

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON

The pump trust has been organized with everything right up to the handle.

Some nations seem to think that that open door in China is an illimitable cow pasture.

China may yet have to live in a shanty boat if she doesn't quit leasing her land to foreign powers.

In Cuba every other man must be a colonel. That's a result of having an army of 48,000 with 25,000 officers.

Under the new law it seems to be actually becoming fashionable to go into bankruptcy, especially among theatrical people.

When the Kaiser now goes on board the admiral's ship in his navy every Jack rat will recognize the Emperor at once. His will be the only mustache on board.

Warships deteriorate more by being put out of commission than when kept in service. This is on the principle often observed among men who are spilling for a fight.

A progressive dinner party is the latest fad. Weary Willie, Dusty Roads and Flowery Fields were the originators of the game, but it never became really popular until society took it up.

Do what they will with automobiles, the horse that is driven out of business by them will perchance take his revenge in the form of beef, and do his best kicking in the stomachs of his eviscerators.

The New York Tribune is authority for the statement that spitting in public places is actually on the decrease in that city. This seems to show that it does sometimes pay to interfere with what other people seem to consider their rights.

The so-called endurance sport, six-day bicycle races, has been prohibited in New York. Among the bills passed by the Legislature of the State was one making it a misdemeanor for the proprietor, occupant or lessee of a place where bicycle races are held to allow a contestant to continue in a race for a longer time than fifteen hours during twenty-four hours.

Bismarck, in speaking about those people who are always complaining of the behavior of the police, said: "I am reminded of the story of the police commissioner of Hanover. A wealthy man complained to him that the policeman was unnecessarily abrupt in addressing the public. 'Well, you see,' said the commissioner, 'I've advertised for society men to join the force, but I can't get them!'"

If the law enabled every person injured or the heirs of every person killed by fire or in attempting to escape from fire in a public inn or hotel to collect a considerable fixed sum by a prompt and approximately summary process, the precautions against fires and against fatal consequences from them would be made very much more effective. The vigilance and ingenuity of the innkeeper would be far more effective than any official supervision.

Even Italy makes demands upon China. This is probably to get a new market for macaroni. The flowery kingdom must get into European ways and absorb the goods of foreign deities or there will be the devil to pay. England has forced her to buy opium. France has absolute for sake, Germany wants the Mongolian to seek in innocuous beer, and the United States will sell him cigarettes. The heathen Chinese is certainly up against a demoralizing game when he attacks occidental civilization.

The popular idea of the upper-class Frenchwoman is that she is exceedingly fond of dress and style, and the devoted slave of the latest fashions. The serious side of her nature is not so well known. How many readers are aware, for instance, that among the Frenchwomen of the better class there is an order numbering eighty thousand members, whose aim is the alleviation of suffering and the general uplifting of their unfortunate neighbors? It is said that more than one hundred thousand Frenchwomen are trained and ready to go on the battlefield as nurses or "emergency sisters" in the event of war.

The eminent scientist, Prof. Koch, of Berlin, who has achieved much fame and brought great blessings to humanity by running down microbes to their native lair, has departed for the Orient and the tropics on a still hunt for the origin of malaria. Naturally it occurred to so clever a man as the professor to look for the origin of malaria among the Malays, from whom it unquestionably derives its name, and we have no doubt that in a few weeks or months we shall hear that the bacilli are in full retreat, seeking refuge in the dense jungles or in the caves of ocean. When the professor succeeded in capturing the cholera bacillus fifteen years ago he discovered that it was a comma, and he is inclined to believe that the same description will be applicable to the malaria bacillus. This, however, is vigorously disputed by scientists living in the low and marshy districts of the Middle West, who maintain that malaria is not a comma, but a period, and who steadily contend that the only way of destroying the bacilli is to drown them out with whisky and quinine at the rate of 16 to 1. On account of the popularity of this life-renewing remedy the efforts of the professor to stamp out malaria are surveyed with hostility in malarial sections. Many excellent verses have been written in delineation of that phase of human suffering commonly termed "fever and ager," and we remember reading just fall a very beautiful contribution from a poet, beginning "The chill of yester even is with me still," thereby disproving the popular theory that a chill returns every other or third day. Lord Byron's famous poem, "The Prisoner with a Chill On," is much inquired for in literary circles in the swamp lands, and fairly

divides patronage with "Chilled Harold's Pilgrimage." Naturally Prof. Koch's investigations will excite a degree of curiosity, but we advise him in advance that he cannot sell any malaria lymph in the part of the world of which we write. Its people are conservative and never desert a tried and faithful household remedy for any new fangled medicines.

The Mennonites select pastors by lot, and the ceremonies by which the selection is made are conducted with great deliberation and solemnity. The people meet in church, and after preliminary religious services, a committee retires to an anteroom. A Bible for each candidate for the pastoral office is procured, and into one of the sacred volumes a slip of white paper is inserted. The books are intermingled and placed on a table, when each candidate advances, selects a Bible and seals himself. The Bibles are then examined by the bishop, and the possessor of the one in which the slip of paper is found becomes the apparently predestined pastor. Ordination follows; the congregation unite in praise and thanksgiving, satisfied and happy in the belief that the choice is by Divine appointment.

It appears that the young dancing woman in an Eastern city who enticed the announcement of her public entertainment by a long list of names of very distinguished "patronesses" did not go to the trouble of asking the "patronesses" permission. Some of the patronesses have publicly objected, and as the announcements said rather more about them than about the entertainment it seems that they have some right to feel aggrieved. It is difficult to see what the "patronesses" have to do with this or a great many other enterprises which are said to be patronized, anyway. Possibly it is a comfort to some people who buy tickets to the entertainment to know that they are patronizing a show which also enjoys the patronage of some very wealthy women; but it is difficult to see how it makes the show any better.

The effort to provide homes in this country and Canada for the Russian set called the Donkubors, of whom the total number is about 19,000, gives prominence to one of the most curious religious bodies that are to be found anywhere in the world. The real title of the body is the Universal Brotherhood Christians, and it was first heard of in 1750. The leaders trace their origin to the English quakers, although there are now remaining few traces of the parent religion. They are described as "peaceable, simple and devout, and they live the communal life." At one time they numbered more than 20,000, but persecutions and efforts to repress them in Russia have reduced their number about one-half. Their form of belief is peculiar and strange. They deny the existence of a personal God, and their doctrine of the Trinity is that Memory is God the Father, Reason is God the Son and Will is God the Holy Ghost. They believe in the immortality of the soul, but hold that an infant is soulless and that it does not possess a soul until the fifteenth or sixteenth year of its life. They deny human authority over them and denounce the forcing of one man to do the bidding of another, but they are in no sense revolutionists and their only resistance to the government is their refusal to take up arms in its behalf. Their domestic affairs are as anomalous as their faith. Their family ties are based entirely upon mutual love and affection, but their marriages, or unions, are binding upon neither husband nor wife. They have been most inhumanly persecuted in Russia. In August, 1793, the entire body was banished to Siberia under a decree that provided that they should be kept for life at hard labor "and that they should never have the chains removed from their hands and feet." In 1822 they were permitted to colonize a Siberian farm, but in 1829 their farm was seized and the able-bodied men were all forced into the army. In 1830 they were permitted to return to Russia, and about 15,000 of them came back, but they were driven from one part of the country to the other and were finally removed to the Caucasus. About two years ago they were given permission to emigrate at their own expense, and the cost of this movement was, by the efforts of Count Tolstol, contributed by the English Quakers. A colony of about 1,100 was sent to Cyprus and another body is to be sent to Western Canada. In this country there is a committee which has taken up the cause of these refugees, at the head of which is William D. Howells, the novelist of New York. Jane Addams, of Chicago, is also an active member of this board.

Highly Appreciated.
An old Latin saying, *Laudant quod non intelligunt* (They praise what they do not understand), was once illustrated by an English tourist who happened into the Lutheran church at Elsinore one Sunday morning. The tourist did not know a word of the Danish language, but he wrote, "The clergyman had a quiet earnestness of manner and a persuasive eloquence that pleased and attracted. I admired the discourse, although I did not understand a word of it." The book from which we have copied this illustration of a common practice tells the following amusing story of a Dutch audience listening to one of Shakespeare's plays: "I will tell you, such is the power of de Shakespeare, that I once saw a play de great man acted in Angliash, in Holland, where der was not yun person in all de house but my self could understand it; yet dere was not a person in all dat house but vat vas in tears, dat las, all cying, blowing de nose, and veep very much; could not understand yun word de play, yet all weeping." Such vas de powers of de Shakespeare!

"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't; I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman; "bring him with you."—*Tit-Bits.*

Johnny has been playing around the piano and has had a fall. "What are you lawking about?" asked Bertie, contemptuously; "it was the soft pedal your head hit."—*Boston Gazette.*

A silver lining may have a copper cloud.



The Flower of Death.

"YOU are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Anatole.

Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and almost fatherly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than any one. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognostic is uttered by so great an authority.

"Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly troubled.

"Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drunk, what you have eaten, and what you have breathed."

The last word spoken by the doctor was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler—a flower, red, warped, and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant.

"Without doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "it is the Pyramenensis indica—the fatal flower, the flower of death."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But it is not possible. I am only 25 years old. I feel myself full of life and health."

"When did you open that fatal letter?"

"At 6 o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning at the same hour, indeed at the same moment, you feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you."

"And do you not know any remedy, any means of—"

"None," said the doctor, and hiding his face in his hands he sank backward in an arm-chair, choked with grief.

From the emotion displayed by his old friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner.

With beads of cold perspiration on his brow and his thoughts confused, Anatole moved along unconscious of what was passing around him, and not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. He wandered a long time thus; but at length, coming to a bench, he sat down.

The rest did him good. Until then he had been like a man who has been struck on the head with a club. The effects of the shock were disappearing, and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts.

"My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"It lacks three hours of morning. It is time I was in bed. I go to bed, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of my life to sleep! No, I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Pardon! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament."

A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered and sat down.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass and looked at his writing paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my six thousand francs income? I have neither father nor mother—a fact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can think only of one—Nicolette."

Nicolette was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Like himself she was an orphan, and this community of fate had long ago established a bond of sympathy between them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Nicolette.

When it was finished he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicolette," thought he, "her guardian, who knows little of the world except his class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the Conservatory, has bequeathed himself to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bully, whom she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on him. Good, gentle, comely, and affectionate Nicolette deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I live in Nicolette's champion? I have said it now, and to-morrow morning I will begin to act. But to-morrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little mad a propos to see people, but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it—my life for Nicolette."

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Nicolette's guardian, M. Bousard. Badly frightened and wearing his night cap, he answered the door.

"Is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat."

"At this hour?"

"I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard. Are you going back to bed again?"

"That's what I am going to do. But—suppose, monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner you must have some-

thing very important to say to me."

"Very important, M. Bousard. It is necessary that you give up your plan of marrying my cousin Nicolette to M. Capendae."

"Never, monsieur, never."

"But I say, yes."

"Monsieur, my resolution is taken. The marriage will take place."

"It will not."

"We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer, I will not detain you longer."

"That is not altogether polite. But I am as good-humored as I am lenient, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your procedure, and I will remain."

"Remain if you like. I consider you as gone, and I will not converse further with you."

And M. Bousard turned toward the wall, grumbling: "Did one ever see the like; to disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purpose of listening to such nonsense."

Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed.

Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the slide. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument.

"My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Un-pa! Un-pa! What dulcet melody!"

"You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is, they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Toole-tool! Un-pa! Un-pa!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake."

"Do you consent, then?"

"To what?"

"To give up the marriage."

"But, monsieur, I can't do it."

"Then, un-pa!"

"M. Capendae is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me."

"Does that reason influence you?"

"Yes, and others besides."

"In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendae to the breaking of the match, my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendae live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux Epées."

"I will go there. Good-by."

"As for you," thought M. Bousard, "you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the address indicated. When he arrived there it was 6 o'clock in the morning.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?" said a deep voice from within.

"Open. I am the bearer of a very important message from M. Bousard."

He heard the noise of a safety-chain being displaced, and of a key with which three locks were successively opened.

"Here is a man well defended," thought Anatole.

Finally the door opened. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress.

"Always ready, you see. It is my invention."

The walls of the antechamber were hidden by suits of armor. In the little parlor into which Capendae conducted his visitor he saw only weapons galore: atagahans, poisoned arrows, sabres, one and two-handed swords, pistols, lances; there was plenty there to make a timid heart quail.

"Bah," thought Anatole, "what do I risk now? Two hours and a half at the most. Here goes."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you are going to marry Mlle. Nicolette?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Blood and thunder, and who will hinder me?"

"I will."

Capendae looked askance at Anatole, who was not a large man, but who seemed very determined.

"Ah, young man," said he, at length, "you are lucky to find me in a pleasant humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought twenty duels, in which I had the misfortune to slay five of my adversaries and to wound the other fifteen? Once more I warn you to retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of my steel, and my desire increases to measure swords with a man so resolute. Let us see. Suppose we fight with those two swords by the chimney, or these cavalry sabres, or these—or what do you say to these curved atagahans. You don't decide? Why do you hesitate?"

"I was thinking of your mother and the grief your death would cause her."

"I am an orphan. Do you prefer the carbine, the pistol, or the revolver?"

"Young man, do not fool with these fireworks."

"Are you afraid? You tremble."

"I tremble! Nonsense, it is the cold."

"Then either fight or renounce the hand of Nicolette."

"I like your pluck. The brave should always be in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?"

"Out with it."

"For some time past I have wished to free myself from this betrothal. But I did not know how to go to work about it. I would consent very willingly to what you desire of me, but you must understand that I Capendae, cannot

have the art of yielding to threats. Now you have menaced me."

"I withdraw the menace."

"Then it is agreed."

"Will you write and sign your relinquishment of Nicolette?"

"I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious paper Anatole hurried back to the residence of M. Bousard. He reached his door at 8 o'clock.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Be off to bed," cried the professor wrathfully.

"I have the consent of M. Capendae. Open, or I will have to break the door."

M. Bousard opened it. Anatole showed him the paper, and going to the door of Nicolette's room, called out:

"Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly and come down."

Some minutes after, Nicolette, fresh in the day, came into the little parlor.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"The matter is," answered M. Bousard, "that your cousin is crazy."

"If that be so there is at any rate method in his madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my dear cousin, I have achieved two things: M. Capendae has renounced his claim to your hand, and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please."

"Really and truly, my guardian, am I free to marry Anatole?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Then, I love you, my cousin."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of the pleasure which the unexpected avowal of Nicolette had caused him? Was it the pang predicted by Dr. Bardais? Was it death?

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die with out tasting it."

Then feverishly taking Nicolette's hand, he told her all: how he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardais and how he had made his will in her favor the steps he had subsequently taken and the success with which his effort had been crowned.

"And now," sighed he, "I must die."

"But it is impossible," said Nicolette. "The doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Nicolette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard suddenly, bursting out laughing. "Hear what the morning paper says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has just been suddenly stricken with mental alienation. The mania from which he suffers is of a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor made a special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all whom by means he had poisoned, and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at midnight to the big white house.'"

"Nicolette?"

"Anatole?"

The young couple had rushed into each other's arms, and were locked in a fond embrace.—*Argonaut.*

IN FAVOR OF SHORT PRAYERS.

A Flogging That Was Timed by a Long-Winded Invocation.

"It happened," said Col. Jack Chalm, "that there were two colored preacher-inhabiting cells in the penitentiary at Frankfurt at the same time. If I remember aright both were sentenced for polygamy, but old Sam was a Methodist parson, while old Jake was of the Baptist faith. It seems that Sam had done something to greatly offend the warden, and the punishment decided on was an old-fashioned lashing. Some weeks after the affair came off, the Rev. Sam, whom I had known from boyhood was telling me about it.

"I didn't mind de whippin' so much Mars Jack, ef it hadn't been for de way old Jake acted. You see de warden he said to me: 'Sam, I see gwine to whip you, and I low de whippin' will do you a whole heap my good. I'm gwine to let old Jake pray for you, and de blows will continue to fall on your back till while Jake's pra'r is a goin' on. When he come to a final stop de punishment will likewise end.'"

"Land sakes, Mars Jack, I knowed it was all up with me, for that ignor old nigger never did know when it was time to get up off'n his knees. De fact dat a po' human bein' was in distress wasn't gwine to make a bit of difference with him. Well, sir, it was jes' like I 'spected it'd be. Dey brought me out and old Jake, de old villan, started in, and as fast as he prayed the warden come down on me wid a whip dat cut like a knife. I never did want to hear a pra'r come to an end so bad in my life, but it weren't any use. Every time I thought he was most through old Jake took a fresh hold and down come de ticks harder'n ever. Shorely it seemed to me like he prayed a month, and Mars Jack, I wants to tell you right now dat I am set against long pra'r's for de rest uv my life."

COLD STORAGE.

Of Eccent Use, Though the Principle Was Known for Ages.

It is a curious fact that, although dwellers in northern climes must have known for ages that a low temperature preserves flesh from putrefaction, it never seems to have struck any one that this natural fact could be turned to artificial advantage until Lord Bacon stuffed the historic chicken with snow, and thereby caught a chill which killed him. It is perhaps even more curious that an experiment resulting in the death of one of the most eminent men in the world should not have called any attention to an already well-known principle which might have been readily turned to great advantage.

As a matter of fact it was not until the year 1875, 249 years after Lord Bacon's fatal experiment, that freezing was practically employed as a method of preserving flesh. This was the commencement of the frozen meat trade between America and England. Four years later a dry air refrigerator was perfected, and the system on which this was constructed has since become practically universal.

Makes Canyon Shot Whirl.

The tube of a 12-inch gun, which is used in some warships, has fifty spiral grooves inside, which cause the shot to revolve at the rate of seventy-five times per second as it rushes through the air.

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 Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Fuller—What do you kick at everything for when you strike a restaurant? It makes me nervous.

Gradley—Impoliteness pays. The wheel that squeaks the most gets oiled the oftenest.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Faithful to History.

Evelyn—Did you enjoy the Colonial Dame's tea, Hortense?

Hortense—Oh, so much! The club hired an old omnibus to go in and it broke down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Keeping Leads.

Harris—Walters has been looking pretty sad since his daughter got married, hasn't he?

Correll—Yes; you see, he had no sooner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet.—*Brooklyn Life.*

So His Way Went.

"Oh, yes, I can see my weight clear enough," said the butcher; but he took the precaution to stand in front of the scale in such a way that his customer couldn't see it.—*Boston Transcript.*

How He Lost a Patient.

Mrs. Murdoch—Doctor, I'm afraid I've eaten something that has disagreed with me.

Dr. Pellets (absently)—Well, it might have known better.

Unimportant.

"What has become of the Chinese Emperor?" inquired one of the leading citizens of Pekin. "He doesn't seem to be alive to the situation."

"Yes," replied the mandarin who knows court secrets; "as a politician he is so completely off the earth that the Empress doesn't even think it's worth while to announce any more funerals for him."—*Washington Star.*

Casualties.

"So you regard this idea of preserving beef with chemicals as an exploded fallacy?"

"I do," answered the army officer, "and there's no telling just yet how many people have been hurt by the explosion."—*Washington Star.*

His Park View.

"What a pessimist that man Armatage is."

"Does he believe our nation is upon the brink of destruction?"

"Well, no; it isn't quite as bad as that, but he bought a new bicycle last year, and he's fretting now because horseless carriages may be within reach of all before he gets his wheel thoroughly worn out."

Woman's Curiosity.

Miss Blickeus—I saw you get up and give your seat in the car to a tired old lady yesterday.

Mr. Blickeus—Yes, I am in the habit of doing that.

Miss Blickeus—That is very good of you, I'm sure, but do you always compel them to wait until the conductor calls your station?

Not to Be Taken Literally.

"What has become of that little girl who recites 'Little Drops of Water' asked one of the boarders.

"Well," answered the young man with wide ears, "with the present thaw in the streets and the possibility of a freshet up the river, her mother thought it would be just as well to keep her quiet for a while."—*Washington Star.*

Going Slow with Jim.

"And you have made Jim Jackson a deacon in your church?"

"Yes, sah. Dat is, he's a brevet deacon, sah."

"And what's a brevet deacon, George?"

"He's a deacon dat don't handle no money, sah."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Change.

The belle—Her dress is awfully low. The beau—I'll bet it came high though.—*New York Journal.*

An Early Start.

"Mamma," said Pickettany Jim, "was George Washington first in war?"

"Yassindeed."

"Well, I doesn't wantter 'sinuate dat anybody is in de same class wif George Washin'ton. But I wants ter call 'tention to de fact dat Dewey was on de ground befo' de wah happened, waitin' fur it."—*Washington Star.*

An Idea.

"What would be the first step you would advise in civilizing the benighted heathen?"

"You mean those Filipinos who are burning up towns?" asked the man who has been struggling with the servant girl problem.

"Yes."

"I'd send them a lot of comic papers to impress the danger of handling kerosene incautiously."—*Washington Star.*

A Mean Husband.

The tea things had been cleared away, and the head of the establishment was trying to read the evening paper while his better half busied herself with some fancy work, and at the same time endeavored to interest him in the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Maria," said he, glancing up from his paper, "did you ever hear the story of precious gems?"

"Why, no," she replied; "what is it?"

"It's an old-time fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," he continued, "about a woman from whose lips there fell either a diamond or a ruby every time she spoke a word."

"Well, go on," she said.

"That's all there is of it, Maria," he replied. "But I was just thinking if such things happened nowadays I'd open a jewelry store the first thing in the morning."

And then for thirteen consecutive minutes silence reigned supreme.

Mul Cabins in Ireland.

There are more than 40,000 mud cabins in Ireland which contain only a single room.

Some poets are always a-musing, but not necessarily funny.

Where Should It Be?

Teacher—Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?

Bright Boy—Please, sir, I have.

Teacher—Where was it, my boy?

Bright Boy—On the elephant, sir. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Mystified Father.

"Your son," said the school teacher, "is very backward in his studies."

"That's funny," mused the father. "At home in conversation with me he seems to know it all."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Too Low.

President of the Company—I guess you'd better discharge that boy, Manager—Why? He seems to be a nice, quiet kind of a boy, and I haven't noticed that he has neglected his work.

President—That's all very true, but I don't think he has the making of a financial genius in him. He's been around here for more than three weeks now and hasn't given either you or me to understand that he knows more about the business than we do.—*Chicago News.*

Too Powerful.

President of the Company—I guess you'd better discharge that boy, Manager—Why? He seems to be a nice, quiet kind of a boy, and I haven't noticed that he has neglected his work.

President—That's all very true, but I don't think he has the making of a financial genius in him. He's been around here for more than three weeks now and hasn't given either you or me to understand that he knows more about the business than we do.—*Chicago News.*



Hamlett Aliggs—Have you lost your graft as a ventriloquist?

Brutus Vodevillain—Yes, my role became so strong I could not throw it.—*New York World.*

The Mechanism of Style.

"I wish," said the man who was writing a speech, "that I could think of the word I want."

"What kind of a word is it?" asked his wife.

"Something that means cutting, robber and villain. It's got to be a word of at least four syllables, because I want it to be a polished sarcasm."—*Washington Star.*

Disconcerting.

Unpremeditated questions often result in unexpected answers.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher.

"Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

As She Expressed It.

"Yes," said the lady from Boston, speaking of her favorite lecturer, "he is one whom the lady would designate as a biscent John."

"Beg pardon?" said the member of the lady.

"Or, to be explicit, a crackerjack."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Dangerous Topic.

"What has become of that little girl who recites 'Little Drops of Water' asked one of the boarders.

"Well," answered the young man with wide ears, "with the present thaw in the streets and the possibility of a freshet up the river, her mother thought it would be just as well to keep her quiet for a while."—*Washington Star.*

Going Slow with Jim.

"And you have made Jim Jackson a deacon in your church?"

"Yes, sah. Dat is, he's a brevet deacon, sah."

"And what's a brevet deacon, George?"

"He's a deacon dat don't handle no money, sah."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Change.

The belle—Her dress is awfully low. The beau—I'll bet it came high though.—*New York Journal.*

An Early Start.

"Mamma," said Pickettany Jim, "was George Washington first in war?"

"Yassindeed."

"Well, I doesn't wantter 'sinuate dat anybody is in de same class wif George Washin'ton. But I wants ter call 'tention to de fact dat Dewey was on de ground befo' de wah happened, waitin' fur it."—*Washington Star.*

An Idea.

"What would be the first step you would advise in civilizing the benighted heathen?"

"You mean those Filipinos who are burning up towns?" asked the man who has been struggling with the servant girl problem.

"Yes."

"I'd send them a lot of comic papers to impress the danger of handling kerosene incautiously."—*Washington Star.*

A Mean Husband.

The tea things had been cleared away, and the head of the establishment was trying to read the evening paper while his better half busied herself with some fancy work, and at the same time endeavored to interest him in the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Maria," said he, glancing up from his paper, "did you ever hear the story of precious gems?"

"Why, no," she replied; "what is it?"

"It's an old-time fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," he continued, "about a woman from whose lips there fell either a diamond or a ruby every time she spoke a word."

"Well, go on," she said.

"That's all there is of it, Maria," he replied. "But I was just thinking if such things happened nowadays I'd open a jewelry store the first thing in the morning."

And then for thirteen consecutive minutes silence reigned supreme.

Mul Cabins in Ireland.

There are more than 40,000 mud cabins in Ireland which contain only a single room.

Some poets are always a-musing, but not necessarily funny.