# EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE ..... OREGON.


Advice to heroes and statesmen: When about to write a letter, don't.

Don't talk at random. Make everything you say hit the mark or save your ammunition.

Some men use Sunday as a sort of sponge to wipe out the sins they committed during the previous six days.

Among other things, has Mrs. Nation smashed that old proverb about its being dangerous to fool with edged tools?

In the last hundred years Turkey has lost about half of its territory. This looks as if somebody had been using the Ottoman to walk on.

The powers want to make progress in the Flowery Kingdom, and this decapitation business is supposed to be one way of getting a head.

"Kidnapers are bound to be caught in the long run," says the Boston Herald. Let's see—when were the kidnapers of Charley Ross caught?

Manila harbor is to be improved, though it is admitted that it is much less dangerous than when Admiral Dewey sailed into it the first time.

As to the lash for a wife beater, why not tie him up securely and let the injured wife give him a good tongue lashing in the presence of all the neighbors?

A woman has brought suit for divorce on the ground that her husband refuses to eat her pies. Still, she would rather be a real widow by the pie route.

Only 6,356 new books were published in the United States last year. However, people vainly looking for something new to read can always fall back on the magazines and newspapers.

Emperor William may import the American hen to Germany, but will the time ever come when the politics of that country will permit of our election roosters appearing in the public prints there?

A Vanderbilt descendant has proved capable of something more than spending ancestral money. It may yet be fashionable for hereditary American wealth to have brains and disposition to use them. "Young Corneel's" firebox shows some inventive power beyond the mere talent of devising new dissipation.

A woman whose husband beat her regularly once a day for forty years has at last appealed to the police. It seems that there was a point where even a patient, loving woman could stand it no longer and the head of the household tried it once too often when he started to take his daily exercise on the first day of the forty-first year.

A cooking school for doctors has been established in Berlin, and among the numerous attendants are physicians from several countries besides Germany. Branch schools are to be opened in other European capitals. The medical man needs to be a good nurse. He ought to be able to apply the principles of wholesome cooking likewise, if need be, in preparing delicacies for the sick room. A supervision by the doctor, himself competent to cook what he orders for the patient, would turn many a kitchen into a serviceable addition to his equipment.

"I am no longer young," said an Alaska pioneer the other day, "but I expect to live to see a continuous line of railway from New York to St. Petersburg by way of Bering Strait. In fact, work on one of the connecting links will be begun within a year." The line he referred to will extend from Port Valdez on the sea to the Yukon river at the mouth of the Tanana. From this point another road is projected to Nome, and if that should be built, a railway across the strait to Siberia might become at least a possibility. If expanding trade should demand such a road, neither the engineering nor the financial difficulties would be insurmountable. It is an interesting thing to speculate about, at any rate.

It is not only the rural resident from up the creek that buys gold bricks. Sometimes important sales of this sort of merchandise are made to wise ones who dwell in cities. A certain "professor" of fortune telling appears to have done a particularly neat piece of gold-brick work in an Eastern city. He has been telling some of the social lights of that town that his insight into the future would be wonderfully sharpened if he were allowed to sleep over night on jewelry belonging to his clients. He intimated that the larger the quantity of precious metal he had to sleep on, the better he could forecast future events. One of his clients was the wife of a well-known manufacturer, who willingly gave up her jewelry and what gold coin she had in the house. The next day the professor had left town. His inspection of the future was perfectly satisfactory to him.

"I would joyfully, many a time," said a famous singer the other day, "exchange all my public ovations for my mother's knowledge how to prepare a palatable meal." Nevertheless, so fashionable have culinary and household subjects become, that "my mother's pies" have formidable rivals in "my daughter's doughnuts." Even collegiate straws show which way the wind blows. Themes recently chosen for senior theses in several leading women's colleges include "The Servant Problem," "Household Economics" and "Foods in Relation to Intellect and Sanity," and stand in marked contrast with the poetic and platitudinous graduating essays of only a generation ago. To be "a good housekeeper," said Shakspeare, "goes as fairly as to say . . . . a great scholar." To-day, as never before, the two accomplishments walk hand in hand.

The mollifying influence of death, which is so often felt in private family relations has been manifested on a large scale, internationally, since the death of Queen Victoria. The English people have been often irritated by the German Kaiser. His commercial and naval schemes have seemed to them to be aimed against England. His message of sympathy to President Kruger, after the Jameson raid, still rankles in their memory, and more than once they have taken offense at some impulsive thing which he has said or done. But when, as soon as he knew that the Queen was seriously ill, he left the scene of the festivities with which the Prussian bicentenary had just been celebrated, and hurried to the death-chamber at Osborne, they were profoundly moved; all the more so because he waived official formalities, and joined the waiting family group simply as the grandson of the Queen. The same influence was felt elsewhere. There was no discordant note in the world-wide expression of sympathy. The French and Russian journals, which are apt to be critical, if not hostile, toward England, joined in the tributes to the Queen. American journals were as cordial as if there never had been any Alabama claims or Venezuela difficulty or Alaskan boundary or other vexatious question between the two countries. Under the reciprocal kindliness thus induced, English journals began to suggest that perhaps too much had been made of annoying amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and that it might be well to concede to the United States the disputed points. So it came to pass that the good Queen, who has all her life striven for peace, in her death exerted a strong influence in the same direction.

It would be a misfortune if the passion for "getting on" should narrow our educational ideals and substitute the man of facility in affairs and the expert for the man of broad culture and the man of freed imagination. The movement in colleges and universities to introduce "practical" courses may sometimes appear to be tending in that direction, but it is rather to be regarded as an effort to give young men and women a better introduction to certain typical phases of actual life, says a Chicago Tribune editorial, and to afford them in certain lines that specialized preparation for particular occupations which, to a degree at least, can be more economically attained in an institution than otherwise. The School of Economics and Political Science in the University of Wisconsin has recently announced certain modified and enlarged courses, including one on "Public Service and Diplomacy" and another in "Preparation for Journalism." One of this country's greatest editors once expressed the opinion that no one could be "prepared" out of hand for journalism; and yet it is evident that not only general culture but familiarity with certain lines of information and thought furnish the journalist an invaluable background for his work. Training for public administration and for diplomacy is even more obviously a great present need in this country. Our easy theory that the duties of public life can, under our simple system, be met by the ordinary citizen, is largely chargeable with our pernicious practice of "rotation in office" and with the lack of vigor and efficiency in much of our public life. The action of Madison University is a part of a general movement during the last ten years among American institutions of higher learning, the valuable effects of which, though not conspicuous as yet, are bound to be increasingly felt as time goes on.

### When Thomas Sings.

When Thomas sings his nightly lays,
His hearers know the pain it brings
To hearts as dead—for fulsome praise
He cares not nor whose soul he wrings.

Beneath the moon's bewitching rays,
His voice it soars, as it had wings,
And many a list'ner guerdon pays,
When Thomas sings!

Yes, as the cadence loudly swings
From off the woodshed, windows raise
And neighbors hurl all sorts of things
Unheeded—bootjacks are bouquets
When Thomas sings!

### Curious Church Built of Bulrushes.

The first place of worship in Western Australia was quite unique both from its frail form of construction and also the several purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth, then merely a town site, by soldiers of the 2nd Company 63rd Regiment shortly after the detachment arrived at the Colony in 1829, and was composed almost entirely of bulrushes. In addition to this rude little edifice being used on Sundays for Divine worship, it sometimes served as an amateur theater during the week, and was used during the whole time as a barracks.

### Ingenious.

An invention for polishing hard wood floors has been brought out in Europe. This new idea consists of a brush, called the sandal brush, which is made to fit on the shoe. It is fastened to the foot by straps of soft material. The polisher skates over the floor and is thus enabled to do his work better and quicker than by any other process.

### Small Horseshoes.

Horseshoes weighing an ounce each and just a trifle larger than a silver dollar were turned out in a California shop recently. They were made for a Shetland pony 6 months old, and small for its age.

It is a terrible shock, but the truth is that our mothers and fathers married their ideals.

It is far better to have large feet than a small understanding.

## ADJT. GEN. CORBIN.

### Rose from a Log Cabin to His Present Post of Honor.

Adjutant General Corbin, who has now reached the grade of major general in the regular army, was born fifty-nine years ago at Batavia, Ohio, in a log cabin which is still standing. He entered the Civil War a second lieutenant in the Eighty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, July 28, 1862, and has risen by merit through all the grades to that of major general of the regular establishment. He was honorably discharged from the volunteer service on March 26, 1866, with the brevet rank of brigadier general for meritorious service. Gen. Corbin's early ancestors were Virginians, and he is a distant relative of Col. Richard Lee. His grandfather was sergeant of the Virginia line in the Revolution. His great-grandfather moved to the mouth of the Maumee River in Ohio and later settled in Clermont, Ohio. Gen. Corbin's father is still living, at the age of 89.

The Adjutant General is the instrument through which the Chief Executive and the Secretary of War act. He dare not usurp a single function delegated to his superiors. His duty is to carry out in letter and spirit their orders. He must be capable of advising when his advice is asked; he must be an absolute master of details, and must be able to answer questions relating to the army with accuracy. When war clouds gather it is the busiest office of the Government.

To call to the field 250,000 men, arm and equip them in sixty days and attend to the innumerable details, as did Gen. Corbin during the recent war with Spain, is a task so gigantic that none but a man of extraordinary ability and physical strength could fill the place. And now he is prepared to enlist, drill, arm, equip and dispatch 100,000 men of a regular army 7,000 miles. Grant,

ADJT.-GEN. CORBIN.

when Secretary of War, wrote of Gen. Corbin: "Made major for gallant and meritorious service at Decatur." He was also highly commended by Gens. Gillan, Weed, Rousseau, A. McDowell, McCook and Ruggles, and Gen. Merritt's indorsement was, "Well worthy and fitted to be the head of the adjutant general's department; can be trusted with important duties."

Gen. Corbin's personality is striking. Imagine a man 6 feet 4 inches in height, erect, soldierly, weighing about 250 pounds, but carrying very little superfluous flesh, and you have the outline of the adjutant general of the army. His complexion is olive, eyes brown, nose aquiline, and the lines of his mouth well chiseled. He wears a mustache and an imperial. He can say "No" without the quiver of an eye or the flutter of a muscle, and no one can say that he was ever known to lose his nerve in a crisis.

### Simple Country Living.

A man may enjoy bounding health, and know very little about the cause of his happiness; and alas! a man may suffer all the woes of dyspepsia, and have no certain knowledge as to the cause of his misery.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic; that's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Collander, gazing almost enviously at the red-bronze face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from the country into Mr. Collander's city office.

"What you need is simple country food, man," said his old friend, clapping him heartly on the shoulder. "Come and visit my wife and me on the farm for a while, and we'll set you up. It's rich city living that's too much for you. Now take breakfast, for instance. All I have is two good cups of coffee, a couple of fresh doughnuts, a bit of steak with a baked potato, some fresh biscuit or muffins, and either griddle-cakes or a piece of pie to top off with. What do you have?"

The city man looked at his red-cheeked friend, who stood waiting for the confirmation of his idea.

"A cup of hot water and two slices of dry toast," he responded, soberly. "But if you think a simple diet like yours would help me, I will make one more attempt to be a healthy man."

### Business Before Pleasure.

An English commercial traveller, for whose pushing Americanism a Liverpool paper vouches with great enthusiasm, started out after a country order.

Happening to arrive at the village on the day of a festival, he found the shop of his customer closed, and learned that the man himself was at the celebration a mile out of town. At once he set out for the spot, and reached the ground just in time to see his shopkeeper climb into a balloon procured for special ascensions.

The man of trade was equal to the occasion. He stepped forward, paid his fare and climbed into the car. Away went the balloon, and was hardly above the tree-tops when the commercial traveller turned to his astonished victim, and said persuasively but triumphantly:

"And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

### Knightly Warfare of Old.

Medieval knights often took a voluntary oath that they would never spare the life of an enemy.

It is impossible for a woman to find a pet name to apply to a man that is ridiculous so long as she means it.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a man whose wife is fond of him to get whatever he wants to eat.

Nature supplies a man with character, he must furnish his own reputation.

## HORSE SHOE STYLES.

### THEY ARE GREATLY VARIED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

### None Can Equal American Makes for Utility and Merit of Workmanship—Many Kinds of Iron Footwear in Use in Late Years.

On Twelfth street, near the new city hall, is a show window that holds many attractions for horsemen and lovers of the curious, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It contains nothing but rusty, discolored horseshoes, but such is the variety and character of the collection that it is surpassed by but one other in existence. Shoes ranging in style and beauty from the dainty racing plate that has been worn by thoroughbreds in record-breaking performances to the antiquated patterns used more than 150 years ago are in the collection, and about each shoe something of interest can be told by F. C. Snow, the owner of the collection.

Probably the oldest and most valued of the collection is a shoe known to have been made by a Pontiac Indian in 1743. The shoe was for years an exhibit in the Detroit Historical society's headquarters, but came to its present owner through a member of the Case family, in whose possession the shoe has been kept for generations. Considering the tools and the period, the shoe is really an excellent piece of workmanship. The calks, or toes, as people unversed in shoeing lore would term them, are small, the whole shoe showing that, with the exception of the improvement in manufacture, the general conception of the horseshoe of that period is still the basis of manufacture. Other shoes of interest rarely seen in these days are those for oxen. Each ox wore eight shoes in the old days, one on either toe on each foot. Like the horseshoes of the early part of the century, those for oxen now used in the west have been changed but little in recent decades.

The smallest shoes in the collection are those of burros from the Rockies and old Mexico. In contrast with them the huge shoes commonly used in England and Belgium are most noticeable. Both the larger makes are clumsy and exhibit poor workmanship. The average size of English shoes is greater than that of any other country.

Comparison of American horseshoes with those of other countries easily gives the palm to the manufacturers in this country. A specimen of the French shoe of the variety known as "country shoe" shows clumsy workmanship on a poorly shaped shoe with which square-headed nails are used. From Arabia Mr. Snow has secured two specimens of the shoes used upon the famous steeds of the deserts. One is a rough-shaped plate of hammered iron. From this blank the shoe is shaped to provide what horseman know as "roller motion." The toe is turned up at an angle of 45 degrees, the ends being shaped and fastened together with a rivet instead of being welded as in this country. Such a shoe would kill a horse if used upon the cobble stones of St. Louis.

Probably as odd a shoe as is found in the collection is one that was used in Ireland. The iron shoe proper is of common pattern, save that it has two lugs, or projections, pierced with screw holes. By means of screws the shoe is fastened to a board platform two inches thick and about twelve inches square. When it is desired to use the horse upon one of the peat bogs the wooden platform is screwed or bolted fast to the horse's shoe. Despite the awkwardness of such footwear the wearers soon learn to avoid stumbling and make surprising headway. Similar shoes are worn in the peat bogs of California.

Among the new varieties of shoes are those with a rubber heel plate or cushion, designed to break the concussion of the heavy blows struck by horses when moving rapidly over granite pavements. Such shoes are worn by the horses in the city ambulance service. Among the other curious in the collection are mule shoes from Havana and Santiago, one from Guayamos, Porto Rico, near which battery A came so close to a baptism of fire. Shoes from Australia and from a dozen other countries, all of which are little better in workmanship that those used in this country half a century ago, and not equal to the shoes worn by the average dray horse in this country. Though many nailless shoes have been invented, they have never been successful.

## CHINESE TEACUPS.

### They Are Rapidly Growing in Favor in Western Countries.

Although it is several centuries since Occidentals adopted Chinese tea as a daily beverage it is only of late that they have begun to use the Chinese tea service. Like all Mongolian institutions, it is the opposite of our own. The service consists of a metal stand in which rests a large cup. Over the cup fits a saucer and alongside of it is stationed a little cup scarcely larger than an egg. The metal stand is of brass or bronze, though wealthy mandarins use silver and even gold. The large cup should be of the handsomest porcelain. It is very rarely plain. The commonest variety have a monocrome field on which are enameled leaves and flowers in color. Another beautiful variety is made of crackle ware, on whose surface is wreathed a bronze dragon. Swatow cups are generally decorated with little crabs, fishes, beetles or locusts in natural color and high relief, while Nanking cups are tinged with sang de boeuf, imperial blue, or imperial yellow. The saucer should be of the same material, according to the tastes of the owner.

The service is placed before the guests at the beginning of the meal. A small quantity of tea leaves is thrown into the large cup, covered with boiling water. To keep the steam in the saucer is inverted over the cup. It is allowed to stand for two minutes and then the guest, holding the large cup with the thumb and middle finger and guiding the saucer with the forefinger, strains and pours the fluid into the little cup. It seems simple, but until a person has practiced repeatedly it is a very difficult task. The average Occidental scalds his fingers and drops the tea on the table, and often lets fall the cup and saucer together. The large cup will fill the small cup three times, and then boiling water is again poured over the leaves. If the leaf be of fine quality the second drawing is about as good as the first. After the second drawing is finished the cup is removed, the spent leaves are thrown away and a fresh supply is put in their place. The service is a very important element in the Chinese household. The cheapest set costs ten cents in China and twenty-five cents in New York. The figures run up from this limit, and when crackle ware, porcelain and silver stands are employed they reach $5 and $6.—New York Evening Post.

## GOOD Short Stories

The painter Mokart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke, sat for an hour one evening at dinner next to the soubrette, Josephine Gallmeyer, without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience, and exclaimed: "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

The following unique claim is posted on a mine in the Grand Encampment, in Wyoming: "We found it, and we claim it by the right of founding it. It's our'n. It's 750 feet in every direction except southwest and northeast, and there is 300 feet on each side of this writin'. It's called the 'Bay Horse,' and we claim even the spurs, and we don't want nobody jumping on this Bay Horse—that's what's these trees is around here for, and we've got the same piece of rope that we had down in old Missouri."

During a confirmation tour in the diocese of Peterborough, the late Bishop of London put up one evening at an old manor house, and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast the Bishop was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit; it will never trouble you again." Being further questioned upon the subject, the Bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

Tim Murphy, the popular comedian, saw an old colored woman sitting under an awning fanning herself, when he was in Washington, D. C. "It's dreadfully hot, isn't it, mammy?" asked Mr. Murphy. "'Deed it is, chile," said the old woman; "'deed it is. 'Tain't right for it to be so hot this-a-way. I tell you, forty years ago, when the blessed Lawd made the weather, we didn't have these stewing days, honey, no, 'deed, we didn't; but now these biggety men up at this here weather office has the making of the weather, they does send us anything they please, and they ain't skillful, chile, they ain't skillful."

Lord Rathmore has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of Society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

Not long ago an American professor attended a reception in the royal palace, given by the Kaiser to an association of scientists, at which William appeared in the gorgeous robes of royalty, preceded by liveried chamberlains bearing the crown and insignia. It was a most impressive display, and when the professor came away he said to a friend: "I am a republican to the backbone, but I believe that if monarchs are necessary they should be monarchs to the last bit of gold lace, just as William is Kaiser." The next day his friend had an audience with the Kaiser, and in the course of the conversation told him what the American professor had said. The Kaiser laughed heartily. "That is exactly what I believe," he said; "Dom Pedro of Brazil illustrated the folly of trying to be a republican on a throne."

### How You Spend Your Life.

Did you ever stop to inquire how you actually occupy the hours of your life? Supposing you are an average business man, how will your account on the book of time appear when it is balanced at the end of three-score and ten years? The largest item will be sleep, which has consumed twenty-five years—a little more than one-third of your life. It counted rapidly during childhood, less rapidly in age, and was at a minimum during the working days of middle life. Those working days will count twenty-one years, and in the course of them you will read for two years and write for a year and seven months. The next item will be that of pleasure, which will have consumed nine years, and your walking will have consumed six and one-half years more. Then your eating acounts will show that you have sat at the table, stood at lunch counters or cuddled elsewhere for five years. You will also have a dressing account of three and one-half years, which will have been devoted to buttoning and unbuttoning—remember it is a man who is being considered. In this dressing account you will find eight charged to bathing account and seven months to shaving.—New York Herald.

### Seattle's Proposed Canal.

Seattle purposes to build a canal eight miles long from Puget sound to Lake Washington, which is twenty miles long and 200 feet deep, and will make an ideal harbor.

A good many women too good to gossip take care to invite several lively gossips to their parties, in order to keep the guests from going to sleep.

The man who never forgives a favor or forgets an injury isn't apt to make a desirable friend.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMORCUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

### Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Yes; she rejected him after accepting attentions from him for a year."

"I think he was entitled to more consideration."

"O! I don't know. I think she was considering him all the time."—Puck.

### After the Best One.

Huskinby (chucklingly)—It wuz 12 below zero by my thermometer at 5 o'clock this mornin', an' Hi Badgely's on'y showed nine below at thet hour.

Rubennay (disdainfully)—Huh! Mine registered twenty-three below at that very time.

Huskinby—By gosh! How much will yew take tew boot an' trade?—Puck.

### Inside the Man.

First Grip Germ—Ugh! What's wrong with this man's protoplasm anyhow?

Second Grip Germ—Oh, he's taking ten grains of quinine every three hours; let's vamoose.—Ohio State Journal.

### But

McSwigan—I don't like that goat thet comes into our back yard.

Mrs. McSwigan—But——

McSwigan—Exactly; that's why I don't like it.—Ohio State Journal.

### Professional Rates.

Irate Householder—Say! If you'll stop playing "Hot Time," I'll give you a nickel!

Antonio—"Holy City," five cents; "Hot Time," ten cents.

### Insurance Papers Please Copy.

"I should think it would be pretty hard for you, with such a large family, to live on such a small income."

"But," replied the family man, "consider how much harder it would be for my family if I were to die on it."—Philadelphia Press.

### Her Opinion of Compliments.

"No," said Miss Cayenne, "I don't care for people who continually pay compliments."

"But it shows an amiable disposition."

"Perhaps. But to me the habit reminds me that some people are willing to pay only what costs them nothing and what they don't really owe."—Washington Star.

### Girls Usually Do.

"Have you Moore's poems?" inquired the sweet young thing.

"I think so, miss; I'll look in a minute," replied the clerk in the book store. "By the way, here's a fine new story just out. It's called 'Just One Kiss,' and——"

"I want Moore," she interrupted haughtily.—Philadelphia Press.

### Might Result Fatally.

Woman—If you will saw that wood for me I will give you a good, square meal.

Tramp—I would, lady, but I had my fortune told yesterday and the gypsy said heart disease was going to carry me off, so I must be very careful.

### For the Landlord.

Rigby—Was the banquet an enjoyable one?

Sturgis—From the landlord's point of view, yes. He got a big price for a mighty poor layout.—Boston Transcript.

### Friendly Interest.

"She fell in love with me at the last Covent Garden ball, old man!"

"Really? How were you disguised, old fellow?"—Scrape.

### Hard to Decide.

"How that woman glared at you?"

"Yes; I've either bowed to her when I don't know her, or else I know her and haven't bowed to her."

### Would Like Some.

"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.

"Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?"—Indianapolis Press.

### Qualified.

Section Foreman—Do you think you can boss a gang of men?

Mr. Bear—I think so; I've had my own way during thirty years of married life.—Ohio State Journal.

### Welcome Ready.

The Boss—Mr. Bjonson, if you can't keep up with your work better, we shall have to look for another man.

Bjonson—I'm glad to hear that. I've been thinking all along that I was doing enough work for two.—Indianapolis Press.

### Evening It Up.

"They have a new barber shop in Baltimore where every feature is run on antiseptic principles."

"It's a pity they cannot carry it to the point where some of the patrons could be treated to an antiseptic bath before entering the place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### He Was One.

Snappy—That's what jars me.

Sappey—What's that?

Snappy—Oh, some people are never satisfied to take things as they are, but always want to know the why and wherefore.

Sappey—That's so. I wonder why it is.—Philadelphia Press.

### Shocking.

"By gum! ef the women in ther city ain't so bold an brazen that er modest one hez ter hang out er sign tellin' er bout it."

### Another Chance.

Susan—I just hate these conundrum fiends.

Kitty—Indeed! Why?

Susan—Because the other evening Mr. Stubbins asked me "Will you be my wife?" and when I said "Yes," he said he would give me another guess.—Detroit Free Press.

### Love in a Cottage.

"Will you be satisfied with love in a cottage?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, confidently, for she had heard that the cottage was located at Newport.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Unconquerable.

"Why don't you discourage him if you don't care for him?"

"Oh, he won't be discouraged. He is really in love."

### Characteristic.

"Woman has no sense of humor."

"No; but she seems to have an awful sense of being humored."

Mr. Tattered Hedges—Howdy, Bill, whatcher think of me new Raglan overcoat?

### Well, Well!

"Old Crouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear."

"Did anyone recognize him?"

"Nobody but his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

### Present Needs.

"Yes, that's a beautifully bound book of your sermons, Mr. Straitlace. Well, no, George hasn't read it yet. He only has time to read at night, you know. Yes, he understands it's for the saving of souls. But George is so practical. He thought he'd rather save his eyes first."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Correct, if Not Grammatical.

Johnny—Pa, Aunt Hannah says boils are healthy. Shouldn't she say "healthful?"

Wise Father—Well, your aunt didn't mean to be grammatical, but I guess she was this time. It is the boil that is healthy, not the fellow who carries it around.—Boston Transcript.

### Wise Bird.

"Give us a proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl.

"I will," he said, and flew away.—Philadelphia Times.

### Her Triumph.

"She seems so happy. Did she marry him for love or for money?"

"Neither. She took him to spite a lot of other girls."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### No Chance to Talk.

Black—Mumsey is not a good conversationalist.

White—No, he was the only boy in a family of nine children.—Cleveland Leader.

### Invented by a Lunatic.

The resident physician of one of the largest lunatic asylums in Great Brian stated, as an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum, well known to everyone by name. As the inventor was afterwards quite cured, and became a prominent man, the physician did not give any details, but the invention, designed and modelled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has brought him in thousands of pounds. Another lunatic invented a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn-tennis racquet, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acted perfectly, and the asylum doctor advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he should become cured.

### Can't Last Forever.

Hopely—"What seems to trouble your baby?"

Popley (wearily)—"I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night."—Philadelphia Press.