

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

To Li Hung Chang: Lillian Russell will get you if you don't watch out.

This country is exporting elevators to England, which is surely a good way to give John Bull a lift.

It is a pity that the civilized pillagers can't be suppressed as easily as the uncivilized pillagers were.

With sixty new warships on the ways England's proceedings cannot be regarded as ways of pleasantness by France.

Mexico, as well as the United States, has the biggest cotton crop on record. All of which is baleful in a double sense for the cotton growers.

George Vanderbilt's palace in North Carolina has cost him \$10,000,000 and is called Biltmore. Perhaps George wishes he had built less.

There is no reason why Uncle Sam should not secure a little action on his murdered misanthrope, China has considerable territory left.

The unforgivable thing about it is that you no sooner learn how to pronounce the names of the French ministers than there is a brand-new batch.

The pugilist thinks foot-ball is brutal, while the foot-ball player thinks prize fighting is brutal—and the public comes pretty near to agreeing with both of them.

Brigham Roberts asserts in an interview that two-thirds of our Congressmen are in fact polygamists. Will Mr. Roberts kindly give us the names of the other third?

An Eastern exchange anxiously inquires, "Was the war a complete failure?" It was. We have this information straight from El Nacional, of Madrid, Spain.

Why not keep our naval and military surgeons in constant practice during intervals of national peace? There is the base-ball field for them in summer and the foot-ball field in winter.

A Connecticut woman sewed fish-hooks into her pocket before going to a county fair, and the first thief who attempted to get her purse was caught "red-handed." Connecticut is still in the lead for ingenuity.

You would have to go twenty times as far to find cases of horse cruelty today as you would ten years ago, asserts the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. May we go farther and find less.

In Bridgeport, Conn., the girls have organized a movement to freeze out young gentlemen callers who monopolize their time without proposing marriage. Social life for a young man who doesn't want to get married in that town must be a sort of continuous performance in which he soon plays the role of the Wandering Jew.

It has been noted that all Presidential candidates whose surnames ended with the letter "n," running on a ticket with a candidate for Vice President whose surname likewise ended with "n," were elected, to wit: Jefferson and Clinton, Madison and Clinton, Jackson and Calhoun, Jackson and Van Buren, Van Buren and Johnson, Lincoln and Hamilton, Lincoln and Johnson, Harrison and Morton.

A good illustration of the necessity of a public sentiment thoroughly aroused in favor of the enforcement of judicious laws is seen in the annual occurrence of destructive forest fires in the timbered regions of the Northwest. Stringent fire laws have been enacted, and there are live State forest organizations, but forest fires as devastating as ever occur whenever droughts prepare the material. For destructive fires of the past summer rank with the notable ones of former years.

It cannot be long before there will be established in the United States schools for special studies as well as for young men for commercial employment in foreign countries. The expanding field of American foreign trade will create a steadily increasing demand for trained men to represent our manufacturers abroad and will offer splendid opportunities for this class of men. Germany has found the plan of specialized commercial education of great value. It has played a very important part in the extension of her trade. Unquestionably the United States would find it equally valuable.

The heir to the throne of Belgium, recently traveling through our Western States in a private car, said to his host: "Last year I was the guest of the Czar. When I took my walk it was between two lines of soldiers, who, I feared, might shoot me by mistake. It was not so pleasant as this, and the eating was not so good." Having thus disposed of the greatest of democracies and the greatest of absolute monarchies, he made a second comparison: "When you come to my country you will send me your card? What can I do? You can see all my country in a day."

The latest report of the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. W. T. Harris, brings down the statistics to June 30, 1907. At that date there were enrolled in public institutions, or schools and colleges of all grades supported by taxation, 14,742,077 pupils; in private and parochial institutions 1,513,016 more; a grand total of 16,255,093. There was a slight falling off in the patronage of private schools, probably caused by the "hard times." Since 1870 the enrollment in public schools has nearly doubled; there has been increasing liberality of expenditure along all lines, with a steadily advancing standard of instruction, administration and humanization of discipline. Of normal schools for the training of teachers, the States support 165, and 200 others are maintained by tuition fees or donations. More than three-

fourths of the school population is found outside of large cities and towns; but the shorter school year is partly compensated by rural industrial opportunities. Of course the statistics represent all degrees of excellence and defect; but the movement is upward and the outlook hopeful.

One of the arts in conducting a political campaign is for the candidate to say all the good things he modestly can about himself and his side of the case without unduly criticizing his opponent. In recent years there has been a distinct gain in American politics in decency, though there is still room for improvement. A candidate who can present the facts from his standpoint in a clear, forcible manner, who knows his case is not so desperate as to call for the aid of mud-slinging, is far more apt to command the attention of the public than the loudmouthed bawler, who makes use of epithets that would be out of place in the family circle. The gentleman in politics on the stump is not an ideal man. He is in many places a reality, and the methods he pursues are becoming more common. It is fair and just to discuss all political issues, which are those in which all the people are concerned, fearlessly and truthfully. If men are found to be corrupt, it is proper to expose their practices to the people, but the speaker can do this without sinking to the level of those who are worse than he is. An honorable candidate would not properly represent the people whose suffrages he is asking for if he did not expose the enemies of the people. The American people like to see a clean, square, fearless, standup fight in politics. The man who loses such a fight cannot suffer by defeat; the candidate who wins by dishonorable methods is robbed, in the estimate the best people make of him, of all the real fruits of victory.

There are at least a dozen claimants for European thrones who have never enjoyed the rights of sovereignty. Don Carlos asserts that, as the last of the Bourbons, he is heir to the thrones of Spain and France. The Duc d'Orleans considers himself King of France, and is a Bonapartist claimant also. The Duke of Cumberland is known as King of Hanover, and the Princess Louise of Bavaria is sometimes saluted as the last of the Stuarts, and the rightful heiress to the English throne. The Duke of Braganza is a pretender to the throne of Portugal. There are six other wandering heirs to lost European crowns. These claimants have never been in possession of the strongholds of power. The Empress Eugenie is dying in exile, after seeing the pomp and glory of empire pass away from her. She is now in her seventy-third year, and resides at Farnborough, in one of the southern counties of England. She is rich, and owns a country house and estate which cost her about a quarter of a million dollars. She lives quietly, and entertains few people who are not relatives. The most distinguished among her guests during recent years have been the German Emperor and Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Empress was once famous for her beauty and the elegance of her manners. She is now aged and feeble, a victim to rheumatism, with a deeply lined face, a bent figure and sunken eyes. Yet even in her old age there are traces of that stately grace and dignity of carriage which once enabled her to set the fashions for an empire and the world. Forty-five years have passed since her marriage with Napoleon III. in Paris, with splendid pomp. For seventeen years she was the greatest lady on the Continent. For twenty-eight years she has been an exile in England, making occasional journeys to Spain, and passing through Paris a few times. Her longest pilgrimage was to Zululand, in South Africa, where her only son was killed in the English service. The Empress' misfortunes have been borne with English fortitude and pluck. She has lived in retirement, and made no complaint because the fortunes of empire have gone heavily against her; but simple and unaffected as is her life, she has not lost the gesture of command nor her Spanish elegance of manner.

"AGONY POINT." The "strangest Curve on Any Railroad in the World." The strangest railroad curve in the world is found on the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway in India. The railroad itself is unique, as it runs far up into the mountains, its Darjeeling terminus being situated on a giddy eminence 8,000 feet above the level of the plains. To reach this height many twists and

bounds are necessary and in descending the trains swing around curves in a hair-raising manner. The sharpest curve is at "Agony Point," where the train almost describes a circle in its own length. One of the most striking features of a journey up the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway is the sharp transition from the burning heat of the plains to the cold air and the snows of this great height.

"AGONY POINT." Impurities about the home. The careless disposal of the slops and debris about the home is one of the most ruinous practices in vogue by the farmer and his family. Impurities about the home bring disease by filling the air with microbes or disease germs. All impurities should be emptied in a keg or a barrel that doesn't leak, and wheeled away and poured on the grass, and not in the same place twice. The barrel or keg should be cleansed weekly with carbolic acid and lime. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. It is next to healthfulness, too. The premises about the house cannot be kept too clean and free of slops, etc. Vermin breed diseases very rapidly and with awful effect. Keep the home and all the appurtenances thereof clean and pure, and keep clean yourself.—Practical Farmer.

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"BOOH!" On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap, and sits like any monarch on his throne, in nurse's lap, in some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my face, and cautiously and quietly I move about the place; then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view, and you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then in shrill, despotie treble lids me "do it all adent!" And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor, it is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for! And it is, oh, such fun and I am sure that we shall run the time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh!"—Eugene Field.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

"OH, MISS ELSIE, Miss Elsie, the bank has been robbed! Twenty thousand pounds gone, missel and poor master away! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Fully an hour ago had the above words been thrust on pretty little Elsie Maitland's bewildered hearing. She still sat in the exact spot where the bearer of the awful news had left her, too stunned and shocked even yet to properly realize all that the terrible tidings might mean.

Twenty thousand pounds gone! And the bank in a somewhat embarrassed condition before! Worst of all, the banker himself—Elsie's uncle—was away! Elsie Maitland was a brave little woman, but somehow this last dreadful thing had well-nigh robbed her of her bravery.

A step behind her, and a low voice spoke her name. She knew it at once; it was her good-for-nothing brother's. Why had he come here now, bringing fresh trouble? For the first time in her life Elsie felt angry with him.

"Why are you here again, Harold?" she cried, when he was standing there in front of her. "When I gave you that last money you promised to stay away altogether, and try and get something to do. Yet here you are once more, and this time I cannot help you. Why do you come? Uncle John would be furious at finding you here."

"But he is away, Elsie," the young man answered, breathlessly. "Grille, you must help me, just this once. I promise solemnly never to worry you again."

"You have promised solemnly before, Harold," his sister said, bitterly. "I cannot help you, I say. We are all ruined. The bank has been robbed."

The startled look on his white face caused her to cease speaking. "Is it true, Elsie?" he asked, hoarsely. "Has the bank really been robbed?" She told him what she knew, he listening impatiently.

"I must have money, girl!" he burst out. "I must have it! I must get away from here to-night, and I don't possess a single farthing! Quick, dear. Uncle left you some for housekeeping. That will have to do."

"I don't possess a single farthing, either," she persisted. "What is the matter, Harold? Why is it so terribly necessary for you to leave Blackmore to-night?"

"The eyes met—hers clear, straight-forward, honest; his weak and nervous. "Uncle will be coming back to see about the bank, Elsie," he muttered, queerly. "He must not find me here. No, it would only add to the bitterness of his return. But what could she do?"

They wanted their money back, their hard-won earnings, and they meant to get it. That exclusive news story by Elsie Maitland on the previous evening to the editor of the Blackmore Times had caused an appalling run on her uncle's bank.

The doors were opened at last; the crowd surged in, presenting checks in the full amount they had deposited in the bank. They looked astonished when the gold came over the counter in their direction. Clearly they had expected to be turned away penniless. They thanked their stars for being the first. The bank could not go on paying out for long, of that they felt sure.

At noon Elsie and her uncle drove up to the front entrance in an open carriage. He had insisted on her accompanying him, despite the fact that she looked wretchedly pale and ill. All the way along they had seen those hideous posters announcing the robbery.

"How did they get the news?" John Rivers kept repeating. "Elsie, child, how did they get the news? It is a mystery to me. If only it could have been kept from them another twenty-four hours I could have weathered the storm."

Poor Elsie's heart ached. "I have done it!" she cried. "The fault is mine—mine! Oh, Harold, if only I could have foreseen all this! If only I could have foreseen it all!"

As yet Elsie had not told her uncle who supplied the news to the paper. She prayed fervently that she might be able to keep the knowledge to herself forever, safely hidden from the fond old man who believed in her. Fate would decide.

For hours she sat in a little room over the bank, listening to the persistent clamorings below for gold. "How much longer could it go on? 'Not much longer!' John Rivers said dejectedly to his suffering niece. 'Not much longer, Elsie, my girl. They must have paid it nearly all out by now. Soon they will have to close the doors. Don't cry, child. It is the will of Providence, I suppose; but it's hard to get such a blow as this at my time of life!'"

Presently there were sounds of cheering in the street. A well-known millionaire had driven up to the bank. "My God!" muttered the old banker. "This is the last straw! Reginald Fairfax has turned against me with the rest; when he has withdrawn his money there won't be a penny left!"

"Go and see him, uncle," Elsie pleaded. "He is so rich he might be persuaded to leave it."

"No, child. I could not speak to him or anyone else to-day."

"Then I will, uncle. Oh, do go and send him here to me! I must see him! Reginald will save us!"

John Rivers went blindly out, and Elsie waited for Reginald Fairfax to come to her. Twice this self-made man had asked her to marry him; twice she had refused. He was rich, but he was also coarse. Life with him would be a nightmare, she had always told herself. She did not love him.

But now— He was standing there in front of her, loudly dressed, and looking more commonplace and vulgar than ever. How could she appeal to this boorish poverty? She must, though; she had worked the mischief, and she must right it if possible.

America, and had come to make a confession to her. He had sold his knowledge of their get. That exclusive news story by Elsie Maitland on the previous evening to the editor of the Blackmore Times had caused an appalling run on her uncle's bank.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

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

Remarkable Coincidence. "Somehow I'm awfully stupid tonight," remarked young Borum, languidly, the other evening. "Indeed you are," retorted Miss Cutting, somewhat impulsively. "Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise. "I merely surprised your remarks; didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried. "Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."

Benefit of Golf. "I'm surprised to hear that you're so enthusiastic over golf, Silgher. Do you play?" "Not in a thousand years. Wouldn't know a link from a ballroom. But my wife is so completely taken up with the game that she has quit trying to run me."—Detroit Free Press.

Cruel Girl. Clarence—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel like a fool tonight. Myrtle—Now I know he was wrong. Clarence—Who was wrong? Myrtle—The man that said looks are deceiving.

Mercy Wanted to Know. Teacher—Now, Johnny, what does a 4-4-4-g-y spell? Johnny Bright—Do you refer to the business end of a wasp, or the principle of my dad when I ask for a new pair of skates?

Explained. "Why," asked the youngest boarder, do they measure the speed of a ship in knots?" "I think," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it has something to do with the tied."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jim's Wicked Dearest. "Little Jim is crazy to have school begin." "Is he so fond of study?" "No; but he says he wants to see how much his teacher knows about the new geography."—Detroit Free Press.

How They Get On. May—You say Mr. Little has a family of ten and he gets only \$12 a week! How on earth does he get along? Jennie—Oh, every little helps!—Philadelphia Record.

That Disastrous Crook. Miss Sympathy—Oh, I feel so sorry Mr. Carrion has met with an accident. Mr. S.—That so? What is it? Miss S.—I heard some one say that his elbow has taken such a crook that he has lost his work on account of it.—Boston Courier.

Strange. Shortson—Shyson, until now I have never felt obliged to ask for a loan. Shyson—And, strange to say, Shortson, until now I have never felt obliged to refuse you.—Judy.

The Prologues. Smith—You are not superstitious, are you? Jones—I should say not. But why do you ask? Smith—Because I wanted you to lend me \$13 until next week.

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea. Voice from above—O, just wait right there—don't move, please—I want to take a snap shot!—Judy.

Refutation. "What does that man mean by saying you made all your money out of politics?" exclaimed the indignant friend. "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "It ain't accurate, anyhow. It was in politics that I made my money."—Washington Star.

Knew Naught of Taxgatherer. Many and strange are the discoveries which are occasionally made in the outlying districts of the dominions of the great white bear. But it is somewhat of a novelty that an entire village should recently have been discovered of the existence of which no one seems to have had any idea. Deep in the forests of the Ural the authorities have discovered a flourishing village, the inhabitants of which speak a curious language of their own and seem to form a sort of ideal commonwealth, in which taxes and taxgatherers, among other troublesome things, are unheard of. This latter defect, however, is now to be remedied.

Electric Mousetraps. An electric mousetrap is something new. A bit of cheese is attached to an electric wire. The mouse or rat to get at the bait must stand on a metal plate, and the moment he touches the cheese he is shocked to death.

Love is the flavoring extract in the ice-cream of life.

Spoiled Darling. "What are you crying about, dearie?" asked the fond mother, "there something mamma's wrong?" "Yes." "What is it?" "I—I don't know. That's what I'm crying about!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Two of a Kind. Husband (at the breakfast table)—"Oh, for some of the biscuits your mother used to make!" Wife (sweetly)—"I'm sorry you haven't got them, dear. They would be as stale about now as they are to be well with that remark."

Stopped in Time. Biggs—What an awfully pretty Mrs. Biggs—What! Biggs—Little dog!—Judy.

Her Dearest Friend. Maude—Funny what curious eyes some people have! I showed my photograph to the Neillsons to-day. He said it was awfully pretty and she said it didn't look a bit like me. Edith—So it seems that husband and wife can think alike, doesn't it?—Boston Transcript.

She Explains. He—Why do women always carry their purses in their hands? She—Oh, don't you know? They would be the use having a nice little handkerchief if one couldn't let the ends hang through her purse so that people might see them!

An Insinuation. Hattie—You are looking rather pale of late. Why don't you do as I do, take a two-mile walk every morning for your complexion? Ella—And do you really do that? I had no idea it was that far to a drug store.

Jealous of Himself. "Is he really so jealous?" "What he is even jealous of himself since some one told him matrimony had made another man of him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Didn't Like a Crowd. Mrs. Gotrox—Lovel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodley loves you for yourself alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.

He Respected Her Will. Flossette—What, in mourning? Why is it? Bertie—Boastly shame—a—stable aunt's dawg—aw—departed—aw— insists on my showing respect, don't cherknow!—St. Pauls.

George Was Stabbers. "George almost broke my heart Sunday." "How so?" "I begged him to go to church with me in his uniform and he wouldn't do it." "How mean! What reason did he give?" "He said it would have to be defective first." "How perfectly selfish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just Like a Woman. "Talk about your great fiancée," remarked the cashier, as he came in and hung up his overcoat; "why, my wife's got them all beat." "Why, how's that?" asked the book-keeper. "She made up her mind to purchase a wrap she saw in a store just around the corner from where we live," said the cashier; "but yesterday she learned that she could buy one exactly like it downtown for 50 cents less!" "And, of course, she went downtown and bought it," interrupted the book-keeper. "That's what she did," replied the cashier; "and incidentally spent \$100 for cab hire while looking for the place."

Paper Hanging by Machinery. The successful operation of paper-hanging by machine is one of the latest achievements of mechanical ingenuity, says the Werkstatt. The arrangement employed for this purpose is provided with a roll, upon which the roll of paper is placed, and a paste receptacle attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall to be fixed at the bottom of the wall, and the implement rises on the wall in such a manner as only to require that it be set by one workman. While the wall paper unrolls and, provided with paste, is held flat against the wall, an electric roller follows on the outside, which presses it firmly and with exact smoothness to the wall. The final completing operation is when the wall paper reaches the top, whereby it is now pulling a cord, whereby it is cut off from the remainder of the roll.

About the Time a Man Gets a Large Family of Daughters off his hands he has to begin setting his sons-in-law on their feet.

The great trouble with the world's idols is that they are all more or less cracked.

