and sails, should continue in the era of armored ships and steam. She has set the pace of naval development in the new era as distinctly as she did in the old, and has wisely recognized, long before it was demonstrated, that coal was to be king on the ocean as well as on land. The ballad of "Old King Cole" should be rewritten and the spelling changed to suit the modern dynasty and the new king.

SOQUELCHES AN ARCHBISHOP.

How Dewey Put a Stop to Calumniating Pastors.

An official with Admiral Dewey writes a friend in the navy department that the Admiral astonished a high church official out there at Manila very much recently.

"The Bishop of Manila," so the letter runs, "had been circulating pastoral, urging his people to rise up and kill 'low heretics' (the heathen Americans), who would not permit the sacraments of matrimony or the last rite for the dying to be administered. Dewey waited until he could fix some of these stories definitely upon the reverend Ananias, and then wrote him a note, in which the Admiral expressed his astonishment that an archbishop could so far forget and abuse his holy office as to be guilty of lying, and lying so basely. If he heard any more of these falsehoods from his reverence or any of the minor clergy, he (Dewey) would turn his guns loose upon the archbishop's palace at Cavite and the cathedral at Manila and level both to the ground. 'False teachers shall not disgrace the holy name they pretend to reverence by uttering the most absolute falsehoods in the name of God.'

"A French priest, who has a brother that is a chaplain in the United States navy, undertook to carry the note to the archbishop. In three days there came back a most abject apology to the American commandant, in which the holy man denied that he had ever said or thought the wicked things imputed to him. In reply, Dewey simply sent the archbishop his own pastoral letter, that he had somehow obtained, that contained the very words and expressions the other had sworn he never thought of, much less used. This ended the correspondence. But the archbishop was snuffed out like a tallow dip, with a six and a very bad smell."

Why doesn't someone name a boy baby Dewey? Here is a chance for fame. Hurry up.

LOVE.

The sweetness of love is dreaming Sweet dreams that will never come true, With the stars of hope blissfully beaming In a bright and impossible blue; Dreaming that you fondly spoken Will ever be true as they seem; Dreaming that hearts ne'er are broken; Dreaming that life is a dream.

Oh! fate, awake me not! Sweet dreams, forsake me not! Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful blue—

Dreaming you love me yet, Dreaming you'll ne'er forget— Let me not waken to find love untrue.

The sorrow of loving is waking To a world that is wretched and old, With the star of hope wifely forsaking, A sky that is faded and cold; Waking when time hath bereft us Of all that the future endears; Waking when nothing is left us, Nothing but memories and tears.

ONLY A FRIEND.

OR years I had known her. Years? Yes, since my childhood. Playmates we had been then—schoolmates then friends. As I watched her developing from narrow-minded youth to beautiful, broad womanhood I trembled lest in the picture I knew she portrayed of future perfect happiness I should be missing.

She was not a beauty as the world terms them, but the kindly smile and true character her face reflected were more beautiful to me than perfect features. But her voice; what a voice it was! A clear, rich mezzo, aided by perfect execution born of deep feeling and power of interpretation. She held a position in one of the leading churches in M—, and there, I confess, I was wont to find the sermon more interesting than at my home church.

One bright moonlight Sabbath, as we strolled home from evening service, she said:

"How well Mr. Study sang to-night! What a beautiful voice he has, Ralph!"

Strange to say, I had been thinking how well her voice and his blended; before I had answered she continued:

"He is so pleasant, too. We should miss him more than any of the others in the quartette if he should leave us."

"Yes, Elsie, he is a royal fellow. But will you go with me on Tuesday to hear Campanari? His voice is better."

"I am sorry, Ralph, but Mr. Study asked me to accompany him that evening and I consented."

"Well, he sings again on Thursday; we can go then," and so it was decided.

The house was reached, and as we entered I thought I had never seen her looking so well. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and the cold, crisp air brought a rich damask to her round cheeks. Removing her outer garments in the hall, she started forward toward the center of the parlor, and as she did so I stopped her, and slipping my arm about her, bent, and ere she could interpret my intention, I kissed her. Tearing herself away, her face ablaze, she cried in a voice of deep anger: "Ralph Moreland, how dare you—how dare you insult me?" while I, all the bolder because of her anger, started forward, and, possessing myself of both her hands, said:

"Elsie, angry with me, no—as she tried to free herself—"you shall listen—angry with one who loves you better than his life, yes, better than all the whole world besides, and whose one ambition is to make you his wife?"

With a low cry of anguish she started back. I released her then.

"O, Ralph," she said, "I never thought you would do this. I thought we were too great friends." Two great tears started and coursed down her cheeks, now pale as death.

"Elsie, my darling girl, don't you love me?"

"Love you?" she reiterated; "love you; when have I not loved you; but not like that, Ralph; not like that; I could never be your wife."

In vain I pleaded, and then a disagreeable thought forced itself upon me. Framing it in words, I said softly:

"Elsie, is there some one else?"

Trembling, she stood there in the semi-darkness. I could see how agitated she was as I caught the faint whisper: "Yes."

Then, indeed, hope died within me, and she continued: "Ralph, dear friend, forget this. Let us be as we always have been, true friends. Don't," she pleaded, "let this spoil our friendship."

"It shall be as you desire; but, Elsie, is there no hope for me? What of this other?"

"Poor Ralph, none. This other does not even suspect that I care for him; but, loving him as I do, it would be wrong for me to consent to be your wife. Please leave me now; you have surprised me so."

And I went alone with my grief-knowledge and praying that God would not let her wait long or in vain for her true love to be rewarded and returned.

Two days passed and the play was nearly over in the L— opera house, when suddenly the cry of "fire" rang through the auditorium, caught up and re-echoed by the terror-stricken people. There in the first balcony were Paul Study and Elsie Moreland. I watched them both as the people thronged the narrow passageways. They had not, I felt sure, seen me, and I resolved to remain close at hand, and if necessary aid them. He made her wait until the crowd were nearly out; then they started. They were within a few steps of the door when, as though to add to the panic, the lights were turned off. I started forward.

"Elsie," I heard him say, "are you afraid? Will you trust yourself to me?"

"I am not afraid with you, Paul," was the soft reply, made with strange calmness.

"You are quite sure," he questioned, bending low and giving her a quick, searching look.

"Is there any danger that we cannot get out?" she queried.

"I think not. You will trust me en-

QUEER STORIES.

A big battle ship has on board an electric plant capable of lighting a town of 5,000 inhabitants.

The desert of Sahara is as large as all that portion of the United States lying west of the Mississippi.

It has been ascertained that plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest granite.

The Netherlands have 12,000 square miles, being about the combined area of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

A law recently enacted in Norway makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are skilled in sewing, knitting and cooking.

There have been 71,000 deaths from plague in India so far, according to a recent report by the secretary for India to Parliament.

An officer has brought to England from the Malay States a sladang, a kind of wild bison, said to be the only one of the species in captivity.

The great barrier reef along the coast of Australia is about 1,500 miles long, the work of coral insects. Sometimes it rises almost perpendicularly from a depth of 1,200 fathoms.

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when childhood stops and manhood or womanhood begins. The boys have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns, and the girls their ears bored.

Siberia has a population of 5,727,000, of which 2,054,000 are males and 2,772,000 females. The population of Central Asia was determined at 7,721,000, of which 4,158,000 are males and 3,562,000 females.

BLUNDERS ABOUT AMERICA.

Paris Papers Show a Marked Ignorance of United States Affairs.

Complaint is made continually that the men responsible for the opinions of the newspapers are frequently lamentably ignorant of the subjects on which they write, and especially so when they write on subjects pertaining to foreign countries, says the Literary Digest.

France and the United States are supposed to be the chief offenders in this respect. Thus Petit Parisien, Paris, a paper with over 80,000 circulation, and supposed to be the best-informed in France (of all the dailies) with regard to things alien, makes some amusing blunders about the American continent. We quote a few instances:

"Canada is a great country. She may well be proud of having given birth to George Washington."

"Among the celebrities present at the review of Russian troops was the brilliant commander-in-chief of the American army, Gen. Nelson."

"It should, of course, be remembered that the masses of the people are only that half civilized in America. Only a fraction of the people can read or write. The dirty power of money-making alone rules."

"Klondike is in the little country called Alaska, which belongs partly to the United States and partly to Canada. There will be complications, as Russia has always claimed jurisdiction in those parts."

"Venezuela, the country assisted by the American jingoes, is so small that one can hardly find it on the map."

"In Eureka Springs, Ark., on a beautiful bay of the Pacific coast."

A Crushed Hero.

On a log behind the pigsty of a modest little farm

Sits a freckled youth and lanky, red hair and long of arm,

But his mind is proud and haughty and his brow is high and stern,

And beneath their sandy lashes, fiery eyes with purpose burn.

Bow before him, gentle reader, he's the hero we salute,

He is Hiram Adoniram Andrew Jackson Shute.

The Tricemes of Iberius.

The recent recovery of some remains of the famous tricemes of the Emperor Tiberius, which lie at the bottom of Lake Nemi, is of great interest both to artists and antiquaries. The Lake of Nemi, which is situated about seventeen miles southeast of Rome, is formed by the crater of an extinct volcano. Upon its broad bosom once floated the magnificent pleasure house of the luxurious and licentious Emperor, Tiberius Claudius Nero, who, leaving his duties at Rome in the year A. D. 26, retired the following year to the island of Capreae, where he indulged in the greatest sensuality. His love of luxury and display was exhibited in the two famous pleasure tricemes which bear his name, and the remains of which now lie buried in the Lake of Nemi.

The discovery referred to consist of the finding of several massive metal mooring rings and tops of stakes by which the vessel could be moored to the quay. The rings are fixed in the mouths and bronze heads of lions, wolves and Medusae, by the teeth of which they are retained in their proper places. These bronze heads are marvelously modeled, and the faces are characterized by a lifelike similarity to the animals represented. Despite their long immersion in the mud of Lake Nemi, they are all perfectly preserved, and the massiveness of their build and the beauty of their outline enable the spectator to judge of the magnificence of the structure of which they once formed but a secondary and almost insignificant part.—Invention.

Was the Maine Hoodooed?

There are many stories afloat among naval men who believe in "hoodoos" that the Maine was unlucky from the day she was completed, says the New York Tribune. It is said the greatest care was taken in her construction, as the naval board was rather suspicious of the way previous contractors had filled the orders of the government, and for that reason the Maine became the pride of the navy. Little mishaps took place from time to time that made the sailors say she was "unlucky," and in August, 1898, when she fouled her anchor in Key West and bent the plates of her port keel, everybody wondered how it could have happened. The following February three men were wounded while at target practice by the explosion of a one-pound shell, and in July, 1897, the battleship ran into an East River pier and cut in two a barge loaded down with railroad cars. It is said that the sailors felt uneasy when they went with the Maine on its delicate mission to Havana, as they believed it was "hoodooed."

The Grave of Eve.

At Jiddah, in Arabia, the Mohammedans locate the grave of Eve. A small temple, out of proportion to the Moslem conception of the first woman (they claim she was 200 feet tall) is erected above the ashes. The structure is in bad repair, and if it rained often in Arabia, Mother Eve would have a rather damp resting place. As it is, a big palm tree has forced its way through the roof. The spot is the Mecca of a seven-year pilgrimage.

On June 3, which is alleged to be the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple remain open all night. On that night the spirit of Eve mourns for the loss of her murdered son. In fear and trembling the pilgrims listen to the awful sounds of lamentation emanating from the tomb.

There are usually in the throng one or two scoffers, who claim to recognize the voices of the priests in the doleful wails, but their opinions do not carry weight with the majority.—Chicago Journal.

Parts of a Locomotive.

In the formation of a single locomotive engine there are nearly 3,000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch.

Old Glass.

The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing a date is the head of a lion at present in the British Museum. It bears the name of an Egyptian King of the seventh dynasty.

To the victors belong the privilege of fighting over the spoils.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

MUMOROUS 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.

Thorns vs. Tacks.

"I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a wheel," said the stern parent. "You are a thorn in my flesh."


"And you," replied the disappointed youth, "are a tack in my path."

From Different Points of View.

Walker—I've just been reading an article on our coast defenses. They seem to be insufficient.

Ryder—That's right; I don't think any cyclist should be allowed to coast without a brake.

Popular Song Illustrated.



"The girl I left behind me."—Exchange.

Cause of the Trouble.

Jags—What's good for insomnia, doctor?

Doctor—How long have you been troubled with it?

Jags—Oh, I haven't got it at all, but my wife has. Sometimes she doesn't get to sleep until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning.

Doctor—Well, I'd advise you to try going home earlier.

A Leak Somewhere.

Hixon—Anything wrong down at the pumping station this week?

Dixon—No, not that I know of. Why?

Hixon—Oh, I've noticed that the water we have been getting at our boarding house for some time past seems to be about half milk.

Not in Their Class.

The Parson—My boy, I trust you have some good and noble aim in life. The Boy—Why, cert! Do youse tink I'm one of dem Spaniards?

The Proof.

"Do you say that your husband is weak-minded, Mrs. Bosston?"

"Very. No matter what I tell him to do he invariably goes and does the other thing, your man."—Detroit Free Press.

No Answer Received.

"And was your prayer answered?" asked a visitor of a North Carolina dandy who had told of praying for rain.

"No, sah," said the African, "I spees de cable was cut, sah."

How to Get Rid of It.

"I can't get it off my mind," said Mrs. Stieckler.

"But you can change your mind," suggested her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

The Proper Classification.

Miles—Hello, Giles. Is it a fact that you have recently married?

Giles—I guess so. Facts, you know, are stubborn things.

The Office Boy's Romance.

"Mr. Jenkins, I've got an uncle, a brother and two cousins in this war."

"I see; you're fixing to get off to a baseball game every time we hear rumors of a battle."

Modern Methods.

Mrs. Watts—You folks are dreadfully slow. We are using individual communion cups at our church.

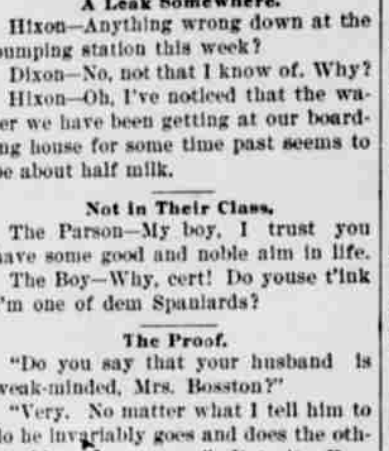
Mrs. Potts—Slow, are we? Next week we begin using capsules.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"We fellows," said the student boarder, "are thinking of getting up a little cheap spread. Is there anything any one could suggest?"

"Oleomargarine," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

Forced Accomplishments.



Benevolent Lady—My good man, why don't you learn some trade?

Wearly Waggles—Know fourteen already.

Benevolent Lady—Why, how's that?

Wearly Waggles—Served fourteen terms.—Detroit Free Press.

Papa and Mamma Songs.

Mamma—And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?

Little Pet—Papa tried to sing to me like you do and I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it.—Punch.

Unabashed.

By way of variety she deliberately and openly yawned.

"You frightened me," said he.

"Really?"

"Er—well, I was more grieved than frightened. It looked as if I might never see your face again."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Real Patriot.

"Is he? Well, I should say. Why, he smokes nothing but Dewey cigars, always wears a Fitzhugh Lee hat, and he can read 'Remember the Maine' backward or forward, just as you please."—Philadelphia North American.

Some people never feel just right in the spring until they have undergone medical treatment; others, until they have been fishing.

One Thing Needful.

Mr. Wabash—Do you belong to the "Daughters of the Revolution," Mr. Olive?

Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—Not yet, but pa's going to buy me a wheel next week.

Stimular but Different.

Directory Canvasser—What is your first name, Mr. Peck?

Mr. Peck—It was "Claude" before I got married.

Directory Canvasser—Am I to understand that marriage altered your name?

Mr. Peck—No, not exactly, but it spelled it "Clawed" now.

Unlimited Capacity.

Jack—Miss Giddy's heart seems to have been modeled after a street.

Tom—Why, how's that?

Jack—There's always room for more.

Subsequent.

Bronson—My poor old grandpa is dead and her parrot died the same day.

Dalley—Very strange! The parrot died of grief, I suppose?

Bronson—No, I killed it with a pebble.—Pearson's Weekly.

Papa Is Thinking Now.

Wise Father—No, my son, never off till to-morrow what can be done today. Remember that, and the which leads to success will be open before you.

Little Freddie—All right, Gama, quarter to go to the ball game this afternoon. It might rain to-morrow.

Ready to Make the Sacrifice.

"What has suddenly caused you to decide to go to the war? I thought you couldn't afford to do it on account of your business."

"My neighbor's boy has bought a cord and is leaving to play 'Man in Through Georgia' on it."

No Fitty Lucre There.

"Brussey has married a girl whose father has a clean million."

"The dence he has! Who is she?"

"The daughter of old Raders, soap-maker."

An Easy Choice.

She—Which would you rather have, wealth or the affection of the man you truly loved?

He—Wealth, by all means. That could have the other on the side.

The Mighty Pen.

"Bulwer was dead when you wrote: 'In the hands of men enters great the pen is mightier than a sword.'"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, it's that way in the hands of almost any old pig of a Spaniard."

Unusual.

First Summer Girl—I became engaged to him the second time we met.

Second Summer Girl—Something terrible must have happened to one such a delay.—New York Evening Journal.

A Small Matter.



Doctor—You say you've called me to disagree with you?

Erastus—No, sah. I only ate five crabs and two cups ob milk. Duff's.—Chicago Tribune.

The Thorns.

Dasherly—So your wife's away? You miss her much?

Flashery—Yes, and the deuce of it a lot of other fellows are "Missed her, too, I understand."

One Poet's Wisdom.

Quad—Quillet makes a fair thing writing obituary verses, I understand.

Dash—Is that so? Then he has sense than I gave him credit for.

Quad—Why, how's that?

Dash—Waits till he gets a note where he can't kick before he begins to write poetry about him.

From Different Points of View.

Bess—Oh, dear! I suppose I'm in another month of bad luck.

Nell—Why, Bess, what makes you think so?

Bess—I saw the new moon over my left shoulder last night.

Nell—That's too bad. Now, I had good luck to see it over Jack's right shoulder, and, say, isn't my engagement ring a beauty?

Experiences.

"I do not believe that I have a friend in the world."

"So you have been trying to lose money, too, have you?"

Something Worse than Ferocious.

"Remember," said the good man, "that there are sermons in stones."

"Not in those that you run over with your bike," retorted the cyclist, the argument was, necessarily, ended.

Honoring the Profession.

An editor in the South was riding on a steamboat, and having shaved, naturally offered to pay.

"We never charge editors," said the barber, grandly.

"But how can you carry on a business?"

"Dat's all right, boss," was the indulgent reply. "We makes it up of gentlemen."

Can These Be True?

He—"These shoemakers are getting well up to the vanity of women, have it on the trick of putting smaller heels in women's shoes."

She—"Yes, and it is also said that hat makers are numbering men's hats size higher. There?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bacilli of Tuberculosis.

Dr. J. C. Spencer, bacteriologist on the board of health at San Francisco reports that he has discovered bacilli of tuberculosis in a Chinese made cigar which he examined.

"Oh, I don't know," said one who was quarreling with another one morning, "your displacement is great."