

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

Some men seek justice and some have it forced upon them.

The French call it "a vie intense," and we must say it is a relief.

It is because the world loves to be amused that all the world loves a lover.

France is to make the French duel a felony. Ping-pong will surely come in as a misdemeanor.

Old Mr. Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, was comparatively a young man when he began to be tried for the murder of Goebel.

Somehow a man fails to swell with importance when he is told that he is a happy hunting ground for countless germs.

Dr. Mary Walker is sympathizing with Mrs. Mollinex. It only remains now for the latter to win Mrs. Nation over to her side.

According to the opinion of the average man there are a great many worse and but few better men in the world than himself.

The Sultan of Morocco, who has had the skulls of twenty rebels nailed to the gates of Fez, can beat the yellow journals at making "sacred heads."

Mr. Carnegie's former private secretary says that the chief characteristic of the great philanthropist is "this egregious vanity." We beg to differ. It is his egregious bank roll.

A German scientist has found that 12,000,000 bacteria inhabit the skins of half a pound of cherries. The lonesome worm inside, however, is the fellow that causes most of the trouble.

After perusing the President's message any railroad that does not block its frogs should not creak if it gets into trouble. An unblocked frog is a bootjack that often takes the man off with the boot.

A New York man has been arrested for helping another to commit suicide. The fellow who shoots another for refusing to stand still and be robbed might be held on a similar charge—if he could ever be caught.

Two deputy United States marshals in a northwestern State who traveled on passes and then charged their railroad fare to the government have been sent to the penitentiary to reflect. Suppose a member of Congress should travel on a pass and then accept mileage?

"Alah does not count from life the days spent in the chase," says the Arab. Lovers of outdoor games do not shun from their estimated length of days the time passed in seeing or playing. One reason is that the open air is now more popular than at any period since Adam.

Representatives of French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Austrian and English railways met in Paris recently to make arrangements for a through train service from the French capital across Europe and Asia to Peking. When these through trains are operated they will make the journey across the United States by rail seem short in comparison. It will take eighteen or nineteen days to cover the distance between the terminals.

Anyone who thinks the world is not growing more tolerant should compare the situation of Jews in London seventy-five or a hundred years ago with the status of the English Jew to-day. Sir Marcus Samuel, the new Lord Mayor of London, belongs to the race. In fact, he is the fourth Jewish Lord Mayor—and he had his inaugural procession pass through Petticoat Lane in the heart of the ghetto last month to show his people that they were winning honors among the Gentiles.

"England is years ahead of us in some things," says one of the three American generals who inspected the German army maneuvers and were entertained in London on their way back. "but we had a running start in story telling a hundred years ago, and she will never catch up." The generals, famous story tellers, carried a batch of good stories abroad, and told them to kings, lesser nobilities and grizzled warriors, to the great joy of the hearers and the general benefit of humanity. This is a kind of American invasion that rises no protest from press or Parliament; yet we shall find it much easier to do business with commercial rivals after they and we have laughed together.

A great New York church has a modern pawnshop connected with its parish house. Last year the loans reached the large sum of eighty thousand dollars. The rate of interest charged is one per cent a month—a small fraction of that charged by the professional lenders. That it is the worthy and honest who are helped by the scheme is proved by the fact that of the two hundred thousand dollars lent during the last three years, less than seven hundred dollars has been lost. Of course strict business principles are observed in the shop, but there is always a sympathetic heart behind the method, and the loan may be followed by that personal friendship and service which are for the distressed and at once a safeguard and a blessing.

"Mrs. Dominis, of Honolulu," is the way the Washington newspaper reporters write it. "The lady herself signs: 'H. M. Queen Liloukalan.' Mrs. Dominis is located at the Elbert House at the capital and with her lobby is waiting for Congress to give her \$3,000,000 as compensation for crown lands confiscated by the Hawaiian republic. She will doubtless wait a long time. "Queen Lil" is the victim of her own perverseness. Whether on the throne or off she has conspired until she alienated her best friends. In trying to disfranchise all except the

DISCOVERIES IN PALESTINE.

Result of Excavation for Vienna Academy of Sciences.

Dr. Sellin, professor at the evangelical theological faculty in Vienna, has given an account of the results of the excavations which he carried out in Palestine for the Vienna Academy of Sciences. During a previous visit to the holy land he had noticed a large mound, or small hill, which he considered was probably of artificial origin, and might conceal the remains of some ruined city. On his return he induced the Academy of Sciences to provide him with necessary funds to excavate the site. It lies near the village of Tanna, one day's journey from Jaffa and three days from Jerusalem. The permission of the Sultan having been obtained, Professor Sellin started for Palestine again with the necessary equipment, and after some little difficulty with the people of the locality began his excavations on March 9, employing as many as 150 workmen.

Under the mound no fewer than four castles or fortresses were discovered. In the middle were the ruins of an Arabian castle; on the east a castle of the period of King Solomon; on the northwest one of a late Israelite period; while on the west was found the earliest of them all—one of pre-Israelite or Canaanite date. All the castles had been plundered before they were destroyed, so that no valuables were found, but objects of stone and clay and weapons were discovered, which assist in fixing the approximate date of the various buildings. The Canaanite castle is the oldest, built of unburnt bricks of stone, which show no marks of the chisel. Inside lay fragments of images such as are mentioned in the Bible and also a number of small ornaments made of stone and earthenware, mostly representing beetles, scarabs and other insects and bearing inscriptions. There, too, were some rude weapons and vessels. The professor puts the date of this castle at about 2,000 years before Christ and suggests that it was destroyed by the Israelites, perhaps under Solomon, who proceeded to build their own fortress. Though this second building has also suffered considerably, enough remains to show that it belongs to the so-called Solomon castles. In both, curiously enough, were found idols, vessels and other objects belonging to religious rites, such as a sacrificial pillar of stone, with an opening for libations, a stone altar and—the most important find of all—an earthenware altar in the form of a throne, adorned with cherubs and lions.

This is the only existing representation of cherubim of that date. They appear as human heads, with a lion's body and wings.

The late Israelite castle appears to have been a fortress only. The Arabian castle shows more architectural skill than the others in its arches, etc., and recalls the style of the period of Haroun al Rashid. Vessels and lamps were found and inscriptions of a religious character. Beneath the ruins of all the castles human remains were found buried with vessels bearing inscriptions, while close to the Solomon castle a cemetery for children seems to have existed. Professor Sellin, according to the London Standard, describes the excavation of the Canaanite castle as his chief feat, for, though remains of such castles have been previously discovered by Englishmen, none have hitherto been completely laid bare. He is of opinion that he will now be able to draw a complete picture of the civilization of the Israelites and Canaanites in Palestine. Most of the objects found have been sent to the museum in Constantinople, but efforts will be made to bring some of them to Vienna.

To Tell a Man's Age.

You can tell a man's age pretty well by the texture of his skin, by the relative abundance of the hair on his head, and especially by the quality of his voice, but the real touchstone is how much he thinks of the women.

This may mean either that his mind is on them most of the time, and that the rustle of a petticoat (any petticoat) is the most rousing of all musical sounds; or it may mean that he rates them high, mentally and morally. Something really ought to be done about the English language. It is getting ambiguous and ambiguous every day. But I can't stop now to fix it. I must be getting on. After all, it doesn't matter in this particular instance. It comes to the same thing in the end in either case, for if a man thinks highly of women and does not think of them long at a time, he is no longer young; and he is a boy of 21 that thinks of them most of the time, but holds that, though mighty alluring, as far as their having much sense is concerned, it isn't worth talking about.

An apparent exception are the old beaux, the men who make a virtue of having all their own teeth, that consciously hollow their backs, and hold heads up by rule when they go out walking, whose eyes trail after the girls coming home from high school with their books under their arms. These are apple trees blossoming in a warm October. But they emphasize the fact that apple trees blossom in the early spring.—Albion's.

Never Heard of Her.

On a crowded trolley car the other morning two men were carrying on a conversation between glances at their respective newspapers. The older man was commenting upon some incident that had evidently occurred the evening previous and his companion was listening as attentively as he could and studying the market report in front of his eyes.

"That speech was worthy of Mrs. Malaprop," said the dignified old gentleman.

"Ah," replied his companion, looking up with sudden interest. "Is she a friend of yours? Do I know her?"

With a peculiar expression on his face the older man glanced at the bland youth as he answered: "No. She's a myth." Then he gave his undivided attention to his newspaper.

Cruelty No Name for It.

Clara—Don't you think it is cruel to wear birds on hats?

Maude—Worse that that—it's unfashionable.—Brooklyn Life.

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Weasel Capture.

"What's up there? Surrender upon your lives!"

The combat between Hammersley and Follett had reached a point at which one or the other must soon yield. The trapper, sitting on the defensive, fought desperately, having released his grasp upon the Canadian's throat and drawn his knife. But the half-breed was more desperate.

With the Lord of the Desert now his enemy, his only hope was in retreating such service for Egan that the latter would accept him into his band of marauders, a life that he really coveted. When the trapper released his throat he seized the trapper's hand as it drew the knife from the sheath and each, now on equal terms, struggled desperately.

The right hand of each clasped an ugly knife, while the left of each held the other's right wrist with a vice-like grip. It was now a question of strength and physical endurance. The one who first weakened would forfeit his life! The trapper would not take life wantonly, but would take it if necessary, and now stirred to his uttermost only waited the opportunity to plunge his weapon to the hilt in his antagonist's breast.

Time and again a half-triumphant smile flashed over the dark face of the half-breed as he thought he saw the trapper weakening. It was a battle royal. Neither of these men had ever been defeated in single combat. One had fought with the fiercest animals of the desert, and the other had battled with the fiercest of men. Both in the prime of life and possessing unflinching courage, such an encounter would have been a prize-winner in the arena of old.

A catlike movement of the half-breed and the trapper dropped to his hands. A sudden lurch and a snarl came over the face of the Canadian as he thought the battle was about to end in his favor! But the trapper was as firm as the deepest rocks about him. He rose like a Samson, backed his antagonist against a boulder, and grappled with the half-breed's wrist, which held the numerous knife, until the bones fairly ground together, he began slowly to force the point of his knife to the Canadian's breast as the latter began to weaken and give way.

It was then that the shout: "What's up there?—surrender upon your lives!" came.

General Crook and a squad of picked scouts had been out on a reconnoitering expedition, and while on their return to the fort had been attracted by the commotion which was too busily engaged to hear them approach.

There was but one thing to do and that was to obey orders. Each attempted to explain himself, but the stern old soldier ordered them "forward" and told them they could explain at the fort.

It was after midnight when they reached the fort. General Crook had the two prisoners brought to his quarters. The half-breed succeeded in getting the general's ear first. He explained that Martin Lyle, known as the Lord of the Desert, was besieged in his home by a large band of Indians and that he had escaped through their lines and was on his way to the fort to ask for relief when he was arrested from the roadside by the trapper.

Hammersley was non-plussed. It came his turn to explain, but being a man of veracity he did not know how to meet a liar. But he related his story in a straightforward manner without comment, and remembering the message from the Lord of the Desert, he drew it forth and handed it to the general.

"Both stories seem to be straight," said General Crook. "But No. 1 is dark enough to have Indian blood in him, and the other's ear first. He is of proof is cast upon him. But you may put them both in safe-keeping until morning and we will take them along with us to the 'Stone House' they tell about and let this 'Lord of the Desert' identify his message."

Immediately upon the departure of the guard with the prisoners, General Crook gave orders for the preparation of ten days' rations for one company of soldiers, and ordered the march to begin at daybreak the next morning.

Shortly after the departure of the guard and the prisoners, the shout "halt!" then a gunshot, followed by several others, was heard.

"What means this?" asked the general of a staff officer as he rushed to the door.

"Just as we had unlocked the door of the guard-house," replied the officer with a salute. "This prisoner drew a knife like a flash, stabbed the nearest guard, and made a break for liberty, and had he not run into the arms of a detachment of soldiers who were on their way to bed, he would have made good his escape."

"Search him to the skin, place him in irons and release the other prisoner," promptly ordered the general. "I might have known that that Indian was a liar!" said the old warrior to himself.

The general was about half undressed and was hurrying to bed in order to get a little sleep before the early morning march when he was disturbed again. An officer was admitted who had long been on the general's staff and who, with a familiarity with which such association connotes, said: "We searched the prisoner and here is what we found next to his skin." At the same time producing a belt with a bag attached to it.

General Crook opened the bag and, to his astonishment, found the \$10,000 therein.

"Well, if this don't beat me!" said the old warrior. "I don't think I have ever seen such a thing before. Most incompressible being on earth. Where on earth did he get this money? What on earth was he going to do with it? If this ain't a puzzle! Send for his companion—or rather the man whom we brought here with him."

Hammersley was sent for and again told his story, not varying one point. "Has anyone in that country great wealth?" inquired General Crook.

"The Lord of the Desert is supposed to be very rich," replied the trapper.

"You say he and the 'Lord' are friends?" queried the officer.

"Yes, in crimes and damnable deeds," replied the trapper.

"What do you know?" asked General Crook.

"I know a great deal, General," replied the trapper. "It is a long story, and some of it is yet unfinished," he continued, "but when we reach the Stone House I hope to enlighten you."

General Crook then informed the trapper of the finding of the money on the person of Follett.

"I think I understand it now," said Hammersley, after hearing this. "Follett—that is the half-breed's name—knew that I had been requested to come to you, and for some reason he decided to intercept me and prevent your learning of the predicament of the Lord of the Desert, and intended, after killing me, to make his escape. I can explain it in no other way. Before attacking me with his knife he must have attempted to shoot me, for I am sure I heard the snap of a revolver hammer or that of a gun."

"Here are his weapons," said one of the officers, and upon examination it was found that the hammer of one of the revolvers rested on a percussion cap that had failed to explode, though the hammer condition showed that an attempt had been made to fire it.

"Guard him close and see that he is kept here until my return," commanded the general, as he dismissed those present and placed the bag of money in the iron repository of the command.

Long before the dawn of day the soldiers were astride. Everything was work and bustle about the fort, in preparation for the march at break of day. At this time the march would begin, for General Crook was an officer of the old school and his orders would not be varied to a hair's breadth in any detail.

At dawn of day the company moved out with General Crook and his staff in the lead, and Hammersley as chief guide and scout. It was the purpose of the march by day for two days and then to change the march to night time, so as not to be detected by the Indians in the vicinity of the Stone House.

It was also planned to reach that point between midnight and dawn, and attack the Indians at dawn.

After the departure of one company from a small garrisoned fort, the place looked deserted. The post had been only recently established, and most of the men were kept busy constructing the buildings about the fort. Many of them were in the mountains throughout the day securing timber for the buildings, while the hammers about the fort reminded one of the building of a new town.

Even the guardhouse was a crude affair, hurriedly thrown together to imprison refractory soldiers.

Follett began planning early to escape. He saw that if once freed from the irons on his legs, that he could break his way through the roof at night and get away unobserved.

When the last meal was brought that night he implored the soldier to assist him in removing the irons, but the soldier had no sympathy for him. Although the wounded guard was only slightly injured, there was not a soldier in the fort that was not prejudiced against the man who had made the knife thrust.

But there was a certain pluck that seemed almost to defy the wicked and the daring for a certain length of time. Loophole after loophole offered them for escape, and opportunity after opportunity for reform. The case of Dan Follett was no exception.

Upon testing the locks of the irons which bound his ankles he discovered that one had but little bite, and it was easy to draw forth the bolt and likewise release one limb. With one limb free he tied the loose end of the shackle to the belt at his waist, and when all was quiet in the fort he silently removed the slabs at the corner of the roof and climbed out and stole away like a cat.

Once among the rocks of the desert, he pounded the remaining lock into pieces and was soon walking as free as before he fell into the hands of the soldiers.

Fortune still favored him farther. He found his stolen Indian pony still tied fast in the gulch, where he had left it the night of his capture, and mounting the animal he rode away like the villain on the stage, he exclaimed:

"Now for a ride night and day! I will beat General Crook and his men to the Stone House and warn Egan of his danger, and we will away to the Stone House and from that point continue to harass Uncle Sam and his subjects to the end of our lives!" Hammersley, the trapper, and Lyle, the 'Lord of the Desert,' you may yet fall into the clutches of the half-breed!

CHAPTER XXII.

Cruel Revenge.

The siege is nearing a crisis at the Stone House. Almost a week has passed since the arrival of Egan and his braves. He has been reinforced almost daily, until the plain swarms with savages. His last reinforcement arrived at nightfall, and the morning is set apart to determine the long-drawn-out struggle.

The Lord of the Desert has truly risen to the desperate man that he has kept his enemy at bay. His braves have been kept at the long bows and a standing reward of \$50 for every fatal shot fired has been offered, with a discount of \$10 for every wasted load of ammunition. The results have been astounding. Nearly every bullet that has been sent forth has found a victim. Once, twice, thrice, four, five times have the Indians been repulsed by the wonderful marksmanship of the cowboys. It seemed impossible to reach the stone wall, so fatal were the shafts of lead.

Trampling had been attempted, but the rocks, so numerous a few feet beneath the soil, made this impossible at every point. The impatience of Old Egan grew beyond control. At nightfall he had called a coun-

cil of the chiefs. He determined to end the siege. "Tomorrow," he said, "when the morning star begins to fade, I will lead my men over the stone wall. We will capture the 'White Grizzly' and his cubs, and my men may put them to torture! We will divide his guns and powder and shot among the bravest warriors, and his wealth shall go to the chiefs who are the first to cross the wall. Then we will drive away his cattle and his horses to our villages, and the hungry squaws and children shall feast!"

In the quiet preparation for the morning attack an unusual silence pervaded the place. The Lord of the Desert was the more watchful. He had long been taught that Indian silence was not a sign of inactivity. He cast many glances in the direction of the fort, and it was high time that assistance should arrive.

He sometimes doubted. Was the trapper absent from home? Could it be possible that he had refused to go his errand? He knew that the trapper could be depended upon in all points of humanity, but his guilty conscience told him that he did not merit aid from any human hand. What had become of Dan Follett? Oh, he was merely sulking in some safe retreat—perhaps doing him a service in some way! "Dan will show up," he said. "I can always count on Dan showing up," exclaimed the Lord of the Desert, half audibly.

The Lord of the Desert had not thought of looking after the safety of his treasure for all these days, or perhaps he would not have thought so favorably of Dan, and confided so earnestly in his "showing up."

But Dan Follett "showed up." Not as the friend of the besieged of the Stone House, but to warn Egan and his followers of their danger.

It was nearly dawn when he arrived, for he had been compelled to travel a long distance since nightfall to arrive ahead of General Crook and his command. He had passed them during the day, by shadowing them from behind the rimrocks, but after the plain was reached between the rimrocks he was convinced that he was compelled to settle himself until night to prevent them from seeing him.

He knew that Crook's men would arrive at the Stone House between midnight and dawn, and he did not hesitate in his course. He rode boldly up to the warriors, who immediately surrounded him. He demanded a conference with Old Egan.

When brought before the bandit chief the latter mistrusted him, but he told the story partly in detail, and the Indian was finally convinced. But it was not long until he had positive proof. Indian scouts had been sent out hurriedly, and one of their number soon returned bringing the news that men numerous as the stars were coming, armed with long guns with long knives on the ends of the barrels.

Old Egan took in the situation at a glance. He dismissed his warriors and beckoned Follett to remain.

"We have been enemies," he said to the Canadian. "Now we will be friends. We have but little time to talk, but it is important. Indian like revenge. Trapper has done me great wrong now. Trapper did you great wrong! You may go live with my people. You may be my friend. You know the 'White Grizzly's' niece; she not dead?"

(To be continued.)

The Washington Iron works at Seattle, Wash., has voluntarily reduced the working day of its employees from ten to nine hours, with no reduction of pay.

Indian fishermen at Neah Bay, near Port Townsend, Wash., to the number of 150 struck against a reduction of 2 cents per fish, causing the canneries to close.

A Parisian cloth manufacturer is reported to have invented a method of manufacturing perfumed cloth, the perfume being guaranteed to last as long as the fabric.

A union of pipe-makers was formed at Philadelphia, Pa., for the purpose of securing increased wages and shorter working hours. There are seventy-five men in the local trade.

Mr. Chen, proprietor of the Tsing Tai firm of Kobe, Japan, has purchased a spinning mill at Shanghai, in which 20,000 spindles are in operation and 1,500 operatives are at work under five Japanese overseers.

There are serious labor difficulties at Johannesburg, South Africa, and the attempt of influential English mining houses to remedy the scarcity of labor by the introduction into the colony of Chinese is meeting with strong opposition.

The Central Federated Union of New York sent a communication to the Board of Aldermen asking them to have the commissioner of public works insert a clause that only members of trades unions be employed. The board passed a resolution to that effect, but the law department rendered an opinion that is class legislation and cannot be enforced.

Labor papers in the Northwest report that the Great Northern Railway will replace its Japanese workmen throughout the Western States with European labor, and that the change will be made as soon as practicable. The railway company is understood to have found the work of the brown men unprofitable, and the change is in the nature of an experiment.

Arrangements have been made by the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore, Md., to insure the lives of the 3,000 conductors and motor-men in its employ. In case of fatal accident \$1,000 is to be paid to the representatives of the victim. The company is to pay the entire cost, but the men must accept this proposition as a settlement of any claim against the company.

The National Manufacturers' Association has sent out confidential clerks to its members asking them to fight the movement of the labor unions for the shorter workday, claiming that the shorter workday is revolutionary. According to the circular, committees will be named to bring the matter to the attention of the next Congress to prevent the enactment of such a law in that body.

FLASHES OF FUN

Never Goes Amiss: A woman never hits what she aims at unless she throws a kiss.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Gyer—Raid heads remind me of kind words. Myer—What's the answer? Gyer—They can never dye.—Chicago Daily News.

He (cautiously)—What would you say if I should ask you to be my wife? She (more cautiously)—Why don't you ask me and find out.—Chicago News.

The Visitor—How is your baby? Trained Nurse—First rate! He is getting so now I can occasionally leave him with his mother!—Harper's Bazar.

"Your husband appears to be such a thoughtful man." "Oh, he is! He never forgets to caution me about keeping down the household expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

"Your uncle is a very religious man, I understand." "Oh, yes, indeed! He positively hates everybody who belongs to any other church than his own."—Boston Transcript.

Their Cooks: "Muggins—My cook left because we refused to treat her as one of the family. Buggins—Humph! My cook expects to be treated as company."—Philadelphia Record.

Naturally: Rita—Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking? Nina—He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative.—Princeton Tiger.

Casey—Well, ye can't prevent what's past an' gone. Cassidy—Shure, ye could av ye only acted quick enough. Casey—How could ye? Cassidy—Shit it before it happens.—Tit-Bits.

Bunkoed Again: "I don't think much of this museum," said Jinks; "why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in, up to New York, has two."—Baltimore American.

Home Is Best: She—You didn't stay long in London. He—No, I couldn't stand it. Over there, everybody knew me for an American right away. Here, in New York, no one ever suspects it.—Decemner Smart Set.

"You say your pastor is introducing novelties into the pulpit?" "Alas, yes! He has left the well-beaten paths of politics, society, finance and vice, and is introducing discourses on the Bible and the New Testament."—Puck.

"Is her social position an assured one?" "I should say so! Why, it's bounded on the north by two generations of scandals; on the east by Newport; on the south by ten millions; and on the west by South Dakota."—Ex.

The Friendly Shadows of Night: Old Crustlegh—How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza? Young Gayboy—Gad, now that I've seen her by daylight I wonder myself.—Decemner Smart Set.

The professor laid his overcoat closely about him as he walked down the long, narrow passageway between the two rows of split logs hanging up in the great packing house. "The aisles of grease!" he muttered.—Chicago Tribune.

"They had one of the strangest marriages recorded for a long time." "In what respect?" "In every respect. Why, both parents on both sides were present, there was nothing sudden or secret about it and their own clergyman performed the ceremony."—Judge.

"I suppose you're trying to think up a lie to tell your wife when you get home," said the first clubman. "No, indeed," replied the other, "I'm going to tell her the truth." "Surely you're not?" "I certainly am, because she's sure not to believe me."—Philadelphia Press.

Grizzly Pete (reading)—It says here a chap just shot the rapids of Niagara in a barrel. Bunco Bill—Huh! Properly crouched down low an' shot out of the bunglehole; but them Rappids of Niagara must be a powerful soft family to let a chap plug 'em like that.—Judge.

"But what will you do when all the vermiform appendices shall have been removed?" The great surgeon smiled. "I was reading only to-day," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out." "Without killing the patient?" "How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and laughed outright.—Life.

Missed a Sale: "I am selling a new cyclopaedia," began the well-dressed man who had been ushered into the reception room on the strength of his make-up; "would you care to look at it?" "Tain't no use," replied Mrs. Neurich; "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them fool things."—Chicago Daily News.

The Day After Thanksgiving: "What are the probabilities for to-morrow?" asked the star boarder of the drug clerk, who was looking over the paper. The drug clerk turned to the weather page, and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read: "For to-morrow and Saturday, hash, followed by turkey soup and croquettes."—Judge.

Hints for an Insomniac: If you can't get to sleep, count three billions, taking care to pronounce each number slowly and distinctly. If this does not prove effective, get out of bed and turn eighteen handsprings. Observe a proper regard for the uniformity of the thing, and see that they are of the same size and velocity. If you still are unable to get into the Land of Nod, take a walk around the block, and then, if this means fails, go and find a big man and tell him he lies. He'll put you to sleep.—Town Topics.

World's Largest Emerald.

A vase cut from a single emerald has been preserved in a cathedral in Genoa, Italy, 600 years. It is the largest gem of the kind in the world, the dimensions being diameter, twelve and a half inches, height, five and three-quarter inches. Every precaution is used to insure safe keeping. Several locks must be opened to reach it, and the key of each lock is in the possession of a different man.

Lawyers have no excuse for going hungry, as the statutes have lots of provisions in them.