

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

The Ladrone Island, Guam, probably was named by a goat.

Money talks; but in an election bet it cannot safely be trusted to articulate distinctly.

An exchange says: "We hear a faint tinkle which sounds like wedding bells." Quinine, probably.

The Scotch physician who alleges that bicycle riding is a cure for insanity probably has a wheel or two himself.

A burglar who posed as a gentleman has just been caught in New York. He managed to get an entree to some fine houses there.

If France continues to heap up accumulations of domestic trouble she will be a nervous and careworn hostess by the time 1900 comes.

While holding office is the main thing, perhaps the shaking of plum trees by public officials might be considered as a kind of branch industry.

One complaint of the redskins is that big game is disappearing. And with an end put to their scalping chances they can't even go hunt the hair.

As the saying goes it may be all right to move heaven and earth to beat a political opponent, but the earth in the case shouldn't take the shape of flung mud.

A New York girl imagined she had been transformed into a turtle. But, really, now, if she had been transformed into a turtle, her case would have been much harder.

Simultaneous with the Dons having to get out of Cuba there came suggestions of a new American railroad there. Thus both nations were making tracks, but in different ways.

An old colored man wisely explained the reason for the overthrow of many good causes by saying: "Don't you know that you can't nebbet put ignorance ober intelligence, an' mek it stay?"

A novelist writes: "Adolar was bewitched. Never had the countess seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face." She must have been a very beautiful woman.

"All you have to do to win a woman," says Bigamist Hecking, "is to tell her she is beautiful, then tell her you love her, and she'll give you her hand right away." There are exceptions to every rule, as many young men in all classes of life can testify.

An exchange says: "A St. Joseph girl who had no faith in banks or bureau drawers, placed \$140 and her jewelry in one of her stockings, put the stockings on and went to bed. In the morning she found her stocking and the contents gone." What! Lost a leg?

A cry was raised: "Stand back! A lady has fainted!" And men and women alike crowded to see the spectacle and to shut off the reviving air. This only goes to prove that it is not best to create a panic by raising a cry. No end of mischief is done all over the land, and has been done all through the ages, by people who are officiously noisy.

A Vienna paper, in an article believed to be officially inspired, congratulates the Sultan of Turkey upon being relieved of the Island of Crete. In order that there should be no appearance of partiality it should congratulate the Queen Regent of Spain upon her release from responsibility for the government of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and the Philippines.

The supreme trouble which has visited the Emperor of Austria-Hungary as the result of an assassin's act may stay for a time the fierceness of race hatred which distracts his composite empire; but Slav, German and the rest will almost certainly renew the struggle. The controversy so far as it concerns language is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the jubilee medals instituted by the Emperor, as for service in the army, navy or gendarmerie, have engraved Latin inscriptions. All other medals which have been issued during the present reign have borne German inscriptions. The Latin tongue is thus the language of compromise when occasion requires.

Dr. J. B. Learned offers a new cure for insomnia—a cure which he has tried on himself with success. After many vain resorts to nostrums and tricks, he invented a series of movements which, being carried on in bed and accompanied by slow, deep breathing, induce muscular fatigue, redistribute nervous force, and thus dispose the whole body to repose. Might it not be just as well to take some orderly exercise before going to bed, and in the open air? More fortunate still are they who can distribute this exercise over their working hours. Centuries ago it was observed that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

One of the vexed questions which brought about the recent Indian outbreak was the encroachments of the white men on their timber. The official reports of the superintendent of logging for that district show that much of the dissatisfaction comes from the sale of timber by the half-breeds, mixed bloods and squaw men. The following figures are given: Number of feet sold by the quarter-bloods, 15,547,820 feet; number of feet sold by half-breeds, 2,201,270; number of feet sold by the "squaw men," 1,611,990; number of feet sold by the full-blooded Indians, 845,350. Naturally the mixed bloods are better able to do business from their knowledge of the English language, and they make contracts for the sale of timber which the full-blooded Indians do not understand and hence resent. Often the mixed bloods obtain the consent of the Indians by fraud and then sell out his claims thus obtained.

Altogether it is more the timber question than the liquor question which is to blame for the outbreak, though doubtless whisky played its part there as well as elsewhere.

A sick soldier who was ordered to a sanitarium on a mountain summit found on arriving there that but one room in the house was unoccupied, and that so shut in that no one would take it. A young schoolmistress had the best room in the house, having engaged it long before because of the grand view from the windows. When she heard of the poor fellow lying in bed all day with only a dense wood for a prospect, she had the clerk exchange the occupants of the two rooms, bargaining that her little plan be kept a secret.

If your walls are so narrow You cannot see far, Knock a hole in the ceiling And look at a star.

The little schoolmistress did better. She knocked the hole in a brother's ceiling, and opened up to him a whole constellation of happiness.

The remarkable woman who is now the real ruler of China by the abdication or assassination of the emperor has played an important part in China in recent years. She was the secondary wife of the Emperor Hien Feng, who died from Peking in 1861 when that city was occupied by the French and English. As the mother of Tung Chi, who succeeded Hien Feng, she was raised to the rank of empress, and has ever since made the Chinese court a scene of intrigue for power and place. The principal wife and the secondary were jointly appointed regents in the place of Tung Chi, who was but a boy, and these two ruled China for twelve years, when the boy emperor ascended the throne. He reigned but two years, dying in 1875. His widow soon followed him, whether by the decree of heaven or the will of the ex-regents has always been a mooted point. When Kuang Su, the recent ruler, was declared emperor at the age of 4 years, the two empresses again became regents, the joint rule lasting six years, when the elder empress died, leaving the present dowager empress in sole possession of power. Kuang Su ascended the throne in 1880, but owing either to lack of ability or to the designed course of education to which he had been subjected, he remained a boy in intellect, and it is not surprising that the ambitious dowager empress has once more come into power with Li Hung Chang as her favorite minister.

Even China knows that a new century is dawning. The poet Tennyson wrote not many years ago that he would prefer ten short years of Europe to "a cycle of Cathay," meaning that changes were so slow in the Chinese empire that ten years here meant more than a thousand in the flowery kingdom. But to-day there is no place in the world where history will show more sudden and kaleidoscopic changes than that same empire of China. Since the Japanese war shook the very foundations of their capital, the Chinese have awakened from the sleep of ages and are showing signs of marvellous activity. Revolution and re-revolution follow each other so rapidly that even the war correspondents of the daily papers have hard work to keep track of them. Concessions to England for the building of railways, mining of coal, gold, copper and oil are granted and revoked. Russia and France come in for their share of the division of the empire on paper, and its subsequent redivision. Li Hung Chang, great statesman and diplomatist that he is, has been deprived of "yellow jacket," which is the robe of his office as prime minister, and had it returned to him so frequently that the poor old gentleman must have had difficulty in keeping decently clothed during the operations. The Emperor has been murdered and resuscitated (in the daily papers) a dozen times at least in the past three months. In fact, between the diplomatists and the newspapers old China is having the liveliest times in all its mighty career. One fact seems beyond dispute, and that is that an American missionary has been appointed president of the National University of China with unlimited means and full authority to make all necessary arrangements to give the young men of China a modern up-to-date education, including foot-ball. This will do more to make China a nation among the nations than anything else she could do. We hope Dr. Martin will not be deprived of his office nor his head till he has established this great institution. His position is one of enormous influence, and should be of the greatest value in fostering friendly relations with the United States and giving us the commerce to which our geographical position entitles us, and which we will undoubtedly obtain.

American Hotels in Cuba.
As Havana will undoubtedly attract a large number of winter guests, business men of New York contemplate establishing a mammoth hotel there. Early in the progress of hostilities many capitalists realized that Cuba, and especially Havana, was a fruitful field in which to invest, and one of the most patent avenues appeared to be a provision for visitors to the land of which so much has been recently written and said. The advantages of Havana as a place for people of fashion to winter was early exploited, but in most cases the schemes were held in abeyance pending the cessation of warfare. Now that the war is over, there is no reason why such schemes should not be perfected.

Everybody Warned.
An Arizona rancher has posted the following notice on a cottonwood tree near his place: "My wife Sarah has left my ranch when I didn't Doo a Thing Too her and I want it distinctly understood that any Man as takes her in and Keers for her on my account will get himself Pumped so Full of Lead that some tenderfoot will locate him for a mineral claim. A word to the wise is sufficient and orter work on fools."—Denver Times.

The Frightful Sahara.
No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

TWO ISLANDS.

Two islands lay within a lake at Munster, And scarce three leagues of water flowed between; On one Death came and went, but on the other The shadow of his presence ne'er was seen.

Glad were the dwellers on one happy island, For youth was there, high hopes, and lightsome hearts; They built fair dwellings where they sang and feasted, They bought and sold within their busy marts.

The years went swiftly by, almost uncounted, Till marks of age were seen on many a face, Till forms grew bent, and eyes grew dim and wistful, Till life seemed weariness, and death a grace.

Disease grew rife, and pain was close companion, Burdens pressed heavily, joys ceased to be, Gain lost its charm, no more they cared for feasting, And men grew tired with immortality.

And longingly they looked toward the island Where sorrows ceased, and pain and all unrest, Where cares could be laid down, at once, forever, And deemed that island most supremely blest.

And lovers who in youth exulted, knowing That in their future could no partings lie, At last grew weary, and with solemn pity Grieved for each other that they could not die.

And, though they spake no word, with furtive glances They looked across the water's shimmering plain, Unto those quiet fields of grass-grown hillocks, And craved their utter, blissful rest to gain.

And, so the legend says—full many a shallop Slipped from its moorings by Life's fair green isle, And bore these heartsick ones to Death's own island, To gain the boon denied such weary while. —Utica Globe.

THE NEW TEACHER.

SCHOOL District No. 10, over in McComb County, had the reputation of being a very rough place for a young teacher, and no place at all for an old one.

It is a curious fact that any kind of a teacher can get along in some districts. The people are so kind; the children so apt and gentle; the schoolhouse so cozy and well furnished, and the salary paid so promptly and graciously, that teachers are never changed unless they marry or go into some other business.

I regret to say that model school districts are by no means in the majority; they are not nearly so plentiful as good teachers, for often all the success of a school depends largely on the hearty co-operation of the parents.

School 19, over in McComb County, was constantly changing its teachers. Every new teacher was perfection the first month; simply human the second, and if he or she remained through the third month the children were in rebellion at the instigation of their parents, and the brains of the gossips were busy concocting slanders which their tongues did not hesitate to utter.

Robert Cole had just graduated with honor from a well-known college, and by way of recruiting his health, replenishing his pocket-book and getting started in his legal studies he determined, in the absence of anything better, to teach school for a year.

The superintendent of schools for McComb County was Robert Cole's friend, and to him the young man applied.

"There is only one district in this county that has not a teacher engaged to open school at the end of the present holidays; it pays the largest salary in the county, and the money is sure for the district is rich; but then—"

"But what, Mr. Moore?" asked Robert Cole, seeing that the superintendent hesitated.

"It is a hard district."

"How so?"

"Well, they slander the female teachers, particularly if they are pretty; and the big boys have a fashion of thrashing the male teachers."

"I should rather like to try a school like that," said the young man, with a laugh.

"Oh! I am sure, Mr. Cole, you could manage the boys, but the parents and older brothers interfere. Why, last year a young man taught in No. 19; he was a powerful fellow and a fine teacher, he did some flogging, particularly with the Dooks, but a lot of the men folk lay for him one night, and after beating him they threw him into the pond, and if he hadn't been an expert swimmer he'd have drowned. As it was he escaped, and the very next day he resigned."

"Who are the Dooks?"

"It is a large family; they are related in some way to nearly every one in the district, and I believe—yes, I am sure—two of them are trustees at this time."

"Are there no good people in the district?" asked Robert Cole, feeling a bit discouraged, yet anxious to undertake the school for its very difficulties.

"Oh, my! yes; indeed, a majority of the people mean to do right and would change matters if they could; but they are a quiet, law-abiding folk, who need a leader and dread to act for themselves. If you say so, I can get you the school," said Mr. Moore.

"I shall be thankful if you do. I have a theory of my own about managing hard boys, and I should like to try it," said Robert Cole.

The superintendent said "Very well," and within a week Robert Cole had met the trustees and was engaged for the ensuing school year.

He was a well-built, handsome young fellow, and during the ten days that elapsed between his engagement and the time when school was to open he visited all families that had children, and did his best to create a good impression. In this he was successful,

and when he opened school the inhabitants in No. 19 felt that they had at last got the teacher they had been looking for years and years.

The doctor and the clergyman and a few other observant people shook their heads and said one to the other: "Young Mr. Cole is certainly an accomplished gentleman, but his refinement and culture are all so much against him. The Dooks will either drive him out, or he will leave in disgust, as others have done, long before the term is out."

Robert Cole's plan was to do his work conscientiously; to treat all alike, and never to give an order which he had not well considered, and which he was not prepared to enforce. He determined to keep his temper, and to require prompt obedience from the very start.

It was often remarked that School 19 always began the new term with a new teacher, on which occasion the building was always packed; but as the term wore on the attendance grew less, until at the close there were neither scholars nor teacher.

Before getting to work Robert Cole made a quiet little speech to the children, and while he was talking he noticed a shock-haired lad of 17, with a hair-lip, who persisted in tickling the ear of a little boy in front of him with a straw.

Robert stopped, and pointing to the culprit he asked: "What is your name, sir?"

The culprit looked about him with a laugh, as if he expected some one else to answer.

"Come up here, sir," said Robert, sternly.

The culprit again looked about him when he felt a hand on his collar, and before he knew what was up he was jerked into the aisle and dragged up to the platform, where the teacher picked him up and set him against the wall.

"What is your name, sir?" Robert asked again.

The boy with the hair-lip stammered: "My name's Bill Dook."

"Bill Dook, I have heard of you, but I was not prepared to see you begin your devilment before I began my school. Now, I should prefer to get along well with you and with every other boy and girl in school, but I want you to know that you must do as I say from the very first, or else I shall flog you and put you out of school."

"My father's a trustee," gasped Bill Dook.

"I don't care if he is fifty trustees. You must promise to do as I say or I shall flog you out of school now; you understand?"

"Yes-yes," said Bill Dook, "Say yes, sir."

"Good; go back to your seat."

Robert Cole resumed his inaugural address just as if nothing had happened.

Beyond lecturing a red-headed girl of 16 till she cried—she was also a Dook—nothing unusual occurred during the rest of the day.

Robert examined his scholars, praised the bright ones, encouraged the backward and got them all classified.

Up to this time the oldest inhabitant of District 19 could not recall a teacher who began operations after Mr. Cole's manner.

He had not been there long enough to have his qualifications as a teacher called in question by the gossips; they did not know him long enough to make charges against his character, so even the Dooks had to confess that, while the young teacher had rather queer notions to start with, he meant right.

Robert Cole got his school well organized; he treated all alike, and while during study hours he never relaxed his discipline, at noon and recess he went out and played with the children, and so prevented rude conduct and vulgar language.

Bill Dook was on his guard and took care not to offend again, though hitherto he had been the terror of all the teachers; from his dogged manner, Robert Cole saw that the fellow harbored revenge, and that sooner or later he would try to gratify it.

As the winter came on Ned Dook, a young man of 20, who had left school "for good" two years before, took it into his head to attend again.

Ned Dook was a heavy, powerful fellow, and had the reputation of being the best wrestler in the county.

One of Robert's friends hinted to him that Ned Dook's object in coming to school was to make trouble for the teacher rather than to get instruction from him, and Robert soon saw that his friend was right.

The teacher, not a bit alarmed, determined to carry out his one rule for all. He would not let the big boys smoke or chew tobacco either in the schoolhouse or on the grounds.

"Edward Dook, are you chewing tobacco?" asked the teacher, the day after the big brother had entered the school.

"Yes, I am," said Ned Dook. And to prove it he spat on the floor.

"You cannot chew tobacco here; apart from the example you set the younger boys, I cannot stand such filth in the schoolroom."

"I've chewed for years," laughed Ned.

"I don't care what you have done; you can't use tobacco in this schoolhouse. Go to the door and throw that stuff in your mouth out."

Ned Dook laughed and threw the quid on the floor.

"Pick that stuff up and throw it out!" said the teacher, calmly and firmly.

"Throw it out yourself, Mr. Teacher, if I won't," said Ned Dook.

"It is ten minutes to noon, but I shall dismiss school now and call it ten minutes earlier. The school will leave with Edward Dook."

With alarm in their faces, the children went out, and some of the bigger boys, among them Bill Dook, with a look of satisfaction on his ugly face, looked in the windows.

Edward Dook tried to smile when the teacher locked the door and came back to him, but his trembling lips showed that his confidence in himself was somewhat shaken.

"Will you do as I told you, sir?" said the teacher, coming so close that he might have laid his hand on the other's arm.

Ned Dook's reply was a fierce oath and a savage blow.

Robert Cole saw his tack and knew his man. He threw off the blow with his right hand, and before Ned Dook, who was as clumsy as he was powerful, could recover a blow planted between his eyes sent him in a heap to the floor.

Quick as a flash, Robert dragged his rebellious pupil to the platform and set him on his feet.

The young savage struck another blow and again was knocked down. Then Robert seized a shorter point, and he applied it to the fellow's arms and shoulders till he roared with pain.

"Will you do as I say, Ned Dook?" "Yes," howled the beaten cur.

"Then pick up that tobacco and throw it out. Quick, or I shall take off your coat and wear out another pointer on you."

Ned Dook picked up the tobacco, and when the teacher opened the door for him to throw it out he ran bare-headed like a deer in the direction of his home, followed by his frightened brother.

During the rest of the day Robert continued as if nothing had happened, and his school was a model of order.

School had just been dismissed for the day, when Ned Dook's father and Ned Dook's uncle, both trustees and powerful men under 50, came to the school and demanded an explanation.

Robert saw that these men meant fight, but that they were made of the same material as the younger bullies. He explained, and said in conclusion: "If either of you men came to my school I should expect you to obey me."

"But if we didn't do so?" asked Ned's uncle.

"Then I should make you."

"Do you think you could?" "I don't know whether you intend coming to my school or not, Mr. Dook," said Robert, "but I know pretty well why you and your brother are here. Your family has been a curse to this district, but they must not stand in my way." Here he rose, and locking the schoolhouse door, he put the key in his pocket and said as he came back: "If either of you, or both of you together, imagine that I cannot flog you as quickly as if you were boys, I'll undertake to undeceive you."

The Dooks exchanged glances. They were flogged without striking a blow. They offered their hands to Robert and called him a brick, and told him to do as he pleased from this time on and they would stand by him.

Robert took them at their word, and District 19, from being the worst, became the very best in the county.

A lady succeeded Robert Cole and she said she had never met with better pupils or nicer people.

Robert practiced law near by, and the Dooks became his clients, not that they had a high admiration for his intellectual acquirements, but because they believed that the ability to resist was a primary qualification for a lawyer, and Robert had that quality in perfection.—New York Ledger.

Natural History.
There are four States in which mules are very numerous—Missouri, Texas, Georgia and Tennessee.

Probably few people who visit London are aware that one of the most novel sights of the great city is that of the pigeons round the public buildings.

The cries of sea birds, especially sea gulls, are very valuable to sailors in misty weather. The birds cluster on the cliffs and coast, and their cries warn boatmen that they are near the land.

Natal's hippopotamuses are extinct. The last herd was protected by the government on a reservation near Durban, but did so much damage to the surrounding sugar plantations that orders were given to have it destroyed.

An effort has been made to determine the pulling strength of elephants, horses and men. Attached to a dynamometer, Barnum & Bailey's largest elephant registered a pull of two and a half tons on the second trial, but a smaller and more active elephant gave a record of five and a half tons—whether as the result of a steady pull or a sudden jerk appears to be uncertain. A pair of powerful horses registered a ton and a fifth, while it required the strength of eighty-three men to equal the pull of the smaller elephant.

Used His Hand for Shark Bait.
The fish in some waters are a hindrance, and are greatly disliked by the diver. Perhaps the diver's worst foe is the conger-eel. This creature attacks in swarms, and is most daring and exceedingly voracious. The congers bark like dogs, and never hesitate in the least to bite a man.

"At one time my right hand," said a diver to us, "was exposed for a moment in the water, when one of these fierce creatures made a dash for it, and took a large piece from the back of the hand. It bled freely, and I was obliged to come up to the surface and get it dressed."

"But how about the sharks? Don't you find them troublesome?" I asked.

"Not very. You see, sharks are like rats; leave them alone, and they run away if they catch sight of you. Corner a shark, and he will fight. But if you want a shark story, I can give you one of Lambert's; he once had a thrilling fight with one at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. He had been sent to the island of Diego Garcia to fix copper sheets on a coal-hulk that had been fouled by a steam-er, and was annoyed during his operations by the same shark for nearly a week. The monster was temporarily scared away, however, every time Lambert opened the escape-valve in his helmet and allowed some air to rush out. One day Lambert signaled to his attendants for a big sheath-knife and a looped rope. Having these, Lambert used his bare hand as a bait, and waited until the shark commenced to turn on its back, when he stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and signaled for it to be drawn up. The diver brought home the shark's backbone as a trophy."—St. Nicholas.

About two-thirds of a man's so-called friends would fail to stand the test.

A \$20 gold piece is a nice round sum.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Real Estate.
Wallace—We don't want Hawaii. We want no heathen land.

Ferry—Hawaii is no heathen land. It has missionaries for 100 years, and while the natives may be heathen the land is in possession of the Christians.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As She Understood It.
He—Why did you fail to recognize me on the street to-day?
She—I didn't see you.
He—That's strange. I saw you twice.
She—Oh, that probably accounts for it. I never notice a man in that condition.

Not a Quiet Talker.
She—Is your wife talkative still?
He—No, but she's still talkative.

He Deserved It.
She—You said a moment ago that you thought the world was becoming less lovely every day. Did you really mean that?
He—Of course. If I hadn't meant it I wouldn't have said it.
She—You needn't come next Sunday evening. I remember now that I have another engagement.

It was only then that he realized how he had lost a girl whose father was worth millions.

In Darkest Africa.

Jimbo Jum (meditating)—I can't understand what's de matter wid Bingo Sam. Ever sence he eat dat missionary from New Jersey he ain't been well. S'pose de doctor will know 'bout it.

Jumbo Jim—Dat's a fact, he do. He jes' been a operatin' on Bingo, and he say he got a "hayseed" in his appendix.—Elmira Telegram.

Her Findings.
"Does your wife ever find fault when you happen to stay out late at night?"
"No; she is generally too busy finding my hair."

His Report.
She—Did you sound papa this afternoon concerning our marriage?
He—Yes, I sounded him, and I'll bet everybody in the block heard it when I struck the bottom.

Science Bluffed.
"They are making artificial eggs in Europe that defy detection."
"Bet they can't make an egg two years old that will defy detection."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Superfluous Action.
"Ma, we ain't got company for dinner."
"No, little Tom."
"Well, what makes you stick your little finger out when you drink tea?"

Impertinence.
"When I get angry there is no power on earth can stop me."
"From what—making a fool of yourself?"

Fame.
"There goes a man who awoke one morning to find himself famous."
"You don't say so! What did he do, write a great poem, or sink a collier, or—"

"No; he's a dentist, and once filled the teeth of the victim of a murder mystery."

Sorry She Spoke.

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced)—I think I've met your uncle, Mr. Ernest Brown, at dog shows?"

Miss Brown—Oh, yes, uncle will go to those dog shows, and meets the most appalling people!—Punch.

Quite Theatrical.
"You might have known you could not win with a play called 'The Katydid,'" said the rural uncle.

"Why?" asked the nephew, the manager, who was staying on the farm for the summer.

"Katydid's a sure sign of frost," and the old man chuckled to think how well he was up in theatrical terms.—Indianapolis Journal.

A One-Sided Affair.
"You and Haggy are dear friends, aren't you?"

"Well, he has been dear to me, but I have never cost him anything."

Didn't Climb.
"Did you climb the Alps?" asked the young woman.

"No," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "we meant to, but we couldn't get accommodations anywhere except on the second floor of a hotel that had no elevator, so we went right away."—Washington Star.

He Couldn't Understand It.
"Pa," said the Alderman's little son, "is there any truth in the story that George Washington never told a lie?"
"Yes, I guess there is," was the reply.
"Well," continued the embryo statesman, "I don't see how he ever got up in politics."

Those Loving Girls.
Bees—I wish that young Scudder wouldn't stare at me so every time I meet. It's dreadfully embarrassing. Well—yes, poor fellow! He never can have much sense.

Why He Worries.

"Mrs. Putts has mysteriously disappeared. Her husband is breaking his head under the strain of anxiety."
"Does he fear that she'll never come back?"