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NO. 25.

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### TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednes-  
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Arrives at Florence Tuesdays Thurs-  
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**The Commensville Sage.**  
"In the case of getting married,"  
said the Commensville sage, "it often  
occurs that they begin with the dessert,  
follow it with a roast and find them-  
selves in the soup at the finish."—Cin-  
cinnati Enquirer.

**Long Handed.**  
Micky the Mouse—When are we go-  
ing to work do summer resorts?  
Burgling Bill—Not till late in the sea-  
son. Give de gulls a chance ter git all  
de engagement rings dey can.—New  
York World.

**May Be Proprietor Some Day.**  
Spacer—The office boy seems to have  
had quite a good time on his holiday.  
Liner—What makes you think so?  
Spacer—Since his return all his let-  
ters come addressed as "editor."—Bos-  
ton Globe.

**Social Influences.**  
"Mrs. Riprap has grown dreadfully  
rude to me all of a sudden."  
"Perhaps she has found out that your  
husband owes her husband some  
money."—Detroit Free Press.

**He Doesn't Worry.**  
"How is your Don't Worry club get-  
ting along?"  
"Fine—fine as silk. We elected  
Blanco an honorary member last even-  
ing."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Even Worse.**  
"Why, he abused me like—like—"  
"Like a pickpocket?"  
"Worse than that. More like a judge  
sentencing a pickpocket."—Cincinnati  
Enquirer.

**An Explanation Ready.**  
"Hannah!" exclaimed the very young  
housekeeper, "how in the world did you  
happen to bring home black bass when I  
told you to get bluefish?"  
"Well, miss," was the answer, after  
some consideration, "I reckens I mus'  
had dis yere 'flection I hyund yer read-  
in' bout 'I a color blind."—Washing-  
ton Star.

**It Hangs  
On**  
If it was only health, we  
might let it cling.  
But it is a cough. One cold  
no sooner passes off before  
another comes. But it's the  
same old cough all the time.  
And it's the same old story,  
too. There is first the cold,  
then the cough, then pneu-  
monia or consumption with the  
long sickness, and the trem-  
bling in the balance.

**Ayer's  
Cherry  
Pectoral**  
loosens the grasp of your cough.  
The congestion of the throat  
and lungs is removed; all in-  
flammation is subdued; the  
parts are put perfectly at rest  
and the cough drops away. It  
has no diseased ingredients  
on which to hang.

**Dr. Ayer's  
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draws out inflammation of the  
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Advice Free.  
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you desire the best medical advice  
you can possibly obtain, write the  
doctor freely. You will receive a  
prompt reply, without cost.  
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**Hope Came to Him.**  
A number of persons were talking  
about coincidences, when a clergyman  
gave an instance in his own experience.  
"When I was a very young man, before  
I entered the ministry," said he, "I met  
with a series of misfortunes and was  
nearly discouraged. One day I was  
seated on a bench in the park of a foreign  
city. My head was sunk upon my hands  
and black despair covered me like a  
cloud. I had about concluded to strug-  
gle no longer when a slight noise at-  
tracted my attention, and I glanced up  
to see standing before me and contem-  
plating me with big, solemn eyes the  
most beautiful little girl I have ever be-  
held. 'What is your name, my pretty  
child?' was my natural inquiry. 'Hope,'  
she answered in a clear, sweet voice.  
Then she turned and ran away, and the  
little earthly form whose lips had  
brought me a message of comfort disap-  
peared forever, but the white spirit of  
her name she had left in my heart, and  
from that day I prospered. My eldest  
daughter is called Hope."—Exchange.

**Corks.**  
At a London club there is the most  
unique pair of curtains in existence.  
This portiere is formed of hundreds of  
champagne corks, taken from every  
known brand of champagne, each of  
which bears the tin top which adorned  
it when the cork was in its parent bot-  
tle. The corks are made into strings,  
there being 60 of them to each string.  
Between every cork there are three big  
Chinese beads of turquoise blue. Al-  
together there are 24 strings, and at from  
12s. to 16s. a cork, the portiere repre-  
sents a total expenditure of about  
£1,000. The corks are tied to a white  
enameled pole, with fancy ends, and big  
sashes of blue ribbon adorn the brass  
knobs. The total effect is distinctly  
pretty. What makes this unique por-  
tiere doubly valuable is the fact that  
each cork bears the autograph of a fa-  
mous actor or actress of the present day.  
—London Standard.

**Nothing Plebeian About It.**  
She was an honored member of one  
of the hereditary societies and was as-  
tonished to learn that she was accused  
of wire pulling in connection with an  
election of officers.  
"Wire pulling!" she exclaimed.  
"Such an insult! Why, it is common,  
positively common. People do that in  
politics."  
"Very true," returned her husband  
consolingly, "but in politics it is prob-  
ably just common, ordinary wire, while  
I have no doubt in your case the refer-  
ence was to the very highest grade of  
insulated copper wire."  
Naturally that made it seem differ-  
ent.—Chicago Post.

**Read in the Bone.**  
Employer (irascibly)—Confound that  
boy! He's never around when he is  
wanted.  
Clerk—I think it must be hereditary  
with him, sir. His father is a police-  
man.—New York Truth.

**Lukind.**  
"False one," said he as he stalked  
from her presence, "you now look upon  
my face for the last time."  
"Well, your looks will be improved  
by wearing a mask," replied the un-  
kind girl.—New York World.

**Sansone.**  
"We call our new safe Samson."  
"Because it's so strong, eh?"  
"Yes, and it's strength depends on  
its locks."—Philadelphia Evening  
Bulletin.

**One Exception.**  
"She was under the impression that  
two heads are better than one."  
"Aren't they?"  
"Not when keeping a secret."—Vim.

### ENOUGH SAID.

**Paterfamilias Was No Good Thing and  
Made His Son Realize It.**

There lives upon Warren avenue west  
a certain young man who is given rath-  
er too much to "charging." That is to  
say, he has formed the habit of going  
into the shops down town and buying  
anything that may please his fancy; and  
having the article "charged" to his fa-  
ther. The pater is wealthy and entirely  
responsible for any debts that his son  
might contract, but there was a time  
when he was poor, and he feels that it  
will do his boy no good for him to know  
that everything he sees he may have,  
even though the money is at hand, the  
first of the month to pay the bills.

Haberdsbery in particular has an  
overwhelming fascination for the boy,  
and hardly a day passes that he does  
not make a purchase of a scarf or a new  
pair of golf hose or a negligee shirt.  
He goes into the shops where he is  
known—and they all know him—and,  
buying what he wants, simply says,  
"Charge it." And forthwith is the ar-  
ticle "charged." The father, too, is  
given to purchasing neat neckwear in  
abundance, but he has asked the mer-  
chants to keep his and his son's bills  
separate that he may know exactly  
by what he is paying for; hence when  
the boy buys an article and requests  
that it be "charged" it is entered on  
the books, "To one necktie, per son."

Day before yesterday there came in  
paterfamilias' mail a statement from a  
down town clothier in which articles in  
the sum of \$30 were charged "per son."

The boy was in the office when the  
governor opened the bill. The old man's  
eyes scanned the amount and his lips  
puckered into a whistle. He turned to  
the youth and said: "Charley, what do  
you think of this? Here some person  
has been buying \$30 worth of neckties  
and having them charged to me. Now  
I'll bet I shall put a stop to that. I  
shall write a note and have it inserted  
in every paper in town to the effect that  
I shall be responsible for no debts con-  
tracted by this person. But, I guess,  
come to think of it, I'll wait a month  
and see if he keeps it up."  
Charley said, "Isn't it strange?"  
But, just the same, when he left the  
office he muttered to himself: "That  
settles it. Have to cut out that dozen  
of striped shirts now, until I've saved  
up enough out of my allowance to pay  
for 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

**High Lights.**  
The man who sings at his work  
makes other men swear.  
Men sometimes forgive, but women  
and Indians like to avenge, an injury.  
Adam had his faults, but he never  
gave Eve \$5 and then borrowed \$3  
of her.

The engaged girl need not talk much.  
Her giggles are sufficiently expressive.  
A self-made man should not solicit  
outside criticism on the quality of the  
job.  
Thrift is denying yourself pleasures.  
Stinginess is withholding pleasures  
from others.  
Genius requires patience. The people  
who have to live with a genius need the  
patience.  
Some men admire activity so much  
that they sit still all their lives watch-  
ing other men work.  
Always look at the bright side of  
things. The back of a mirror never has  
anything interesting to say.—Chicago  
Record.

**Fin de Siecle.**  
Hortez (showing her album)—This  
is a picture of my first husband and his  
second wife; this is my husband's first  
wife and her second husband; that is  
my second husband and his first wife,  
and this myself as his second wife. This  
here is the mother of the second wife of  
my first husband—  
Visitor—I beg your pardon. Have you  
not something a little less modern?  
—Fliegende Blatter.

**Quickness of the Boston Intellect.**  
"You're trying to string me," said the  
western boy incredulously.  
"To string you?" exclaimed the boy  
from the Back Bay. "Oh, I see! You  
wish to allude to the incident I have  
been relating as a 'yarn.' Good, good!  
Ha, ha!"—Chicago Tribune.

**A Walking Stick.**  
"I declare it's just too bad," wailed  
the young and lovely actress. "They're  
only giving me a walking part again."  
"Well, you're such a stick, you see,"  
replied her bosom friend. "I suppose  
they thought it would be appropriate."  
—Ally Sloper.

**Thought He Was There.**  
Mr. Staylate—Talking of queer acci-  
dents, Miss Clara Upperton disconnected  
her jaw the other day while yawning.  
Miss De Pink (wearily)—Did you go  
for a doctor?—New York Weekly.

**Pictureque Possibility.**  


What we may expect to see if the  
ladies keep on tipping their hats for-  
ward.—Fliegende Blatter.

**Not Strong.**  
"He seems to be rather weak."  
"He is. He draws a pension for an  
injury received during the war by the  
discharge of a blank cartridge."—Vim.

**WE LEAD  
IN  
Dry Goods  
Fancy Goods  
Furnishing Goods  
Clothing  
Shoes**

**WE DEFY COMPETITION.**

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Eugene,  
Lane Co., Ore.

RESPECTFULLY  
**J. V. KAUFFMAN.**

### HE STUTTERED.

**Thereby Arousing the Indignation of the  
Man Who Heard Him.**

General Merritt has a brother in Illi-  
nois who is one of the best politicians  
in the state. For many years he sat in  
the legislature and then became distin-  
guished for a mind of the humorous  
bent and amplitude of Lincoln.

A striking trait in Tom Merritt's  
character is the delight he takes in tel-  
ling stories on himself—stories of the  
kind that are intended to make a fellow  
chase around the corner or to have some  
very important business to transact  
when told on one by a friend.

Just to keep his hand in Tom Merritt  
has put in circulation recently the al-  
leged facts of a humorous experience at  
St. Louis that will bear repetition. It  
should be remembered that this eldest  
brother of the three Merritts stutters  
lopplessly and extracts droll enjoyment  
from the embarrassments he thus  
causes others in conversation.

Not long ago, upon going to St. Louis  
on a business trip, Merritt's sister ar-  
gued him not on peril of his life to return  
from the city without a talking parrot,  
of which she wished to make a pet. Af-  
ter having attended to his own affairs  
he set about executing the command of  
his sister. Finding a notion store where  
several parrots were for sale, he went  
in and looked them over with great care  
and patience. Finally one clever look-  
ing green bird of amusing agility caught  
his fancy, and he called the proprietor.  
"S-s-s-a-y," asked Merritt, pointing  
out the parrot of his preference, "c-c-o-u-  
t-h-a-t—o-o—p-p-par-rot (whistle)  
t-t-talk?"

As the last syllable of the query  
escaped the Illinois statesman the prop-  
rietor had grown lurid under the gaze.  
"Well," was the furious reply, "if  
he couldn't beat you I'd kill him."—  
Chicago Chron.



Parson—Well, I'm sure you are a  
very kind little girl to bring me these  
beautiful strawberries. I hope you did  
not pick them yesterday—Sunday?  
Little Girl—No, I picked them this  
morning—but they were growing all  
yesterday.—Nuggets.

**A Cautious Admission.**  
"Look here," exclaimed the Spanish  
editor almost tearfully, "I've got to  
give my subscribers some news. You  
can't keep the truth from the public  
forever, you know. You may as well  
break it to them gently, by degrees."  
"Well," answered the censor after  
long reflection, "I don't know but  
you're right. You might intimate in  
your next issue that maybe the Anglo-  
Saxons didn't get so much the worst of  
it in that old invincible armada affair  
as we have been leading them to sup-  
pose."—Washington Star.

**Good Reasons For Failing.**  
Citizen (looking up from the paper)  
—What do you think of this? A plumb-  
er in this city has failed.  
Wife—I don't wonder. We had a  
very mild winter, followed by a hot  
summer.  
"What has the hot summer to do  
with it?"  
"I presume he had to take ice."—  
New York Weekly.

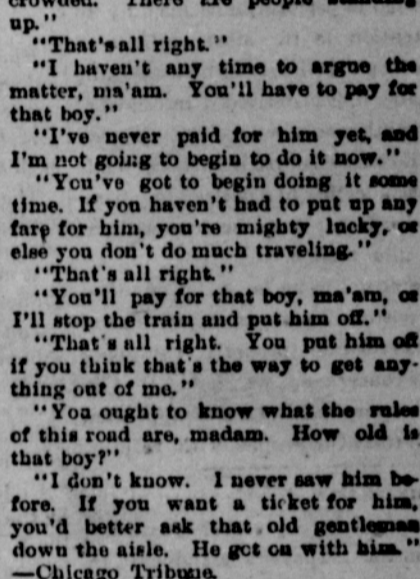
**New to Him.**  
Wallace—They say now that mos-  
quitoes are the cause of malaria.  
Ferry—I never before heard profan-  
ity called malaria.—Cincinnati En-  
quirer.

**Writing to Obit.**  
"I give you one more trial. Will you  
not send me a check for this?"  
The editor replied:  
"We have tried to check you for  
years past, but it really seems impos-  
sible."—Atlanta Constitution.

### AND SHE DIDN'T.

**The Lady Was Determined Not to Pay the  
Boy's Car Fare.**

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket  
for that boy, ma'am."  
"I guess not."  
"He's too old to travel free. He oc-  
cupies a whole seat, and the car's  
crowded. There are people standing  
up."  
"That's all right."  
"I haven't any time to argue the  
matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for  
that boy."  
"I've never paid for him yet, and  
I'm not going to begin to do it now."  
"You've got to begin doing it some  
time. If you haven't had to put up any  
fare for him, you're mighty lucky, or  
else you don't do much traveling."  
"That's all right."  
"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or  
I'll stop the train and put him off."  
"That's all right. You put him off  
if you think that's the way to get any-  
thing out of me."  
"You ought to know what the rules  
of this road are, madam. How old is  
that boy?"  
"I don't know. I never saw him be-  
fore. If you want a ticket for him,  
you'd better ask that old gentleman  
down the aisle. He got on with him."  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Bless Him!**  


Mick ("boots" at the Ballyragg ho-  
tel, knocking at visitor's door at 4 a.  
m.)—Fwath toime wud yo wish to be  
called this mornn, sorr?—Punch.

**He Wanted a Change.**  
"Hello, Stubby. Your wife been  
regulating you ag'in?"  
"Yep."  
"Well, wot are you lookin so blue  
about?"  
"It's th' way she does it, Pote. Ef  
she'd quit a-clubbin me over th' head  
an jes' laime me in th' legs fer a change,  
I could git a pair o' crutches, an folks  
'ud all take me fer a Santiaggy hero."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**An Accident.**  
A man was asked the cause of his fa-  
ther's death, and replied that "while  
addressing a large outdoor assemblage  
of people, who were listening to his re-  
marks with the greatest interest, a por-  
tion of the platform upon which he  
was standing gave way beneath him,  
whereby he was precipitated several  
feet with such violence as to break his  
neck." The man's father was hanged.  
—Chambers' Journal.

**A Small Bull.**  
Mr. Carson, Q. C., addressing a jury  
said, "Gentlemen, the charges against  
my clients are only man's nests, which  
have been traced to their birth and are  
found to have had neither origin nor  
existence." Mr. Carson is a member of  
the English bar, but he still remains an  
Irishman in speech.—London Globe.

**Not Strong.**  
"He seems to be rather weak."  
"He is. He draws a pension for an  
injury received during the war by the  
discharge of a blank cartridge."—Vim.