

Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENBY, Publishers.
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

Most remedies for prejudice seem to be fatal.

It is more to be stung than it does to be charitable.

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to draw.

There is no place like the home of a young man's best girl.

Successful men have no time to go back and cover up their footprints.

It requires something besides a range to throw out a cold audience—so says a slinger.

Many a man's pessimistic views of life are due to his acquaintance with himself.

Evidently the Russian peasants do not consider it good fun to sit still and starve to death.

It is thought Uncle Paul Kruger has managed to save a portion of his salary out of the wreck.

Gen. Wood says: "Money is not everything." He is now eligible for membership in the Young Men's Bible class.

About the only way to induce the average man to take advice is to slip up on his blind side and drop it into his ear.

About the only chances the kings of those different German States have to get their pictures in the papers come when they die or go crazy.

A professor has just completed a 17-volume "Life of Edgar A. Poe." Never until now have we thought of Poe as a possible rival of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Years ago a man bearing the name of John Smith had it changed to Gagnard Gignard, which name he selected because it was as unlike John Smith as he could possibly get it. And now an Englishman, one Pamlico Pickles, has had his name changed to John Smith. There is no accounting for tastes.

At a recent pedestrian contest a vegetarian won in the international match from Berlin to Dresden. The distance is 125 miles. The winner walked it in a little more than twenty-seven hours. His competitor, a meat eater, fell behind an hour and forty-five minutes.

The vegetarian has also beaten the famous race of the Greek from Marathon to Athens, who covered 140 miles in twenty-seven hours. While proof is still lacking that an exclusive vegetarian diet is the best muscle-maker, data are accumulating which show that meat is not indispensable and that health may be promoted by diminishing its consumption. The Greeks, who were in their golden age the most graceful as well as the most stalwart athletes, ate little meat. While the price of beef continues high Americans can better afford to experiment with a vegetable diet as a muscle-maker.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the military academy at West Point furnished occasion for reverting to the important part the famous institution for training soldiers has played in our national life. The centennial exercises were incidental to the regular commencement, at which a class of fifty-four were graduated. Public interest naturally centered this year in the commemoration of the founding of the academy, the occasion drawing together many of the commanders, who have gone from its halls to fight the battles of the Union and who have shed luster on the annals of the army. While the United States is making soldiers who are fitted by training to become officers in the army it is also giving its cadets an education in mathematics, engineering and the sciences that will compare favorably with the courses in the highest institutions of learning in the world. Some idea of the standards of scholarship that are maintained at West Point may be gained from the fact that about one-fourth of those appointed by Senators and Representatives usually fail to pass the preliminary examinations, while only a little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. Upon graduation cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates during the hundred years of its existence is now a little over 4,000. The academy has a history that rattles the national pride. The martial achievements of many of its graduates in the great crises of the republic are an inspiration to patriotism and national unity.

The affection of women for cats has long been the stock in trade of the humorist. If the woman was "an old maid" and the cat a roistering fellow given to late hours and daytime snoozes, so much the better for the joker. It is time for a defense of pussy, and incidentally, for a defense of my lady's discrimination in her choice of a pet. The popular estimate of the cat has always been based on comparison with the dog. But cats are not dogs, and whoever regards them as an inferior species of dog does both animals wrong. The chief characteristic of the cat is her intense originality. That of the dog is his teachableness and imitableness. Whoever will know Mistress Cat must study her—not try to teach her. She does not catch human ways. As she is domesticated, protected, well fed, she becomes not the more like her mistress, but the more herself. Her personal preference is law. At a given minute she does not wish to be fondled, and repays a caress with a scratch. She chooses her own time to be affectionate. Her habits and choices are persistent. Let her be punished forty times for sharpening her claws on the carpet, and she will continue to do so. This is not because she does not know what the punishment means, but because she does not care. Like Faust, she has "the disease of not hating." Many a blessing in disguise effectually escapes detection.

Such stolid persistence, such untamed originality of impulse, such splendid characteristics of the primeval jungle, unmarred by centuries of so-called "petting," are surely impressive. To the woman who has patience, and who is not so anxious as a man might be to mold qualities to her own image, the cat will prove a more and more fascinating companion.

A professor of biology has published his predictions concerning the future of mankind. He makes some strange forecasts as to the characteristics of the race in the distant future. "Strange men, far different from those now living, will walk the earth in centuries to come," he says. "They will be a race of brainy, four-toed giants." The brain, of course, will be the dominant organ, and the body will be much larger than that of the present man. "Strange men will not suffer from appendicitis, as the useless appendix will have disappeared, as will also the little toe of each foot and the floating ribs. The chest and the upper and lower limbs will be large as compared with those of today. All the diseases which arise from the development of microbes will have been banished, and the first signs of old age will not show themselves until the one hundredth year. The blonde hair of the future will be exclusively peroxide, as the extreme types of light and dark people will have merged into a uniform medium type. Thus there will be no race problem to worry any section hereafter. There will be no tremendous dentists' bills, because man's teeth will not decay, and no need of disappointing and perilous hair restoratives, because there will be no baldness. There will be no surplus women, because it will be practicable to pre-terminate sex, and the supply will harmonize with the demand. The future memory will be discriminating. All the useless details which it is necessary to learn in order to master a few important things will be discarded and forgotten, while essential facts will remain as though graven on enduring bronze. Evidently the learned professor has not read "The First Man in the Moon," a serial which ran recently in one of the magazines. According to this ingenious tale the inhabitants of Mars, through the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, had little left but brains. Their locomotion was accomplished by means of machinery more adaptable and inconceivably more rapid than legs. However, the time is so far distant when all these transformations are to take place that the average man need not worry respecting the legs or appearances of his immediate offspring.

One of Germany's creators.

Last of Great Leaders in War with France Passed Away.

King Albert of Saxony, who died recently, was the last of the chief German commanders in the Franco-Prussian war, which resulted in the unification of the empire. Before him have passed away Emperor William, Bismarck, von Moltke and Emperor Frederick William, and now he, too, at the ripe age of 74, joins the great band of men who created modern Germany.

King Albert was born in the capital, Dresden, in 1828, and was educated at Bonn. He fought in the war of 1848 against Denmark, and in the brief struggle between Prussia and Austria in 1866 he took the part of the latter and fought desperately in the battles of Muenchengratz and Koungratz. After peace had been proclaimed and Saxony had become incorporated in the Federation of North Germany, he retained command of the Saxon army, thereafter the Twelfth Corps of the imperial army. At the outbreak of the war with France Prince Albert, as he then was, turned the scale in the hard-won battle of Gravelotte. After the subsequent investment of Metz he was given command of the newly formed "Army of the Meuse," 70,000 strong, which formed the pivot on which the armies of the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Frederick Charles swung round on Sedan. Its most brilliant feat of arms was perhaps its victory over MacMahon's Corps de Failly and the surprise of the French camp at Beaumont. During the investment of Paris Prince Albert occupied the right bank of the Seine at Grand Tremblay, repulsed the French sortie at the battle of Champigny, on Dec. 2, and knocked one or two other promising outbreaks on the head.

In the proclamation of the King of Prussia as German Emperor in the palace of Versailles he was a conspicuous figure and was made a field marshal. He succeeded his father, King John, on the throne of Saxony, in 1873.

In 1853 he married Queen Carola, daughter of Prince Gustav of Vasa, who survives. As King Albert left no children, his brother, Prince George, succeeds to the throne.

An Airy Invention.

"Yes, I've got a fine new scheme. It's a life-saving net for aeroplanes. You spread it on light steel rods and hang it to the bottom of the car of the balloon. Then when the aeroplaner topples out or the balloon blows up it falls into the net and is saved."

"But suppose they both fall?"

"Who? The man and the net? They can't fall. The net is fastened to the car by tested steel chains."

"The balloon can't fall, either—the net is in the way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fatal to the Eyesight.

Most persons employed in the Venetian glass industry begin to lose their sight when they are between 40 and 50 years of age and in a short time become totally blind. This blindness is caused by the excessive heat and glare from the glass furnaces.

Many a blessing in disguise effectually escapes detection.

A FAMOUS INSTITUTION.

Salem Academy, in the Beautiful Wachovia Valley, North Carolina. The centennial, recently celebrated, of the Salem Academy and College at Winston-Salem, N. C., marks the close of 100 years of usefulness of an institution which deserves to be more widely known. It was founded and has been maintained by the Moravians. A colony of these people settled a century and a half ago in North Carolina.

They went through the horrors of the French and Indian war without suffering loss of property and were equally fortunate in the year of the revolution. Their beautiful tract bore the name of Wachovia. Here were schools such as no other southern section possessed, and visitors were so impressed with the educational advantages of the children that they asked that a larger school be built. The academy and college for girls and young women now located there was established in 1802 and it has never been closed. For 50 years following the fame of the school spread. The ante-bellum aristocracy in the South was at the height of its glory. The planters drove in their private stags and coaches from South Carolina and Georgia, from Florida, from the Gulf States, and crossing the mountains, they came from Tennessee and Kentucky, and even from more distant points. The story as related in the old records is an exceedingly interesting one. When the daughters of these old-time southern families arrived at the famous school the horses upon which they had ridden across the mountains were sold, and the saddles hung in the saddle room, to remain until the young women had completed their course of study. At the commencement time this quaint little North Carolina town presented a wonderful spectacle. The great old family coaches, with liveried servants, brought prominent men and women, the leading figures in the affairs of the nation. Its pupils came from the very flower of the land. The mothers and wives of Governors, statesmen, Generals, foreign ministers and prominent financiers were Salem girls. In the administrations of James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson graduates of the North Carolina schools were mistresses of the white house, and Stonewall Jackson had his military companion in a Salem girl. Rev. John H. Cleveland is president of the academy.

ARCHITECTS AND OBSCURITY.

General Ignorance of the Subject Even Among the Educated.

Strange it is, indeed, how lowly a place the grandest, the mother of all arts, holds in public esteem, and how blessed little is known about it by even the better class of the masses.

But most wonderfully ignorant are they of the names of the men who have contributed most to their and their ancestors' comfort, education, refinement—yes, their very civilization—the architects.

A beautiful poem always recalls the name of its author, a masterly oration, a grand literary success is never referred to without mentioning him who gave it to us; great battles glorify the contending generals, scant value is attached to a painting assigned or attributed to a master, but we see, we admire, we read of and think about and live in our great buildings, the beautiful structures of antiquity and of our own times, and never waste a thought about their designers.

People go into ecstasies about the Parthenon. The very wise will tell you, perhaps, that Phidias designed it. Phidias did not do the sculptural work, the embellishment, the details, the architect. Not one out of a hundred thousand of you know it, either.

How many of you know that the Coliseum at Rome was designed by Rabirius and completed by Mustius?

Michael Angelo Buonarroti did manage to get himself handed down to posterity, the one man of them all who was saved from darkest oblivion. I wonder how he managed it? I believe that about one person out of every 20,000 who visit St. Peter's at Rome learn that he had something to do with its design. But, then, this spasm of knowledge is counterbalanced by the supreme indifference concerning architects—with which we visit an equally imposing domed structure, the magnificent capitol at Washington. We praise its splendid outlines and stop reverently through its sacred halls, but not one out of 200,000 who visit it give a snap of the finger for the men from whose brains it sprang. Who cares a rap about Hallett, or Hadfield, or Hoban, or Latrobe, or Walter?

LIVES IN PIANO BOX.

Odd Habitation of an Old Baltimore Fisherman.

Not many of even the meek and lowly spirited citizens of Baltimore would take kindly to the thought of living nine months of the year in a piano box six feet long by two and a half feet wide and five feet high.

And yet that is what James Thomas Bailey, a weather-beaten and white-haired fisherman, 58 years old, has been doing for the past four years. He seems to thrive on it, too.

The box stands at the end of a row of others, all of which, with the exception of Bailey's, contain fishing tackle, on the shore of Spring Gardens, at the foot of Hanover street.

About two years ago Bailey became a fisherman at the spot where he now lives. He says the idea of seeking the piano box was first suggested to him when the snow of the famous blizzard of February, 1898, sifted through the cracks of a shanty he was then occupying and opened its sides to the weather. He thought a more compact apartment would be better, and, looking upon the row of boxes that line the shore, determined that one of them would be the very thing. He bought one for 75 cents, fitted it with some bed-clothing, and has lived there ever since, cooking his meals on the open ground just outside.

To a visitor at the place yesterday Mr. Bailey hospitably showed his home. "Yes," he said in reply to a

question as to whether it really was true that he lived in a box, "there it is." And lifting the tin-covered lid, he displayed the interior.

It is truly a lesson in economy of space. On a shelf running the length of the box, about a half foot below the top, were placed pipes, tobacco, a coffee pot, comb and brush, fishing tackle and many useful articles. There was no attempt at ornamentation. In the bottom, with about three feet of space between it and the top, was Mr. Bailey's bed. It hardly looked like a bed, wearing apparel being scattered about it so promiscuously—blue overalls, spare trousers, and, sticking aggressively in the center, Mr. Bailey's reserve wooden leg, painted black and highly polished.

"Well, you will certainly never tumble out of bed," said the visitor.

"No, and I never have to hunt for the keyhole," was the answer as Mr. Bailey showed that he had no lock on his street door, but that it was simply fastened by a common padlock staple minus the padlock. "I don't live here all the year round," he further explained. "You see, in the real cold weather a man would freeze. That blizzard taught me that. But I come early in April and stay until late in December. The other months I usually spend with my daughter in town. I make my living by fishing here in the river. I own a boat and I own my own house, and I'm contented. When I go in and shut the lid down nothing bothers me—I'm dead to the world. If it rains, I hear the patter of it outside, but it don't come in. You see I have the top covered with tin. I don't pay any taxes—I don't pay any rent. I ain't bothered about anything."—Baltimore Sun.

QUEER STORIES

Gas was first used as a street illuminant in Baltimore, gas lamps being introduced in that city in the year 1816.

The lantern of the Lundy Island light-house is 540 feet above high water, and can be seen thirty-one miles. The Cape Clear light is 450 feet above the sea.

The latest astronomical photograph, prepared by the joint exertions of the observatories of London, Berlin and Paris, shows sixty-eight millions of stars.

In the Japanese match factories the boxes and labels are made by little girls, who are wondrously dexterous in the work. These little experts get from one halfpenny to two pence halfpenny for twelve hours' work.

A transatlantic steamer, carrying what is called "a full mail," usually takes two hundred thousand letters and three hundred sacks of newspapers for London, to say nothing of the five hundred and odd sacks for other places.

I was dispatched accordingly in the troopship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kin nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be.

Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained.

There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortable, monotonous existence and spending such money as I had considered more freely than I ought.

So alarming did the state of my finances become, that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living.

Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel and take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's.

The sight of a friend's face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing, indeed, for a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular enemy of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me.

In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisciplined wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a bear."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man today that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first," I asked. "A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital, because he could not get some other go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wine glass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

"Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" I said.

"No; I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of John H. Watson, M. D., late of the army medical department.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army.

Having completed my studies there, I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it the second Afghan war had broken out.

On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country.

I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but disaster and misfortune. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand.

There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the courage and devotion shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack horse and succeeded in bringing me safely into the British lines.

Worn with pain and weak from the prolonged hardships which had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawar.

Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to back a little on the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions.

For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent, I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England.

I was dispatched accordingly in the troopship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kin nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be.

Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained.

There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortable, monotonous existence and spending such money as I had considered more freely than I ought.

So alarming did the state of my finances become, that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living.

Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel and take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's.

The sight of a friend's face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing, indeed, for a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular enemy of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me.

In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisciplined wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a bear."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man today that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first," I asked. "A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital, because he could not get some other go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wine glass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

"Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" I said.

"No; I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has

attention for blood corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Criminal cases are continually being brought on that point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it is committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood-stains, or mud-stains, or rust-stains, or fruit-stains, or what are they? There is a question which has puzzled many an expert, and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up in his imagination.

"You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Rischhoff at Frankfurt last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious Muller, and Lefevre, of Moutpellier, and Sanson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford, with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the 'Police News of the Past.'"

"Very interesting reading it might make, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster and discolored with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a three-legged stool and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings, and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

(To be continued.)

BRIEF BUT KILLING.

Remedy Was Not Recommended, But Was Very Effective in His Way.

A recent West Philadelphia political meeting was marred by the telling of the following story as illustrative of the evil of being too laconic in everyday speech. Briefly was the distinguished characteristic of the village where-in lived Jim and Zach, farmers, and each the owner of a horse. They met one day and spoke as follows, relates the Philadelphia Times:

"Mornin', Jim!"

"Mornin', Zach!"

"What did you give your horse for the better?"

"Tar-pentine."

"Good mornin'."

"Good mornin'."

They again encountered each other a few days later, with this result:

"Mornin', Jim!"

"Mornin', Zach!"

"What did you say you gave your horse for the better?"

"Tar-pentine."

"Killed mine."

"Good mornin'!"

"Good mornin'!"

Satisfied, Anyhow.

"Maria," said the colored child, "I feel lak my time has come at las; I is mighty low."

"Ain't yo' been eatin' de cornet's watermelon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, didn't yo' know he done pizened de las' one er dem?"

"Did he pizen 'em?"

"He did."

"Dat set me free. But, Maria—"

"What do you want?"

"I was all day at em, on I eat nine lefo' I quit."—Atlanta Constitution.

Almost True.

"Now," commenced the attorney for the green goods men, "it is stated that when you discovered that the tin box held awdout you exploded with laughter. How do you reconcile this statement with your claim that you were inflamed with wrath?"

"It ain't exactly the facts, judge," said the plaintiff. "I acknowledge that I was blasted, but I deny that I laughed."—Baltimore American.

And Yet, Why Not Make 'em Happy.

An Atchison man told an old maid recently that she was a sweet old thing, and she has lain awake nights ever since dreaming of him. Men should be careful to whom they throw bouquets. Some nice old girls get so few that they exaggerate the importance of a stray blossom.—Atchison Globe.

An Important Qualification.

First Burglar—What did yer take that bricky-brace fer? 'Taint no good!

Second Burglar—'Taint!

First Burglar—Now, I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wantter make a first class success in dis business yer got ter know somethin' about art!—Puck.