

## Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY.....OREGON.

The meat trust makes no bones of charging high prices.

It is understood that Don Carlos has quit sitting up nights to pretend.

We reserve our hero worship for the man who can invent a mulligan pot that won't get gummed up.

Let it no longer be considered a reproach to be seafish. Admiral Dewey had mal d'emer during the battle of Manila.

If the horse goes, the coachman must go, too. A family coachman way down East has gone. He took a \$2,000,000 bride with him.

Small bills are said to be scarce. But most persons can testify to the fact that the "monthly bills," big and little, are as numerous as ever.

Writers may come and writers may go, but no one will take the place of the late Horatio Alger in the hearts of the men who used to be boys.

The announcement that the kissing bug is a myth, the creation of an imaginative reporter, is a little hard on the people who have been bitten by the insect.

It probably would not require a very near sighted man to recognize in slim Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet the time-honored hypothesis of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

That is a dangerous admission made by the Boston Herald that the Boston street boy has abbreviated "motor car" to "tomato." Sometimes a name like that sticks ridiculously.

Edison thinks the name "electro-mobility" should be selected for electrical carriages. That has a euphonious sound, and how would gasoline power answer for those run by gasoline power?

A man 106 years of age recently chastised his youthful son aged 70 for misbehavior. There is nothing like putting a son on the right path while he is still under 80. The boy may yet turn out all right.

Simple directions for treatment of lockjaw are making their appearance here and there. It should be borne in mind, however, that prevention is better than cure, and that the toy pistol, a frequent cause, can at least be prohibited.

A magistrate has declared it illegal for a man to make love to a woman without her consent. The legal form will read: "May I ask you if I may ask you?" and it is feared this complicated question will completely befuddle a great many suitors.

An investigation shows that the Astors instead of being descended from a noble line of Spanish courtiers came in a straight line from a German butcher. If the Astors were good successful people they would be glad this discovery has been made. Better an honest German butcher any day than a hanger-on at a Spanish court.

The admission fees to a recent prizefight in New York exceeded \$85,000, the largest amount ever received for any single performance. This has been cited as a startling commentary upon the times. Bloody noses and cracked crowns, however, are not the delight of the vast majority of our people, nor are bounce and bluster yet widely accepted as the principal virtues of the world.

The plain truth appears to be that a very large proportion of the population of the United States is indifferent to books, and we have still rather a small strictly student element. It is the fault of very heavy and mixed immigration, of the backwardness of the large rural population in the South, and of the rapid growth of the country, with enforced strict attention to practical affairs of a business kind.

A fruit novelty is reported from California. It is half lemon and half orange, with the shape of the lemon and the color of the orange, the juice having the flavor of both. It is, of course, artificially produced. Heretofore the phantom lemon, which figures in picnic assets, has had the chief distinction as a lemon curiosity. The fruit world, it will be seen, shows a tendency to combination as well as the business world.

Captain William A. Andrews, who undertook to cross the ocean in a dory, did not complete his voyage. He was picked up by a steamer 700 miles from land in such an exhausted condition and so glad to get aboard that he did not even try to save his boat. It is not possible to feel any sympathy for the captain. It was a foolhardy piece of business, which if it had succeeded would have accomplished nothing of value. If he should safely cross the ocean a dozen times it would not convince any one that it was not much easier and safer to go on a steamer. Captain Andrews should be thankful the steamer picked him up and quit the silly business in which he is engaged.

The declaration of the late President Heuereux that the object of life was "to fight man and love woman" brings us back to the age when man had all he could do to hold his own against other beasts. It will strike the gentle reader a little odd to hear such a prehistoric admission after two thousand years of Christianity. But the swarthy President of San Domingo was simply reiterating in a blunt way a principle that has been discussed and even defended by generations of novelists. The fight goes on in the stock exchange to-day as fiercely as it did in the age of tottemism, when the struggle for food was man's first and only occupation. As for the latter half of life's object shelves of yellow-backed novels bear testimony that Heuereux stood not alone. Why must the heathen be saved, mutters the pessimist, when respected members of society, who pay their annual pew rent,

If they do not actually endorse Heuereux's philosophy, believe in the maxim, "Be virtuous if you can, if you can't be careful." Does the latter show any moral superiority to Heuereux's frank definition of life?

The predominant aspiration in the boy nature is the desire to be a man. As he cannot be a man until he is grown he imitates the man to the best of his boyish ability. Next to his desire to be a man his strongest impulse is to do what the other boys do. The boy is gregarious. He goes in droves usually, following the leadership of the loudest-voiced and most pugnacious of his fellows. These two traits of the boy nature explain the recent strikes among the newsboys and messenger boys in New York, Pittsburgh, Syracuse and Philadelphia. The men, when they want their wages raised or shorter hours of labor, strike. It is only natural that the boys should follow the example of their elders. Adult strikers frequently mob other men who are willing to take their places, calling them "scabs" and other opprobrious names. Boys follow their example by beating, or threatening to beat, their fellows who are willing to add to the family income by sticking to their employment. If the workmen win a strike in New York or Boston, others are encouraged to go on a strike. If the newsboys and messenger boys of one city stop work for better pay, the strike epidemic spreads straightway among the boys in all cities. It's an old saying that boys will be boys, and it is equally true that boys want to be and do like other boys. While a boys' strike lasts, however, it is usually a lively one. The spirit of gregariousness in the boy nature insures this. What one boy does all the boys will do or want to do, and when all the messenger or newsboys are on strike and preventing other boys from doing their work, there will be plenty of life, a good deal of mischief and some destruction going forward.

The United States weather bureau has published the results of investigations it has made as to the value of property destroyed and the number of lives lost in this country, by lightning, for a series of nine years. The records are reasonably complete and the showing is as curious as it is interesting. In the last nine years 312 persons have been killed annually by lightning, but of all the years considered that of 1895 was the most disastrous, 420 persons having lost their lives in that manner. Last year the mortality was 367, and in the entire nine years the average number killed was five to each million of population. Fatalities are less frequent in cities and thickly settled localities and most common in agricultural sections of the country. Of the states having most deaths from this cause Ohio takes the lead, the average being 24 for each 100,000 persons engaged in farming. The greatest proportion of fatal strokes is found in the Missouri valley, the great plains and in the region of the Rocky Mountains. Last year 1,898 buildings were destroyed or damaged by lightning, which involved a loss estimated at \$1,446,880. Of other property lost the report mentions 964 cattle, 300 horses, 300 pigs, 116 pigs, 420 sheep, the estimated total value of which was \$48,257. This makes the total loss of property \$1,495,137, caused by only 710 lightning strokes. It is stated that so far as the loss of life is concerned, practically all the fatalities take place in the five months from April to September, most of them being in June and July. The report says that much of the damage caused by lightning in the agricultural districts might be avoided by "grounding wires" at proper distances along lines of wire fences, "which are death traps to stock, the fatal shock being inflicted often through the medium of the wires at a considerable distance from the point hit."

### HERE'S A BIG PAIR.

Two Bouncing Kentucky Babies That Weigh 300 Pounds.

Two of the most remarkable children ever born in Kentucky are those of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Cartmill, of Owensville. They are Della May, aged 3, weight 180 pounds, and Willie, aged 4, weight 210 pounds. At birth the elder weighed



FATTEST BABIES IN KENTUCKY.

ed 8 and the younger 7. They began to grow in about a week's time and grew so rapidly that people for miles came to see them. Doctors and scientists from everywhere where their rapid growth was known came to study them. They are perfectly healthy, but sleep more than half the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartmill are people of ordinary size. Mr. Cartmill is quite tall, but his weight is not more than 160 pounds at any time. He is a huckster, and although he attempts to reduce them by dieting they continue to grow despite his efforts.

### A High Compliment.

"Frederick Douglass told me," says a writer in Harper's Magazine, "that, in spite of his long experience, he never could entirely rid himself of stage fright. 'During the first fifteen minutes when I face an audience,' he said, 'my knees will knock together.'"

When he got fairly into his subject, however, this nervousness, which all speakers have sometimes felt, passed away. He put his points well in any argument, and his eloquence was of a high order. His tribute, in one sentence, to Abraham Lincoln is an unsurpassed compliment.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is the only white man into whose presence I was ever ushered who did not make me feel that I was a negro."

### Deaths Among Women.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

The proposal in a love story is to a girl what the pie at a dinner is to a boy.

## HE IS RICH, YET POOR.

JAMES HEALEY, THE CATTLE KING OF NEW MEXICO.

Is Worth \$1,000,000, and Has \$100,000 in Yearly Income, Yet He Lives the Simple and Arduous Life of a Mexican Cattle Herder.

A man who doesn't know what to do with his money is somewhat of an anomaly, but James Healey, of New Mexico, who is worth \$1,000,000 and whose annual income is \$100,000, is such a person. Healey is an extraordinary man, whose counterpart can scarcely be found anywhere. He possesses land, cattle and copper properties well worth far above a million any day in the week, yet he lives in a rude board shanty that could be duplicated for \$50. Out of his annual income of \$100,000 he spends less than \$600 of it on himself. He owns thousands of acres of land in the fertile spots of New Mexico, and still he lives no better—not even so well—than a good part of the ignorant Mexicans he employs to help herd his cattle.

James Healey went to New Mexico from Texas. He was born in Sedalia, Mo., in 1838, and with his parents went to Austin, Texas, in 1850. He has always lived on the plains and has no knowledge of any other life. He never



MILLIONAIRE HEALEY'S SUMMER HOME.

went to school but three years and that was on the plains of Texas. But he was born with rare sagacity, a peculiar border shrewdness that reads men at a glance and knows a schemer instinctively. His chief stock in trade is an iron constitution and a brave nerve that made him well known on the frontier before he was 20. He became a vaquero in Texas when he was 17 years old. His associates have been Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, hardened characters on the border and half-breed Indians.

### Start of the Healey Fortune.

When the Navajoes were moved by the government to Southern New Mexico in the latter '60s, Jim Healey and other vaqueros went northward with little bands of cattle and settled on tracts of land close to the Arizona territorial line. That was the beginning of the Healey fortune. In a few years he had several hundred head of steers. Then he had several thousand. He spoke the Spanish tongue as well as his own, and no American knew the border and its rude ways so well as Jim Healey did. With further sales of cattle he bought more land. So he has kept on buying land, trading for cattle and water rights, occasionally dabbling in sheep and wool until he has become more than a millionaire.

Up to twenty-five years ago Healey's sole unnecessary expense was gambling. There are still tales in ancient Santa Fe of the times when Jim Healey returned from a cattle drive to Trinidad and Fort Dodge, used to sit in a faro game for forty-eight hours at a stretch and lose or win \$7,000 or \$8,000 at a sitting. One night he saw the faro dealer give a significant wink to a professional player alongside Healey and from that moment he quit the tables. He has had his ups and downs in cattle, the same as all other cattlemen. In the great freeze of 1878 he lost the greater part of a herd that represented some \$125,000. At another time he lost over \$50,000 worth of cattle by reason of a lung plague and the Texas cattle fever.

The fearful depredation in cattle and ranges, which set in at about 1890 and culminated in 1896, ruined many a cattleman, but Healey not only hung on to his herds and sold his cattle at little or no profit for six or seven successive years, but he added to his range by purchase of land from discouraged men who abandoned the industry. For three years he has been selling his steers at top-notch prices, and he is the foremost cattleman in New Mexico.

### Rich in Copper Property.

The present marvelous boom in copper has also added to Healey's riches. Twenty years ago when he was in El Paso, Texas, with a herd of cattle he met an old companion of his youth on the Texas border. The old friend had turned prospector and had been among the Dragoon mountains in Southern Arizona. Among the mineral properties he had located was a copper claim, the Ranger by name. Healey is seldom touched by the sentimentality of friendship, but this time his friend told him a tale of distress that Healey gave him outright \$800 for two-thirds of the copper claim. At different times Healey was persuaded to put \$200 and \$300 more to hold his share of the property legally intact. In 1892 the mine began to pay, and when Healey got \$7,000 for one-third the mine, he thought his remaining third was worth holding. When copper rose to 12 cents a pound in 1897 Healey got some \$1,000 a month from the Ranger, and since copper has risen to 18 and 19 cents, he has had between \$3,000 and \$3,500 a month profit from it.

His vaqueros say they believe the millionaire must be made of steel. He has been a physiological steam engine for over thirty-five years. He literally knows no rest. He usually sleeps less

than five out of the twenty-four hours, and is often in the saddle or in the corral for two days and nights at a time. In these latter years, when he has become so rich, he has several vaqueros about him always at night in the lonely mountains, where it would no trick at all for bandits to perpetrate some criminal design upon the wealthy cattleman. Frequently the old man will roll in a blanket alongside the camp fire on the range for the night, and with a supper on crackers and cheese or boiled beans will go to sleep until the earliest streaks of daylight, when he will get up and go to work again.

He is by no means a miser, for he has several times made gifts of \$1,000 and \$2,000 to his vaqueros, whom he likes. Last Christmas he decided to a man on his range a bunch of prime 4-year-old steers that were worth \$1,800, and he gave all in his employ a ten or a twenty-dollar gold piece. He makes his headquarters and home in a pine shanty on the southern end of his great range, about thirty-five miles northwest from Cerillos station, on the Santa Fe route. There he sleeps in a rude bunk built against the wall and above are two other bunks, where a friend or a trusted vaquero sleeps occasionally.

### Fragrant in His Expenditures.

Healey cooks his own food, but sometimes he has a cowboy help him at cooking. A lot of burned black kettles, a burned skillet, and a grimy old coffee pot and a few battered pans, chipped dishes, and decrepit knives and forks on a greasy table near the stove all tell what sort of meals this unusual millionaire partakes of.

He has never seen a drama, heard a concert, or anything theatrical or operatic since 1870, and then in El Paso. About once a month, when there is no

work Jim Healey can busy himself at, and he feels in the mood, then the cattle king will get out a three-gallon jug of claret (which he buys from the half-breed Indians) and produce several yellow paper packages of cheap tobacco, and he and several associates will sit and tell stories either about a camp fire or in the cabin for a few hours. But that's the end of the cattleman's dissipation. No one can induce him to have another taste of it in less than three or four weeks.

### King of Stowaways.

The steamship Lackawanna brought into Philadelphia recently a boy who is probably the most famous stowaway on the Atlantic. The fact that the captain of the Lackawanna had involuntarily carried him thrice across the sea is a fair test of his ability to secrete himself, as on each occasion the vessel has been thorough searched before leaving Liverpool. Edward Murphy is only 15 years old. He hails from Birkenhead, England, and has never had a home other than the gutters of the world's largest city can afford. He began the stowaway business some years ago, when less than 10, and has made a great success of it. He has visited most of the shipping ports of the Atlantic, and many South American and African countries besides. During the past year he has traveled from Liverpool to New York, to Santos, to Rosario, to Argentine Republic, to the Barbadoes, to Southampton, to Liverpool, to Philadelphia. He is known to every skipper who sails from London, and as a rule is a favorite with officers and men. Captain Wythe, of the Lackawanna, thinks so much of him that he has offered to adopt him, but Murphy cannot give up his roving life. If he can escape from the Lackawanna—on board which ship, in accordance with the law which requires every sea captain to pay a fine for foreigners brought to America without money, he is closely confined—he will probably beat his way across America and "ship" on some Pacific collier, as he has always expressed a desire to go to the Klondike.

Corrected in Rhyme. Thackeray was much perturbed by the "autograph-hunter," says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album, and often refused those who asked him to do so, and sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines: Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains; They crowned him long ago; But who they got to put it on Nobody seems to know. —Albert Smith.

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote: A Humble Suggestion. I know that Albert wrote in hurry; To criticize I scarce presume; But yet methinks that Lindley Murray, Instead of "who," had written whom. —W. M. Thackeray.

Carrier Pigeons Armed. In China carrier pigeons are protected from birds of prey by apparatus consisting of bamboo tubes fastened to the birds' bodies. As the pigeon flies the action of the air passing through the tubes produces a shrill whistling sound, which keeps the birds of prey at a distance.

Every one has a right to be a little foolish; it is the inheritance of every one. But curb the disposition all you can.

If you accomplish anything in this life, you will have no time to attend committee meetings.

## SHE WEARS TROUSERS.

Original Champion of Bloomers Still Wears 'Em.

Miss Susan Fowler, the original champion of bloomers as an article of feminine apparel, if not the inventor of the custom, still wears the mannish costume about her farm near Vineland, N. J., in the course of her daily life. She is 75 years of age, but a wonderfully well preserved old lady and as dignified and interesting, despite her grotesque garb, as many a younger woman. Her activity is really remarkable, and day by day she attends to her



MISS SUSAN FOWLER.

duties about the farm, even to the extent of taking a hand in the plowing when help is short-handed.

Miss Fowler has worn bloomers for over six years, and says she will never wear anything else. She says they are not in the slightest degree immodest, and do not lessen a woman's femininity. She believes in woman's rights, but is not an advocate of woman's suffrage. She believes in matrimony—in short, in nothing but her costume realizes the general idea of a new woman.

Miss Fowler has had many offers of marriage, the latest from a Western farmer, twenty years her junior. She cut short the courtship, however, by offering to be a mother to him.



George W. Cable, whose recent lecture tour of England was so very successful, intends to make another visit to England this summer.

Anthony Hope, though he considers a college education a great help to an author, does not regard it as a necessity, even to a writer of only average ability.

George Brandes, the Danish critic, says that Ibsen recently gave him an odd reason for liking Russia. "Their splendid system of oppression," said the dramatist, "engenders such a love of liberty."

The rewards of literature are frequently disappointing, but many a worker in other branches of activity would be satisfied to leave his family the \$140,000 bequeathed by the novelist, William Black, to his wife and children.

Colonel John A. Joyce is writing to the papers from Washington to maintain his claim to the authorship of the poem which has been sometimes, and perhaps generally, credited to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in which occurs the line: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

A former worker on the Indianapolis Journal in rekindled mood, referring to J. Whitcomb Riley, the poet, says: "I can remember when Riley, with his smooth, boyish face, slender figure, clad in sacerdotal garb, used to come around the office and sit on my desk and dash off nonsense verses in that same copper-plate, microscopic handwriting that he uses to-day." Lige Halford, President Harrison's private secretary, and now a major in the United States army, was the editor, and it used to be Riley's chief delight to submit some of his most meaningless jingles to Halford for the editorial page. The Major spent many a weary hour trying to comprehend them. "You'd better draw a diagram to go with this," he would say. Then a shout of laughter from the boys would show him that there was a joke loose somewhere, and he would retire into his office to avoid it.

### An Errand of Mercy.

Don't kill the long-winged insect known as the devil's darning needle because its appearance is not prepossessing. It comes in search of mosquitoes on which it feeds, and it deserves a hearty welcome and it deserves everything its way if it were more generally known what its mission were. That other insect which looks like a magnified mosquito comes for the same purpose, and when you kill it, you aid the destroyers of your own comfort.

### Why He Was Angry.

Mr. Fegan, the oratorical anti-liquor member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, was lately made very angry by a misprint. The Adelaide Critic reports the fact.

"Whisky makes men genial for a time," said Fegan in a speech. The next day he read, and his constituents read, in the official report of the debate, "Whisky makes me genial for a time."

### Cause of Stage Fright.

An expert has arisen to explain that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from the fact that persons meditating public appearances should be careful of their diet and adhere to regular habits.

### Without Liquor.

There is a district in Liverpool inhabited by 60,000 people where intoxicating liquor cannot be bought.

No man ever hears a woman's sincere opinions until he has told her he loves her, and been told in return that she loves him.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

"I can't say I am much disappointed in you," said Mr. Bullion, sternly, eyeing his eldest son, who had come home from college in disgrace. "I never expected you to amount to anything."

"No," responded the young man, with a sort of feeble resentment. "I haven't had as good a start in life as you had. You were a poor boy, with every inducement to make somebody of yourself, and I am nothing but a rich man's son."—Chicago Tribune.

Love's Imposition. "Why, darling," exclaimed the pretty bride of three weeks, as she rushed to embrace her husband. "How good it was of you to skip baseball once and come home early. You're just too sweet."

And he accepted it all without saying a word about there being no game.—Detroit Free Press.

Degraded Taste. "Is your husband musical, Belinda?"

"No, indeed. He likes tunes."

### A Weighty Matter.



"Dasher didn't weigh his chances when he went into that enterprise."

"And yet he speculated on a large scale."—Moonshine.

### Got It Bad.

First servant girl—I believe I am becoming afflicted with insomnia.

Second servant girl—Why so?

First servant girl—Here lately when the missus calls me to get up I can't drop off to sleep again.—Ohio State Journal.

### Couldn't Hold Himself Up.

Mrs. Jaggs (time 2 a. m.)—What in the world kept you so late?

Mr. Jaggs—Why (dies m' dear, just as I was comin' (dies) long first shing know'd was held up by shix or shieven highway'm'n on (dies) darkish street.

Mrs. Jaggs—Well, it's a good thing they happened to be there to hold you up. You never could have done it yourself.

### A Hopeless Case.

"Has George ever hinted that he had thought of you as a possible wife?" asked the anxious mother.

"No," replied the girl, a far-away look in her eyes, "and I'm afraid he never will."

"Why," said the mother, "I thought—"

"It doesn't matter what you thought, mamma, dear," interrupted the daughter. "Only last night he complained of feeling drowsy and it wasn't 9 o'clock."

### On the Wrong Track.

The Statesman—What do you think of the race problem?

The Rounder—Can't say. Haven't seen to-day's entries.

### Words of Wisdom.

"Our naval officers ought to adopt Rudyard Kipling's formula for good health."

"What's that?"

"Keep your pores open and your mouth shut."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Ray of Hope.



Servant—Sir, I can no longer stand it to live with the mistress and have given her notice.

The lord of creation (anxiously)—Do you think that will do any good?—Megendorfer Blaetter.

### All Women Can.

"You used to say," said Mr. Meeker, as he edged away from the threatening broom-handle, "that I was the greatest bargain you ever got."

"Yes, and I will show you that I can strike a bargain, too," retorted his better half.

### Stained.

City niece—The windows in our new church are stained.

Aunt—Ain't that a pity. Can't they get nothing to take them off?

### An Awful Fling.

Mrs. Styles—I'd have you understand that I know a good many worse men than my husband.

Mrs. Myles—My dear, you must be more particular about picking your acquaintances.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Slightly Changed.

Rudolph—Two young gentlemen wish to meet two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Money no object. How will that do, me lord?

Rupert—Money no objection. That sounds better.

### Ready for Luncheon.

"I was going to ask you to take luncheon with me to-day," said one board of trade man to another, "but Slims says he has invited you. Sorry he got in ahead of me."

"What time do you lunch?"

"At 1."

"How fortunate. Slims takes his at 12. I'll be with you."—Detroit Free Press.

### Machine to Cure Stammering.

In a Pennsylvania device for the cure of stammering a pair of slotted metal plates are connected by a narrow neck and bent into close proximity to be placed on either side of the tongue, the neck having an adjusting screw to clamp the plates in place.

## Domestic Narcaam.

He (at breakfast)—My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in the city early this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

She—Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you.

He—Why, what do you mean?

She—Nobody will ever accuse you of building it.

### His Predilection.

"I see," said the affable friend, "you occasionally drop into poetry."

"No," answered the laureate, "periodically." "I don't drop into poetry. I'm periodic in it by the government."—Washington Star.

### The Boss.



Stranger—Is the master of the house in?

Man under bed—Yah. Vat is it?

New York Journal.

### Weaving a Spell.

He—I am rather in favor of English than the American mode of spelling.

She—Yes?

He—Yes, indeed. Take 'parlor' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world.—Boston Christian Register.

### The American Plan.

Smith—Are you going to allow your daughter to marry that worthless young dude?

Brown—I haven't decided yet. In fact, I don't know whether my daughter is going to allow me to have anything to say about it.

### Had His Preference.

"There is one thing you ought to remember, Remus, and that is that honesty is the best policy."

"I done year fokes say that betwixt, sah, but fo' merself I'd radder play d' udder kine."—Boston Courier.

### Thought It Was a Bad Dream.

Mistress—How was it you were so late this morning? Didn't you hear your alarm clock?

Maid—I did, mem; but I thought I had only dreamt it, and it didn't go off again, mem.—Boston Transcript.

### Gafrantry.



Wheelwoman (to an admirer)—The streets are very quiet to-day, barn.

Baron—How can it be otherwise, madam, when angels are pedaling around.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

### A Cake Walk.

"Have you an agreeable boarding house?"

"Yes, we have; every morning we have a cake