

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Weak men swear off. Strong men quit.

"Tact criticism" is much used in Germany. The other kind leads to the jail.

Plethoric wedding fees are in sight for the minister who is urging women to do the proposing.

The trouble with the peace society seems to be that they want peace, but are not willing to fight for it.

After all man has a great advantage. He doesn't have to use a gauzy handkerchief four inches square.

A man's life, as estimated by the courts, is worth \$5,000. A prize bull has just been sold for \$10,000.

Some women are so addicted to the habit of not feeling well that they wouldn't feel well if they felt otherwise.

Secretary Shaw once sawed wood for a living. Sawing wood and saying nothing is an excellent formula for health.

Jesus Wire, of Oklahoma, has named his infant daughter Barbara. It won't be long till the people are calling her "Barb."

Many a young man imagines that a girl takes an interest in his welfare, when in reality she is interested only in his farewell.

Sir Thomas Lipton has ordered Shamrock III. As we have said before, Sir Tom is a "jolly good fellow" and a "dead game sport."

Violinist Kubelick is to hold hands with somebody before he can play. This is a peculiarity that he shares in common with the grass widow.

The Standard Oil office boy of a few years back is now several times a millionaire. He didn't spend all his energy soldiering the work on the other office boy.

Ever since the day he wrote "What's the Matter with Kansas?" William Allen White has been telling the people what is the matter with the country's greatest men.

There is a magazine story of a man who was a poor newspaper worker two years ago, but who is now the executive head of a \$3,000,000 oil company. Poor newspaper men are usually driven out of the business into something of this sort.

A little British school boy made rather a natural mistake when he said that the man who looked on the bright side of things was called an optimist, but the man who looked on the dark side was called a pianist. A little girl not so far away said that a usurer was a man who could find use for other people's money.

Danger lies in everything. Here is O. A. Gilbert, of Montrose, N. Y., who is dead from handling too much money. He was a banker and in taking in bills over his counter he became infected with the smallpox, his wife nursed him and she also took it. The result of it is that both of them are dead. This is an afflictive circumstance and yet it will not prevent us from continuing to receive subscriptions. The risk is great but the reward is certain.

When Mr. Edison was working at his electric light for apartments it was asserted that illuminating gas would go out of existence, and there was panic for a time among holders of shares in gas light companies. The electric light was perfected twenty years ago and is in general use, yet there is now more gas consumed than before, and shares of gas light companies command higher prices than ever. The wireless system for short distances where cables are impracticable has today its own invaluable but limited field of usefulness. Outside of this it is little more than a scientific pastime.

The words "has introduced a bill in Congress," applied to a Senator or Representative, usually sound much larger than their ordinary meaning warrants. In order properly to estimate the value of the introduction of a bill one must remember that of twelve or fifteen thousand measures introduced a few hundred only are passed. As for proposed amendments to the Constitution, the infant mortality among them is appalling. Each new Congress sees a score or more of proposals for a "sixteenth amendment" to the Constitution. We shall doubtless see some amendments of such a thing; yet three amendments, all of which were consequences of a great Civil War, represent the only changes made in the Constitution since the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson.

Promptness, good sense, physical strength and modesty seem to be happily united in the person of a fourteen-year-old Illinois schoolgirl. She was on her way to school one morning recently, when she heard cries for help, and discovered that a man was struggling in the water of a nearby pond. She promptly wrenched a rail from a fence, dragged it across a field, pushed it out over the ice and drew the man in to safety. Then, being afraid she was late, she ran to school. When the man and his friends called later in the day to thank her, he found her sitting unconcernedly in her geography class. She had not mentioned the matter to any one. When the teacher complimented her before the school she blushed and said, "Why, what else could I do? It was nothing much. Any one could have done it. Only the rail was pretty heavy."

New York newspapers a few weeks ago were full of extended accounts of the "coming out" party in that city of Miss Adella Randolph, stepdaughter of William C. Whitney. Money was

poored out like water. Tens of thousands of rose buds, orchids by the wagon loads, festive greenery in profusion and the choicest output of the conservatories were used as decoration. The music was the highest priced that could be secured. Editorials have been written justly condemning this profuse display of wealth. The poor who huddle in their tenements read these descriptions and hate the rich. The ostentatious showing makes their poor lives more miserable by comparison. The transition from misery to viciousness is a short one. Read "Les Miserables" or a "Tale of Two Cities" and you will see what misery wrought in France a hundred years ago. But there is another side to the picture and it ought to be shown. The purchase of the flowers for this party gave employment to many. The money that was spent went into the channels of circulation. Every dollar paid to florist and the musician and the decorator and the drayman helped these persons. Nor can one envy the rich their showy pleasures. They entail many pains and much disappointed ambition. However elaborate the preparation some parvenu is likely to outdo it. Display brings its penalty. It costs more than it comes to. Many a rich man is poorer in the things that make for happiness than the veriest pauper.

After all, the big men of America are not the millionaires. The fellows who are raising hogs and cattle, the farmers and the stockmen show up in the aggregate in a way that makes the combined fortunes of a dozen financial kings look like playthings. Talk about expanding industries if you will, but don't forget that primarily this is a food-producing nation. It grows things to eat. It markets the substances that humanity must have, be the times good or bad. The market for pianos and gold watches may become depressed. Those who manufacture luxuries may feel the pinch of poverty at times. But as long as humanity eats, millions upon millions of money must flow to the United States. The United States has completed a census of the domestic animals of the country. It includes horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs and goats. The total is 223,121,737, and the aggregate value is \$3,485,691,965. The value of cattle alone is \$1,262,265,000 and of hogs \$298,228,000. The figures are so vast that their meaning is almost lost. A billion doesn't convey much information to the average mind. Let's try it another way. The aggregate value of live stock exceeds the total combined value of the products of the fields, forests and mines of the nation for the past year. Prices have advanced since the census was taken, and it is certain that the present value of all the live stock in the United States exceeds four thousand million dollars. The year 1901 was the greatest in the history of the business. Stock raisers, shippers and packers all made money. All along the line increases were shown. Chicago received over 3,000,000 cattle, 4,000,000 sheep and 9,000,000 hogs. Kansas City was a close second, and Omaha, Cincinnati and a dozen more cities made fine records.

In addressing the students of the University of Chicago A. C. Bartlett said recently that a young man who wishes to succeed in business ought to get a secondary school training that would make it possible for him not only to enter college without conditions but actually to spell correctly. Mr. Bartlett's opinion in this matter carries some weight. He is thoroughly familiar with the business world and ought to know the laws that govern it. It is true that his opinion conflicts with that of certain other people. It has been said in excuse of alleged laxity in teaching spelling that the art of spelling is merely an accomplishment; that it is no indication either of strength or of weakness of mind; that it is better to be able to think than to be able to spell; that an extremely foolish man may be able to spell every word in the language, while some extremely wise man may not be able to spell at all, and that in view of these facts spelling must be regarded as one of the minor graces of an education, harmless, perhaps even desirable, but by no means essential. With this view of the question Mr. Bartlett is evidently at variance. He is convinced that a boy should be taught spelling even if some other things have to be neglected. His reason is a simple one, but thoroughly convincing. It is this: Employers want their young men to be able to write business letters that will not stultify the firm in the eyes of its correspondents. It may be that the esteem in which good spelling is now held is nothing but blind prejudice, and that a man ought not to care whether his letters are well spelled or not. This may be. But the actual condition now and here is that men do esteem good spelling and that they do want their letters spelled in conformity with established custom. A wise young man who is entering business life will bear this in mind and will accommodate himself to circumstances, whatever he may think of their philosophical justification.

Answering a Question.

Some of the troubles of editorship are the letters which come to the editor from subscribers in search of information. The Bookman acknowledges the receipt of this letter from a correspondent who lives not a thousand miles from Boston.

"Do you ever realize that the emanations of human thought are never isolated and abstracted so that they stand without the universal consciousness, but that instead they form one endless continuity whereby through all the phases of literature, whether primitive or typical of high aesthetic cultivation, they are united by what is perhaps a subconscious but nevertheless an inherent and persistent striving after the complete and perfect expression of what is best in the human heart and intellect? Do you ever think of this?"

Happily the editor was equal to the occasion, and he replied in all the buoyancy of an optimistic nature:

"Yes, sometimes. By the way, in a couple of weeks it will be about time for buckwheat cakes."

Respectability may be contagious, but folk can't always catch it when they want it.

TIEN-TSIN AND PEKIN.

CHANGES WROUGHT IN CHINESE CITIES BY WAR.

Destruction of Tien-Tsin's Walls Is a Needed Lesson to People of Gravity of Crime Against Foreigners—Protecting the Legations in Peking.

Changes which have taken place in China as a result of the recent troubles are described by the Rev. Dr. John R. Hykes, agent of the American Bible Society in Shanghai, as follows:

"From Tangku to Tien-Tsin, a distance of thirty miles, not a town or village—not even a farmhouse—was left standing, and very few of them have been rebuilt. The country is a desolation and a terrible object lesson of the horrors of war. Tien-Tsin is so changed that one scarcely recognizes it. The large and populous village which had grown up around the railroad station was entirely destroyed, and is now only a mass of mud walls. The entire Chinese quarter in the French concession was burned during the siege, and wide streets have been laid out through what was, when we last saw it, a very beehive of industry. A magnificent street has been laid out along the river from the French concession to the native city. The city wall has been demolished, and a splendid roadway made on its site. This is a terrible humiliation to the Chinese, for it practically reduces 'the virtual capital of the empire' to the rank of a village. It has been the custom in China to punish cities for certain great crimes committed within their walls by tearing down one or more corners; so that the demolition of the entire walls of Tien-Tsin will impress upon the people the gravity of the crimes committed against foreigners. The business men and gentry of the city begged to be spared the humiliation, and offered to pay a large sum of money if the walls were spared.

"The great arsenal, which covered as much ground as the whole of the old foreign concession of Tien-Tsin, is a mass of blackened walls and smokestacks. The 'black fort' in the native city, and the tower from which the Chinese shelled the concession during the siege are being destroyed.

"In Peking a space of about two hundred yards between the legation walls and the wall of the Imperial city has been cleared of houses, and it is to be left open, so that an attacking force can find no cover. This open space opposite the British legation, right up to and under the walls of the Imperial city, has been honeycombed with tunnels for laying mines in case of necessity. Some of the legations are really forts. The walls are of heavy masonry, backed by earth and loopholed, with a guard of its own, at present 150 soldiers. As the Empress Dowager and her clique are to return to power, these precautionary measures are undoubtedly wise.

"All forms of mission work will be on a better and more secure basis than ever before. Missionaries are quietly returning to their stations, and they are being welcomed back by officials and people."—New York Evening Post.

SKINNY M'SWATT.

Offers Some Observations on Men Who Get the Money.

"Hully Gee!" said Reddy Maginnis. "Here's another bank cashier done de swift glide wit' half a million!"

"H'm!" said Skinny M'Swatt. "Dat sound familiar! Was he well respected?"

"He was. An'—"

"And he had de unwavering confidence of de whole community?"

"Yes. And he was pointed out as de model—"

"Cert. Dey always are. And dis fleet guy wit' de kleptomaniac and de ambition to travel sudden—was he mingled up wit' de Stock Exchange?"

"Yes. He got caught in Amalgamated Cop—"

"Cut it out, Reddy! Dat's an old song! But, of course, de poor victim of dis terrible disease known as kleptomaniac was undoubtedly de victim of some terrible and irresistible influence and wasn't responsible for his actions?"

"Dat's what his friends say!"

"Yes, it's de same story wit' no new whiskers. De man's name may be different, but de plot is de same, and it's as old as de Great American Play. Wit' its hero goin' to de war, de heroine bein' made to marry de heavy villain and de hero doin' de swift reny in time to save her and holler 'Aha!'"

"I don't make any difference who a man is; if he's bad, he's bad—and all de silk hats and sign-board collars, wit' a shave four times a week, ain't goin' to make him good."

"No matter if he does take a bath every morning, dere's always somethin' in a man dat won't wash out."

"But he'd be a trusted and highly respected employe for twenty years!" said Reddy.

"Course he had!" said Skinny. "Dey always are, I tell you! Dey're like dat jackass dat was good for five years just to get a good chance to kick! De better de man de bigger de rake-off! See? Same as any other graft."

"I tell you, Reddy, dere's a lot o' guys dat has a reputation for goodness dat never has a chance to be bad. A mule is a good citizen when he's over de fence, but you tain him loose next to a cabbage patch, and watch de silvers fly from his character!"

"It's enough to make a guy want to go away and die!" said Reddy Maginnis, loftily. "It's a sign dere's mighty few honest men in de world!"

"Back up!" said Skinny. "It's a sign dat dere is a lot o' honest men! When you tink of de millions and millions of de Iron dat passes two men's hands every day and not a cent of it copped out it's somethin' to make you join on de weep works wit' admiration. Mind, I ain't sayin' dat dey'd all be honest if dey didn't have to be! But when a man's honest give him what's comin' to him, even though he's forced to be good. It's more respectable to have neighbors who are supposed to be honest—even though we know in our hearts dat dey'd steal de nails out of our coffin if dey had de chance!"

"But what comfort is all dis to de poor depositor who has all his savings run off wit' de cashier?" asked Reddy.

"Well, at any rate, he has de comfort of knowin' dat his money was stole by a gentleman!" said Skinny M'Swatt.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GOOD TIMES OF OLD.

Elaborateness of Modern Functions Spoils the Fun.

"Did you ever think how complicated good times are nowadays?" asked one middle-aged man of another. "Remember what good times we used to have without any previous spread or ceremony? Well, those days were worth living in. When I watch my children trying to enjoy themselves it positively makes me tired. Everything is so studied, so elaborate, so mechanical. Take my daughter Grace, for instance. She receives an invitation to an 'informal whist party.' What does she do? Does she act pleased and dance around as her mother would have done twenty-five years ago? No, indeed. 'Oh, bother! What shall I wear? If I go I've simply got to get a new gown,' is what she says, and for the next week she is breaking her neck to get the rig ready. The affair comes off and she comes home and half the time she says she was bored to death. The fault isn't with her, for the next day a gang of her friends come in and by scraps of conversation which drift to her ears I know they were all bored. She is about the average type of girl, and no use talking she isn't having the fun her mother had. If she is invited to a really formal function it's enough to turn the whole house upside down. She doesn't get any real pleasure out of it at all, aside from the excitement, either. It's the same with my son John. But I won't go into details about John; only, when he ever takes a girl to the theater his pocket book looks as if an elephant had stepped on it afterward. There's violins and carriages, and a dozen other fool things, while if it's anything more pretentious than the theater, well, my check book suffers. Don't cheer, but the money if the boy really had a good time, but he doesn't. It's all right to talk about this being the age of the young person, but it's not. We used to get up simple, impromptu little affairs, invite a congenial crowd and no tomfoolery about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old larks we used to have. These poor, blase, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to the wall a bit with their precocious cleverness, but, oh, my, they are missing a lot just the same. Say, do you remember that little dance at—"

But at this point in the conversation the middle-aged man struck a reminiscence mood, so many more ideas which he happened to possess on the modern good time were left unsaid. But there is a lot in what he said, now, isn't there?—Hardford Times.

Guided by Himself.

The father of Thomas Jefferson died in 1757, and the son's situation was touchingly described by him years after in a letter written to his eldest grandson when he was sent from home to school for the first time. It is given in "The True Thomas Jefferson," by William E. Curtis. The letter was as follows:

"When I recollect that at 14 years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them, and become as worthless to society as they were."

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could become as they were."

His father left instructions for his education, and especially enjoined upon the widow not to permit him to neglect "the exercise requisite for his body's development." This strong man knew the value of strength, and used to say that a person of weak body could not have an independent mind.

Where Marion Crawford Writes.

F. Marion Crawford finds his ideal home in a breeze-swept villa, perched high on the picturesque cliffs of Sant' Angelo di Sorrento, overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples and its romantic shores. There is, indeed, no finer site to be found anywhere about this far-famed bay than that occupied by the "Villa Crawford," with its cheerful landward outlook over scattered towns, olive-clad hills, and fragrant orange groves dotted with white-walled dwellings, to where Vesuvius rears his mighty cone and Naples queens it among her subject villages, far out across the shining bay to the enchanting island of Ischia, set like a lustrous jewel in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The house itself is an unpretentious building of stucco and rough stone. It is reached by following a country road, overhung by olive, lemon and orange trees, for about a mile from Sorrento, then turning through a gray-stone gateway, embowered in ivy, and going along a narrow driveway almost to the verge of the cliff, where the villa stands, some two hundred feet above the bay.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Detected.

"I've been to Paris," she remarked, in accents supercilious.

"The other ladies as you harked."

"With jealousy as you billowed."

"I've also been to Rome," quoth she.

And after this disclosure she sat her down where all might see and envy her composure.

Each lass confessed a certain doubt, with much ado and chatter they set themselves to finding out the truth about the matter. They learned—the fall, alas, was great. But pride was e'er unlovely—Her Rome was down in Georgia State, Her Paris in Kentucky.—Washington Star.

And She Did.

Wife (an invalid)—The end is near, John. I'm sinking fast. Be a kind father to the motherless children.

Husband—Oh, don't worry about the motherless children. I'll soon get another mother for them.

Wife (sitting up in bed)—Oh, you will, eh? Well, I guess you won't. I'll get well now if it kills me.—Chicago News.



CHAPTER X.

Long since the moon had mounted the heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad stars keep company with it, the hush of sleep nature pays homage to it. Solenely, slowly, from the old belfry tower the twelve strokes of midnight have sounded on the air.

Vera, rising cautiously from beside Griselda, who is, as usual, sleeping the sleep of the just, slips gently on to the bare white floor across which the moonbeams are traveling delicately.

Sleep has deserted her. Weary at last of her efforts to lose consciousness, she drifts into a drowsy state, and her half thoughts in unbecomingness, she determines to rise and try what study may do for her. She steps lightly across the room, opens the door and speeds with all haste over the corridor, gaunt and ghostly in the dim light, down the grand old staircase, and enters a room on the left of the library, where one day she made the discovery that comfort was to be found here.

Striking a match, she lights a lamp upon a side table and proceeds to examine the book shelves. Taking down one that she thinks will please her, Vera kneels upon one of the deep window seats, looks out at the dark garden, and, as if in a dream, begins to think her pleasant sojourn at an end.

She has neared the shrubbery and involuntarily turns her glance the way as they lie upon her left; involuntarily, too, she seeks to pierce the darkness that envelops them when she stops, and presses her hand convulsively to her breast. Who is it—what is it, moving there, in the mysterious gloom?

"Don't be frightened. It is I, Seaton," says a most unbecoming voice.

"Ah!" she says. She is angry beyond doubt, and she is further angered by the knowledge that there is more of relief than coldness in the simple exclamation.

"I had no idea you were here at all," she says, faintly, after a pause that has grown sufficiently long to be awkward.

"I am afraid I have startled you. If I had known I should not, of course, have come here."

"You make it very hard for me," she says, with a touch of passionate impatience.

"That is unjust," says he, roused in turn. "To make your life easier is my heart's desire."

"Are you succeeding, do you think?" Does it, with gathering storm, "make me any more comfortable when you come to see that you stay away, or only come here at hours inconvenient to you, because—because of me?"

She turns aside sharply, and walks a step or two away from him. Somehow at this instant, the growing chill of the early night seems to her more sharply on her senses, and a shiver not to be suppressed stirs her whole frame.

"You are cold," he exclaims, coming up to her with a hasty stride. "What madness it is, your being out at this hour! Come, come back to the house!"

She agrees silently to this proposition, and follows him across the grass to the small oaken door that had given her egress—only to find it barred against her!

Seaton, having tried it, glances at her in mute dismay.

"Grudge must have fastened it, on her way to bed. The bolt is drawn," says he, slowly.

"Do you mean that I can't get in?" asks she, as if unable to credit so terrible an announcement.

"Oh, I dare say it can't be so bad as that," he hastily replies, "but, as it is, I hardly know how to explain, 'the front door is of course locked and chained, and the servants, with the exception of Grunch, all asleep at the top of the house; a late arrangement of my father's, as the original servants' quarters lie below. I am afraid, therefore, that we have knocked forever. It would have no effect. However, I can try to do something not to stay here in the cold."

"You may feel it cold. I don't," returns she, perversely. "Not so long as the moonlight lasts, shall I find it lonely either. I'm raising her indignantly, beautiful eyes to his—'I assure you I shall be quite happy out here, even though I stay till the day dawns and the doors are open again.'"

"Happy?" As he repeats her word he looks at her with a keen scrutiny. "A word out of place, surely; given the best conditions, I hardly dare to believe you could ever be 'happy' at Greycourt."

"Happy or unhappy," she says, with quick resentment, her mind being distressed by this awkward fear of having to pass the night under any circumstances, "surely it can be nothing to you! Why affect an interest in one who is as hateful to you as I am?" A little fire has fallen into her tone, and there is a suppressed contempt in the eyes she lifts to his. Perhaps he is driven by it into an anger that leads to his betrayal.

"Hateful to me!" he says, in a low tone, one full of fierce and sudden passion—passion long suppressed. "You honestly believe that?" His manner is almost violent, and as he speaks he catches both her hands in his, and crushes them vehemently against his breast. "I would to heaven," he says, miserably, "that that were so!"

As if stupefied by surprise, Vera stands motionless, her hands lying passively in his. She is aware that he is looking at her, with a new, wild, strange expression in his eyes, but a horrible sense of being powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she struggles with herself, he bends over her, and presses warm, fervent kisses on the small, cold hands.

Then she is aroused indeed from her drowsy lethargy, and by a sharp movement wrenches herself free.

"Don't," she cries, faintly; "it is insufferable. I cannot bear it! Have you no sense of honor left?"

Her tone calms him, but something within him revolts against the idea of apology. He loves her—let her know it. He will not go back from that, though her scorn sail him.

"There is nothing dishonorable," he says, steadily. "I love you; I am glad you know it. Despite me if I am glad to see you as I know you are, I can be better for the thought that I have laid bare to you all my heart. And now—you cannot stay here," he goes on quickly, "as though fearing to wait for her next words; 'the night is cold and damp. There is the summer house over there, pointing in its direction; 'go and rest there, till I call you.'"

Vera hastens to the shelter suggested, and sinking down upon the one seat it contains, a rickety rustic chair in the last

stage of decay, given way to the one powerful fatigue that for the last time has been oppressing her. Reluctantly she does this, and quite unconsciously she is determined to fight sleep. She looks listlessly, nervously, around her, lying at her feet, disturbed all her preconceived fancies. It must have slipped from her when she rose. Remembering her own earnestly, she acknowledges unwillingly that it is Seaton's coat, a light gray one. When she was asleep, lost to all knowledge of friend or foe, then he had come and placed that coat across her shoulders.

Her eyes are large and languid with sleep broken and unsatisfied, her hair lies ruffled on her low, broad brow. She looks timidly, nervously, around her, as one expecting anything but what she whole air is shrinking, and her whole self altogether lovely.

To the young man standing in his white sleeves, half hidden among the laurels and looking at her, with admiration and a touch of melancholy in his glance, she seems the very incarnation of all things desirable.

He presses her hand and hurries her over the short, dewy grass into the shrubbery that form an effectual screen from all observation of those in the garden beyond, and so on until they come to the small oaken doorway through which she had passed last night, and which has proved more foe than friend.

Once inside the longed-for portal, her first impulse is a natural one; it is to rest as fast as her feet can carry her to her own room.

(To be continued.)

COACHMAN KEPT HIS DIGNITY.

Incidentally His Employer Paid His Way in a Roundabout Fashion.

This is one of the many stories that are floating about town concerning a man very well known in the capital, who is spending the summer in England, says the Washington Post. He has taken a country house over there for the season, and is living a grand seigneur with a troop of dear old English servants, so their English has discovered, are quite unlike the menials to whom he is accustomed in his own country. They are specialists. Each one of them is kind for some one particular work, and professional etiquette forbids them to trespass on each other's preserve. How strictly they keep them each to his own work the American did not know till, sauntering idly out of the house one day, he espied a watering can, which had been left by a gardener at a little distance from the mansion on the edge of the drive. It occurred to him that it would be amusing to play at being a gardener. He would water the flowers himself. So, calling to a man servant, who happened to be passing, he bade him fetch the watering can. The man straightened his self up and touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, in a tone of respect not unmixed with surprise. "I'm the coachman, sir."

"All right," answered the American. "Bring me that can."

"Beg pardon, sir," repeated the man. "but I'm the coachman, sir."

"Well, well," said the American. "I know you're the coachman. Bring me the can."

The coachman touched his cap again and repeated his former remark. Light dawned on the American.

"Oh," said he, "you're the coachman are you? Well, coachman, you go round to the stables and have my fourth-hand brought round at once."

The coachman saluted and walked away. The coach and four drew up at the door a few minutes later. The master climbed in.

"Now," said he, "drive me to that watering can."

The order was obeyed. The horse paused a hundred yards down the drive.

"Get down and hand me the can now," ordered the master.

A moment later he was contentedly watering the flowers. He had the coachman's dignity had been preserved, and all was well.

Is a Monarch a Vagabond?

Here is a story of leze majeste in Germany which is the oddest yet. At Dantzig a barrack attendant named Luka, whose functions were of a menial description, was nicknamed "Monarch" by the soldiers. Elsewhere, no doubt, such a cognomen would confer honorary rank, even though no civil list were attached to it by the state.

Among Herr Luka's comrades, however, and according to the phraseology of the city of Dantzig, to be a monarch is counted anything but an honor. In various regions of West Prussia the word denotes tramp, vagabond, loiterer or vagrant. Herr Luka, although doted by nature to a humble post in life, indignantly refused to be dubbed a monarch.

"So far as I know," said Luka, "a monarch is a vagabond."

Some evil-minded enemy overheard the remark, reported him to the agents of the law as having insulted the King's majesty, and Luka was dismissed his appointment. On the case coming up for trial the public prosecutor demanded a penalty of six months imprisonment and one year's loss of honor and civil rights. Happily for the defendant, there was an astute judge upon the bench, imbued as much with common sense as with knowledge of the law. He pointed out the significance of the word "monarch" in West Prussia, and was satisfied that the defendant, understanding only this use of it, was merely vindicating his own personal honor. This was not leze majeste. He therefore acquitted the defendant and mulcted the prosecution in costs.

No Book of Instructions.

Wearily Watkins—I see here in the paper about how to get on a trolley car and off.

Hungry Higgins—I bet you won't see no piece about how to get on and off of freight cars. That kind of thing comes by nature, or it don't come at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Strike at Golf.

Good man—Do you know what comes of little boys that use bad words when they are playing marbles?

Bad boy—Yep! Dey grows up and plays golf.