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Eugene Guard

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 11

ON A BONNET TRIMMED
WITH A BIRD.

"What does it cost, this garniture
of death?
It costs the life which God alone
can give;
It costs dull silence where was
music's breath,
It costs dead joy, that foolish
pride may live."
—May Riley Smith.

CONDIGN PUNISHMENT DE-
MANDED.

A late Associated Press dispatch
from Chee Foo, China, says public
opinion and the foreign press at
the treaty ports are alarmed at the
possibility that the Chinese would
prevail upon the powers to consent
to the establishment of peace with-
out inflicting punishment befitting
the Chinese government's crime.
Officials, persons engaged in com-
mercial pursuits, and missionaries
of all nationalities are remarkably
united. They believe Pekin should
be destroyed as an object lesson,
and that if the dynasty is con-
tinued, it should be forced to estab-
lish the capital at some accessible
city, the Americans suggesting
Nankin. This is considered im-
portant, as the Chinese always be-
lieved that China defeated the
powers in 1860 because the capital
remained intact.

It is also thought that guarantees
to prevent excessive armament
should be demanded, and that
China should be compelled pub-
licly and definitely to renounce the
fiction that the foreign ministers
are representatives of tributary
powers. There is a strong demand
for unusual punishment, like the
destruction of the king's tombs.

A REPLY TO ROOSEVELT'S
INSULTING SPEECH.

Chicago American.
Here is the meat in Governor
Roosevelt's speech officially open-
ing the campaign:

"The Democrats stand for law-
lessness, for dishonesty and dis-
honor, for license and disaster at
home and cowardly shrinking from
duty abroad."

What more could you want to
make Democrats vote for brave
Roosevelt?

What do you think of a young
gentleman who characterizes in
this fashion the seven million
American citizens who voted for
Bryan four years ago?

Governor Roosevelt's description,
by the way, applies to General
Lawton—he was a Democrat; and
to Dewey—he is a Democrat; and
to Schley—he is a Democrat; and
to General Wheeler—he is a Dem-
ocrat. Were those men "dishonest
at home and cowardly abroad?"

A wise man in the Democratic
party remarked when Roosevelt
was nominated:

"We can safely rely on that
young man to make more kinds of
a fool of himself than any man has
ever done in public life."

Governor Roosevelt seems to be
rapidly verifying the prediction.

PUGET SOUND "PROMOTERS."

Transportation lines and Puget
Sound cities exploited the Alaska
mines with the most sensational
accounts of the richness of beach
and river grounds with the result
that thousands of men are stranded
in that far northern latitude, penni-
less and unable to get away.

The reckless disregard of truth
shown by the boomers was essen-
tially criminal, although there is
no way of reaching the numerous
offenders with the law. And the
end is not yet. Before the season
closes thousands of those people
will be landed in Northwest coast
cities, objects of charity and dis-
organizers of labor conditions
through being compelled to labor
for any price sufficient to support
life.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

Cottage Grove Nugget.

Eugene papers are making sten-
uous efforts to have a passable road
built to the Blue River mines.
Eugene could well afford to build a
good wagon road to the mines for
with a strong mining trade, which
is naturally due that place, her citi-
zens would reap a reward amply
paying them for their investment.
Cottage Grove without the Bohemia
and Black Butte mining trade
would be as dead as some of her
sister cities with the present poor
crop outlook.

London is exceedingly fortunate
in its natural water supply, which
is thus described by a recent writer:
"The chalk extends all the way to
the hills of Hertfordshire. From
these a large and constant supply
of water flows into the strata, which
slopes at the rate of thirteen feet to
the mile all the twenty miles from
Donstable to London. The water,
flowing at the rate of about a mile
and a half a month, reaches the
capital nicely filtered. It is esti-
mated the supply always in reserve
under London amounts to fifty
thousand billion gallons. It is ac-
cessible, and one of the water
works companies is drawing about
twenty millions gallons daily from
this underground lake."

Li Hung Chang surely cannot
believe that the powers will stop
their march to Pekin because of the
threat that foreign representatives
are held as hostages, and will be
killed should the onward march of
the relief forces continue. Li
should get his person into a place
of safety should harm come to
legations in Pekin. He will be
made to understand that civilized
nations hold the persons of their
envoys sacred, and will punish any
outrage to which they may be sub-
jected with impartial severity, if
not revenge. If Li is not anx-
ious to face a file of rifles at ter-
races he should see that the en-
voys suffer no harm.

Down in San Francisco they
have a handy way in letting cor-
porations off easy in the matter of
taxes. The Alameda county dis-
trict attorney decides that the
Contra Costa Water company's
franchise must be assessed in San
Francisco, as that is the company's
principal place of business, while
the San Francisco assessor refuses
to assess the franchise because it is
exercised in another county.

There is a doctor up in Dawson
for whom summary lynch law
would not be out of place. Small-
pox is prevalent there, and only
one doctor has vaccine matter. He
charges \$100 for vaccination.

These summer days Portland
dumps no small portion of her
sweltering humanity on the ocean
beach. As a sample the steamer
Potter took down four hundred
passengers yesterday.

Halsey has some enterprising
young men. They procure whiskey
at Harrisburg, dilute and sell it at
Halsey. Of course they violate the
law, but that will make no differ-
ence with them until they get
caught.

"Mary had a little lamb,
Also a small giraffe,
She also had, so we've been told,
A pretty good sized calf."

Albany Democrat: Maj J W Jacobs,
of the U S A, this week shipped three
boxes of diving apparatus to Newport
for use in blasting the big rock out of
the channel. The people of Newport
now have an extra attraction for the
summer, almost equal to a sea serpent.
Albany Democrat, August 3: The
government inspectors completed their
work at this city this forenoon by ac-
cepting 104 horses presented by Wil-
liam Fraser and rejecting only three
or four. In one place in Southern
Oregon only about a third of the
horses offered were accepted by the in-
spectors.

Salem Journal, Henry Jasman, new
manager of the Thos Hubbard farm,
says there will be no second crop of
clover, as the army worms has eaten off
all the new sprouts. They have also
taken pretty much all the garden
stuff. He says the wheat on Howell
prairie is turning out eight to twelve
bushels.

THE END.

"I tell you, Grace, this must be the end of it!" blustered old Captain Willard.
"I refuse my consent in toto."
"You need not be afraid of my eloping, Uncle Jeff," she sobbed. "If I can't
marry the man I love under your eye and with the assurance of receiving your
blessing, I shall not marry at all."
The captain, evidently mollified, answered more graciously, though very signifi-
cantly:
"Well, Grace, when you marry Harry Ivesley under my eye I'll bless you. Re-
member that, my dear."
And, feeling that he had said a particularly good thing, the old gentleman
stumped complacently off.
Grace was still in the midst of her tears when her great friend and confidant,
Squire Marvine's pretty little wife, fluttered into the room.
"Grace," she exclaimed in shocked accents, "what on earth is the matter?"
The story was soon told. The captain's cruel threats are now reported ver-
batim. Mrs. Marvine looked thoughtful for a moment, and then, with a cautious
glance around her, she leaned close to Grace and whispered a few words in her
ear. A red flush mounted to the girl's forehead, and they both laughed, Grace
somewhat hysterically, it must be admitted.
"Oh, I don't know, Fannie," quavered Grace as she wiped her eyes. "Uncle
Jeff would be dreadfully angry."
"Not a bit of it, and if he should be, why, he's clay in my hands. You know
I'm a prime favorite. Indeed I hold him as a rod of terror over my Ralph three
times a week at least, declaring that I intend him to be second. But, come; say
yes and have done with it."
"Well, then, yes let it be," murmured Grace half affrightedly.
"And no veerings," interpolated Mrs. Marvine.
"I have said yes," returned Grace, "and yes it will remain."
The captain took good care to accompany Grace to all social gatherings, there-
by keeping the banished Harry at a suitable distance—a task, by the way, which
did not tend to improve his temper, however much it annoyed the lovers.
But one night it happened that he was in high good humor.
Winsome little Mrs. Marvine had thrown open her hospitable doors to a goodly
throng, composed of the elite of the town, and among this throng the captain
soon observed that the obnoxious Harry was not to be seen, and he forthwith
complimented Mrs. Marvine on her good taste.
"Oh, I invited him, of course," returned the little lady demurely, "but I re-
ceived a note from him yesterday saying that he was on the eve of starting for
the city."
This, however, was not all. The captain was especially appreciative of a good
charade, and Mrs. Marvine had specially prepared for a few, which were given
in really superb style. Consequently when the last was announced the old gen-
tleman was in tiptop spirits, and Mrs. Marvine in greater favor than ever.
The word chosen for this last charade was one of two syllables. The parts
were played with admirable spirit and so skillfully that when the "whole" was
announced the word still remained a mystery.
The scene opened and proceeded much merriment.
"I tell you what," laughed the captain in a low tone to his next neighbor,
who happened to be his captivating little hostess, "I tell you what, Mr. Squire
Weber never gave a more complete definition of the word 'dotage' than that
moss marriage going on over there. Thank goodness, no woman could ever
make such an old fool of me!"
"Ah, captain," answered the little lady flutteringly, "you are as astute as usual.
Dotage is the word."
"I don't know about my astuteness," returned the captain, evidently tickled
with the compliment, "but if that miserably wrinkled, gray haired centurion
pair ain't a lesson to say, sir," at which he chuckled the irate captain, "that Grace
has—has—Squire, are they really and truly married?"
"Really and truly,"
The old gentleman indulged in another expletive, after which he squared him-
self threateningly before the squire, saying in a corresponding tone:
"Then do it over again, squire. I don't choose my dear niece to be married in
that kind of style."
"But—objected the squire.
"Do it over again, I say!" thundered the captain.
So it was done over again, and the captain duly gave his blessing.
And that was the end of it.—Exchange.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

Mrs. M. looked for the twentieth time at her watch and then, with a sigh,
walked to the window.
"He promised to be home at 6 o'clock dinner," she murmured, "and now it is
7:30. Am I to be disappointed evening after evening in this fashion? Must I sit
down to another solitary meal, with servants to wonder at my red eyes? Only
six months married! From the depths of my heart I wish I had never left my
father's house!"
Dinner finished, then far into the night this heartbroken wife awaited the ar-
rival of her husband.
At last she heard his footsteps, and, pale and almost breathless, she rushed to
meet him.
"Why in the world are you not in bed, Annie?" was his first salutation.
"Oh, George, how could you alarm me so?" came nervously from her lips. "I
have been so worried!" And she burst into tears.
"Wipe your eyes, Annie, and just here I have something to say to you. When
I married you, it was because I loved you and supposed you loved me. I find I
mistaken, for no wife who has a regard for her husband will annoy him with
continual reproaches. I shall attend my club and my business generally, go out
when I please and come in when I feel disposed. Now go to bed."
His wife was thoroughly roused, and her face flushed with indignation, and
she said: "You shall never again be troubled by my tears or fault finding. Love
is a myth, a ridiculous delusion, and hereafter I shall follow your example—be a
woman of the world as you are a man of the world. And now, good morning."
Annie kept her word. The tender expression of countenance gave way to a
subdued, almost cynical, look. Bright, lively, intellectual, a good conversational-
ist, an exquisite singer and pianist, what wonder that her society was sought af-
ter and that wherever she went admirers flocked to her side.
She presided over her household with grace and dignity, but there was no un-
comfort and always polite.
This behavior was anything but agreeable to Mr. M. He became suddenly
punctual in his home engagements, was seldom late to dinner and seemed to wish
to win her old love ways back.
Annie was exact about every domestic arrangement, and after these duties
a gay party elsewhere. George tried to demolish this icy barrier, but words
were useless. The reply was, "Don't annoy me with your fault finding."
Three months passed in this way. George grew very pale. Neither business
nor pleasure had any charm for him. Annie kept on in the even tenor of her
way, apparently unconscious of the change in the manner of her husband.
"I shall start for the south next week, Annie," said he one evening after sev-
eral ineffectual attempts to engage her in conversation.
Her hands closed tightly as he said this, but the proud woman controlled her-
self. "Very well. Is there anything I can do?"
"No," he replied; "there is nothing for me to do but to leave home. I can nev-
er stay here and be treated as you are treating me now."
Everything was soon ready and there only remained the goodby between the
husband and wife.
"I am going, Annie. Will you not give me one pleasant word?" he said.
"Certainly," she replied. "I wish you bon voyage and a safe return to your
home."
"You will write to me, Annie?" And his lip quivered.
"Certainly, since you desire it, with a great deal of pleasure."
"Oh, heaven help me!" moaned Annie as the door closed after him, and
throwing herself upon her knees beside the couch, she poured out her soul in pas-
ionate lamentations. "Oh, heaven, send him back to me! My heart is breaking!
Why did I let him go? Oh, I love him more than all on earth!"
"Annie, Annie, my own precious wife!" And the next moment she was in her
husband's arms.
"Darling, I came back for my hat box and overheard your cry. Let us both
be thankful."
And two heads, never again to begrimed in pride and defiance, were reverently
bowed.—Boston Post.

MYSTERY
OF A HOUSE.

This is the story of a house in New York.

"I was detailed to watch it," said the detective, "because there was something
odd about its tenant. A most respectable
house in a most respectable neighborhood,
it had been built to one William Smith,
a small, dark man with a foreign accent.
"He had paid six months' rent in ad-
vance in lieu of references, and as the
dull summer season was coming on the
agent had not quibbled over this slight
violation of the rule requiring references.
Where he came, what his trade, no one
could say. The rent had been paid in
English gold."
"After Mr. Smith had moved in—he
rented furnished—the strange proceedings
began which attracted the neighbors' at-
tention. Just after sundown muffled men
began to appear at the door, which would
open, revealing the man in a light blue
visiting card. Now, the peculiar fea-
ture of the case was that no one ever
came out, while Mr. Smith existed, ap-
parently, independent of the butcher and
baker. If you rang the doorbell, the man
simply told you that his master was not in.
But other persons evidently found him
in. Three or four persons passed that
threshold daily, never to reappear over
it. Of course, the neighboring servants
whispered marvellous tales of ghosts. If
you went and scanned the faces of those
who entered, you found them to be ap-
parently gentlemen, with thin, intellec-
tual faces."
"Going up the steps, the visitor would
peer about, as if fearing observation.
One of the double hall doors stood closed.
While he waited he invariably stepped
behind this screen until the other door
was opened. Then it shut on him. You
might wait all night and the next day,
as I have done, but the visitor never re-
appeared. The house, heavily shuttered,
presented an impressive front to the street
that told nothing of its mystery."
"Naturally, I indulged in theories of
murder or other crimes being committed
there. But there were no reports of
missing men, and newspaper personal
gave no clue. Nor did we have any com-
plaints or other evidence justifying a
raid. Finally I decided to take the mat-
ter into my own hands. I did this by
boldly going up the steps a third time—I
had been told twice by the strange serv-
ant that Mr. Smith was out. On this oc-
casion I followed close on the heels of one
of the visitors, who probably was des-
tined never to appear again. I rang, and
after a few minutes the door was opened.
The same servant stood there. He was
black, with the regular features belong-
ing to East Indians or North Africans. If
you ever venture as far east as Constan-
tinople, you may see men of his type in
the cosmopolitan street throng. The pe-
culiarity of this man was his shining
black eyes, that looked through and
through. He was in the regulation black
coat and white cravat of the house lack-
ey."

"Mr. Smith?"
"Does no one" he began in a lightly
foreign accent. A heavily shaded lamp
threw a subdued light on the stairway.
"But some one entered half a minute
before me," I began. On the other occa-
sion I had asked who this mysterious
Smith, who concealed an interesting per-
sonality very cunningly under that most
commonplace name, might be, what his
occupation, whence he came. On both
occasions the door had been slammed in
my face.

"This time I took the precaution to
put my foot over the sill in such a way
that the door could not close. The man
attempted it. I stepped inside. The
door swung into its place with a little
metallic click."
"I fancied the black eyes snapped an-
grily, but the man motioned me civilly
into an adjoining room. This was an or-
dinary apartment furnished in the way
of rooms in houses that are sublet, where
the bric-a-brac and essential giving ex-
pression have been removed. A lamp
with a red shade lit the place.

"Wait, I will see," said the black.
"Presently he returned, this time bear-
ing a silver tray, on which, however, curi-
ously carved silver decanter and some
glasses, with a plate of biscuits. The
man made a sort of obeisance that had
in it something oriental, as if he had
stepped out of one of the stories dealing
with the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.
"While you wait won't you have some
refreshment?"
"His accents were so suave that, for-
getting any suspicion, I did not stay his
hand when he poured some of the liquid
claret into one of the long decanters.
Lifting it to my lips, I found it was a
curious tasting beverage. For a moment
I thought it was molten fire. Then the
black retainer appeared with the dancing
before my eyes, and I lost consciousness.
"When I awoke, I was on the couch in
the same room. The lamp was still
burning. I raised myself up. My head
ached terribly. On a chair near me sat a
little monkey grinning and chattering.
It started me at first, but in my trade
one ceases to be afraid, because back of
everything, however mysterious, we are
accustomed to find human cunning.
"I rose, threw back the shutters, and
daylight poured into the room. I had
been there all night. No one stirred
except the poor little beast of a gibbering
ape. I made my way to the outside door,
seeing no one, and ran down the steps
into the street, the monkey following.
"I returned with the policeman on the
beat. We searched the house high and
low. There was no evidence of occupan-
cy beyond that of the little ape—no
trunk or clothing or food or even the sil-
ver decanter from which I had drunk.
About the ape's neck was a curiously
carved little silver chain, with some old
rabbi-like device. At the zoo in the park
they told me that he was of an Indian
species."

"During my all night stupor what had
become of the mysterious Mr. Smith and
his visitors? They were never seen nor
heard of again. The house was just an
ordinary dwelling on an ordinary street.
But for me it still has an enigmatical ex-
pression of inexplicable mystery."—Ex-
change.

He Knew Better.
Miss Kittish (singing)—"Oh, promise
me! Oh, promise me!"
Mr. Spends—Couldn't think of it. "It
cost me \$10,000 to break the last promise
I made to a woman.—Detroit Free Press.

Sorry Her Lot.
"How awfully dull Eve must have been
in Eden with no clothes to wear."
"Worse still, no other woman's clothes
to criticize."—Brooklyn Life.

His Only Love.
McJigger—What's the book you're
reading?
Thingumbob—It's the story of the only
man the author ever loved.

McJigger—Ah! It's by a woman, isn't
it?
Thingumbob—No; by a man. It's his
autobiography.—Philadelphia Press.

The Robin's Concert.

BY FRANK R. BROWNE.

An Actual Occurrence.

When the first days of spring came
Washington, a tree in one of the
parks, of which there are many in the
city, whitened with blossoms many
weeks before there appeared any green-
ery verdure on the other trees or shrub-
bery. There were no leaves on the tree
which bloomed. The blossoms were
and burst their petals on the breeze
until they looked like a summer daze.
Frosting on this park is a thing
which a sick child had laid for
and weeks. She was nursed by the
old black mammie, an American
national capital. As the summer
came warmer, so that the window
room of the sick child could be opened
certain hours, the child asked the
mammie to push her white head out
window, and it was by the open
the old mammie sat and held the
hands as she told her this story:
"One day, that tree that look so
cotton in my old home is what we
de Japanese magnolia. It don't ge-
leaves on it, honey, like de magnolia
Dixie. An I tell you, honey, why it
got no leaves. After while, honey,
will come a robin redbreast to sing
in de middle of de white bloom. As a
good man want you, my honey, as a
robin redbreast, an so he don't ge-
leaves on de tree. Kase if dar was a
robin redbreast. Dar's why. As de robin
breast he gwine to sing fo' you, kase
jes' fo' you."

A few days later, while the sun was
shining warm and flooding the room,
old mammie moved the white bed to
window and raised the sash. And
robin, with breast as rich as velvet
lighted on a branch of the Japanese
magnolia and sang until its notes filled
room of bloom and all the little part
was in the morning. After a little
the robin took its flight, and the white
sash in the sickroom was lowered.

"Honey, what did I do last night?"
said the old mammie as she told the
covelets about the sick child.
"Dar was fo' you, honey. De ro-
bin he knowed you was sick an he
de robin redbreast to sing fo' you.
Now de robin redbreast he gwine to
sing. What he gwine, honey? I don't
fo' sho', but I tell you, honey, he
'spec'. He got a nest someplace, an
got a lil' robin redbreast, an he
home to tell his lil' robin redbreast
his singin' fo' you."

"When he come back, honey? I
de come back dis evening, I tell
you. He knowed you was sick an
he have his supper. Kase he know
sick, honey, an de good man gwine
take keer ob you an de robin redbreast."
In the afternoon, just before the
Eugene paper came, the robin was
singin' hille, the robin came back
his place in the bloom of the magnolia
tree and sang. The sick child was
wheeled in her white bed near the
window, and the black mammie was by
his side.

"I knowed he'd done come back,"
said to the sick child. "He done
come back to tell you, honey, dat he
some way from you, an he gwine to
you in a song, honey, but his lil' ro-
bin redbreast in his home. He come to
fo' you, honey, fust. Kase you sick
an, he got to sing to you fust, de
fly away from his own home."

And so it went on for several days.
The robin came morning, evening,
and always sat in the midst of the
same hour, and sang. The man who
cares for the park noticed it and spoke
about it to people who stopped near
fountain under the magnolia and listened
to the song of the first robin of the
spring. It got to be the talk of people
who lived around the park. Even some
of the grown people wondered why the
robin always came about the same hour
and why it was always alone. A few
of the older people said it was singing
for its mate. But they did not know
what the old mammie knew.

One afternoon, however—But the old
mammie tells the story best—
"Dar gwine to be a concert, honey,"
she said as she looked out of the win-
dow. "Sho's you bo'n, de robin redbreast
sing. When anybody sing, honey,
dey likes company. An, honey, my
honey, what you tink? De concert
what come to de robin redbreast's
concert, honey, an a break crowd. Dar
be not, an another limb of dat magnolia,
his louane, listen to de robin redbreast
breast. De crowd dat come to de
he kin do, honey, is jes' to say 'Caw,
caw,' jes' as some celled folks say, 'Hah,
hah,' kase dey don't know no mo'."

Now de robin redbreast sing an
de crowd dat come to de concert, an
Mistah Jim Crow, an I 'spec' he say
Mistah Crow: 'Now you heard me, kase
I don't doan you say nuffin?' Dar he
honey. He hah him de crowd? He say
'Caw, caw.' Dat means dat he want
robin singin. An de robin redbreast
singin an in, honey. My, but dat is
his louane, listen to de robin redbreast
best song! He jes' done from his
make dat, an Mistah Jim Crow he
de limb listen to git his money
wuth. Honey, dat concert is fo' you.
de been raised 'mong crows all my
honey, but I declar' befo' de good man
nubber see Mistah Jim Crow come to
robin redbreast concert befo'. Robin
breast nubber proud to gib dis beat
concert in de magnolia bloom fo' my
sick, honey. Now de robin redbreast
got to go home to tell his lil' robin
de concert. Dar he go, ob his lil' wings.
An dar go Mistah Jim Crow ober to
Virginia. I wonder what he tell dem
crows?"

"An I 'spec' dar'll be concerts now
my honey git well!"
Neither the robin nor the crowd
came back after that evening. The old
man who tends the park noticed it and
spoke of it. The window of the sick
was raised the next day, as usual. But
so one looked out of it. The school
dress near by did not play in that
that day. And the second day some
of the white bloom of the magnolia tree
was taken into the house.—Chicago Trib-
une.

His Only Love.
McJigger—What's the book you're
reading?
Thingumbob—It's the story of the only
man the author ever loved.

McJigger—Ah! It's by a woman, isn't
it?
Thingumbob—No; by a man. It's his
autobiography.—Philadelphia Press.