

# Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

Before the czar can disarm Europe he must disarm suspicion.

As to the use of time there is likely to be something dark in a man making a night of it.

The young man who starts out in life with money to burn sooner or later finds his match.

When it comes to wheat this country refuses to hide its light under hundreds of millions of bushels.

"Havana cigars are again from Havana," remarks a contemporary. Very far from Havana as a rule.

There's a resemblance between the two, and the world may drop the sword altogether when Time drops his scythe.

Advertisers are now using the highest peaks of the Alps for their purposes. One way of getting their name up.

The Cubans are very fond of baked beans, and from now on Boston will agree that the war had a humanizing effect.

This latest trademark of Li Hung Chang goes to show his wardrobe is about as uncertain as our own Weather Bureau.

Judging merely from his record Count Esterhazy probably pronounces his name with strong emphasis on the last two syllables.

Already some fifteen names have been mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination. After awhile we may have 1900.

A Texas contemporary suggests that Havana cigars may contain fever germs. Then the safest course is to burn the cigars, of course.

A contemporary's headline, "Dealers in Rubber Meet," furnishes a little food for thought, even if the proof reader has done his work well.

If it's true a man can now make a name for himself in the French army it's odd Colonel du Paty de Clam doesn't try to do something with his.

There are probably no more anarchists in Europe to-day than there have been, but anarchists are like mosquitoes; when they become active one is a crowd.

General Pando, who insists that the war isn't ended, should not waste his time in New York, but go to Spain, where the people as a rule don't suspect that war has even begun.

The London Figaro must have added an Irishman to its staff. Its Berlin correspondent the other day telegraphed: "I regret to learn that the Emperor William fell from his horse at Wilhelmshohe but was not killed."

The bicycle run from Ponce to San Juan, over eighty miles of macadam road, through seven towns, and with Green Mountainlike scenery all the way, will doubtless be one of the favorite amusements of winter tourists to Porto Rico from the continent of the United States.

The late Georg Ebers, the Egyptologist and novel-writer, was a life-long invalid and cripple, who had to be wheeled about in a chair whenever he moved from place to place. Yet he was one of the most productive workers of the age. If one so handicapped can do so much, ordinary men should not despair of achievement.

"There are, of course, many worthy private citizens in the United States," says the London Quarterly Review. We naturally expect pleasant words from our English friends these days, but we are hardly prepared for such a lavishly generous tribute. The esteemed Quarterly Review should be careful that it does not become fulsome in its compliments.

A peculiar fatality seems to hang over the Emperor Francis Joseph, and he has described himself as "unlucky." The empress is the fifth person of his family to die a violent death, the tragic and mysterious end of Prince Rudolph at Meyerling being yet fresh in the memory of the aged sovereign when this last and most terrible blow of all comes to crush him in the very year when the dual empire was celebrating the glories of his reign.

On the broad canvas needed in picturing the life of Prince Bismarck, no inconspicuous place must be given to the outlines of the wedded years, nearly fifty in number, wherein this man of iron showed the finer sensibilities. The death of the devoted wife shortened the days of him who seemed to deal so lightly in the questions of life and death for whole kingdoms. We follow him through scenes in court and camp as one might watch the course of a planet, but he comes near to all classes and conditions of men in exhibiting the affection which makes home the chief spot on earth. To many a heart the tears the husband shed when his dearest friend and helper died will be of more service in interpreting the illustrious life now closed than all the triumphs of diplomacy accomplished by his inflexible will and overmastering domination of men.

Paris, always the capital of the kingdom of the new, will strive to outdo herself at the coming exposition of 1900. Various schemes and projects, some visionary and some, perhaps, to be realized, have already been presented to give an air of wonder and enchantment to the exposition universelle. Among these is one for sea bathing. For visitors at the great fair to have the pleasure of bathing on a real sea beach at Paris will not be possible for excellent reasons, but the inventor will give the best possible substitute for it if his plans are adopted. His scheme is nothing less than to hollow out a great lake on the site of the Champ d'Entraînement at Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne and then by

means of specially constructed power to draw water from the channel five miles above Dieppe and drive it through pipe 120 miles to Longchamps. The water will be drawn off daily and thus be kept pure and the inventor also claims that he will be able to reproduce the tidal movements and even to lash the miniature sea with petty storms. For all this, of course, there will be some francs to pay, but Paris will have a novelty and for this Parisians are always willing to pay and especially to have others pay.

Porto Rico, the one portion of Spain's late possessions in the new world which is to be promptly possessed by the United States as a portion of its territory, is naturally attracting considerable attention as a promising field for enterprise. One of the most interesting and valuable articles on Uncle Sam's new island is that contributed to the Century by Frederick A. Ober, late commissioner in Porto Rico of the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Ober gives a charming picture of the loveliness of the Porto Rican landscape and the beauties of its tropical climate, in which respect he simply agrees with all other observers, from Ponce de Leon to Gen. Miles and his army. Geographically, Porto Rico is very simple. A central range of cordilleras descending in foothills and valleys to the coast, with numerous short rivers flowing from the central mountain heights to the coast in all directions, and with some excellent ports and harbors, especially in the east, south and west. There are more than 1,000 of these short streams, of which perhaps fifty are of sufficient size to be designated rivers. The island is thus well supplied with water, though droughts in the southern portion are sometimes occasioned by the precipitation of the northeast trades against the northern side of the central mountain range. Almost every valuable or aromatic tree or shrub common to tropical climes flourishes on the island, and these will be a source of great wealth under the regime of industry and enterprise upon which Porto Rico is about to enter. The lowlands are extremely fertile and produce maize, yuca, sugarcane, etc., abundantly. Tobacco of a fine quality can be grown, and coffee trees yield annually about 17,000 tons. Bananas, plantains and other tropic fruits yield wonderfully, the entire range of delicious fruit being represented. The island is also rich in minerals, though but little attention has been given to them by the natives or the Spanish. The climate, after acclimatization, is considered the most healthful of the West Indies.

There is no doubt that the rush to the Klondike is over. The weary argonaut is returning to his home. The river beds of Alaska are as rich as ever, but the stream of discouraged and partly successful miners coming back is greater than the counter-current of stragglers who still believe that fortunes can be washed from the frozen wastes in one season. The unprecedented craze for Alaskan adventure was brought about, of course, by the natural fascination exerted upon all men by prospect of sudden wealth. This motive had full rein at a time when industrial depression had placed thousands of strong and generally practical men in that frame of mind which is described as "waiting for something to turn up." The rich strikes of a few born prospectors who had already spent years in the frozen gold fields inflamed the imaginations of the unemployed, and the vague recital of hardships was belittled, if indeed it did not add to the allurements for men proud of their strength and ashamed of their idleness. There is no doubt that few of these eager adventurers expected to spend more than one season in Alaska, believing, as many still believe, that once found, a paying claim can be worked continually until wealth is assured. The climate was supposed to be excessively cold in winter and pleasant in summer. Its only menace being the rigors of the closed season. Transportation and trading companies flooded the United States with rosette prospectuses and thousands borrowed money, mortgaged their homes or started badly equipped for the alluring chance to make fortunes which had at last "turned up."

A successful miner recently returned from the headwaters of the Yukon partly accounts for his own success by asserting that he was there before the boom began, and is going back "because he likes it." He belongs to that rare cut which is still represented in the mining regions of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains by prospectors who are natural recluses and continue their lonely combats with the hostile elements because they "like it." The Klondike is the supreme test even for such adepts, and they are a unit in the belief that success in the Alaska placer mines must be the result of years of patient drudgery, and may never be achieved. It has been the experience of all that pay dirt extracted in an Alaska winter by incessant and tedious processes cannot be washed or panned until the succeeding summer. Nor is the open season much more favorable for the work of hauling and building than the winter. The mud is as impassable as the snow drift; midday in summer is often too hot for either work or sleep and travel is more hazardous than ever. In the depth of winter the thermometer lingers about 50 degrees below zero. In the intermediate season, just before the thaw, the mercury has shown 15 degrees below zero early in the morning and jumped up to 80 above by midday, a change of temperature which in time will destroy the most powerful constitution. Scarcity of food, extremes of heat and cold, utter isolation and, above all, the endless tedium of the process which may or may not bring wealth at last, are the sharp realities which confront the ardent pilgrim who has dreamed of sudden wealth in the Klondike, and send him back with faith in "the States" renewed and brightened by contrast. The gold is in the Klondike still and it will be mined by the hermits who found it, while the boomers who followed them will return to the widening avenues of industry in their own country, where the chances of success are fully as good.

The man who invented advice never intended that any one should take it. This was not in the specifications.

Whose duty is it at your house to put down the wadys when you hit?

**AWAY.**  
I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead—he is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest years  
For the old-time step and the glad return—  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes—  
Mild and gentle, as he gave—  
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things—Where the violets grew  
Blue as the eyes they were likened to,  
The touches of his hands have strayed  
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thread that harshly  
chirred  
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain  
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain—  
Think of him still as the same, I say;  
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## A SAILOR'S REVENGE.

A STRANGE man was Tom Dalton, first mate of the whaler Ironbow—a strong man among the strong ones. In person he was six feet in height and well proportioned, and for muscular power he beat anything I ever saw in my life. Yet, somehow, in looking at his face, one couldn't get over the idea that he had suffered great sorrow, or had some wrong to avenge. He seemed to be always looking for some one, and we never had a new mate and he never met a stranger, but he'd give one single, penetrating look and then drop his eyes, as if it wasn't the man he was looking for.

I told him one day how he seemed to affect me, and he gave me one of his strange looks.

"Yes, Jack, my boy," he said, "I'm looking for a man, and I'll find him yet, please God! You may be thankful for one thing, my lad."

"And what is that?" I said.

"That you are not the one I'm looking for," he answered, with a look I didn't understand then, but learned the meaning later. "See here, Jack, I must trust some one, or this thing will drive me mad. I want to find a man with the little finger gone from the right hand—a sailor man, with three stars in India ink in the palm of his right hand, and the letter G below them. Find me that man and you'll do an old mate a kindness; that's all I've got to say."

I was a carpenter on the Ironbow, and we had a captain who was a terror. Oh, he was a tough old salt—with a face the color of mahogany, and a voice like the roar of the wind in a gale. A stove boat made him happy, if he only got the whale—that's all he asked.

But we filled early in the season and ran into port to get rid of our cargo, and I was a carpenter on the Ironbow, and we had a captain who was a terror.

Oh, he was a tough old salt—with a face the color of mahogany, and a voice like the roar of the wind in a gale. A stove boat made him happy, if he only got the whale—that's all he asked.

Then I saw a spectacle such as I hope never to see again, as Tom slowly drew a revolver and waited. The harpooner fell on his knees, weeping and begging for his life, but that stern face never changed. The self-appointed judge and executioner did not know the name of mercy. The wretch crawled upon the ground and buried his face in the snow at Tom's feet, and I couldn't stand it, and stepped out in view.

"Don't come nearer, Jack Ratlin," cried Tom, "or as there is a God above, I'll give you shot. This man is doomed and he shall die."

"Tom," I said "before you fire, think a moment. You say you loved Mary Blake?"

"You'll never know how much, Jack—words cannot tell."

"Then listen to me. They say the good and pure, looking down from their bright homes above, are witnesses of the actions of those they loved on earth. If your dead love beholds you now, do you think it would make her happy to see you stain your hands with the blood of this base wretch? Can you hope to join her up yonder?"

He stared at me a moment and then, raising his hand to heaven, he cried: "Mary, I do what you would have done. See! I forgive your murderer, and leave his punishment to God. Go back, Williams; from this moment you are safe from my vengeance."

The man slunk away, shaking like a leaf, and deserted at the first port we entered. And Tom Dalton, with a new light on his face, the hope of meeting her beloved in a better world than this, did his duty manfully until his death, three years after, in a battle with a giant whale. He has entered into his rest. Whether Gus Williams lives or died, I do not know, but his two victims are safe in port.—Spare Moments.

**Coal Statistics.**  
The coal area of the principal countries of the world is enormous. Japan and China have over 200,000 square miles of coal fields. The United States has nearly as much. India, 85,000 square miles; Russia, 27,000 square miles; Great Britain, 9,000 square miles; Germany, 3,000 square miles; with France, Belgium, Spain and other countries about 4,000 square miles. It is estimated that the coal districts of five of the largest European nations would yield something more than three and one-half billion tons of coal. Grumblers who sometimes worry lest by the prodigal waste of coal the supply should be exhausted may be reassured by the statement that there is coal enough in the world to last over a thousand years, at which time they probably will have a little interest in mundane affairs. Pennsylvania has the credit of mining fifty million tons of coal during the year 1895. This is the largest production given in the United States Reports of any coal-producing state. North Carolina furnishes 23,000 tons, which is the smallest amount reported for any state. During the year 1895 the value of the coal production was nearly 108 millions of dollars for bituminous coal, and anthracite about 78½ millions.

Whenever we see an old woman with whiskers, we wonder if they grew after marriage or before.

An eccentric man is one who is of his own mind.

## There, in plain view, were the three stars and the letter G.

"I reckon you've led a wild life, Gus," said the mate, seating himself on a locker. "Seems to me I heard something of that yarn myself. Didn't you promise to marry her and do your best to make her set her heart on you, and then leave her a letter to say you were never coming back?"

"Why, yes. Perhaps I ought not to have done it; but it was jolly fun to make love to her! Marry her; I wouldn't do that; for I had a wife in Bedford. But I didn't tell her that—oh, no, no, no!"

And then he broke into a careless song, such a one as a sailor loves, and the mate got up and went out, with such a look as I never saw on a man's face before, and never want to see again. He didn't say anything to me, and I noticed he never looked at Gus Williams again.

I knew evil would come of it, and I didn't know how I could stop it, but if Gus Williams had known the danger he'd drawn on himself, I think he'd have jumped overboard.

Things went on all right, until one September day, when we were lying off the Alaskan coast, the captain sent three boats ashore for some timber he wanted, and I went in Tom's boat. Gus Williams, who was harpooner in the second mate's boat, went, too.

I saw Tom come up and speak to William after they landed, and they went away together, and something put it into my head to follow them. There had been a light snow, and it was easy tracking them; and after I had gone a mile I heard their voices in a little gully, and crept up close.

"You told a queer story the other night when you were drunk, Williams," the mate was saying, "about a girl named Mary Blake, in Nantucket. Was it true?"

"Why, yes, as far as this: I made her think I was a single man, and made her love me, and then ran away from her."

"Didn't you know or didn't you hear that she had a lover—a man that would have died for her if she asked him?"

"It seems to me, now I come to think of it, that I did hear something about a tar that had a fancy for her. But what did I care for that? I wanted my fun."

"Did you never hear what came of it, then?"

"No. I never bothered myself about it much. I've wondered sometimes if the tarry jacket came home and married her."

"I'll tell you the end," hissed Tom. "When she got your cruel letter she drooped and faded, and when the man who loved her truly came home from a cruise she was very near the grave. Then, one day, when the burden of her life grew too much for her to bear, she told him of your deceit, and described you, and then died, with her head upon his bosom. Then he took a vow that if you and he ever met he'd kill you."

"I'm glad we never met!" cried Williams.

"I'm the man that loved her and took that vow," continued Tom, "and now I mean to keep my word. Down upon your knees and pray for you have not five minutes to live."

Then I saw a spectacle such as I hope never to see again, as Tom slowly drew a revolver and waited. The harpooner fell on his knees, weeping and begging for his life, but that stern face never changed. The self-appointed judge and executioner did not know the name of mercy. The wretch crawled upon the ground and buried his face in the snow at Tom's feet, and I couldn't stand it, and stepped out in view.

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## A KENTUCKY SCHOLAR.

He Had an Opinion About What His Teacher Would Do.

His name wasn't Col. Bourbon, but let him be called that for the sake of this Kentucky chronicle, says the Washington Star.

That he was a little bit of a chap could not be gainsaid by any one who looked at him; neither could it be denied that he was interested in education and was a school trustee, or visitor, or whatever it is a prominent citizen becomes when he is interested in the public instruction of his county.

Not long ago he visited a school in the country taught by a strapping six-footer, and he was asked by the teacher to make a speech—an invitation the colored never refuses—and the same may be said of another, not to be mentioned here.

A leading feature of the colonel's address was mutual confidence between scholar and teacher, and he sought to make it plain by example.

"Now, children," said the colonel in the course of his lucid exegesis, pointing through the window toward the railroad, which passed quite near the little log schoolhouse, "what is that we see out there crossing the creek on a bridge?"

"A railroad," answered all the school, with vociferous unanimity.

"Ah! And how do you know it is a railroad?"

"Because we can see it."

"Very good," smiled the colonel. "Now, what railroad is it?"

"The L. & N."

"How do you know it is? You can't see 'L. & N.' written on it anywhere, can you?"

"No, sir; the teacher told us."

There was great unanimity on this point, much to the colonel's delight, but he wasn't through yet.

"You believe what the teacher tells you, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," yelled the school.

"Now"—and the colonel became very abstruse in his tones—"you don't know me as well as you know your teacher, and what would you think if I were to tell you he was lying to you?"

This was a poser, and the children staggered at it for a minute or two. Finally a tow-headed youngster, with a scratch on his snub nose and one of his front teeth gone, held up his hand.

"Well, my boy!" and the colonel smiled encouragingly.

The boy looked critically at the little school lined up alongside of the six-foot school teacher, and then ran his eye up the teacher from foot to head.

"I'd think," he said in the most matter-of-fact tone, "that he'd wallop the waddlin' outer yer in about two shakes uv a sheep's tail."

**Pets of a Learned Man.**  
Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great authority on Persian inscriptions, wrote his Memoir in a summer house overlooking the Tigris, where the outside head of one hundred and twenty degrees was reduced to ninety degrees by the action of a water wheel which poured a continuous stream of water over the roof.

For recreation while writing his book, Rawlinson indulged in petting wild animals. He had a tame leopard named Fahad which he brought to England and presented to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, near Bristol. When ever Rawlinson was in England he would visit Fahad. As soon as the beast heard his cry, "Fahad! Fahad!" it would rise from the floor of its cage, approach the bars, and then, rolling on the floor, extend its head to be scratched.

Once the keeper, who did not know Sir Henry, on seeing him patting the leopard, exclaimed:

"Take your hand out of the cage! The animal's very savage, and will bite you!"

"Do you think so?" said Sir Henry. "I don't think he'll bite me. Will you, Fahad?" and the beast answered by a purr, and would hardly let the hand be withdrawn.

He also had at Bagdad a pet lion, which had been found when a kitten on the bank of the Tigris—its mother having been shot—and brought to Sir Henry. He alone fed it, and the lion when grown would follow him about like a dog. One hot day the lion moped and rejected its food. It paced about the master's room, and he, being very busy, called two servants to take the lion away.

The lion would not go with them, but drew near its master, and at last sat down under his chair with its head between his knees.

"Oh," said he, "if he won't go let him bite."

The servants went out, and Sir Henry wrote on. The lion sank from a sitting position into that of a "lion couchant." All was quiet for several hours save the scratching of a pen. When his work was over the master put down his hand to pat the pet. The lion was dead.

**The Verdict.**  
The Atlanta Constitution tells of a curious verdict rendered by a Georgia jury in a case where the guilt of the prisoner was clearly established. It was not thought the jury would be ten minutes in recommending him for the penitentiary, but three hours elapsed before the twelve men fled into court again, when a verdict of "Not guilty" was read, to the astonishment of all.

"How could you bring in such a verdict after the evidence?" asked the judge.

"Well, Judge," replied the foreman, "he's a man of large family, and lost one leg and two sons in the war."

**Comfort on Sea and Land.**  
A German has invented an apparatus to "increase the comfort" of persons in railway carriages and on board ships, consisting of a back rest supported by a strap, with loops for the arms and a net for the head, the whole being suspended from the ceiling by springs.

**Cubans Use Many Gestures.**  
A private who was with the regulars at Santiago says of the language of the islanders: "You should watch the natives talk, for you can learn to understand their gestures easier than to speak their language. They have a gesture for everything, and with practice you can read them like a book."

If a man wants to think a thing, don't present him evidence to the contrary; prejudice is stronger than evidence.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

**Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.**

**His Fleecy Hearers.**  
Mrs. Benham—I couldn't hear what the minister said this morning that made all of the people smile. What was it?  
Benham—Instead of giving out his text he said, "The usual nap will now be taken."

**The Governing Factor.**  
He—You say the widow's grief was terrible, and yet you think it won't be long until she marries again.  
She—It can't be long. She looked so lovely.

**Just the Same.**  
"Don't you want to grow up to be a man?"  
"What's the use? All the other boys will be grown up, too, and I'll be just as hard to lick 'em as 'tis now."

**Sensible Girl.**  
"Yes," said the soldier, "when we parted she gave me a token of her regard. I put it in my pocket, and it was the means of saving my life."  
"I see," was the response. "It's the old story. You carried her photograph next your heart and it caused the bullet to deflect."  
"No. It wasn't any photograph. It was a bottle of malaria medicine."

**Button for Weary Wagglers.**

**The Worm's Chance.**  
Mrs. Eupack—"The philosophers tell us that blessings often come to us in disguise."  
Mr. Eupack (with a sudden show of spirit)—Say, Maria, when are you going to unmask?—Cleveland Leader.

**The Secret Out.**  
"Now, what," asked the interviewer, "led you to come out of Santiago harbor?"  
"We were drawn out," said the Spaniard, "by the smell of roast beef on the Brooklyn."—Philadelphia North American.

**Worth Trying.**  
Dick Dashington—I wish I knew something about law.  
His Friend—Want to break a wit? Dick Dashington—Not that; but I would like to know if I could get an injunction preventing old Boddie from interfering with my attention to his daughter.—Puck.

**Long and Short of It.**  
"The war didn't last long."  
"How could it when Spain was short?"—Philadelphia North American.

**He Was Convinced.**  
Mrs. Hayricks—It says here in the paper, Silas, that this war has served to bring the people of our country closer together. Do you think there's any truth in it?  
Mr. Hayricks—Yes. When I looked into the parlor last night, Lieutenant Striplings and our Annie was sitting a good deal closer together than I have ever seen 'em before he went away.—Chicago News.

**A Peculiar Proposal.**

She—I am all alone in the world. I have neither father nor mother.  
He—No mother? Oh, will you be mine?—Helter Welt.

**A Warlike Bird.**  
Mr. Schenley Park—I wish Auntie were alive now.  
Mrs. Schenley Park—Why?  
Mr. Schenley Park—He could easily and describe the military round robin.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

**As a Bracer.**  
Maud—Poor Hankinson! Mame Gingham threw him over the other day, but he makes a brave attempt to hold his head up.  
Irene—Is that why he's wearing that four-inch collar?—Chicago News.

**His Motive.**  
Watts—I don't believe you ever saw an amateur performance.  
Potts—Of course I don't. Sitting through amateur performances makes more—Indianapolis Journal.

**Bowling Round the World.**  
Probably many readers will be surprised to learn that a cricket ball rolled the hand of a fast bowler at a speed equal to that of an express train.  
Some time ago a test was made by means of electric screens of the rate of bowling of Turner, the famous Australian bowler. It was found, as the result of a series of trials, that the ball traversed the distance between the wickets at the rate of over fifty miles an hour. As Richardson is a still swifter bowler than Turner, it is safe to estimate his highest speed at a mile a minute.  
If it were possible, therefore, to have a line of bowlers, placed at suitable intervals, and each one delivering his ball when his predecessor's ball reached him, the distance between London and Leeds could be covered in four hours with ease, and the circuit of the world at the equator in less than twenty days.

**Victoria's Descendants.**  
There are four sovereigns and nine heirs apparent among the fifty-seven living descendants of Queen Victoria.

**The Bad Boy.**  
"I have noticed that it is the best school."  
"Yes; the teachers promote them to get rid of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

**War News.**  
Mrs. Wallace—What do they want to cut all those cables for?  
Mr. Wallace—Don't you understand? As soon as the cables that hold the island are cut it can be moved on to Florida.—Cincinnati Enquirer.