

Got the Bounce, Not the Girl.

A banker, while talking to one of his clerks, said:

"Arthur, a man never amounts to much in this life until he is married."

"I think so myself," the young man replied.

"Glad you are ready to agree with me, Arthur, for I have taken quite a liking to you. How old are you?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"Plenty old to marry, Arthur, and I would advise you to begin looking around."

"I have been looking around, and I have found a young lady, and she has promised to be my wife."

"Good. I hope she is worthy of you."

"I think she is, sir."

"Glad you think so. Who is she, Arthur?"

"Your daughter, sir."

The young fellow does not work at the bank now.

She Has a Musical Ear.

"Come here, Frances, and let mamma tell her little girl about heaven."

"That's where the dear Lord lives, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes; and it is such a happy place.

All the good people go there when they die, and they all have harps and sing day and night."

"Will everybody sing, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Will papa sing?"

"Oh, yes."

"All the time?"

"Yes, love."

"Then I don't want to go."

Not This Time.

A romantic young lady fell into the water and was nearly drowned. She was unconscious when brought to land. After she had been taken home, she speedily recovered her senses, and declared her intention to marry the individual who had "snatched her from a watery grave." Her father objects.

"Impossible," he says.

"Is he married?" she inquires.

"No, but he is—a retriever."

Where They Put the Poultice.

There is a time to keep silence, but it evidently was not the right time in the case of a boy mentioned, who lives in an Ontario town. He got a sliver in his foot and, in spite of his protestations, his mother decided to place a poultice over his wound. The boy vigorously resisted.

"I won't have no poultice," he declared stoutly.

"Yes, you will, Eddie," declared both mother and grandmother, firmly; and, the majority being two to one, at bedtime the poultice was ready.

If the poultice was ready the boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth" he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot he opened his mouth.

"You——" he began.

"Keep still," said his mother, shaking her stick, while the grandmother

busily applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth.

"I——"

But the uplifted switch awed him into silence.

In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the little boy was tucked in bed.

"There, now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well."

As the mother and grandmother moved triumphantly away a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes:

"You've got it on the wrong foot!"

Great Advice.

Doctor, to first patient—Suffering from indigestion, eh?

"Yes sir."

"How about tobacco?"

"Well, I smoke."

"Ah, and you'll have to give it up."

Same doctor to second visitor—Stomach trouble, eh?

"Yes sir."

"How about tobacco?"

"I don't use it."

"Well, you'd better smoke."

Her Higher Education.

Cousin Hugh—Whereaway so early, and in such a hurry, this breezy morning?

Miss Brainie, fresh from medical studies at Vassar—Don't detain me. I'm going right over and help my old friend, Mrs. Wellewed."

"Any thing wrong?"

"Wrong? I should say so! Yesterday she said she was going to wire her husband. And I didn't even know he was dead. He'll make a lovely skeleton and I can show her just how he should be wired."

An Unforeseen Predicament.

A Pole sent his son Isaac on a visit to his bride-elect. The young lady's father had a rather shady reputation, and before the son's departure the Pole addressed him as follows:

"If the father of the bride has only committed a slight offence you must ask for 50,000 marks, but if he stands charged with a serious crime you must demand 100,000."

The son started on his journey, and in a few days there came this telegram:

"Father hanged, how much now? Isaac."

How He Demonstrated It.

"Do you know Harvey Jones and his wife?"

"Yes."

"As a married couple they're not half bad."

"What do you mean by that? I thought you didn't like Jones."

"I don't."

"Well, explain your remark then."

"He is thoroughly bad, but his wife is a splendid woman; and, as she is his better half, they are not half bad. See?"

"Oh, yes."

Briggs—How do you like my new coat? I got it at the misfit parlor.

Griggs—First rate. It's one of the best misfits I ever saw.

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