

IN JUNGLE SOCIETY.



THE MONKEY—Wont you come inlede a moment?



THE ELEPHANT—Where would your Republican party be without me?



MONKEY ON TOP—Talk about your castles in the air!



THE MONKEY—Yes, he's puffed up. He was all right until Princeton adopted his colors.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

Jack Barry walked out of the hotel the picture of physical health and strength. He was handsome, too, and had been rich the girl who could have refused his proffered hand would have been a curiosity. But, alas! Like most of his comrades, he was poor. Not that he cared in the least, as he would have said himself, but he ascribed the one back-handed slap that he had ever received from Dame Fortune to his poverty—that is, to his income of 300 pounds a year and no more. Of course, it was a girl that did it.

Jack had fallen in love with a girl almost before the ink on his commission was dry; he had danced attendance on her a whole summer at the seaside, and he had proposed and had been quietly but firmly rejected. After joining his regiment, however, Jack did not get an opportunity to waste his life. He was ordered abroad, and there was plenty of work to do, and he spent two years away from England, home and beauty. It was a good thing for him. He had no opportunity to spend his income, and therefore was obliged to save it, and that at the end of that time, when he had managed to get a three months' leave of absence, he had a little money and a good deal of common sense. He had developed instead of wasting his life, he found that he was full of healthy ambition, and while he could not forget the girl, he had grimly resolved to get along without her. He did propose to do one thing, however, and that was to get in England as fast as ever he could, call on her and let her know how well he was getting along without her. He reached the hotel at noon—he was just leaving the hotel to call on her that night.

She lived in Kensington. It was a delightful September night, with a full moon, and he walked down to the house, repeating on the way a dozen times or more the question, "Is Miss Burroughs home?" so that his voice would not tremble the slightest particle, even before the servant. His voice did not tremble, either, when the critical moment arrived, but he was a little surprised that the servant should usher him into the drawing room without saying a word, or even asking for his card. He was still more astonished to find that there was no light in the room save the stream of moonlight that slanted in at the windows. Astonishment was not the word for the occasion when he saw Violet Burroughs herself leaning on the sill of the window in the moonlight; and he almost gasped when she said in the most matter-of-fact way: "I knew you would come back!" "Did you?" he exclaimed, sinking uninvited into a chair.

"Yes," she repeated. Then he noticed that she was crying.

"I hope I don't intrude—perhaps I had better call again."

She paid no attention to the suggestion, but, still looking out of the window, said:

"Your voice has changed already a great deal."

"Yes, I suppose it has," he answered. "You said you would be a changed man, but I did not suppose it would affect you so soon," she continued. "Oh, it is dreadful, isn't it?"

"My voice? I did not know that it was. I'll have it trained."

"How can you jest? You know I mean this affair of ours—your love for me."

"Oh!"

"When you jest you make me feel that you are desperate. You will not commit suicide, will you? Promise me that you won't."

The conversation was becoming rather rapid. Jack had called for the purpose of saying not a word concerning the old love that he had so manfully buried—for the purpose, too, of letting her see how well he had buried it and how nicely he was getting along without her after all; and here she was plunging into it herself in a most unladylike manner and dragging him along with her. More than that, she was rapidly opening the old wounds; and still more, she was resurrecting the old love. Why was she crying? Why did she expect him? How did she even know he was in town?

"I did think of suicide—but I gave the idea up. There is too much to live for—there are too many chances of luck—too many opportunities to win in the end what was refused in the beginning."

"Oh, no—no—do not think that you can ever win my love!"

the tone of voice in which he had spoken that gave her woman's intuition the spur. She looked quickly up. He was standing now where she could catch the outlines of his figure. She uttered a little exclamation, reached over to the wall, switched off the electric light, and—well, this is the end of my story.

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THE ASHLAND FARCE-COMEDY.

From the Ashland Tribune.

The curtain was not rung down until midnight yesterday on the latest act of the burlesque that has held the attention of our citizens for the past few weeks.

This act portrayed the trial of Druggist L. P. Orge on the charge of selling "vinous or alcoholic" liquors without a prescription. The prosecuting witnesses, Van Wert and Peabody, were the "Hawshaws" of the play, while Comedians Briggs and Phipps furnished the smiles and had Weber and Field "beaten to a pulp" as laugh producers. After all the evidence was in, Phipps "beaten to a pulp" which proved to be some light-opera verse concerning Attorney Briggs, which the latter represented in language both forceful and picturesque. Phipps "ducked" the epithets and countered with his right, but fell short.

Judge Berry then interfered and apologies flew thick and fast.

The case went to the jury about 4 p. m., and at midnight the flag of distress was thrown to the breeze as a signal of a disagreement. The jury was then turned loose and are still at large.

The galleries await the next act with much interest, and it is predicted that the standing-room sign will be hung out early for the next spasm of Ashland's celebrated and continuous performance.

Recent Purchasers of Underwood Typewriters.

The Oregon Daily Journal.  
Ladd Metals company, two.  
Order of Washington.  
Carnegie Steel company, three.  
Charles F. Beebe & Co.  
James Gardner & Co.  
S. Morton Cohn.  
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company.  
Pacific Electric company.  
Oregon Furniture Manufacturing company.  
U. S. lighthouse engineer.  
Many other prominent Portland people.

Schedule of Steamer T. J. Potter.

The steamer Steamer T. J. Potter will leave Portland, Ash street dock, for Astoria and Ilwaco as follows:  
July 19, Tuesday, 9 a. m.  
July 20, Wednesday, 9 a. m.  
July 21, Thursday, 9 a. m.  
July 22, Friday, 9 a. m.  
July 23, Saturday, 1 p. m.  
Get transportation and berth tickets at O. R. & N. ticket office, Third and Washington streets.

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