

CAMPBELL BROS. Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Denver has enacted a new and liberal boxing ordinance, and still the women vote there.

While tolerated by law virtually a corner in eggs is no more honest than any other shell game.

Not that slang is to be encouraged, but that man might be called a lobster when he faces trouble backs away from it.

The former telephone girl who has returned from the Klondike with \$400,000 will find plenty of people eager to say "Hello" to her.

The American Federation of Labor declines to tackle the servant girl question, thereby showing a proper appreciation of its own strength. No single organization can handle the subject.

Terradelphia, the utopia for tramps in Trenton, N. J., was foredoomed to failure. The scheme of Tom Terrafel to found a self-supporting institution for those who will not support themselves was but a dream from which he has at last awakened.

What stands in the way of a French invasion of England would be the deadly fire of the British warships upon a fleet of vessels transporting hostile troops, even under the escort of men-of-war. It would involve panic and slaughter of the most terrible description. One heavily armed warship dashing through a fleet of transports would be awful.

It is not absolutely necessary to the suppression of hazing that the cadets who hazed the young Pennsylvanian should be discovered and punished. The practice itself should be stopped right now, whether those boys are reached or not. It is not necessary to the making of good soldiers. Indeed, men of the true soldierly spirit are not given to the torturing of the helpless. A fair fight in the open is more to their liking in the line of rough play.

One of the curious facts revealed by the census for 1900 is that for the first time since 1790 has the center of population not only ceased to move westward but actually has receded a little, and is now on the Miami River, just north of Cincinnati and a short distance east of where it was ten years ago. This is generally ascribed to the greater increase of city population as compared with that of the country. Whatever the reason, however, Ohio is again the pivotal State as to population, and the Buckeye is ready, as usual, to sit down on the pivot and gather in the offices as they come along.

There are certain families in this country the members of which deem public office their own prescriptive and peculiar right. Having had fathers and grandfathers in office, they feel that office-holding is their inalienable privilege. Hence Uncle George is a Federal Judge, Uncle Tom is a Commissioner to Revise the Fish Laws, Grandfather is Consul to Timbuctoo, and Aunt Jane is his clerk. Willie and Harry and John, having grown too big for Senatorial pages, will be put somewhere in the Treasury Department. The national government is especially infected with generation after generation of these parasites. The only power equal to a suppression of the plague is Congress. And Congress spreads it.

A Chicago doctor who wants to pose as a health faddist says that "exercise is detrimental for men past middle life." This is really a wonderful discovery—if true. Exercise is merely the use of the muscular system. Whatever beneficial effects it has consist in the stimulation of the circulation of the blood and the consequent consumption of waste and renewal of tissue in the muscles and organs. It also, if it be of the proper kind, keeps the muscles flexible and the joints in good condition. If a man past middle life ought not to exercise he ought not to use his muscles. Nor ought he to think, because thinking exercises his brain, and that might be detrimental; in fact, he ought not to breathe, for that is exercising his lungs, and he ought to give all his organs a complete rest. If our Chicago man is right the man past middle age ought not to live—it may be detrimental. The mummy seems to be the ideal man past middle life, according to the no-exercise-past-middle-life faddist.

Every once in a while a man, disgusted with the battles over the dollars left by dead men, decides to dispose of his property during his lifetime. He wants to be a benefactor, to make glad those who need the wealth he possesses, to bestow charity and feel the good of giving. The world doesn't seem ripe for that kind of philanthropy. Many have tried it and died poor and neglected. The man who has robbed himself to benefit others isn't always sure of kindness and consideration, most of the time every other man who has tried this particular brand of philanthropy can consistently say, "I told you so."

Not long ago we had a "rainy Saturday," much to the grief of all those retail merchants whose trade comes largely from the families of wage earners and salaried men. It is a peculiar fact, which every merchant has noticed, that when disagreeable weather ruins the trade of one Saturday, the average trade of the month will not make up the loss. The hole thus made in his profits is never filled up, and there has

been much speculation as to why this is true, especially in such lines of trade as shoes and ready-made clothing, among the commonest necessities of life. The real explanation lies in the fact that a very large percentage of the purchases of these American people are in excess of their actual necessities. The average American has more than one suit of clothing and more than one pair of shoes. When an intended purchase is passed over on account of bad weather or some other accident, the chances are that some other article—a luxury perhaps—will absorb the money before another opportunity for making the purchase turns up. It may further be said, with truth, that a very large percentage of the purchases—even those of people of very small means—are made on the impulse of the moment or of the hour. The purchaser sees something and buys it. The need for it may have been more or less felt, but in all probability it was not pressing, and he might not have thought again of buying it had he not seen it. This impulse is peculiarly true of the purchases made by women—and they are the ones that do the great bulk of the retail buying. The American people are already the most luxurious the world has known, and if there shall be no great check to our national accumulation of wealth, there is no predicting to what lengths the love of luxury may go. In our travel we crowd the palace cars and are willing to pay any kind of price, but insist that every luxury that can be conceived by the ingenuity of man shall be at our command. The maritime world knows nothing to equal the luxurious appointments of the Atlantic liner, and it is made to meet the American, not the European, demand. Our hotels surpass anything the world has known in the trappings and conveniences of luxury—and in prices. Men pay the prices without a murmur, but if they cannot have hot baths and velvet carpets, their objections are loud and long. Men find it profitable to erect enormous caravansaries in out-of-the-way places and fit them up as no royal palace abroad is fitted, and keep them open but a few months in the year, because Americans will pay the dizzy prices for a few weeks of "rest" in them. From bottom to top and back again, the extravagance of Americans as a people is the wonder of the world.

A Rattlesnake Trap.
Rattlesnakes were the most dangerous wild animals with which the early settlers of New Jersey had to contend. They were very numerous, and their bite, if not treated properly at once, was generally fatal. In "Stories from American History" F. R. Stockton cites an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of rattlers in the new colony. In a quarry, from which the workmen were engaged in getting out stone for the foundations of Princeton College, a wide crack in the rocks was discovered, which led downward to a large cavity; and in this cave were found about twenty bushels of rattlesnake bones.

There was no reason to believe that this was a snake cemetery, to which the creatures retired when they supposed they were approaching the end of their days; but it was, without doubt, a great rattlesnake trap. The winding, narrow passage led in to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap. Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was easy enough to go into, it was so arranged that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a snake to get out of it, especially in the spring when these creatures are very thin and weak, having been nourished all winter by their own fat.

This year after year the rattlesnakes must have gone down into that cavity, without knowing that they could never get out again.

The Catch About It.
The business of fire insurance seems to have been a good deal of a mystery to the middle-aged Englishman who, according to the Leeds Mercury, called at an agent's office and said that she wished to insure her house. "For how much?" asked the agent. "Oh, for about £200." "Very well, I'll come up and investigate it."

"I don't know much about insurance," she said. "It's very simple, ma'am." "If I'm insured for £200 and the house is burned down, I get the money, do I?" "Certainly." "And they don't ask who set it afire?" "Oh, but they do. We shall want to know all about it."

"Then you needn't come up," she said, as she rose to go. "I heard there was some catch about it somewhere, and now I see where it is."

When Juba Hit It.
"After having supplied a moonshiner in a South Carolina jail with a month's supply of smoking tobacco," said a government surveyor, "I presumed upon the deed to ask: "Didn't you know it was against the law to manufacture moonshine whisky?" "I heard that was a law once," he replied.

"What do you mean by once?" "Why, Juba French told me that was such a law, but when I asked Jim Truman about it he says that Juba is such a liar that nobody can believe him under oath, and so I reckoned I was safe to go ahead. Shoo, but I wonder how Juba came to tell the truth for that one time!"—Washington Post.

An Extravagant Householder.
The Sultan of Turkey is the most extravagant housekeeper in the world. According to a recent estimate, his domestic budget runs thus: Repairs, new furniture, mats, beds, etc., \$3,000,000; toilet requisites, including rouge and enamel for the ladies of the harem, and jewelry, \$10,000,000; extra extravagance, \$15,000,000; clothes and furniture for the Sultan personally, \$25,000,000; dowries and wages, \$5,000,000; gold and silver plate, \$3,000,000; maintenance of carriages and horses, \$500,000.

Every mother believes her baby is so nice that lots of wicked people are waiting for an opportunity to steal it. It takes two to make a agreement—and a lawyer to get the best of it.

The Means and the End.

STRATHMORE'S striker was a superior article in every way. His respect for constituted authority was an American as his face. He was tall and fine-looking, his English was quite as polished as Strathmore's own; and—which was of infinitely more importance—he never touched whisky and cigars, nor went on a pay-day spree. So Strathmore felt himself justified in supposing that he had murdered, or stolen, or forged, or something, at one time or another, and he shrewdly guessed that Chester was not his real name. But that was no one's concern, that he could see, and everybody knows that enlistment in the army of the United States, even more than baptism, is a new birth.

Throughout the department Strathmore was known by the striker he kept. This had its disadvantages, but the advantages outweighed. No one could have realized this better than Strathmore himself, and yet sometimes he was moved in the bosom of the mess, to complain. "It is telling on me," he would insist; "I am slowly breaking down under the strain. I came across something in a French book the other day about how few masters are worthy to be valets. That's what I am striving to be, and the failure is telling upon me. They used to, he explained complacently, "they used to say—when my name was mentioned from Dan to Beersheba—Strathmore, Strathmore of the 'steenth. Big, good-looking chap" (Strathmore had picked up Chester's manner of speech), "one of the Strathmores of Boston, isn't he? Now it's Strathmore? That's the chap Chester's striking for? Oh! yes; I think I'll send Chester back to the troop."

Which, of course, he never did. Apart from the fact that he could never have done without him, he could not have had the heart. Chester had been a soldier as he was a striker, but he had languished under barrack rule. Exactly for the reason that he never said so, it was plain that he had been used to better things. It was so plain that Strathmore would never have thought of suggesting to him to become a body-servant, had not Chester had left the position vacant—voluntarily. As a striker Chester had many little luxuries that he had lacked before—his own room, his own bath-tub, and the run of his master's small but choice library. With the help of draperies and blankets that Strathmore let him have, and with that of some pointed but of unattached women there, he had quite a sybaritic retreat, and his literary discrimination was a thing to wonder at. He tracked up colored supplements of the London Christmas papers, and there was a photograph—just one—on his mantel-piece. It was of a woman who had soft eyes and hair and a lovely mouth. Strathmore ventured to ask who it was, one day, and Chester told him that it was "an Englishwoman, sir."

Now, this was in Texas, in the early days shortly after the war, in the State of the Lone Star's palmist time. There was much drinking in the land, and much poker, as well, no pious general having as yet arisen to bid gambling cease. There was also some shooting, but of unattached women there were rarely few, and those that there were were, generally, not very nice. This condition of affairs led to a good many unfortunate things. Any man prefers even a second-rate woman to none at all, and any man—being deprived of a standard of comparison for a length of time will come to think that an exceedingly poor article is superior enough, after all.

That was what happened to Strathmore. He should have known better, because his youth had been spent among women who were lovely in every way; but the memory of man is short—and he was lonesome. There should be provision for this in the regulations. When a man gets any of the ills that frontier service is apt to induce, they bundle him off back East on a sick leave; yet when—which is infinitely more prejudicial to the standing of the service—he reaches the stage of loneliness where he would marry the Witch of Endor herself, rather than continue to be alone, there is no one to endorse his application to be sent some where where he can find the proper sort of girl.

Strathmore had been in the wilderness a matter of five years, and he was gradually, very gradually, lapsing from civilization. The first intimation of this that Chester had was that the lieutenant made unnecessarily frequent calls at a ranch-house some ten miles from the reservation. Chester knew that a girl lived there—a dreadful girl, who had a plumply pretty figure and face, but whose speech was a thing to shudder at, and whose name, besides being Halloway, was Mammie Pearlie. He also knew that if that were not enough to set Strathmore's teeth on edge, he must be in a very bad way.

All this worried Chester a great deal. Frequent contemplation of his one photograph had furnished him with the standard of comparison which Strathmore lacked, and he could see what the outcome of things as they were going was bound to be. He explained it to the photograph, standing before the mantel-piece with his hands jammed deep in his trousers pockets and a pucker on his brow, which was fair to the line of the cap and quite crimson from there down. "If he marries that freckled-face Halloway girl," he said, "he'll want to shoot himself and her the first time he goes East"—Chester cherished a cynical kind of regret that he hadn't done so as well himself some time before—"or he'll compromise and take to drink instead. No," he nodded his head decisively, "he shall not marry Mammie Pearlie, not"—he looked at the picture a long time—"not if I have to marry her myself. Which heaven forbid!"

The next afternoon he and Strathmore were in the sitting-room and Chester

was a most unprecedented request. "I shall like, sir," he said, "to be given a furlough for a week." Strathmore considered and frowned. "What'll become of me, Chester?" he asked plaintively; "what will I do?" "O'Toole has promised to take my place, sir. He was Captain Lacy's striker for several years, and he knows his duties, sir."

Strathmore sighed. "Very good," he agreed, with sufficiently poor grace. "I expect I'll make out somehow. Put in your application with the morning report."

Chester went away, feeling contemptible and small, and Strathmore sat and reflected dully that it was emergencies of this sort that drove a man to matrimony. He ought to have realized that when a man marries because he thinks the woman can be of use to him, rather than to her, he is making a grave mistake. But he fancied the vague dissatisfaction with his present lot was the yearning of affection, and he believed more than ever that he cared for Miss Halloway quite a creditable deal. Before Chester left the next day he stood in front of the photograph again. "She'll wear curl-papers and his forehead-cap and cape," he reflected aloud. That was his notion of the point beyond which vulgarly could not go. "It's a devilish contemptible business, I know it is. But then—my future's all behind me; and his is all ahead. He's only a boy. He has all sorts of pull"—what a striker does not know about his master is not worth considering at all—"he will be able to get anything he asks for in Washington. Not," he mused, "that the American army offers much for a young man just now. But he can get all it can give. If he behaves himself and marries the right kind—or better yet, doesn't marry at all—he may rise to the soaring height of an attaché post. All things are possible with pull."

He stopped and bent down to knock the ashes from his briar-pipe into the fire-place. Then he took the photograph in his hand and started to put it in the grip that lay on his bunk. But he changed his mind and tucked it into the tray of his trunk instead. And he gave it a last look as he closed down the lid. "In which case," he finished, as he turned the key, "he would be very likely to meet you."

A hunting leave is only a week long. But a great deal can happen in a week to a soldier who has out loose and is accountable to no one, or to a lieutenant mundanely determined to become just the other way. What happened to Strathmore was, in sum, this: The day after O'Toole took charge he rode over to the Halloway ranch, and when he came back he was engaged to marry Mammie Pearlie. When it was done and he sat down to think, he found that he was not radiantly happy as he had expected to be. But the way the sitting-room had been dusted that morning had disgusted him, once and for all, with single life. The next day he was officer of the day and couldn't leave the post. The day after that he had a cold which he had caught making his rounds, and it confined him to the house.

As for Chester, the way he put in his time never did become quite clear. But for a period of six days there was a strange Englishman in a town some fifteen miles the other side of the Halloway ranch; some twenty-five miles that is, or more, from the post. It was a mud town, and its hotel was as bad as its reputation, but the Englishman stayed there. He wore a conspicuous suit of clothes, and spent money ostentatiously. He let it be understood that his name was Lovatt, and that he was traveling through the West, and might, if he fancied, probably with that end in view that he rode almost at once to the Halloway ranch and explained to the haciendado that he would like to be shown how a ranch was run. He met Miss Halloway, and her father told him that she was engaged to a lieutenant at the neighboring post, but that a severe cold was confining the officer to his house. He expressed a wish that Lovatt might meet the lieutenant some day, and Lovatt hoped that he would. It was possibly in this hope that he called at the ranch for six successive days, but always—had he known it—at an hour when it was quite unlikely that any one would be coming over from the post. After that they saw him no more.

On the evening of the seventh day Chester was in charge of Strathmore's quarters again. Strathmore was recovering from the cold, and he told Chester much. Everything had gone wrong. He asked what the striker had been doing with his time. Chester threw an armful of wood up on the fire, and stood up, brushing the chips from his sleeve. "Well, sir," he answered, "I have been getting engaged."

Strathmore's jaw fell. That meant that he would have to hunt up a new striker, of course. Then he remembered Mammie Pearlie. "That's rather a coincidence, Chester; so have I." Chester's congratulation was respectful, but not so cordial as it might have been. "I shall ask your permission and the captain's to marry, sir," he said. Strathmore acceded his own. "But I shall be sorry to lose you, Chester, very sorry. What is the girl's name?" Chester grew red all over, his nice, boyish face. He was finding out that saving another is not all heroism, necessarily. He produced a piece of paper from his pocket—a piece of flimsy, ruled, pink paper stamped with a white dove. Strathmore gave a little start. But Chester was doing this because he thought it best to deal the final blow at once, not to mince matters in the least, and he did not hesitate. He smoothed out the sheet. "That's the name, sir," he said. Strathmore read it. It was Mammie Pearlie. "The last name," Chester explained, "is Halloway. She's the daughter of Halloway of the ranch."

"Oh!" said Strathmore, dryly. His eye had caught a misspelled assurance of enduring love. "Oh!" he repeated; "and may I ask if she knows who you are?"

Chester grew more red still. "Well"—he reflected that an entirely honest intent could never be guessed by that Yankee word—"well, sir, I began by letting her think that my name was Lovatt—part of it really is, sir—and that I was titled and rich—which I am not—but"—he plucked up courage as he went on—"if she loves me, of course it will be all right."

Strathmore handed him back the note. "And if she doesn't?" "It'll still be all right." "Strathmore did not try to understand. His opinion of Chester had fallen very low. As for his opinion of Mammie Pearlie he realized, suddenly, that it had not dropped half so far.

It was almost retreat on the following day, when he took to Chester's room a bundle of London papers that had just come by the stage. He cast a quick look around. "I see you've got the photograph of the girl out again," he commented. Chester nodded, but added, with the faintest shadow on his face: "She's a married woman, sir."

"Yes?" said Strathmore, and turned to leave the room. "Oh, lieutenant!" Chester called. Strathmore stopped. "I thought you might like to know, sir, that I'm not engaged any more."

For a full half-minute Strathmore looked into the Englishman's impenetrable blue eyes; then there came a twinkle in his own. "It seems to be another coincidence, Chester," he said, quietly, "for neither am I"—Argonaut.

BABY ALLIGATORS.
They are hatched out in Job Lots in Steam-Heated sand.

Up in the reptile-house of the Bronx zoo something unique in the way of a hatching of young alligators was on exhibition yesterday, and will be to-day just as long as the supply of to-day eggs boils out. The young "igators were being turned out in Job lots in a large, glass-enclosed, steam-heated cage in the northwest corner of the main reptile-room. The floor is covered with warm sand, in which several dozens of alligator eggs are huddled. The eggs are about seven inches long, oblong in shape, and of a dingy, leathery white color.

About the center of the cage is a large shallow pan full of water, sunk to the level of the floor. In and about the pan are several dozen young alligators, from six inches up to ten in length, scrambling about, climbing all over each other, splashing about in the water, and seemingly happy and contented. The baby "igators are bright blue, green, and black spotted in color. In general color and appearance they look more like lizards than anything else.

The hatching process is quite interesting. Every now and then an egg will begin to squirm and roll about. One will work more actively than the other, and swells up like a mushroom head. Then it cracks and spreads out from the slit, through which a little long-pointed muzzle begins to work out. A lot of energetic wriggling, which fops the eggs about in all directions, sets the youngster free. Out he pops, and after a shake or two, by some wonderful instinct of nature, away scuttles the infant to the pan of water, into which it plunges without any fear.

Alligator, Jr., splashes about a while, and then joins his brothers and sisters, following the universal alligator habit of crawling on top of as many of his relations as he can and resting his head on the nearest back.

Mrs. Alligator was not present at the hatching. Alligator experts say that after she has laid the eggs her part of the manufacture of young "igators is finished. She pays no more attention than to them, and confines herself, in the South, to lying low in the swamps, waiting for dogs, pigs, or tender young colored infants to wander her way. As to Alligator pere, those same experts assert that if there is one thing he likes better than another it is young alligator fresh from the shell, without any dressing. He is said to swallow them up by the dozen, and then complain because there are no more.—New York Mail and Express.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.
Annual crops raised by labor on land held by a tenant for life are held, in Noble vs. Tyler (O.), 48 L. R. A. 735, to be assets of the estate, whether severed or not at the time of his death.

Right of a stockholder to inspect books of the corporation is held, in Cincinnati Volksbath Company vs. Hoffmeister (O.), 48 L. R. A. 782, not to depend upon the motive or purpose of the stockholder.

Lack of barriers on the side of approaches to a bridge is held, in Bell vs. Wayne (Wash.), 48 L. R. A. 844, not sufficient to make a municipality liable for injuries in case a team goes off the bank when the roadway is wide enough for two teams to pass without difficulty and the fright of a horse was the proximate cause of the accident.

A will which consists of four pages in one sheet folded lengthwise down the middle is held, in re Andrews (N. Y.), 48 L. R. A. 952, not to be subscribed at the end as required by statute, where the signature is on the second page after a portion of the will, while there is another portion on the third page without anything to connect it with that part which is above the signature.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"Mr. Freeborn Jackson—Whom you give name 'im, Laurelia?" Mrs. Jackson—Anything you like. Anything, 'cept Allas. Ise noticed boys o' that name nevah come to no good. They're alus in the police co't.—Brooklyn Life.

Evened It Up.
"Junson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold."
"What was his wife's play?"
"She made it hot for him."—Brooklyn Life.

In a Predicament.

Mrs. Fly—My goodness! See those clouds coming! It's going to rain, sure, and I forgot my rubbers.—New York Journal.

Her Dilemma.
Clara—How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?
Dora—I had to. He proposed to me in a canoe and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.—New York Weekly.

Had Him.
"No, young man," said the solemn and aphorismic person, "can succeed by keeping his eye on the clock."
"How about the watchmaker?" asked the impudent person.—Indianapolis Press.

Absent-Minded.
"Harry, yesterday was our wedding anniversary and you never said a word about it."
"Well, my dear, I felt it in my bones that it was some sort of a big day, but I couldn't remember what it was."—Indianapolis Journal.

What He Did.
Kentuckian—He called me a liar, sir. New Yorker—And what did you do?
Kentuckian—I went to the funeral.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Bad.
"I'm afraid I made a blunder this morning," said Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta asked me who, in my opinion, had written the greatest poetry in the English language."
"What did you say?"
"I said 'Mother Goose.' You see, she was the only lady poetess writer I could think of just at the moment."—Washington Star.

Cruel.
"My eyes are no longer like stars to you, I suppose?" she exclaimed during a heated conversation with her presumed lord and master.
"Well, suppose you go away about 100,000,000 miles and I'll take a look at them and decide," suggested the cruel, unfeeling man.—Baltimore American.

Usual Excuse.
Mother—Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?
Johnnie—Washin' me face.—Tit-Bits.

Very Familiar.

Housekeeper—Go away from here; you don't know what work is.
Tramp—Well, madam, permit me to remark that I've looked at it long enough to be able to recognize it.

Perplexing.
"Strange—strange—strange! Before my wife went to the country I never could find the latchkey before I went out. Now that she's away I can't ever find it after I've been out."—Meggen-doerfer's Blaetter.

Variation of the Loaf.
"That friend of mine in the British army sent me a keg of Chinese wine that he looted in Pekin. The stuff was half water."
"Evidently diluted."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not So Bad.
Mike (opening his pay envelope)—Faith, L.'s the stingiest man I ever worked for.

Pat—Phwat's the matter wid yer; didn't ye git as much as ye expected?
Mike—Yik, but I was countin' on gittin' more than I expected.—Philadelphia Press.

Quintet.
A 5-year-old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to have her name changed. "Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.
"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow, "you haven't got money enough." "How much would it take?" she asked.
"Three hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter at once for all.
"Oh, well, then," said the woman, "think I can manage it. If I can you come and stay with me."
"No, ma'am," he said with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me any more. There are five of us and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."—Boston Enquirer.

Best of English.
Teacher of English—Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what you have read in your own words. "What the cow run? Is't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run as fast as the horse? She cannot run as fast as the horse." Future Mayor (of Boston)—Git de cow. Ain't she a beauty? Kin de cow git a gal't on her? Sure. Kin de cow hump it wid de horse? Nix. Kin de cow ain't in it wid de horse.—Judge.

Better than Mother's.
"These aren't the kind of biscuits mother used to make," he said.
"Oh, George," she faltered, on the verge of tears.
"Well, they're not," he repeated emphatically. "They're enough slight better." And then the sun came again.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Needed Exercise.
Doctor—You need more exercise. Indisposed—Why, I'm steadily engaged in painting horses, now.
Doctor—Working by the day, I see?
Indisposed—Yes.
Doctor—Well, you'd better work the piece for a while.—Tit-Bits.

Flocking to the Brax.
Church—I see by the paper that the ty-nine doctors arrived home recently from Europe on one steamer.
Gotham—Yes; you see, the fourth season has opened in this country. Youkers Statesman.

Something Good to Eat.
Mr. Heavyman—What is your idea, heaven, Miss Daisy?
She (swearily)—Where one can get good dinner without money and get out price!—Life.

Declined with Thanks.

Little Boy—What do you want?
Tramp—I dunno. What yer got?
Little Boy—Mumps.

Wide Awake.
Briggs—That medium doesn't know a thing when she is in a trance.
Griggs—Oh, yes she does.
Briggs—What makes you think so?
Griggs—Because the other day I tried to steal away in the middle of it—without paying.—Detroit Free Press.

No Originality.
Great Author—Waiter, this steak as though with leather.
Waiter—I've always heard you were an original character, sir; but I hanged if you don't just say the same as all on 'em do!—Harlem Life.

Always in On.
Grimes—Is your wife fond of petting Harum? I should say she was. She is almost always in one.—Boston Transcript.

Far as He Could.
"Ah!" she said, "if I were to do would."
"Hush!" he protested, shuddering. "Nay, love, I must know"—her warm breath swept his cheek—"would you follow me to the grave?"
"How can I tell?" he said, frankly. "Might not your family decide to have the interment private?"—Philadelphia Press.

Stand On.
He—But I still don't dare to confide to your father the extent of my debt. She—What towards you men and Papa is also afraid to tell you about his debts.—Helter Welt.

In Old Missouri.
Colonel Peppah—I believe in voting early an' often, sah.
Colonel Redeye—I don't suh. It's much trouble to vote early, an' it's waste of time to vote often. I prefer to check in a good big bundle o' ballots all at once an' hev yer duty over with.—Judge.

Harmony in Nature.
Naturalists say that when examined minutely with a microscope it will be found that no creature or object in nature is positively ugly; that there is certain harmony or symmetry of path that renders the whole agreeable rather than the reverse. So the most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in the proper proportions, reveal a powerful attractive, side hitherto unobserved. Turn on the sunlight of good cheer, the determination to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant, even in the most dreary of tasks.

Japs Make Good Clerks.
Many Japanese clerks are being employed in London stores. They are cleanly and courteous and give satisfaction. Many are also employed by manufacturers, but these are not so satisfactory to their employers, who say they waste material and give more trouble than they are worth. They are studying English, and they do not learning their trades.

A divorce suit makes an appropriate traveling dress.

