EUGENE CITY..... OREGON

A cynic is a man who must be unhappy in order to appear happy.

Every man in a brass band thinks his instrument makes the best music. Money in certain cases receives like

it is locked up. If Dreyfus' condemnation was a proof

corrected proof. As to prosperity, this discovery of the Polar Star being in reality three stars shows the astronomer's business is looking up.

Oyster exports are spoken of. This is one way in which members of an old American family can get into English society.

At the same time no change in waltz steps will ever completely eclipse a nice position on the steps of the stairs between the dances.

"A Cry in the Night" is Edwin Markham's latest poem. This is the first intimation the public has had that Mr. Markham was a family man.

The Kansas City Star says: "All the world's a stage, but most of us are in the chorus." Mistake again. Most of us come in by way of the box office.

Possibly it's hopeless to ever expect money to be absent in elections. For that matter the very bonfires show they've barrels to burn after they are

A clergyman objects to rice-throwing

at weddings on the ground that it is disrespectful to the sacrament of matrimony. How about the throwing of old The newspaper record of wills at-

tests, increasingly, that men of wealth are very many of them obeying the apostolic injunction to be "rich in good works."

While wishing well to bicycles and blcyclers, few would mind how great a falling off there was in the notion of women being able to ride seven hundred miles in forty-eight hours.

It may be believed that industrial problems will never be wholly eliminated until someone evolves a scheme providing for competition in everything we want to buy and monopoly in everything we want to sell.

It has been found that peroxide of iron, combined with certain chemicals, will make a smooth and excellent sidewalk. The time may come when a sidewalk will be defined as the right of way and a streak of rust.

The Chicksaw Indians, not wishing to have all their girls won away by white men, have passed a law making the price of a marriage license \$5,000. An Indian maiden wooed and wedded under such circumstances might indeed be called one of the dearest girls on

They have a stringent homestead law in Texas. Down there a man can't mortgage a home of 200 acres or less, even if the wife and children are willing to sign the mortgage. Nor can it be taken for debt, nor can it be sold unless the wife signs and acknowledges the deed in private and before an officer out of her husband's presence.

A proper, legitimate and healthy interest in politics is one thing; a complete absorption by politics of all other questions is another. One is to be encouraged, the other severely frowned upon. There can be no doubt that "too much politics" and too many politicians are a serious handleap. Government is not an end, but a means. It is employed by the people for their conveniences: it is not meant they are to become the servant to government and to those who aspire to govern.

There is nothing at all incompatible with wishing surgeons and doctors well and entertaining at the same time a violent loathing for the uncivilized boor who, while eating a banana on the street, thoughtlessly lets the treacherous peel drop just where, with the reckless depravity natural to inanimate things, it can best trip up the pedestrian. Fruit is good, eating is not a crime, surgeons must live, and people will go afoot, but there is no necessity for any dangerous combination of this quartet that may be avoidable by a little thought.

The reported finding by a Norwegian cutter of a buoy, marked Andree Polar Expedition, does not surprise those who remember the statement made by the daring searonaut before starting on his trip. In fact, the surprising thing is that many more buoys have not been found. A large number of especially prepared buoys were carried in the balloon, and it was planned that they were to be thrown out at frequent inletters from the explorers. The buoys consisted of a hollow cork bulb, covered with copper netting. In the top a small Swedish flag of sheet metal was inserted. The letters were to be placed in a water-tight vessel in the interior of the bulb.

The law's delay is a proverbial illustration of deferring a settlement, but a wheelman reports a prospective procrastination which matches it. Receiving his bicycle in a battered condition at the end of a railway journey, the sarcastic baggageman thus described the process of obtaining satisfaction for damages: "I will report it to the station agent, the station agent | Luther and his wife, and on the out- that I am not to blame in the slightest will report it to the general passenger agent, the general passenger agent will report it to the master of baggage, the master of baggage will report it to the claim department, then it will go before the directors, and in a few years, sir, you will receive a call from the counsel of the company asking you

was not in the same condition when put aboard the train."

From the published reports of his do I have put out for the port of gloom. ings the young man known as the Earl rected against him. His lordship is The headlands blue in the sinking day poor, which is not at all to his discredit. Kiss me a hand on the outward way. and he seeks to make an honest living. which is distinctly to his credit. It is The fading gulls, as they dip and veer, evident that he is far from being a fool. Lift me a voice that is good to hear. for he has driven a hard bargain with the theatrical manager who has employed him. Nor can he be blamed for treatment with men. When it gets tight utilizing his title as an asset, seeing that it is about the only thing of value that he possesses. We may suggest, moreover, that the young man might of France's injustice his pardon was a very easily have turned his patent to nobility to a more profitable use had by becoming the husband of some American young woman whose papa was willing to buy her a title as he would buy her a pair of diamond earrings. All things considered, therefore, the Earl of Yarmouth strikes us as a rather estimable young man.

The Boston Globe gives a vivid ac The Boston Globe gives a count of New England farms going to ruin, especially in Maine. The abandoned farm story has been familiar for years to readers of New England papers, but the Globe's description shows the tragical side of the struggle for ex istence that is going on in many a New England State. In Maine many of the farms are now practically worthless and never were valuable except for the timber that once grew upon them. But the lumber industry of the Pine Tree State is rapidly passing away, the George. farms have been exhausted, and their owners, in many cases old and poor, are rapidly drifting to the poorhouse In some of the "towns" the policy of taking over farms in return for a These abandoned farms are then cona living for themselves free from taxa a millinery bill." tion. Even this is frequently hard to do, so utterly worn out is the soil.

The most prominent "class in spell-Washington, who meet monthly for the purpose of deciding how disputed geographic names should be spelled. Their decision is adopted by the government for all its publications, by the text-book writers also; and the newspaper editors usually accept their conclusions. Upon the organization of this board in 1890, it adopted certain general principles. These are sometimes carried out by postoffice clerks so mechanically as to bring upon the board criticism it does not deserve. For example, the board decided that wherever it could be judiciously done, names of two words, such as Middle Branch, should be written as one word -Middlebranch. This rule, which was wise when used with good judgment. became absurd when, in interpreting it, a postal officer decided that West Palm Beach should be spelled Westpalmbeach. A compromise has been made, and West Palmbeach adopted instead. Other decisions of the board This LETTER DROPPED OUT OF YOUR are that the final "h" in such a word as Pittsburgh should be dropped. Also the "ngh" in such a word as Marlborough, and the possessive form wherever practicable. The theory of the Loard is to secure uniformity and simplicity, not to reform the language.

Man Who Is Secretary of State of the Transvaal.

Dr. F. W. Reltz, Secretary of State of the Transvaal, was formerly President of the Orange Free State. He er was a sheep farmer, and a man of considerable learning. Dr. Reitz was South Africa College and Inner Temple, ter than to imagine-London, being called to the bar in 1868. He returned to the Cape, and after practicing as an advocate for six years



in Cape Town, was appointed Chief tervals during the voyage, laden with Justice of the Orange Free State. After put it in my pocket. I didn't know it holding that position for fifteen years he was elected President in 1889. Secretary Reitz' wife is a Dutch woman of high literary distinction. She founded at Bloemfontein a library and a club in which ladies discuss the latest literary productions of Europe and America.

Two Famous Rings. Two silver rings, of which one is in Paris and the other in Germany, have associations of rare interest. They letter in my pocket yesterday, but it were worn by Martin Luther and his threatens to break up my family, and bride. Catherine de Bora, on their I ask as a favor that the chap who did wedding day in 1525. The rings bear it will just write a letter to my wife on the inside the names of Martin and tell her it was a bit of fun and side are engraved the spear, nails and degree. I don't want to know who it ropes, the symbols of Christ's suffering was. All I ask is that the thing be and death.

The average man is polite to a lot of other men he would rather kick.

what proof you have that the wheel when he tells you to "move on."

OUTBOUND.

lonely sail in the vast sea-room,

The voyage is far on the trackless tide, natured criticisms that are being di- The watch is long, and the seas are wide

The great winds come, and the heaving

The cry of her heart is lone and wild, Searching the night for her wandered

The restless mother, is calling me.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine, he chosen to sacrifice his independence In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear. From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer.

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the Of a roving tide, from dream to dream. -Bliss Carman.

They Were All Sorry.

EORGE FERGUSON, what does

G this mean? The voice was that of Mrs. Ferguson-shrill, piercing, and ominous. "What does what mean?" asked

"This letter!" She held it up.

"Laura, have you been-"

"No, I haven't been searching your pockets. You know I haven't. I was guarantee to keep perhaps a man and moving your coat from this chair, and his wife in board and clothes the re a letter fell out. This is the letter. It mainder of their days has been fol- is directed to you, and it's in a womlowed, but even this inxepensive way an's hand. You haven't told me of of acquiring land is too costly for the any correspondence you are carrying towns, and it is being discontinued on with—"

"Open it and read it. Laura," interverted into plantations, and the towns rupted Mr. Ferguson. "If there was unable to support the farm owners any letter in my pocket I didn't know send them back to the farms to make it. Go ahead and read it. Maybe it's

Scorning to reply to this, Mrs. Ferguson opened the letter and ran her eye over it.

"Oh, you didn't know this was in ing" in the United States is the Board your pocket!" she piped. "You didn't of Geographic Names. It consists of know it! Maybe it's a millinery bill, ten experts, selected from the various is it? Listen! 'My dearest George'departments and scientific bureaus in so you're somebody else's dearest



George, are you?-'My dearest George: When are you coming to see me again? I am very lonely'-she is very lonely, structure. This exceedingly interestis she? Oh, you two-faced hypocrite!-'If you can't come, George, dearest, do write!'-she wants you to write if you can't come, does she !- 'You can't think, dearest George, how I miss---'"

"What nonsense are you reading, to be roused. "Do you mean to say

"I mean to say I am reading this letcomes of an old German family which ter you told me to read, Mr. Ferguson. settled in Holland 200 years ago. His I am reading this letter I found in your grandfather emigrated to the Cape, and -that dropped out of your pocket. You one of his uncles was a lieutenant in don't know anything about it, don't the British navy. The Secretary's fath you? 'You can't think, dearest George

"Laura, are you fool enough to think born on Oct. 5, 1844, and studied at the that's genuine? Don't you know bet-"I am a fool, am I, Mr. Ferguson?

> "Let me see the letter." "Let you see it? What do you want to see it for? Oh, no, Mr. Ferguson!

Well, I'll just show you-

I am going to keep it and show it to my mother!" "Well, hold it so I can look at it, I promise you solemnly I will not at-

tempt to take it away from you." "I'll see that you don't. Here it is. Now look at it. Stay right where you are, George Ferguson. Don't you come

a step nearer!" "How can I see it ten feet away? Lay it down and then come and the my hands behind me if you are afraid

"Oh, yes! Lay it down and you'll grab it! I see through you! What's the use of pretending you never saw

this before?" "There doesn't seem to be any use in it-that's a fact. Nevertheless, I assure you, Laura, on my honor as a

man-" "On your honor! Humph!" "Yes, on my honor-h'mph! I have never seen that letter before. I never was there. I am not anybody else's dearest George, and that letter is a

clumsy fake got up by somebody who wants to have a little fun with me-"I wish I could believe it! Oh, George! George!"

"Boys," said George Ferguson the next day when he went into the office where he was employed downtown, "that was a good joke some one of you played on me when you put that

straightened out." It was late in the afternoon. There came a ring at the door bell pertaining to the Ferguson dwelling, and a A policeman gives further notice imessenger delivered a letter addressed to Mrs. George Ferguson,

She epened it and read:

"Dear Mrs. Ferguson-In a spirit of mischief I slipped a letter in your husband's coat pocket yesterday which I fear may have fallen into your hands, and in order to atone for any misunderstanding it may possibly have caused I wish to say that I wrote it myself and that it is purely imaginary. With

This was signed "Marcellus Hankin-

Hardly had she finished reading this when another messenger came and left another letter. It read thus:

"My Dear Mrs. Ferguson: I have a little confession to make. Yesterday, in a thoughtless moment, I wrote a letter purporting to come from some woman and dropped it into your husband's pocket. For fear you may have seen it take occasion to assume the responsibility for the clumsy joke and to apologize for it. With great respect, yours sincerely."

The signature was "Oliver Peduncle." by special messenger. It was as fol- make the cutting, or more correctly,

1-, the span would drop into the river without injuring the plers. Current was secured from a near-by generating plant, and leading wires were run to the farthest span. Each of the timbers cut was next encircled with a heavy resistance wire and connections run to the main circuit. The resistance of these wires was so proportioned that great respect, I subscribe myself yours the passage of an electric current of definite strength would bring them to a cherry red, just on the same principle as an incandescent lamp filament is



BRIDGE BEFORE WRECKING.

Then there came another letter-also brought to a nearly white heat. To burning, more positive, a five-pound "My Dear Madam: lardon me for sash weight was hung at the bottom addressing you, but I wish to plead of each loop. In exactly one hour and guilty to the perpetration of a foolish forty minutes after the application of joke on your husband yesterday. I the current each timber was cut wrote a love letter signed 'Dollie,' if I through by the hot wires to a point remember rightly) and slipped it into where the weight of the structure was Mr. Ferguson's coat pocket. Fearing it sufficient to break the rest, and the may have met your eye I write this to span they supported tumbled into the exonerate your husband and to take river. This operation was repeated

FALL OF THE FIRST SPAN.

It was signed "A. Spoonamore." The bewildered woman had hardly bridge showed how thoroughly the curperused this note and laid it on the par- rent had done its work. Each timber lor table with the others, when a fourth | was burned through to the same extent,

came. It was to this effect: "Permit me, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, three inches on the sides, the cut being to atone for an act of thoughtlessness committed yesterday. Yielding to a ing charred more than an inch on each heaty impulse, I wrote a letter to your side of the point of con act with the hot husband purporting to come from some wire. feminine admirer. This I placed in one of the pockets of his coat, unknown to him. As it may possibly have fallen into your hands, I take the liberty of assuring you that I alone am to blame nese laundry sign. for the stupid joke and to express my hearty contrition."

The signature to this was "Wesley Higintop."

About two hours later Mr. Ferguson came home. He was whistling, with apparent unconsciousness of any domestle trouble, past, present, or to come.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ferguson in a high-pitched voice, as she met him at the door, "where are those other letters?"-Chicago Tribune.

WRECKING A BRIDGE.

Novel Use of Electricity Successfully Tried at Clinton, Ind.

The 735-foot bridge over the Wabash at Clinton, Ind., was wrecked in August by a Hoosier, who employed the heating power of an electric current to do the work, without injury to the subing feat is described in the Western Electrician.

It appears that the bridge was, up to that time, the only toll bridge in the State, and was owned by one man. It had become antiquated, and the county Laura?" demanded George, beginning authorities purchased it with the idea of erecting a steel bridge in its place, using the same plers and approaches. Under the terms of the contract, the owner of the bridge was to remove the superstructure inside of thirty days. without injuring in any way the sustaining piers and masonry. This was apparently a very easy task, but, after consultation with bridge builders, house wreckers, riggers, engineers, and, in fact, every one who had a plan to suggest, the only practical plan evolved was to build a false work and take the bridge down plecemeal. To blow the bridge up with dynamite would probably injure the piers, and to burn it would likewise crack and injure the masonry. The thirty days elapsed, and no plan had been decided upon. An extension of the time for one week was granted. At this point a young electrician living in Clinton came to the fore with a scheme to literatty cut the bridge down with hot electric wires, and this unique plan was finally succossfully carried out with the greatest satisfaction, the operation requiring but ten hours.

The bridge, which was built in 1853, consisted of three spans, with a 70-foot draw, and, as already mentioned, was 735 feet long. Each of these spans was composed of nine chords, each consistng of three nine-inch by nine-inch yellow poplar timbers. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that if each of these timbers was cut through simultaneous- for what she gets.

upon myself the entire blame for the with each span without a hitch or de silly performance. Respectfully yours." lay of any kind.

An examination after the fall of the namely, five inches deep on the top and comparatively clean, the wood not be-

A Chinese Dooley.

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chi-

"Kin ye say it, Pete?" "Where?"

"There; don't ye say it?" "Oh, Ol do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's feerst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Y19." "Then rade it backwards."

"But rade it furruis feerst, an' it spells Lee Dew." "But rade it backwards, man."

"D-e-w, Do; L-e-e, Le-Dooley." "Roight ye are, Pat, an' Dooley is a folne old Irish name, but it's the feerst

tolme in me loife I iver heerd of a Chinese with an Oirish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."

They stepped into a barroom to liquidate.-New York Press.

Juvenile Depravity. "Papa," said the boy, as they drove along, "that's the same horsefly that was buzzing around the horse when we started out, isn't it?"

"Yes." "Then one horsefly will follow one horse more'n a dozen miles, won't it?" "It seems so."

"I reckon," said the boy, who had been busy thinking again, "you'd call it a one-horse fly, wouldn't you?" "Perhaps."

"Then It was a one-horse town where we got this rig, wasn't it?" "Don't be too fly, my son," said papa. grasping his whip and meeting the ne-

cessity firmly.-Chicago Tribune. A Horse's Sense.

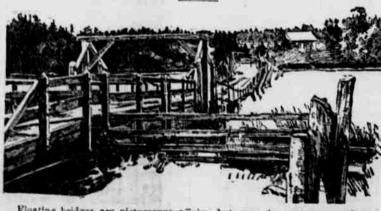
Every soldier knows that a horse will not step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the British cavalry that if a trooper becomes dismounted he must lie still. If he does this, the whole squadron is likely to pass over him without doing him injury .- The

A Boer Delicacy. This is a Boer delicacy: A great square slice is cut off a loaf made of coarse, unsifted meal, and covered with a thick layer of jam-perferably strawberry. A row of sardines is then placed on top, and the oil from the sardine box is liberally poured over the

A Greedy Crane, A New York man claims to have shot a crane up in the Adirondacks that had forty-five trout in its stomach, none of

which weighed less than a pound. At the store where feathers are taken in trade the farmer's wife pays down

ODD FLOATING BRIDGES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



Floating bridges are picturesque affairs, but one who ventures on them for the first time feels that he is risking his safety in crossing. The one shown in the Illustration does not span, but lies upon the beautiful Morrell river, in Prince the indistration does not span, but hes upon the beautiful Morrell river, in Prince Edward Island. The central portion is merely a raft, attached at each end to slightly more stationary divisions. The stretch is long, and as a vehicle crosses the bridge sways and threatens to float down stream. In the flood seasons, or even at high tide, the water frequently comes up over the timbers, and as the horse splashes through the water the sense of uneasiness increases if one is not bred to such methods of getting from one side of a river to another. In winter the bridge is embedded so firmly in the ice that it is as stable as the Brooklyn bridge, but at that season it is not needed, for one may cross anywhere on the

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA-RIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selectiess that You Will Enjoy.

The Colonel-He's awfully fond of making us fight at close quarters. The Captain-No wonder! He always lived in a flat.-Kansas City Independent.

The Right Time. Jones-That new preacher knows his

Mrs. Jones-What makes you think

Mr. Jones-He waited until Bobby got whipped before he tried to convince him that fighting was wrong.-Kansas City Independent.

Undoubtedly.
The Son-Pa, what is a "last resort?" The Sire-A summer one.-Kansas City Independent.

A Disgusted Passenger. "No. sir," said a passenger on a steamship to the captain, "I am not seasick, but I am disgusted with the motion of the vessel."-Ohio State

It Looked Like a Trap. "Have you seen Timpson's new

Journal.

"I guess it was his trap. Any way, he had that rich young Gilfeather girl

in it."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. His Difficulty.

She-It's strange that the littlest things in life offer the greatest difficultiest

He-That's so! Last night, for in stance. I could find the house all right, but for the life of me I couldn't find the keyhole!-Heitere Welt.

Close Re emblance. "You say the two girls look alike?" "Look alike! Why, sir, when they were married their husbands moved to different cities for fear they'd get 'em mixed."-Chicago Post.

Letting It Out. "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" the mistress asked, on returning from a visit one afternoon. "Nothing but a postcard, ma'am."

"Who is it from Mary?" "And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injur-

"Perhaps not. But any one who sends me a message on a postcard is either stupid or impertinent." "You'll excuse me, ma'an the girl, loftly, "but that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother!"

ed air.

-Sydney Journal. A Photographer's Harvest, "Where are you going?" "To have my picture taken."

"Don't go to that artist: he'll make you look melancholy." "I know it. That's why I'm going to him. I'm going to send the picture to my wife-she's away and threatens to

come home,"-Detroit Free Press. Never Deserts a Friend.



The Ant-Hang it, man, why don't you strike some one else for a loan? You always come to me. The Grasshopper (loftily)-Sir, I never desert a friend as long as he has

Just the Patient for H m. Young Dr. Fresh-Here comes that Mrs. Towler. Positively there isn't the first thing that alls her.

Old Dr. Sage-Evidently you are just the man for her case.-Boston Transcript.

Naturally.

Fuddy-Did you ever notice that most of the black-face artists are Irishmen? Duddy-Naturally. An Irishman is right at home in Cork.-Boston Tran-

He Had 'een Them.
"I think," said the old lady wisely, "that young Mr. Binks has a hold on Mabel's affections."

"Possibly, possibly," replied the old gentleman, who had just glanced into the parlor. "At any rate, he has a hold on her waist."-Chicago Post.

One on the Doctor. "I suppose," said the quack doctor, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I per

ceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."-Ohio State Journal. Strange Obstinacy.

"It's funny how things work," re marked the fluent man. "I have tried everything for insomnia without the least relief. And the other evening I merely mentioned a few of the expedients I had tried, and every man in the room was fast asleep before I had got half through."-Boston Transcript.

Froof Enough. "Do you believe that a the years was ever as a day, and a day

"I believe the latter half all reenough-I've just spent the day at the dentist's."-Detroit Free Press.

Touching.

"I suppose you were touched to your wife gave you that \$50 to

"Of course! How else do you image my wife could come by \$50?" -De-

A Treasure. Cynic-What makes you have unlimited confidence in your wife! Cheerful-I gave her \$10 to pay a of \$4.09 for me, and she brought h all of the change.—Detroit Free Pre

A Hard Question.



"My brain is in a tumuit," wil the perspiring genius. "And where," queried his strapminded wife, "Is the tumult?"

A Victim at First Sight. "My wife has ruled me ever since or marriage." "You're a lucky dog; my wife by

her."-Detroit Free Press. A Mental Lapse.

ruled me ever since I first laid eyes a

"Why," said the trolley car moteman, "I once stopped my car within n inch of a man who had slipped on the "Yes," replied Biffkins, "I am ver absent-minded myself at times."-Phil-

adelphia North American. The Translation. "I had some French partridge for luncheon to-day," said Dobson, "What are they?" asked Mrs. Dob-

"Well, translated into English, I think they are robins," said Dobson."-Harper's Bazar. Reason for It. "Why is she only in half mourning? Of course, she married old Skinflint for

his money, but she ought to respect his memory now that he's dead." "Oh, she thinks she's doing all that is required under the circumstances. He only left her half his fortune."-Chies.



"What recommendations have n for the position of floorwalker?" "I won six cake-walks last summe

Particularity. He-Let me say, for argument, I love a particular woman.

She-It would be quite vain, ! were at all particular.-Detroit Jos Safe Fnourh. "They say young Folley has

man to another. "Well," was the heartless reply," what I've seen and heard of himb safe enough; he can't wander versis -Youth's Companion.

wandering in his mind lately," saids

The Secret of It. Ann Eliza—There goes Man b loney. She's th' stylishest dresses of any of us. Maria Jane-An' small wonder ? missus is th' same size 's her, if ploys th' best moddist in th' Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bloger than Wilhelm. Watts-These poems about his his ty, the baby, make me weary. Potts-Me, too. As if every man didn't know that majesty was a where near it. The baby is the best-Indianapolis Journal. Not a Native.

"Has Eugene Dobbins always sored in the first circles?" "I have my doubts; he walls " 1 hardwood floor as if he was affeld of it."-Detroit Free Press. "What is your idea of a gol pist "Well, any joke that make you mid

because you didn't think of it pour self."-Detroit Free Press His Wonderful Papa Papa went a-fishing With his pockets full of bait; He went all by his loneso And the luck he had was great

He came home, bringing with him A string of fish that weighed Just twenty pounds, he told us And a lovely meal they made.

Papa went a-fishing Upon another day. And mamma she went with him-He couldn't say her may. They came a-trudging bomeward

All tired out at night.

And mamma told us papa Had never had a bite. My papa's broken records Of nearly every kind-A greater man than he is It would be hard to find.

He's always doing wonders, But here's what bothers me: He never seems to do them When folks are there to see. Chicago Times-Herald.

The performance of the amateur sician is often a music rack.