

# Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Men who plot in France would, in other lands, be known as natural comedians.

The fight between Mrs. Keely and the Keely Motor Company suggests a sort of locomotor ataxia.

Experience is about all Spain has accumulated during the year, and she was not acedding much of that.

Talking of this Nicaragua Canal in connection with the Isthmus of Panama, the question is, Will it go through?

In an Eastern female college a swimming tank has just been completed with a capacity of 50,000 gals. Big college, that!

It is intimated that Mrs. Dominis can be induced to compromise. Utterly unnecessary! She has compromised her case already.

There's nothing in using poisoned candy that's going to make transference to the sweet life and bye by that route especially desirable.

The Chinese have killed several French missionaries, which is equivalent to saying that France will soon own another slice of Chinese territory.

Marie Corelli says that she does not regard suicide as justifiable under any consideration whatever. That's a special plea for her style of literature.

Those new automobile trucks in New York are going to be propelled by compressed air. Horses will have a rest. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Prof. Garner has gone back to Africa to study the monkey speech. As Polly can talk, we may yet know the precise language used at that monkey and parrot time.

Col. Ingersoll is said to have had his watch stolen lately. He's probably not pleased over it, as this idea of a happy existence being confined to this world he doesn't like to lose any time.

North Dakota is right in enumerating among her needs a better divorce law. The business that the present one may bring to the State can never offset the damage it is doing to her reputation.

Experts say that the war taught little of any value to military science. This is to be regretted, although it should be borne in mind that the war was not undertaken for that precise purpose.

Oom Paul Kruger is determined that the people of Johannesburg shall have at least two days' rest in each week. He has issued a decree, and it is being enforced, that no piano-playing shall occur on Friday or Saturday.

The Botkin case has had the effect of making people a little skittish about eating anything sent through the mail. It is to be hoped that the Cornish case will have a similar effect in checking the willingness of people to take any kind of medicine from the hand of anybody that offers it.

In a number of avenues of industry which for years Great Britain has regarded herself as supreme, the United States has taken the lead. The lead, once taken, can never be regained by Great Britain. There was a time when its large resources of iron ore and coal gave it an advantage. Its resources in these materials, however, are nothing compared to those of the United States.

Just how gambling and speculation pay was very clearly brought out in the testimony of the defaulting teller, Boggs, in the Dover bank case. He accounted for \$50,000 of the shortage as follows: Lost on race tracks, \$20,000; in marginal stock operations, \$8,000; in poker, \$15,000; in faro, \$2,000; in pools and bucket shops, \$3,500; and \$2,000 in politics. Here is a choice collection of sermons for gamblers and speculators.

When Julia Ward Howe was a young girl, her first literary venture was favorably noticed in a local newspaper. "This is my little girl who knows about books," said a favorite uncle, "and writes an article and has it printed; and I wish she knew more about house-keeping;" a sentiment which in after years Mrs. Howe had occasion to echo with fervor. Few women reach adult life without finding themselves so circumstanced that a domestic training is invaluable to them.

To horseless carriages and smokeless powder add chimneyless factories as the newest in nomenclature. Heretofore it has been necessary in order to secure plenty of draft for a furnace to build an immensely tall chimney. Now it is found that instead of pulling the draft by a chimney you can push it from below with a fan. A plant running three boilers of 200 horse power tried this experiment with a fan whose wheel had a diameter of fifty-four inches. The draft was so much bettered that the firm saved nearly \$1,000 a year by using a cheaper grade of coal.

For defensive purposes the lesson of American martial ardor and skill taught to Europe within the year that is past is of incalculable value, and for long years to come it must temper the aggressiveness of nations that might otherwise have sought to check the progress of a republic whose unexampled prosperity is a standing menace to monarchical institutions. Notwithstanding the republic has joined the ranks of the modern militant powers in such a dramatic way and in such a short time, we may confidently trust that the country will remain a slumbering giant amid the unworthy conflicts into which some of the militant nations have been prone to enter.

Now that Mrs. Botkin has been adjudged guilty of the charge of using the mails as a medium for the distribution of poisoned candy we are glad to learn that she will be locked up for the

rest of her unnatural life. The Borgla industry should not be allowed to flourish in this enlightened country, and there are certainly more humane ways of separating a man from his wife than by the use of quick poisons. It is very pleasant to be loved by the ladies, but the average man is not anxious that the divine passion shall be carried to such an extent as that, and the various essays on love, from Schopenhauer, Mrs. Corbin and other able authorities, have never led us to believe that the right feminine emotion of tender passion is responsible for these harsh extremes. We are solicitous that during her incarceration Mrs. Botkin shall be closely watched and shall be kept as far as possible from the prison dispensary, for a woman of her impulses is likely at any moment to attempt to exercise her talent for flavoring confections.

One of the most valuable of recent naval criticisms called out by the Spanish-American war is made in an article in a German technical magazine by Rear Admiral Pluddeeman, of the German navy. The German admiral says the war will lead to no radical revolution of present naval ideas, but that it will enrich former experience by way of illustration. The naval operations of the war he discusses under five heads—the personnel, the construction and equipment of ships, the artillery, the torpedo, the ram and speed. As to both the torpedo and the ram, he says the war has left us practically where we were when it began, as their efficiency cannot be said to have been fairly tested. The superiority of American guns and gunners is willingly recognized, but the German admiral says but few of the shots were exploded, and that the making of the fuse has evidently not yet reached perfection in America. In the naval battle of Santiago he says the American vessels made but 163 hits for 170 guns, and that of these the 13-inch and the 12-inch guns did not score a single hit. Explosion of a shell killed the entire crew of the Oquendo, but in the opinion of this naval expert this would not have happened if the turret had had no roof. The German critic agrees with most others that the greatest execution was wrought by the 6 pounders, and the fact that only four American guns were in need of repairs at the end of the war speaks well for the durability of the artillery.

Notwithstanding the notable example of the gentleman of Oregon who gave away his wife and threw in four acres of onions for good measure, it does not follow that wives and onions necessarily go together. A later instance is reported from New York, where a wife put onions in the soup, and is now in the hospital suffering from a severe contusion made by a heavy plate hurled by the indignant partner of her joys and sorrows. And this suggests the reflection that many domestic tragedies are inspired by their culinary affairs. The ladies never weary of asserting that the way to a man's affection is through his stomach, and this is measurably and grandly true. But since it is so widely known it does seem a little strange that women will persistently take chances where there are no chances, ignoring the delicate and subtle means of continued good cheer and happiness. We have been much surprised that the women's clubs, and especially the household departments, have not given more time to this branch of domestic felicity, pointing out in special meetings the advantages which accrue from diplomatic avoidance of instruments of wrath, such as highly flavored onions, garlic, red pepper, chili sauce and tobacco, assuming the conjugal aversion. While no true gentleman will break a plate over his wife's head it is unnecessary even to give him provocation for the deed, and it appears to us the duty of the women's clubs to urge a little more feminine care and thoughtfulness.

**JOURNALISM IN AUSTRIA.**  
Ludicrous Revelations of an Editor Brought to Trial for Libel.  
Some curious facts have been brought to light in the course of an action for libel brought against the editor of the Neunkirchner Zeitung, a provincial weekly paper with a large circulation in Neunkirchen and district. Neunkirchen is a flourishing town about sixty miles from Vienna.

The editor, Carl Kulf, urged in extenuation of his misdemeanor that he was so occupied with his duties as a shoemaker that he had no time to properly discharge his editorial work, which he only undertook as a supplementary occupation. His salary as editor was 45 per annum.

Judge—You do not seem to possess the training and education necessary to an editor.  
Herr Kulf—That is not necessary at all.  
Judge—But an editor must at least be able to write an article.  
Herr Kulf—Oh, no. I cut all my articles out of other papers.  
Judge—Who acted as editor in your absence?  
Herr Kulf—A hatter lived next door to the office, and he used to receive the correspondence and hand it over to the printers. The printers published what interested them.

Judge—These are extraordinary conditions for a town so near the capital of Austria.  
Herr Kulf—It is not only in Vienna that proper ideals of the mission of the press are in vogue. I always praise the townspeople who deal with me and pay their bills regularly, and "pitch into" those who buy their shoes elsewhere and do not settle their debts. The Neunkirchner Zeitung is a paper with principles. It receives a subvention from the local authorities.

Judge—How do you obtain the subvention?  
Herr Kulf—I undertook to fully report all the Mayor's speeches, chronicle his small doings and shower praise on his administration.  
Herr Kulf was finally sentenced to a fine for not exercising that supervision over his paper which an editor is in Austria legally compelled to do.—London Mail.

**Pigs in China.**  
It is said that in some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

# TRIBAL CHART OF THE PHILIPPINES.



The area of the Philippines, 114,300 square miles, is equal to New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a total population less than that of New York—9,500,000. The survey of the islands, made in 1882, shows fifty-one different native tribes, speaking over thirty languages. These are divided into the aboriginal population, mixed with Malays; the pure agricultural Malays, and the piratical Malays. The blank spaces in the map are the regions still occupied by the various aboriginal and semi-aboriginal tribes. In Central Mindanao these tribes are still naked heathens. In North Luzon, with the Aroyanos and Igorotes, these tribes have passed out of the savage state. The various tribes occupying the bare places, from thirty to forty in number, are all individually small. The Tagales in South Luzon, the Vicols on the east, and the Visayas in the central and southern islands are made up of peaceful and partially Christianized Malays. The piratical Malays in the Sulu archipelago and the edges of the adjacent islands, are a savage and bloodthirsty race, carrying fire, sword and rapine to all the surrounding islands.

# A MONSTER FOSSIL.

Discovery in Wyoming of Dinosaur that Was 130 Feet Long.

Wyoming is writing a strange chapter in the world's geological history. The big sagebrush Commonwealth is scoring a record-breaker in fossil formations by unearthing the petrified bones of the most colossal animal ever taken from the earth's strata. This stone monster was a dweller in the Jurassic age—a dinosaur, measuring nearly 130 feet in length and being 25 feet at the shoulders—an animal so terrible in size that its petrified skeleton alone is believed to weigh more than 40,000 pounds.



A DINOSAUR OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Assistant Professor W. H. Reed, of the department of geology in Wyoming State University, is its discoverer. He made the great find while prospecting for fossils ninety miles northwest of Laramie last August, and since that time the geological department of the university has been secretly at work in its restoration. So vast is the skeleton of the animal that its smallest bone yet found is more than a man can lift, and with men in the field constantly at work, it is believed that many months may be required before the monster can be placed on the campus at Laramie.

Conjecturing as to the probable appearance in life of the creature, Prof. Reed says:  
"An accurate idea of a living dinosaur is practically out of the question. According to my opinion, I should say that the animal now being brought to light would weigh in life about 60 tons, that he had a neck 30 feet in length, and a tail perhaps 60 feet in length. His ribs are about 9 feet in length, and the cavity of his body, with lungs and entrails out, would make a ball 34 feet in length, 10 feet in width, and, arched over, probably 12 feet in height. Such a space, if properly arranged, would seat at least 40 people. A round steak taken from a ham of the animal would have been at least 12 feet in diameter, or more than 35 feet in circumference, and would have a solid bone in the middle, 12x14 inches, with no hollow for marrow. A set of fangs in cavally could easily have ridden abreast between his front and hind legs, provided he had not objected. Every time he put his foot down it covered more than a square yard of ground, and must have fairly shaken the earth. The smallness of the head of this animal is a peculiar thing. I should say that the head of this mighty dinosaur was probably not larger than a ten-gallon keg. He must have been a very sluggish creature, as the brain cavity would certainly not warrant the belief that his brain weighed to exceed four or five pounds."

**Knew His Nickname.**  
It was said of the late Prof. Lincoln, of Brown University, that nothing made a greater impression on those who knew him than his tremendous earnestness. One of his former pupils says that no other professor of his day talked so little in the class-room, and no other secured such perfect order and decorum.  
In his presence the most volatile became temporarily sedate. Work began at the first moment of the recitation

# hour, and lasted to the closing one. But nobody fancied that Prof. Lincoln, with all his gravity, was devoid of a sense of humor.

"M. Tull Cicero," began a student to translate one day.

"M. Tull! M. Tull!" exclaimed the professor. "Why not give the gentleman the whole of his name?" And without moving a muscle of his face, he demanded, "How should I like to be called Lin?"

This was a little too much for even the lushed atmosphere of the Latin room, and brought down the house. Nine out of ten of the boys never called him anything else but Lin, and he knew it, too, and no doubt did not dislike it, for it was a term of positive endearment.  
But for the student who habitually neglected his work Prof. Lincoln had no mercy; such a student might expect to be metaphorically annihilated by a few clearly cut sentences.—Youth's Companion.

# MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Personality of the Wife of the New Governor of New York.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt will not consent to be interviewed, neither will she give her photograph to the newspapers for publication. She is not haughty, nor excessively modest, but she dislikes this form of publicity, and Mrs. Roosevelt is very much like her husband in one respect—firm when her mind is made up. However, the snap shot fiend has caught her unawares, and the newspapers are publishing the result. It does not do her justice, though the likeness is almost perfect. It is just how Mrs. Roosevelt looks in the street in winter dress.



The mistress of the executive mansion at Albany was a Miss Carow when she married Roosevelt ten years ago. She was an intimate friend of the first Mrs. Roosevelt. She is in the early 30s of medium height, with fair complexion, dark eyes and hair, and possesses a remarkable charm of manner. The Governor has no more fervent champion than his accomplished wife, who is a firm believer in her husband's talents and unlimited ability. In no sense a woman of fashion, Mrs. Roosevelt dresses simply, always in perfect taste. She wears a few jewels, and these are remarkably handsome ones. There are six little Roosevelts—the eldest a daughter by Mr. Roosevelt's first wife, who was formerly Miss Alice Lee, of Boston. Mrs. Roosevelt's existence is devoted to husband and children. What ever she believes is required of a Governor's wife she will do and do well.

**Music Everywhere.**  
One of the most original music rooms in the country is in Youkers, New York. The square hall is open to the roof, behind the staircase is the keyboard of an organ, the pipes of which are concealed in nooks all over the house, so that when the organ is played there is indeed music in the air.

# ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

The Average Man Knows Very Little About the True Indian.

We cannot deal with the Indian of today unless we know the Indian of yesterday. The average man seldom thinks about Indians, and when he does he thinks of them either with entire indifference or with contemptuous dislike. He is moved in part by that narrowness which leads us to despise those who in appearance or by birth or tradition are different from ourselves—the feeling which leads many a white man to speak with contempt of negroes or Chinamen. More weighty than this feeling, however, is the inherited one that the Indian is an enemy, who from the time he was first known has been hostile to us. Even nowadays most people seem to think of the Indian only as a warrior, who is chiefly occupied in killing women and children, burning homes and torturing captives. From the days when they fought the Pilgrim Fathers, and then the settlers of the Ohio Valley, and later still the emigrants crossing the plains, nine-tenths of all that has appeared in print about Indians has treated them from this point of view; and the newspapers which now constitute so great a portion of the reading matter of the American public, seldom print anything about the Indians except in connection with massacres and uprisings. The effect of all this literature on the popular estimation in which the Indian is held has been very great.

The popular impressions are entirely erroneous. The Indian was a fighter, yet war was only an incident of his life. Like any other human being he is many sided, and he did not always wear his war paint. If he has a repulsive aspect, there are other sides of his character, and some of them pleasing. If from one point of view he may appear to the civilized man ferocious and hateful, from another he seems kindly and helpful. The soldier sees the Indian from one point of view only, the missionary from another, the traveler from a third, the agent from a fourth. Each of these is impressed by some salient feature of his character, yet each sees that one only or chiefly, and the image shown is imperfect, ill-proportioned and misleading.—Atlantic.

# Humidity on the Wabash.

"Talking about rainy weather," said the Westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. I asked him if he had much rain down on the Wabash that spring.

"Well, it has been a little damp," he answered. "The day before I left home I had to hang up twenty-four of my ducks. They had got so water soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over thirty bushels to the acre. My wheat is looking pretty well, but the sturgeon and catfish have damaged it considerable. There was about fifteen minutes' sunshine one day, and I thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded them on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again.

"I wanted to go down on the bottom lands next to the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. I should feel kind of discouraged with all rain, but I've spent my old hours of leisure time—and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet—building up an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable."—Boston Evening Transcript.

# What Two Bullets Did.

On the east beside that of Edwards lay a rough rider, Walter S. Beebe, another fever victim, and twice wounded, a cut through the arm on July 1, and a revolver bullet in the left leg on July 2.

"It's only a couple of weeks," said Beebe, "since they got that bullet out of me. They located it at last with the X rays. Here it lies. See! It's my opinion that bullet came from one of our own six-shooters. It was all foolishness, the reckless way the boys shot off their revolvers in the charge.

"To show you the queer things some of those bullets did I'll tell you a thing I saw in the Las Guasimas fight. There was a man near me as we went along who stopped to break off a stick in the shrub. I guess he wanted to make a ramrod of it. If he hadn't stopped he might never have been killed, but just as he had broken the stick and was twisting the last fibers apart a Mauser bullet went straight through his head and he dropped to his knees. His hands still clutched the branch he was breaking, and, as he knelt there, another bullet came and cut through the broken wood, so that he held his ramrod free. He had got what he stopped for."—Leslie's Weekly.

# The African's Endurance.

Two cases notably illustrative of the African native's power of endurance are reported from the British Central Africa Protectorate. In each instance a man was dragged from his canoe by a crocodile, and had an arm bitten almost to a pulp. The men had to be taken long distances overland. On reaching Zomba each had the injured limb amputated and quickly recovered. Dr. Douglas Gray, acting chief medical officer there, remarks further in his report upon the growing confidence of the native in the European medical reports of cures—more especially in relation to surgery—spread rapidly among the natives, and the one old cure—a fiber band tied round a limb above the seat of disease—is, he says, fast losing its reputation.—London News.

**Widows in the Treasury Department.**  
Lots of the treasury girls at Washington are widows. Hundreds of them are old maids, and several thousand are sweet marriageable girls, with pretty faces, good hearts and a high grade of culture and education. Many of them had governors and generals for fathers, not a few are the widows of noted soldiers and statesmen and all are far above the average of their sex the United States over. Many have traveled widely.

A black eye indicates a revengeful nature on the part of the other fellow.

# LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

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

**Questions of Value.**  
He knew that she was a clever business woman, and therefore he thought his scheme a good one. But he did not realize that she was such a good judge of values.

"I have made a bet that I will marry you," he said.  
"Money up?" she asked.  
"Yes," he answered, pleased at the businesslike way she took hold of the proposition.  
"How much?"  
"Five hundred dollars."  
She looked him over critically.  
"Too low," she said at last. "You'll have to get it raised to \$5,000 or you'll lose."  
And at that, as she afterward explained, she was giving him a bargain-day price.—Chicago Post.

**Excessive Politeness.**  
Customer—I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until to-morrow?  
Drug Clerk—Certainly, Mr. Jones.  
Customer—But suppose I should get killed, or—  
Drug Clerk—Pray don't speak of it, Mr. Jones. The loss would be but a trifle.

**The Artist's Model.**  
Miss Antiquate—This is a portrait of my great-grandmother by one of the old masters.  
Miss Caustic—Indeed. And the next one?  
Miss Antiquate—The next one is a portrait of myself at the age of 7.  
Miss Caustic—Also by one of the old masters.

**Something Unusual.**  
She—Have you noticed that Mr. Shortleigh is paying a good deal of attention to Miss Cleverton?  
He—Yes, and it's the first time I ever knew him to pay anything.

**Positively Insulting.**  
"I know the pumpkin pie was rather thin as to filling," said the landlady, almost crying, "but I don't think he had any right to say what he did."  
"What did he say?" asked the second table boarder.  
"He asked me if I didn't think that the pie crust would be improved if it had another coat of paint."—Washington Star.

**Speaking of Done.**  
The Doer—Yes, death stared me in the face, and I thought of all I'd done.  
The Done—Noble fellow, to think of your friends at such a critical moment!—Chicago Post.

**Was Ready for It.**  
Pastor—Have you seriously considered the great question of life, Mary?  
Girl Parishioner—None of the young men has asked me yet, sir.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Dinner for Two.**  
Miss Dinah—Mrs. Parlor, the great cooking expert, says one can get a splendid dinner for 39 cents.  
Jack (who has just blown in a week's salary)—There are others!

**Pleasant.**  
Newly Engaged Flo (to bosom friend)—You don't seem a bit curious about my engagement to Frank. Don't you want to know how he proposed?  
Bosom Friend—No; I know how he proposes.—World's Comic.

**Scorn.**  
"The Smithy bicycle is unquestionably the best."  
"Faugh! Why, I keep a Smithy expressly to lead to my friends."—Detroit Journal.

**Fussy.**  
"Mrs. Binks seems like a very fussy woman."  
"Fussy? Say, if she built a house she'd insist upon having all the nails manicured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**An Unhappy Illustration.**  
Tommy—What's an heirloom, auntie?  
His Old Maid Aunt—Oh, that's a jewel or something that's been in the family years and years.  
Tommy—Auntie, is your engagement ring an heirloom?  
Jeweler's Weekly.

**Overwhelming Dance Favor.**  
A Connecticut young man had a favor conferred upon him at a cotillon the other night that nearly paralyzed him. When the moment came for a favor to be given him his hostess stepped forward and presented him with the only girl of his choice. "Take and keep her," she said, "she is yours!" "Heavens alive!" gasped the happy lover. "Is this true?" And then this "only girl," whose answer to a certain question he had asked a month ago, straightway rose on the tip of her toes, and, in view of the assembled company, pressed a dainty kiss on his mouth, declaring: "Yes, it is true."  
Then everybody congratulated the pair, and the dance went on with a rush.—Boston Herald.

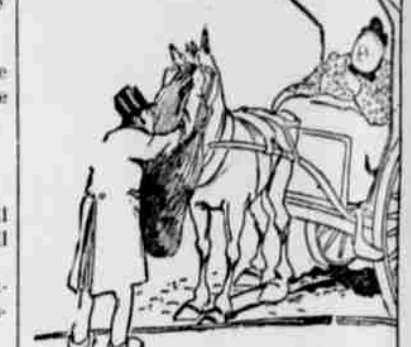
**Lying on Chocolate.**  
An interesting test has just been made by a Frenchwoman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, she lived on that alone for sixty days, and lost but fifteen pounds in the interval.

**Her Idea.**  
He—Oh, yes, I can quit smoking cigarettes whenever I want to.  
She—Why don't you consult a physician and see if he can't give you something to make you want to?

**Fickle Man.**  
Cholly—See that Miss Washington over there? Young Filkins used to be clean out of his mind about her.  
Dolly—And now?  
Cholly—And now she's clean out of his mind.—San Francisco Examiner.

**Romance vs. Reality.**  
"It is my intention," said a newly married man, "to have our pictures taken with my wife's hand on my shoulder."  
"And I," responded another man of more experience, "am thinking of having ours taken with my wife's hand on my pocketbook."

**Those Horrid Cabmen.**  
"What are you putting that lag over the horse's head for?"  
"I don't want him to see what he's pulling for \$1."—New York World.



**About the Size of It.**  
Bachelor—I wonder what induces men to marry?  
Benedict—Why, the women, of course.

**Those Loving Girls.**  
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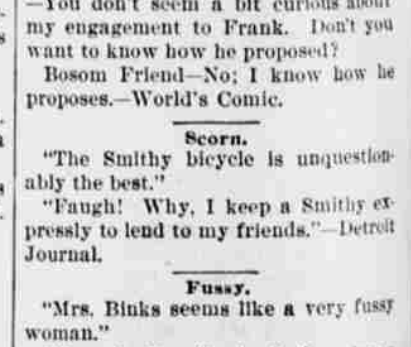
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He—Yes, and it's the first time I ever knew him to pay anything.

**Positively Insulting.**  
"I know the pumpkin pie was rather thin as to filling," said the landlady, almost crying, "but I don't think he had any right to say what he did."  
"What did he say?" asked the second table boarder.  
"He asked me if I didn't think that the pie crust would be improved if it had another coat of paint."—Washington Star.

**Speaking of Done.**  
The Doer—Yes, death stared me in the face, and I thought of all I'd done.  
The Done—Noble fellow, to think of your friends at such a critical moment!—Chicago Post.

**Was Ready for It.**  
Pastor—Have you seriously considered the great question of life, Mary?  
Girl Parishioner—None of the young men has asked me yet, sir.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Dinner for Two.**  
Miss Dinah—Mrs. Parlor, the great cooking expert, says one can get a splendid dinner for 39 cents.  
Jack (who has just blown in a week's salary)—There are others!

**Pleasant.**  
Newly Engaged Flo (to bosom friend)—You don't seem a bit curious about my engagement to Frank. Don't you want to know how he proposed?  
Bosom Friend—No; I know how he proposes.—World's Comic.

**Scorn.**  
"The Smithy bicycle is unquestionably the best."  
"Faugh! Why, I keep a Smithy expressly to lead to my friends."—Detroit Journal.

**Fussy.**  
"Mrs. Binks seems like a very fussy woman."  
"Fussy? Say, if she built a house she'd insist upon having all the nails manicured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.