Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY........OREGON.

"Early to bed" may result in wisdom, but how did the owl get his reputation?

These Chinese Boxers may be good fighters, but they don't stick to the rules of the prize ring.

A good many failures are due to the fact that the so-called opportunities in a man's life are not labeled.

The Boers are expert at making treks, but General Bobs has apparently been able to take the most tricks.

That Texas girl picked up by a cyclone is on record as not liking it. Still few are likely to be carried away with admiration for these phenomena.

In classic times it was believed to be sweet to die for one's country. If Aguinaldo had died as many times as reported he would certainly be a regular honeyboy.

Mr. Carnegie says he could raise $200,000,000 at short notice. Is not a man of Mr. Carnegie's age who can perform that feat taking too many risks of dying rich?

Paderewski's testimonial to the musical taste of the American people cost him nothing. The testimonials of the American people to the musical talent of Paderewski cost them many thousands.

The three gentlemen of Constantinople who were arrested for carrying plans of the sultan's apartments confessed that they had not located the exact room where the wily old monarch preserved his souvenir ultimatums.

The Ruskin co-operative colony, which recently went into involuntary liquidation in Tennessee, is about to try it again in Georgia. A new expedition is also being planned to find the north pole, and a London man is figuring on starting a Christian daily.

It is the busy man, the man who labors, the workmen, if you please, of the world who have built up the community. The trouble is that they have worked without unity of purpose and on too low a grade of intelligent purpose. They are weakened by their low conception of their power and influence as well as by ignorance of how to go about it. Of all the citizenship the busy and the working man has most need of this public effort and are the ones who should press it.

Another illustration on the comparative hopelessness of The Hague peace conference is furnished in the fact that the English Government has a plan under consideration whereby every lad in the public schools of that country is to receive a military training with a view to future possibilities of being called on to serve as a soldier. If the plan matures about four million children will be subject to this new branch of learning. It is proposed to start in with their martial tuition at about the age of 11 and continue it for at least three years. During this time they will use dummy guns. When they leave school they will form armed cadet organizations, and so become in miniature exact counterparts of the present militia or volunteer regiments. All of which is quite a commentary on the way modern education is inclined to teach the young idea how to shoot.

To wed early or late, that is the question which is now agitating the minds of people who want to keep the human race headed in the right direction. Whether 'tis better to rush blindly into matrimony when one feels that he is up to his ears in love or, by waiting, run the risk of meeting some one later on who will not be opposed to taking in boarders or looking after a grocery if necessary. Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, informs us that no man can afford to marry before he is 25 years of age. Mr. Bok himself remained a bachelor until he was well past 30, and we infer from the advice he now gives out that he regards his present happiness as sufficient to repay him for all the lonely years that elapsed before he really began to live. An irreverent Western critic suggests that perhaps Mr. Bok looks back upon his years of single blessedness with so much pleasure now that he wants to help prolong the happiness of others as much as possible by warning them against undue haste; but we dismiss this insinuation as unworthy of notice and too base for serious discussion.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin recently delivered an address before the American Social Science Association on "The Natural Right of Man to a Natural Death." He took the position that a man who was hopelessly ill should be permitted to die without effort to prolong his life, and that medical men should not lengthen the lives of persons suffering from incurable diseases. To understand the startling proposition it is well to understand that Judge Baldwin is a man who does not enjoy making statements simply to see the effect and to be amused by the adverse criticism. He is a judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut and a lecturer on constitutional law at Yale. His reputation as a jurist and thinker entitles him to a respectful hearing. Should the proposition be accepted by physicians, think of the awful mistakes that would be made. Think of the men who have been pronounced hopelessly ill who are to-day walking the streets in the enjoyment of perfect health. Their lives had been prolonged, and then came recovery that in many cases is unaccountable. Man has a natural right to live as well as to die. Life is sweet to most persons, and their wish to live is paramount to any reason of expense and burden to others that they might be. No medical man's judgment is infallible, and few physicians would care to assume the responsibility of the profession if those believed to be hopelessly ill were to be denied medicine and attention that would prolong life. Judge Baldwin's proposition is contradictory to the highest instincts of humanity.

PUGILIST WANTED HIS CHANGE

Bantam Annoyed the Conductor and Trouble Resulted.

The bantam-weight prize fighter, immaculate in a new spring overcoat and a blonde hat, stepped on the street car with a confident air and leaned against the rear dashboard. The conductor looked him over with poorly concealed contempt. He was not to blame, for the bantam carried no three-sheet posters on his overcoat telling who he was.

"Fare," said the conductor rather sharply. The slugger yawned and fished up a coin. The conductor shoved it in his pocket and rang up the fare. Then he gazed into the car and rode for some moments motionless.

The bantam touched him on the arm.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the conductor, turning savagely.

"My change?" said the little fellow mildly.

"Change? Whatcher want?" cried the nickel snatcher; "change for a nickel?"

"I gave you a quarter," suggested the bantam.

"You what? Well, say, young feller, another crack like that an' off you go in the ditch," said the polite conductor. The bantam looked him in the eye and said:

"Are you going to give me my 20 cents?"

"S-s-sp-p-p——" the conductor started to say, linking his words together so fast that they fell over one another. And then he incautiously reached forth an arm toward the dapper little man in the light coat.

When they had stopped the car to take the conductor off he was fit for a surgical clinic. What the little fellow did to him was certainly sufficient from a scientific standpoint, and the messenger boy on the platform methodically rang up ten fares before he declared the conductor "Out." Meanwhile the little man was standing on a corner several blocks back lighting a cigarette and telling a friend that some of these conductors would get hurt some time if they got gay.—Chicago Chronicle.

LESSON FOR BOYS.

The Rise of Frank O. Lowden a Former Burlington, Iowa, Teacher.

Frank O. Lowden, of Chicago, attorney and practical head of the Pullman Palace Car Company, and husband of Florence Pullman, and at one time a school teacher in Burlington, was in Davenport, Iowa, recently. His short stay there inspired the following in the Davenport Democrat:

"Not many years ago Frank Lowden was an Iowa farmer boy. He eventually got into the Iowa State university, where, as people of this city who knew him then tell it, he held the banner for country verdancy and awkwardness, but along with it he held the reputation of being one of the best students and quickest learners in the institution. He taught in the Burlington high school for a time, then gave up teaching for the bar, then went to Chicago, and then the rest came easily. Any bright boy might do the same. He succeeded in having one of the richest girls in the country fall in love with him, and when her father conveniently died he came into the management of his vast estate, and a foremost position as a successful attorney and a man of affairs. Every Iowa farmer boy ought to look up and take heart with the inspiring vision of Mr. Lowden's success to encourage him."

A Candid Publisher.

In the recent death of J. Schabelitz, the well-known Zurich publisher and author, Switzerland has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and one of the most savage publishers who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim he wrote on the postal card with his acceptance the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you don't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will return to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

Life of Laborers on Boer Farms.

The native laborers on the Boer farms—often thirty or forty miles from the nearest village—have hard times compared to their brethren who work in the dorp (town); they are badly fed, badly housed, and too often treated as if they were cattle. One often wonders why an ill-used family of Kafirs does not pack up its few cooking pots and leave a cruel master; but the real reason of the Kafirs' submission is that they are always induced to make agreement to serve for a certain time—perhaps a year or two years—and if they go away within that period they can be brought back, beaten, and put in the tronk (as the jail is called). The only food given Kafirs on the farms is mealies (corn), of which they make a very coarse flour and then boil into a thick porridge; and perhaps once a week they get a piece of mutton as a treat for specially hard work.

Large Families.

Small families are hardly the rule among the English upper ten. The average is six or seven. The queen is the mother of nine and the Princess of Wales of six children. Lord Abergavenny is the father of ten, the Duke of Argyll of twelve, the Dowager Countess of Dudley is the mother of seven children, the Earl of Ellesmere boasts of eleven, the Earl of Inchiquin of fourteen, and the Earl of Leicester of eighteen.—Indianapolis News.

"MARCH ON," HE SAID.

KITCHENER RUNS AGAINST A BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Boer Maid Bids Defiance to British Chief of Staff—Unable to Destroy the Home Without Injuring Her, Kitchener Follows Jackson's Example.

"Forward, gentlemen!" said Lord Kitchener to his staff at Rightman's farm in South Africa when Rightman's girl defied them to burn the house on the veldt, and to break up a Boer harboring place. It was the Barbara Frietchie incident over again, and Rightman's girl was the heroine of it. Kitchener did what Stonewall Jackson ordered done forty years before. "March on!" he said, and dictated a message to headquarters saying that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out, owing to "unexpected opposition."

Rightman's girl was the unexpected opposition, and the story makes one of the finest incidents of the Boer struggle. This Barbara Frietchie is young, and Whittier's heroine was a gray-haired woman. Rightman is a prominent Boer leader, a God-fearing, scriptural-reading Dutchman, who lives on a farm in the Prieska region. He fights during a six weeks' campaign, then gets leave of absence and goes home to the rude little farm house on the South African plains, gets a change of clothing, food in his knapsack, rounds of fresh ammunition, and sets off again to lay traps for the English, and to pick off men with his sharpshooting rifle. Rightman is responsible for many humiliating disasters to the British.

"RIGHTMAN'S GIRL BARRING GEN. KITCHENER.

He is one of the keen-eyed, bushy-whiskered Boer farmers who have trekked the country over, and who appear to have been born with a curious instinct for military tactics. He can plan an attack, and he knows how to retreat with victory. Rightman's house has been a rendezvous for Boer recruits and a refuge for wounded Boer soldiers.

Rightman's Girl in Charge.

In Rightman's absence Rightman's girl takes care of the house, the fields, the herds. Just "Rightman's girl," the dispatches say, and so far as history goes she has no other name. She is a pretty young girl. She knows how to spin and weave and brew and bake and set the milk to cool in a spring house under the hill. She knows the history of her race, and if need be, she would take up a rifle and fight for the country.

Lord Kitchener was ordered to destroy the Prieska district. "Burn," was the order, and especially was Kitchener directed to raze the Rightman farm house. Onward he marched, down on the plain went the hero of the Soudan, his detachments thrown out, to sweep the little settlements. Occasionally the English soldiers encountered small parties of Boers. Then came the charge, the battle, the scattering of one side or the other. Long lines of litter bearers would go on to the field, and the groaning men whose life blood was gushing out would be carried to the low, hot tent, where the weary surgeons cut and hacked and bandaged and bathed, and the lines of dead would be accorded a burial.

One day they came upon the Rightman farm house. Kitchener and his staff rode at the rear of the command. "Burn," said the general as he sent for a sergeant and pointed out the little farm house. The sergeant started with a small detachment of troopers, for the burning of farm houses was a very ordinary thing. The troops waited, expecting every moment to see smoke curl up around the roof and flames burst from the windows. They waited and waited, and when they got out their spy glasses they saw the sergeant still parleying with a pretty and excited girl at the door. Kitchener started forward with his staff at a sharp gallop, their swords clanking, spurs jingling.

He Defiance to Kitchener.

"What's that?" Kitchener said, as he drew up at the door. Rightman's girl had heard of Kitchener, and she knew what the orders were. But she drew herself up and looked at him defiantly, bracing her hands against the sides of the door. "You shall not burn this house. I am here, and here I intend to stay," she said.

For a moment the chief of staff looked at the little woman—Rightman's girl. For a moment he gazed into her eyes, and then turned sharply. Then he raised his hand and a military secretary spurred to the front.

"Put it down that the commander's orders, with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm, could not be carried out, owing to the unexpected opposition," Kitchener growled, and then he waited a second and turned toward the girl in the doorway. She was still there with arms stretched out—a pretty figure. The chief of staff wheeled again.

"Forward!" and the staff spurred behind him, while the rugged troopers felt a strange throbbing under their khaki uniforms for the brave little woman who was watching them ride away. "March on," he said.

The line is familiar. The picture every man and woman has conjured, every boy and girl has dwelt upon, until Barbara Frietchie is just as much a part of the great civil struggle in this country as were the great guns and the great gun carriages.

"Forward!" Rightman's girl was left in the doorway of her farm—a heroine of the struggling Boers in a country invested by English, as Barbara Frietchie was a heroine of Frederick in a country filled with Confederates.

CHEAPEST OF RAILROAD FARES

Russia's Great Efforts to Encourage Emigration to Siberia.

The Russian Government is now providing transportation to emigrants from European Russia who are willing to make new homes in Siberia at rates of fare that have probably never been equalled for cheapness.

The third-class tickets sold on the Russian and Transsiberian railroads were believed to be about the cheapest in the world, but the fourth-class tickets which the Government has recently caused to be offered make the others a costly luxury by comparison.

These tickets are sold to any one of 141 stations in Siberia and they are good from any point in Russia. The fourth-class passenger, for example, from Moscow to Tobolsk pays for that long journey only two roubles, or a little over $1. On the other hand, if he wishes to go clear to Vladivostok by the railroad and its steamer connection, now complete, a distance of about 5,000 miles, he has to pay 4½ roubles, or $3.60.

The Government thus practically gives free transportation to those inhabitants of Russia who will move into the fertile agricultural and industrial regions that have recently been opened in Siberia. The Czar and his advisers are very anxious to secure the rapid development of Siberia, and so great efforts are making to fill the new regions with an industrious population.

In the past three years about 600,000 Russian peasants, stimulated in every way by their Government, have removed to Siberia, and to-day its population is about 6,000,000.—New York Sun.

An Important Position.

The man who is known as the "flavorer" in the tobacco trade has a high-grade position, since he has few competitors. He is responsible for the flavor of all grades of goods made, and sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out; it matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the condition under which it has grown. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during a rainy season. Tobacco grown at different ends of the same State, or in different States, are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result flavorers range in salaries all the way from eight to ten dollars per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year.

Upset His Plans.

"Did you ask papa?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a dream.

"Why, did he refuse?"

"No, but he said when I asked to take you away from him I was asking to take away the light of his life, that the home without you would be a prison cell."

"Well, all papas say that, you big tender-hearted fellow."

"I know," he responded, huskily, "but it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"Can't you see? He expects me to take you away from home, and I wouldn't have the nerve after he talked like that to stay—and—er—well, don't you see?"

"I see," she answered, coldly.—Indianapolis Sun.

A woman's great consolation at a funeral is the presence of former old servants in the family who have come some distance to attend.

The older a man gets the less he is worth the day after he has been to a party.

The more faults a man has, the louder he demands perfection in others.

Fully half the people are said to be "not right."

NUMBER 135.

Silent Example that Exerted a Potent Influence for Good.

One human being's consciousness of another, however brief, often makes some difference in a life. Mutual influence is a mental and moral fact. A lady gives a pleasant example of this in the Universalist Leader. A housekeeper, after several complaints to her grocer because unsound fruit had been sent her, was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of gem melons, accompanied with this assurance

"You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do I will gladly refund the money you pay for them."

She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods. "Why?" exclaimed the man. "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market."

The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignment, was "135." After that the lady always bought Number 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition or in quality.

Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon the housekeeper, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight or "scamp" her work. Number 135 seemed to be looking at her.

One particular that deepened this impression was the non-appearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 135 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper felt her face flush when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous.

The summer and autumn passed, but the sermon of the faultless fruit continued to preach to its buyer when she could buy no more. Careless lapses of duty frequently brought up the thought "Number 135 would not have done that." She remembered and thanked the unknown man whose integrity had strengthened and helped her. His rectitude represented to her the presence of the sinless Teacher.

The above instance is but one among thousands of the power of involuntary influence. A good man's life is one of the moral tonics of society. His silent example is in itself a blessing to the world.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Dr. Conan Doyle's new book of short stories will be called "The Green Flag and Other Stories."

Queen Victoria is about to publish another selection from her diaries, according to the Outlook. The profits will go to one of the war funds.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Senator North," which has been running as a serial in the Times of London, will shortly be brought out in book form both in England and America. The theme of the book is said to be a somewhat daring essay in fiction.

Arthur Morrison's new book "To London Town," has just come out in London. He is a wiry, thin man of middle height, with a curiously dry voice, and rather emphatic, jerky way of speaking. Mr. Morrison is also a great collector of Japanese prints and lives near Loughton, where most of his work is done. When in London he is generally to be found at the Savage Club.

William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Magazine is in the market. It has been excellently edited by Sir Douglas Straight and Lord Frederick Hamilton, with splendid pictures, equisite specimens of process work and first-rate literature, but so far it has not been possible to build up a shilling monthly magazine in England on the lines of the first-class magazines in the United States.

The famous Guyot de Villeneuve library has been sold at Paris for $142,000, the collection having previously been valued by experts at $120,000. The sale occupied four days. The highest-price was an exquisite Book of Hours, superbly illustrated, which belonged to Marshal de Boucicaut, and it realized $13,800, having been purchased by its late owner for $6,000 in 1887 from an English collector.

Where Instructions Failed.

An East End little girl was going to a party the other day, and her mother gave her a few lessons in etiquette. "When they pass the cake to you the first time," said the fond mother, "take a piece and say 'Thank you.' When they pass the cake the second time, if they insist, politely take a small piece and say, 'Thank you, very much.' The third time the cake comes around do not take any, but thank the lady."

With these explicit instructions well in hand the little girl went to the party, where she enjoyed herself immensely. Upon her return her mother said: "Well, my dear, did you remember what I told you about the cake?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the little girl, "but you did not tell me what to say when they passed the cake the fourth time."

"What did you say?" asked the anxious mother.

"I said what papa says: 'Take the d—— thing away.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Club Status Explained.

"Maria," said Mr. Smart, "whenever I go to the club I always think of the verse, 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' I alter one word and feel perfectly happy."

"Which word do you change?" asked Mrs. S.

"I say, 'Now I am where the women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

"John Smart," said his wife severely, "you should change a word in the last part of that. It should be, 'Where the women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"—Philadelphia Call.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Young Obed Perkins—It wasn't right fer you to go to see Cynthy while I was goin' with her, Seth. She won't keep company with me at all now.

Young Seth Wheatly—Well, it weren't jist adzackly right, Obed, I'll admit. But you see, it were this way: While yer jist as good a-lookin feller as I am, you know Cynthy's a gal what's got a all-fired good eddication, and she's patickler that she gits a feller what uses good grammar. That's my strong pint, Obed, and natcherly she tuck right to me.—Indianapolis Sun.

Hard.

"Writing poetry fills me with passionate longings. It enthralls me. It makes me soar, as it were."

"Hump! Reading it after you write it makes me sore."

Unwelcome Friendship.

"I want to say to you," roared the red-faced passenger, "that I am a friend to the Boers, all the time."

"Well," said the slim passenger, who was in a corner of the car, where he couldn't escape. "I hadn't thought much about it, but if you are with them I am sorry for them myself."—Indianapolis Press.

A Working Basis.

"I want to marry your daughter," said Foxey.

"Have you spoken to her yet?" asked the father.

"No," replied the suitor. "You see I want to get your refusal, so that I will have something to work on."—Philadelphia North American.

The Professor Knew.

"Professor," the seeker after knowledge inquired of the great toxicologist, "if a tarantula were to bite you, what would be the first thing you'd do?"

"Yell!" replied the scientist promptly.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dying Race.

Jennie—"Herbie, it says here another octogenarian's dead. What's an octogenarian?"

Herbie—"Well, don't know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying."—Brooklyn Life.

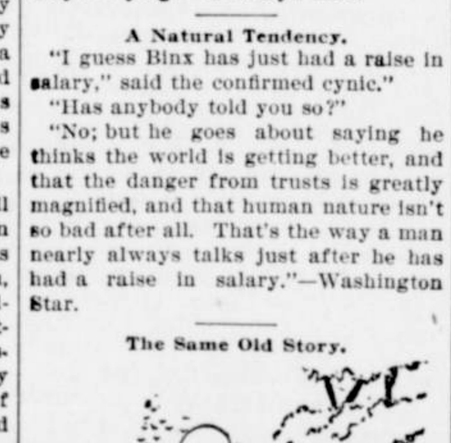
A Natural Tendency.

"I guess Binx has just had a raise in salary," said the confirmed cynic.

"Has anybody told you so?"

"No; but he goes about saying he thinks the world is getting better, and that the danger from trusts is greatly magnified, and that human nature isn't so bad after all. That's the way a man nearly always talks just after he has had a raise in salary."—Washington Star.

The Same Old Story.



"Hello, Bill! Catchin' fish, eh?"

"Nope; fishin'."

Easily Explained.

Watts—Ever notice how kindly an audience takes to jokes about policemen or about women—that is, the men do? I'm afraid it is a bad sign.

Potts—Don't you worry. It is human nature to enjoy seeing one's bosses made fun of.—Indianapolis Press.

Purely for Love.

"He says he is in business for love."

"What is his business?"

"He runs a matrimonial agency."—Philadelphia North American.

That Is Different.

"Gifts with strings to them are always unpopular," said Mr. Pitt.

"I gave my a little boy a present and he complained bitterly because there was no string to it," aded Mr. Penn.

"What did you give him?"

"A kite."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Reckless Reply.

"Pa, what is a leading candidate?"

"Well, little Jim, he's the man who gets left first or the one who gets nominated first."—Indianapolis Journal.

Deceitful Appearances.

"Jaysmith fairly worships his wife," said Fosdick, "and yet he won't give her enough money to dress herself properly."

"It isn't always the most devout worshiper that puts the most money on the collection plate," replied Keedick.—Town Topics.

Not Good Yet.

Mrs. Sparerod (to Mucks, locked up for disorderly behavior)—"Well, Mucks, are you a good boy now? Aren't you sorry for being so naughty?"

Mucks—"No; but you can come again in ten minutes."

Uncertainty.

"There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud.

And the melancholy friend responded: "You never worked in a weather bureau, did you?"—Washington Star.

Reversal.

Maud—"Tell me all about it."

Mabel—"Well, when it began he was on his knees."

Maud—"And how did it end?"

Mabel—"In the end—er—I was on his knees."—Town Topics.

She Knew.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.

"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.—Detroit Free Press.

After the Convention.

Party Worker—"See here, you told me that you were confident of success?"

Defeated Candidate—"Well, of course, I meant that, in the nature of things, some candidate or other was bound to succeed."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Audacious Duet.

"My daughter tells me, sir, that you had the audacity to propose to her! What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, sir, except that your daughter had the audacity to accept me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cheated.

"What is Jimmy crying about now?"

"Oh, we had a little blaze and put it out ourselves. He's mad because we didn't call out the fire department."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Treasurer.

Jones—You used to complain that your wife was constantly asking you for money.

Henry Peck—O, that was when we were first married. All that's changed now.

Jones—She doesn't do it any more?

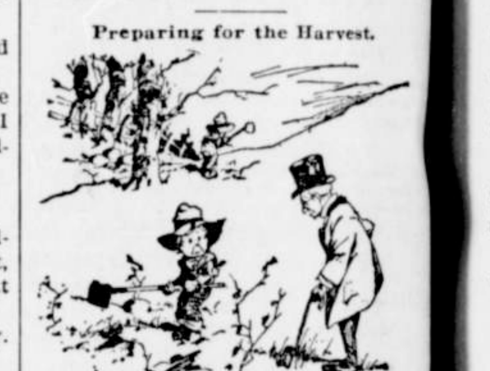
Henry Peck—No. I ask her for it, when I can sum up sufficient courage.—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

Punston—See here, old chap, what do you mean by taking my jokes and passing them off as your own?

Funston—Well, you see, it's this way; I'm a good-natured sort of fellow and don't mind taking a joke from a friend.—Chicago News.

Preparing for the Harvest.



"Isn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?"

"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injun relics for the summer boarders to find."

Don't Judge by Appearance.

Lulu—"From outward appearances, I don't think much of him."

Dolly—"Ah, but the inward appearance of his pocketbook is lovely."—Philadelphia North American.

Talking Business.

"Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?"

"Minister! That's an insurance agent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Measured Term.

Tailor—Will you have your coat in man-o'-war style, sir?

Customer—Man-o'-war style? What are you talking about?

Tailor—Why, a broad side, sir.

In the Cafe.

Carte—I tell you that waiter is a gentleman from head to foot.

D'Hote—You mean from tip to tip.

In the Throng.

Ida—Do you see that man with mutton-chop whiskers? Doesn't he look bold?

May—He looks very sheepish to me.

On the Stand.

Smythe—Haven't seen Diggs in an age.

Woodfall—He's on the race track now.

Smythe—Newmarket?

Woodfall—No; Pretoria.

The Lasting Effort.

Sandy Pikes—Yer don't look well dis mornin', Billy.

Billy Coalgate—No, I'm still feelin' de effect of de grip.

Sandy Pikes—De regular influenzy grip?

Billy Coalgate—Naw! De [illegible] grip.

South African Winters.

The South African winter begins toward the end of April, and lasts until September. It is a very common fallacy to suppose that it is always warm, if not hot, under the southern cross; it can be cold enough to "freeze the tail off a brass monkey," as the miners say. Here and there, but very rarely, there will be snow. It may freeze on most nights, particularly on the uplands, and at a 5,000 foot or greater elevation above the sea. During the day it is cold but clear, bright, dry and eternally sunny, with a cloudless blue sky and an exhilaration of atmosphere unequaled in any other part of the world.—Montreal Weekly Star.

Baseball in Japan.

The Japanese ride American bicycles and play base-ball, and they use American expressions in connection with the games, as "one strike," "home base," etc.

The squirrel on the other side of the tree never comes to the hunter who waits.