

Eugene City Guard.

I. E. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.
No. The tile and the hat trust have no connection with each other.

Will the formation of the copper trust be likely to affect the price of cents?

We are not inclined to the opinion that the man who wants to marry Helen Gould is insane.

The laundry combine recently incorporated in New Jersey will put up the smoothest front of them all.

The latest idea is to build a warship to be called "The American Girl." It seems natural to think of a strong armor round its waist.

An eminent singer has recently ordered her tombstone. While possibly no press agent's story, it certainly has a "positively last farewell" look about it.

A new telescope now being built for the Paris exposition is warranted to bring the moon within forty-one miles of us. At too short range there may be some danger that we are all become lunatics.

A palmist says that he read Kipling's palm before he became famous, and that he knew, throughout the poet's illness last winter, that he would get well. If he had seen fit to announce the fact it might have relieved a very widespread anxiety.

The rule against the wearing of hats in a place of public amusement has now become sufficiently a matter of course that the woman who keeps on a hat—especially a hat of the present season—throughout a concert or play stamps herself as lacking in breeding.

The malaria microbe, as well as many other disease germs, is an animal, endowed with probably all the attributes of higher brute life. To Nature mere size is nothing. A microbe therefore may be, for all we poor clumsy beings may know, a more perfect being than we ourselves are. Now the question is, should not the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the anti-vice societies, etc., pour on the men who are using these poor little microbes so roughly? We are all microbes.

An editorial commentator in London, in reviewing the recent Vanderbilt-Fair wedding in New York, puts forth the following reflections: "The wedding presents are said to be worth \$400,000, and the description of them reads, as one lady irreverently said, like a chapter in Revelation, all big pearls and gold. The incident would not be worth mention but for three facts of some mental importance. One is that the plutocracy in America excites at least as much attention as the aristocracy in Europe; another is that plutocracy thinks it advisable to advertise its splendor; and the third is that the democracy, instead of envying this wealth, evidently enjoys the profusion it produces as a sort of highly colored picture that breaks the deadly monotony of the scene around. The wedding is a masque with a continent for spectators."

Some of our foremost educators are in favor of saving time by shortening the spelling of certain words. The idea is not new, and many newspapers have long been accustomed to shorten such words as "programme" into "program" and "prologue" into "prolog." Recently Superintendent Andrews has recommended to teachers in the public schools of Chicago the following list of words for amended spelling: Program (programme), the (through), thro (through), thoro (throughfare), thru (through), thruout (throughout), cata (catalogue), prolog (prologue), decalog (decatalogue), demagog (demagogue), pedagog (pedagogue). Of course this list is simply a starter in the pathway of reform. Just where the matter will end it is difficult to say. John Billings was a pioneer in this line of endeavor, and his "fonetic" spelling, which used to cause great amusement, and which was the foundation of his fame as a humorist, may become the scientific method of the future. Billings tried to prove that he could be funny without "fonetics," and wrote a lot of humorous paragraphs for the old Scribner's Magazine, entitled "Uncle Essek's Wisdom," but they failed to make a hit, and Billings' experiment was a failure. No doubt the present spelling of many words is cumbersome, but reformers will find their task little short of the impossible.

The changes of a century have made the White House poorly adapted to the requirements of a Presidential mansion. The associations connected with the historic edifice have caused hesitation in making a decision to enlarge or remodel it. It stands as the embodiment of simplicity that characterized the spirit and conduct of the government of our great republic in its earliest days. The President and his family practically live in what might be called a flat. The White House is a two-story building, and for strictly family purposes only about two-thirds of the second story can be used. Nearly all of the first floor is devoted to half-public service. Its eastern third forms the famous East Room, which is open daily to the public. The Red Room, the Blue Room and the Green Room nominally belong to the President's family, but are in reality of little use to them. On the walls of these parlors hang famous paintings, some of which have been presented by popular organizations, like the painting of Mrs. Hayes, given by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The people, in visiting the White House, assume the right to see these paintings, and the privilege, under certain restrictions, is usually granted. In the Blue Room the President receives foreign ministers and other distinguished visitors of state. This destroys the privacy of the parlors for family use. There is really but one private room on this door—the family dining-room, to which strangers are rarely admitted. One-third of the second floor is used for offices. There is the Cabinet Room, the War Room,

with its corps of telegraphers, offices for the President, his secretary, and the half-dozen clerks who attend the correspondence. The remaining two-thirds of the floor are the apartments of the President and his family. They are relatively small and inconvenient. The kitchen, laundry and other workrooms are in the capacious basement.

It is somewhat surprising that in this age of improvement nobody has made an attempt to reform the American joker—the man who does scraps for the comic weeklies and for the funny departments of the dailies, and who, for the time, is the chief exponent of the humor of the nation, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. That this joker is exceedingly effective as a ninth-provoker one has but to watch the merry reader to understand; but, after all, is there not more to a joke than a mere laugh? Is not the effect of a joke upon the serious tendencies of the public a matter for thoughtful consideration? Should not the joker be governed by a sense of moral responsibility? The subjects of the American humorist are few and are mostly kept in stock. It is scarcely necessary to mention them seriatim, as they have already been mentioned a large number of thousands of times. With the tramp joke one cannot quarrel seriously, although perhaps it is not calculated to discourage vagrancy or to fortify the general sense of financial responsibility. The mother-in-law joke is showing signs of decrepitude, after a vitality of fifteen or twenty years, and may be discarded with the grateful reflection that it has never been worse than an exhibition of execrable taste. The joke of the delayed lover and the toe of the father's boot is no doubt useful in its sphere of influence, and may be permitted without cavil to delight, for generations to come, those whom it is capable of delighting. There are, however, at least two of the stock subjects of the American humorist which should have been consigned long ago, namely: liquor intoxication and the insecurity of the marriage tie. Few funny publications are considered complete which do not picture a man reeling home from the "club" with a maudlin excuse to his waiting wife, or a wedded pair commenting flippantly upon the passing of love or the felicity and facility of divorce. The youngster who is inclined to blame himself severely for his first step in dissipation turns to the humorist, and is informed that what he has done is not a sin, but a joke; why should he worry over something about which the world is laughing? The young couple having their first tiffs are grievously worried until they chance upon the sarcastic philosophy of the funny man; then they laugh bitterly at each other, and ask why so absurd a thing as love should be taken seriously. Their efforts at self-control and self-abnegation diminish; it is useless, they conclude, for them to struggle to maintain an ideal relationship in a society which finds opportunity for mirth in proceedings for divorce. In such subjects as these there can be no real humor, and the man who tries to joke about them is guilty of a moral less-majesty which should not go unpunished.

THE TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two gathering crones, antique and gray,
Together talked at close of day.

One said, with brow of wrinkled care,
"Life's cup at first was sweet and fair;
"On our young lips, with laughter gay,
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;

"But rapid then it grew, and stale
And tiresome as a twice-told tale;
"And here in weary age and pain,
Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other, with contented eye,
Laid down her work and made reply:
"Yes, life was bright as morning tide,
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,

"More rich, methought, and purer, too,
Its well-concocted essence grew;
"E'en now, tho' low its spirit drains,
A little in the cup remains."

"There's sugar at the bottom still—
And we may take it if we will."
—New York Ledger.

Tom's Revolver.

THE parlor of the farm-house among the Maine mountains had enough touches of quiet good taste about it to make us wonder at sight of a common four-ounce glass bottle which occupied a conspicuous place on the corner what-not, further honored by a worsted mat under it and a small bouquet of dried grasses stuck into its mouth.

"Yes, that's mother's whim—she will have it there," said the eldest daughter, who was a teacher, now home for the long summer vacation, during which time two or three of us—city residents—were fortunate enough to find accommodation as boarders.

"She calls it Tom's revolver," remarked another member of the family; whereupon I set it down with a suddenness which made Tom laugh.

"Oh, there isn't anything about it now," he said. "I've told mother lots of times I'd spend every cent I've got, and buy her the handsomest vase down to Pineville if she'd let me smash that old bottle against the stone wall, but she won't."

"Tell me what there has been about it," I urged. "There's a story, isn't there?"

Tom was a big boy—just as the "gawky age," his sister had confidentially informed me—but was neither uncouth nor ill-mannered. So, without more than a reasonable amount of coaxing and encouraging from others, and the modest disclaimers proper from his own boy figures as his own hero in a boy story, Tom began:

"It was in early spring, and the doctor had been here and left prescriptions for something father had got to have just as quick as we could get 'em. And he thought—the doctor—that if we got them over to Pineville it would be better, for they didn't have very fresh drugs down here at the Corners."

"So I made up my mind I'd go over the hills—it saves nearly half the way, only four miles going and four back. I'd have to walk, but I didn't mind that, for I knew it would be about as hard to go round on horseback, for there'd been a thaw, and the lower roads were so slumpy folks could hardly get through at all."

"I hadn't got more than half-way over when I met Squire Plummer, hunting all round, and says he to me: 'Tom, I've lost Old Blacky, sure's you live!'"

"And says I: 'I want to know, squire?'"

"And says he: 'Yes, indeed, Tom. She's been gone three days. She's the best cow I had—blooded stock—cost me a sight of money, and I'm offering three dollars to anyone I'll find her!'"

"I told him I couldn't go out of my way on account of father, but I'd keep a sharp lookout wherever I'd go; and you'd better believe I did, for I'd been glad enough to get that much money for so little work. But I got into town without seeing anything of her. I sat down by the drug man's counter to rest a bit while he was putting up the stuff, thinking how I'd change my route going back, and perhaps I'd strike her yet."

"The man brought two bottles, and set one down while he was wrapping up the other. I took it up and took out the cork."

"Take care, there," he says; "don't you smell that?"

"Why not?" says I.

"You'd be sorry if you did," says he. "It would knock you down quicker'n if you was shot!"

"He went on to tell me it was a most awful strong kind of ammonia that was used for drawing blisters. Would do it in less time than you'd take to tell about it most."

"Then I asked him if it was any kin to smelling salts, and told him how I'd got hold of mother's smelling salts in church, unbeknown to her, long ago, when I was a little shaver, and had taken the biggest kind of a sniff, because it was the first chance I'd ever had at it, and I thought it something good they'd been keeping from me. And how I'd kicked and screamed, and how mother'd had to haul me out of church and use up no end of lemon drops and ginger cookies to bring me to."

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"So the drug man laughed, and says the stuff in the bottle was something of the same sort, only they weren't to be mentioned in the same day for strength—or, if you made any comparison at all, it would be to compare the smelling salts to the smallest nit of a baby, and that ammonia to its big Goliath of a great-great-grandfather."

"I didn't smell it, but started for home with Old Blacky and father on my mind—Old Blacky, to see if I couldn't find her and get that three dollars, and father, because I wanted to get back as quick as I could."

"It seemed rougher going back over the hills than it had coming—I suppose because I was a little tired. Sometimes the way was through pasture lots, but mostly it was over fallow ground, bushy as I stumpy, and plenty of rocks, but not many trees. There wasn't any roadway."

"I hadn't got near to the summit when I saw something that made me stop short—something dark behind

rocks and bushes, down in a kind of little hollow. There were no leaves on the bushes, you know; so I could see something through them that looked like black hair.

"I went a little nearer and looked a little harder, and then I off with my cap and swung it around, and sang out: 'Hurrah for that three dollars of yours, Squire Plummer! Then I called: 'Co' boss, co' boss, co' boss! Come, Blacky, come!'"

"But the old thing wouldn't stir. I picked up some little stones and shied 'em at her to hurry her up. I didn't want to lose time, but I did want to drive her home with me for fear some one else might get ahead of me if I left her there and then came back. I called to her and kept on throwing, but still she wouldn't budge an inch."

"Then I thought I'd slide down the side of the hollow she was in, and get ahead of her and drive her out. I tried rolling down a lot of stones and gravel first, almost over her head, to see if that wouldn't start her; but it didn't. So I began sliding myself down."

"But just then I heard a growl—such a growl as no mortal cow ever made yet, I know. And there began such a scratching of gravel and such a scurrying up that bank, mixed up with growls all the time, that I scrambled myself up pretty lively, and started to run, I tell you."

"When I'd got a little piece off I looked back, and just getting to the top of the bank was Old Blacky; but it wasn't a black cow. It was a black bear, sure's you live!"

Tom paused a moment to enjoy the little ripple of astonishment and dismay which came in just here.

"You'd better believe I ran. But it was hard work—up hill, and rough, too. I tumbled over logs and I jumped through bushes, and he trotting after me all the time, mad, I suppose, with the stirring up I'd given him, growling like a young thunderstorm all the while."

"Soon I began to feel how tired my walk had made me, and to wonder how it would be with me if I got clear tired out before the bear did, as seemed very likely."

"When I knew I couldn't hold out much longer I made for a tree, and climbed up it quicker than I ever climbed a tree before or since."

"Then I tried to catch my breath and think a bit. I was glad to be out of reach of the bear; but I wondered how long he might keep me up that tree before any one came to look for me, and I thought of father wanting the medicine, and, if you'll believe me, I thought, too, about that blamed old cow and the three dollars I wasn't going to get for finding her."

"But it doesn't take long to think, you know, for I thought all that before the bear got to the foot of the tree, and it was a mighty short while, too; and when he did get there he walked

around it, and smelled a little, and the first thing I knew he was clawing away at the bark, and climbing up after me."

"Then I began to think harder than ever. I'd read of a boy who was up a tree, with a bear after him, and he climbed out on some weak limbs, where the bear had sense enough to know he couldn't go, and he kept the poor little chap there, growling at him, till some one came and shot the bear. But this wasn't that kind of a tree. The limbs were stubby, and I knew the bear could go almost as far as I could."

"I looked down to see what chance I'd have if I swung myself down, and got a new start of him; but the tree was a tall one, and it was all story under the branch where I was. If I should get a sprain or a hurt, it would be all up with me. So my only chance was to keep out of his way the best I could. I put my hand into my pocket, to get out my knife, for I wasn't going to let him get the better of me without a tussle."

"Then what do you guess I felt? And what do you guess I thought? Why, I felt that bottle of ammonia, and I thought of that time in church. And, crack! if I could help laughing right out, as I thought if I could only get it on that bear as I'd got it on myself long ago. If all that man said was true, perhaps it would send him kicking down as good as if he'd been shot."

"I poured a lot of it on my handkerchief, I moist all there was, looking out to keep a little back for father, till more could be sent for. I tried to keep from getting the smell of it myself, but the wind whiffed some of it into my face, and to the best I could it stung me so I came mighty near dropping."

"I held the handkerchief tight in my hand, and reached it down just as the bear poked his ugly muzzle up between the lower branches. He gave a big sniff as he saw me, thinking, I suppose, he'd got me sure; and the next instant I was rubbing it like fury against his nose and into his eyes."

"He gave a most awful snort, and let go, and went crashing down on the stones and bushes. I thought for a moment he was dead, but he wasn't. He scrambled himself up, and went snarling and tumbling over and over, down-hill like a log possessed."

"I didn't wait to see how far he went, though, for I dropped out of that tree, and put out of that neighborhood almost as lively as the bear had. After a while I took it easier, for I reasoned he wouldn't be likely to track me after

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

"Wasn't it a good revolver now?" asked Tom's mother, regarding the bottle with affectionate interest.

"And you didn't find the cow after all?" I asked, after expressions of approval of his coolness had been exhausted.

"No; but—Tom's eyes twinkled—"I told Sam Plummer, Squire Plummer's son, what I'd seen, and where I'd seen it, and he went after it with his gun, and finished what the ammonia had left; and Sam said it was no more than fair I should have a share of it, so he gave me the skin, and I sold it for twelve dollars. So it paid better than if it had been Old Blacky, you see."

LOW PRICES.

Theatrical Managers Have Still Some Ground for Congratulation.

The present tendency in all branches of trade is toward lower prices. Perhaps no business has felt this more than the theatrical, in which the drops have been so remarkable as to excite general comment. Yet the fact remains that longer entertainments, by some say, better performers, were at one time given for a lower price than that now charged for admission to a gallery.

London led the world for low prices. At the famous Globe Theater, built on Bankside by Richard Burbage, and for which James I. granted a license to Shakespeare and others, the charge for the best boxes was at one time only 15 cents, of the lower places 4 cents, while in some places only 2 cents was charged. The twopenny gallery was frequently referred to by the dramatists of the Elizabethan era. For many years the general price of the boxes was 25 cents, and it was not until 1645 that we hear of \$1.50 boxes. At that period the pit and galleries were 10 cents. It appears to have been the custom on the first night of a new play to raise the prices, and the same practice was adopted on the authors' nights, or on the representation of expensive plays. The hours of performance were then between 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, commencing at the former and terminating at the latter hour. As years rolled on the hour for the raising of the curtain became later; and when, at last, the evening became recognized as the proper time for theatrical amusements prices began to be increased until, in London, Paris and New York, \$5 is not an unusual charge.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CUBS.

A Big Stork Whips Three Young Lions in Succession.

The stork is usually associated with everything that is innocent, and he has been regarded as rather cowardly, but it has developed upon one of the birds to prove the falsity of this impression. The stork in question signally whipped five young lions, and thus upheld the honor of all storkdom. Baron Stein, of Puppelsdorf, near Bonn, Germany, is an animal fancier, and has a small menagerie, the stars of which are five young lion cubs. The Baron wished to spring a novelty on his friends, and to this end secured a big stork named Fritz, that for years has made his home on the highest tower of the castle, which was captured and put in the lions' cage. The animals were allowed to enter the cage one at a time. The first to enter the place was Zampa. The cub looked at the curious thing in the corner and wondered at the strange noise made by it. She tried to back out, and finding she couldn't, roared defiantly. The animal tried then to creep upon the bird, but received a peck on the nose that made her turn a hand-spring. She was cowed, and the stork grew cheery. Zampa's 3-year-old brother was introduced, and he made a bee line for the angry stork, which threw seven inches of bill into his nose. The lion looked sad and left the cage backward. The other three lions received the same punishment, and there was not one grain of fight left in the lot. The animals were put back into the cage the next day, and they let the conquering Fritz alone. It is now a happy family, and the old stork is the Sharkey of the bunch.

Snake Charmers.

It is generally supposed that the serpents exhibited by snake charmers have been deprived of their fangs, and this is doubtless often the case, while one instance at least is recorded in which the mouth of the snake had been sewn together to prevent it from biting. The writer noticed at the Ceylon Exhibition, given some years ago in London, that one of the snake charmers, finding the cobra he was exhibiting becoming too lively and aggressive, seized the reptile by the neck and thrust it hastily into the small round basket in which it was carried, at the same time pushing it with a voluminous white cloth, at which it bit savagely. Having almost closed the lid of the basket, the man drew away the cloth violently, thus doubtless dragging out the fangs which were fastened in it. He then secured the basket and carried it away. This, of course, required a large amount of cool courage as well as great quickness of hand and eye, all of which qualities must be doubly necessary in capturing and taming these deadly reptiles. But if we are astonished at the skill and dexterity displayed by Indian snake charmers, still more must we marvel at the hardihood of the American Indians, who, in their snake dances, not only handle the deadly rattlesnake with impunity, but also intently carry it about in their mouths.—Westminster Review.

A Physician's Experience.

A curious experience is related by a physician of Meudon, France. To examine the throat of one of his children, he held a lighted candle before its open mouth and placed the handle of a spoon on the base of the tongue, when there was a sudden flash of blue flame from the throat, and the doctor's mustache and the child's lips were slightly burned. It is explained that the spoon probably produced a slight retching, which brought a little inflammable gas from the stomach.

News to Most Americans.

Few people are aware that the first American captain general of Cuba was Andrew Jackson.

It doesn't matter how often some people change their minds they never succeed in getting a good one.

Women have few friendships; love is more to their liking.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

Humorous Paragraphs from the Comic Papers.

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

One of Them.
"My daughter," said the father, "has always been accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth." "Yes," replied the Count, bristling up, "zat ees what I am."—Philadelphia North American.

She Should Have Known.
Mrs. Bellefield—I was so surprised last night to see several shooting stars. Mr. Bellefield—Didn't you know the sky was loaded?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Is Learning Now.
Agent—The Barlows haven't asked for a cent's worth of repairs this spring. What do you think of that? Landlord—I'm not surprised. Barlow got a house through a trade a few weeks ago and is so busy filling the wants of a tenant of his own that he has forgotten all about bothering us.

Decided on That Point.
Aigle—What is the first thing that you would do if you had \$1,000,000? Tom—Design.

Fired by Zeal.
"Now that you have passed your examination, Mr. Sawbones, you could sign a death certificate?" "O, certainly, with pleasure!"—Judy.

Welcome Delay.
"Oh, yes," the womanly woman was saying. "I've known my husband to dress without swearing at his collar button. Yes, it was once when he was dressing to go down and see why the burglar alarm was ringing."—Detroit Journal.

Something Wrong Somewhere.
"Here's a queer case." "What's that?" "This paper has a long article about a new hero, and I've been unable to find anywhere in it a single word about his having been the black sheep of the family."

Scared Away.
Mrs. Motherly—Why is it, George, that you have never thought seriously of getting married? George—You misunderstand me, Mrs. Motherly; I have always thought of it so seriously that I am still a bachelor.—Schenerville Journal.

Strong Evidence.
"So you think he is strictly honest, do you?" "There isn't the least doubt about it. Every time an election approaches he is talked of as the only man who could unite the different factions of his party, and then somebody else is nominated."

Life's Little Ironies.
"What's the matter, Waffles? You look as if you were disgusted with life." "I am. I had a birthday last week and my wife made me a present."

Conclusive Evidence.
"Gretchen, the Lieutenant is following me!" "But why do you think he is following you more than me?" "Why, don't you see he has his eye-glass in the eye on my side?"—Fleegende Blaetter.

A Cross-Counter.
Mr. Peck—By jing, I had a funny dream last night. It seemed that I was away off in South Africa, where diamonds were lying all around me in heaps.

First ex-Bank Cashier—Do you believe in a community of goods? Second—Ditto—I would if I could be the treasurer.—Boston Courier.

Foolhardy Man.
Mrs. Skimpen—I think Mr. Smith must have liked the beefsteak pie. He had two helpings of it.

The Tactless Boarder—Possibly he did it on a wager.—Boston Transcript.

Looking Ahead.
"It is only a matter of time," said Gopher, "when the expansion policy will carry us into Canada." "What makes you think that?" "Oh, we will need the land on the other side of the border for golf links."—Philadelphia North American.

How.
Parliamentary candidate (explaining away his defeat)—Yes, gentlemen, I have been defeated; but how have I been defeated? Voice in the crowd—You didn't get enough votes.—Tit-Bits.

Unpleasant Associations.
The bereaved widow—His last wish was to be embalmed, but I hate to do after so much scandal.—New York World.

Sincere Grief.
Funeral director (to gentleman)—Are you one of the mourners? Gentleman—Yes; he owed me \$500.

Agrees with Henry Clay.
Biggs—They say young Wright has just inherited \$1,000,000. Biggs—in that case I'd rather be Wright than be President.—Judge.

Just as Good.
Yeast—Did you ever take any of those mud baths? Crumbsack—Well, I ran for office once.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Argument for Expansion.
He—There are millions of people in this country who don't play golf. That proves that we need more territory. She—How? He—Because when they do play golf we won't have enough room for links.—Puck.

Motive Lacking.
Manager—Your play lacks motive. Playwright—Motive, man? Why, I haven't had a square meal in a year!—Detroit Journal.