HUMOR

HIS FRACTURED GIFT.

Their Engagement Was Abruptly Terminated.

There is a certain young gentleman in [illegible] who is carrying an engagement [illegible] in his pocket which no longer en[illegible]. And all because he is one of [illegible] brainy youths of whom there are [illegible] very few left unpicked from the [illegible].

[illegible] before Christmas he found himself running short of funds, yet he could [illegible] the idea of giving anything but [illegible] handsome present to his fiancee. He [illegible] so near having a conniption fit [illegible] he sprained his better judgment.

Going to one of the down town fashionable dealers in rich pottery of all sorts, he selected a magnificent oriental jar, worth originally fifty dollars at the lowest cash price, and which would have adorned any cabinet of bric-a-brac in the country.

The piece had by some casualty been smashed into irreparable bits, and was about to be thrown away by the dealer. With a gleam of triumph in his eye the young man from Clifton asked the price of the jar in its shattered condition.

The dealer, in some surprise, declared it a gift outright to any one who would take the fragments away. The young man from Clifton rubbed his hands with a Mephistophelian grin.

"What will you charge to box and ship it in the same style as you would if it were entire?" he asked with design in his eye.

The dealer named his charge, somewhat astonished.

"Good," said the young man from Clifton. "I will take the jar as it is. Here is your charge for packing. Be sure it is done as carefully as with an entire piece and ship it to this address," and he handed the amazed dealer the street, number and name.

Then with a triumphant chuckle he strolled on, confident that he would receive credit for the present of an unbroken jar, while all the breakage would be charged to the carelessness of the express agency that handled the shipment.

But that was where he miscued.

Last night he went to call, to see the old year out with her.

There were metaphorical icicles upon the edges of the card receiver that met him at the door, and the atmosphere grew colder and colder as he advanced into the parlor with a confident smile.

The young lady received him with a ten-degrees-below-zero-and-still-falling air that made his heart take the elevator upon the down trip. But he put on a bold face and asked cheerily:

"Pleasant Christmas, I suppose, dear?"

"Yes, Mr. ——, very."

"Did you—er—er—receive—er—my—little gift?"

"Yes, Mr. ——, I received it."

"It was packed all right then, was it?"

"Yes, Mr. ——, it was packed all right. In fact, it was packed a little too well to have needed packing at all!" And the smile she smole as she spoke would have frozen hoky poky.

"Why—er—what do you mean?" he faltered.

Thrusting aside the portiere she pushed the box before him.

The astute dealer had carefully wrapped each and every single broken bit in tissue paper by itself before boxing the pile.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Advantages About Equal.

Challenging Party's Second (coming forward hastily)—My principal desires me to say that the distance of only ten paces, for which you stipulate, gives your principal an unfair advantage, sir.

Challenged Party (speaking for himself)—In what way, sir?

"He is a large, fleshy, man and you are extremely thin. At that distance you can hardly miss him, while it would be about as difficult to hit you at ten paces as at twenty."

"That's all right. If he hits me his bullet will go out on the other side, and if my bullet hits him it won't go half way through. The thing is about even. Tell him to take his place!"—Chicago Tribune.

Like Him.

They had once been very fond of each other, but the quarrel came.

"Very well," he said in his most dignified tone. "I will return you the only token I have from you."

"To what do you refer?"

"Those slippers you gave me for Christmas. They are too large for me anyhow."

"Slippers!" she echoed scornfully "How like your vanity it is to suppose they were not earmuffs!"—Washington Star.

Sizing Him Up.

"[illegible] I get out by this gate, my man?"

"[illegible] which ye can, for I saw a cart o' hay [illegible] by it this mornin'"—Comic Cuts.

Wanted the Other Kind.

[illegible]—Mary!

[illegible]—Yes, sir.

[illegible]—Take back this cup and [illegible] something else.

[illegible]—What will you have, coffee or [illegible]

[illegible]—Oh, I am not particular—[illegible] coffee give me tea, and if it's [illegible] tea coffee.—Boston Globe.

WOMEN AS POETS.

Good Writers They May Be, but They Never Have Become Artists.

Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an address in the hall of Newnham college, Cambridge, on "The Poetry of Women," taking as his particular text the poems of Christina Rossetti.

No sound critic will pretend that woman has added anything to the sum of male attainment in these major branches of art. The reason is apparently that the artistic nature is not strongly developed in her. She has energy, imagination, sentiment, invention, but she has not the artistic impulse. The consummate poets of the world have been great artists. In Shakespeare, Corneille, Goethe, Pope and Keats we see the artist above all else, above the man of intellect or vision. In a much lower rank of poets we find the vision or the ethical bias preponderating. In the greatest men the art is paramount.

But women, if the main entrances seem to be denied them, ascend into the house of poetry by other doors. Lyrical verse owes so much to them that we may easily forgive their limited success in other directions. The lyric, which is a spontaneous jet of music, an ejaculation forced from the heart by an excess of feeling, demands less art than any other form of poetry. It is perhaps the only species of poetry which can be excellent in its kind and yet wholly artless. The border ballads have no art, and yet are exquisite; and the history of poetry is adorned by certain female names which will always preserve their freshness, and which yet were entirely innocent of art. Such are Emily Bronte in England and Marceline Desbordes-Valmore in France. We do not know whether, with extended opportunities, women will continue to show themselves insensible to or incapable of the highest literary art. Hitherto they certainly have been one or the other.

Any one whose privilege it has been to enjoy the friendship of successful women of letters knows how much more they are always occupied with literature as a profession than as an art; how little they are able to conceive the doing of work for its own sake, not for its result; how conscientious, industrious and persistent they are, and how little they are troubled with the scruples and the lassitude of the artist. It is their lyric gift, their cry from the heights or the depths of feeling that has won them that place upon Parnassus from which no De Quincy nor Guy de Maupassant can eject them.

I have denied poetic art to women mainly that I may give myself the luxury of attributing it to Miss Christina Rossetti. To screen myself from the charge of extravagance I will say at once that I think the main interest of the position of this writer in the history of poetry is the fact that she indubitably possesses this quality which is denied to many men of genius and to almost all women. Mrs. Browning was a force in literature—a personage demanding universal recognition for her intellectual power, her majestic imagination and her independence of other literary influences, but she was not an artist. That title applied to George Sand or George Eliot would be equally a misnomer. What Lord Tennyson was, what Flaubert was, it is surely plain that these great women could not be. But precisely this, in a restricted measure, it seems to me that Miss Rossetti is, and that isolation of hers, as apparently the solitary woman poet of the Anglo-Saxon race who cultivates poetry as one of the fine arts, gives the study of her verse an especial interest.—St. James Gazette.

A Handy Music Pen.

A pen for copying music consists of a pen and penholder with two tubes, which project from either end of the pen very much after the style of the "swizzle stick," which plays an important part in the evolution of the sundry refreshing beverages affected by West Indians. These tubes are studded at the end with pieces of rubber in the shape respectively of open and closed music notes, and an ink pad is also supplied. In writing minims or semibreves the "open" tip is pressed tightly on the pad, and then the characters are quickly dabbed on the music lines, and the "closed" tip serves for crotchets, etc., the upright stroke being made by the pen.—New York Telegram.

Too Many Buttons.

It was in a flathouse that the youth who "minds" the big front door was recently promoted to a gorgeous suit of gray and gold. He is a bright little chap, particularly polite and on excellent terms with everybody in the house. Before he put his uniform on it was his rule to bow most scrupulously to all the tenants, but with his fresh dignity his cap was no more lifted. "Can't take off my cap now, ma'am," he explained to one of his admirers. And his chest swelled as he added proudly, "I've got fifty-nine buttons, I have."—New York Times.

Helping Auntie.

Auntie had drawn a picture of a cat for her little nephew's amusement, and soon saw that he was marking it over with his pencil. She asked him, "What are you doing, Gordon?" "I am making feathers on the cat," he answered.—Youth's Companion.

HIS APPEARANCE DECEIVED.

He Was Very English, You Know, but He Had Learned How to Handle a Gun.

"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little trip I had some four or five years ago.

"Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November, and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting, I can tell you.

"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shoot.

"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot one.

"He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of those patent reversible fore and aft caps, and a pair of eyeglasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double barreled pistol grip thing, and blowed a pile on its fine qualities and at the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England, ye know.'

"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? 'Oh, yaas, he fancied' he would, though it wouldn't be much sport. He was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and duck-dew so beastly slow.

"Well, we fixed up things among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from shore, then turned in for the night.

"Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuse about not being quite ready, but told him that if he would gooves to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at our success we hastened to the spot."

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"

"No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvasbacks as you ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

A Child's Gift to Mother.

An indulgent young mother took her six-year-old daughter with her on a shopping tour a day or two ago. The child was very happy and danced merrily along as her mother went from shop to shop. She peered eagerly into the brilliantly decorated windows and picked out the things that she would like to give to her father and her mother. She chose almost everything, from a diamond ring to a bale of red flannel. After awhile she stopped in front of a florist's window, and looking admiringly at the luxuriant display of plants and floral designs exclaimed enthusiastically: "Oh, mamma, look! Here is something that I am going to ask papa to buy for you. Ain't it lovely?" The mother paused to see what beautiful thing her child had selected for her and found the innocent little elf gazing intently at a large wreath of white immortelles which bore the inscription, in purple letters, "Our Mother."—New York Times.

A Neat Suggestion.

Dr. Plummer was riding on the box of a coach and fell into conversation with the driver, who was loud in his praise of his team, and especially of his leader.

His remarks were racy and interesting, but were interlarded with oaths. Finally Dr. Plummer said:

"You have omitted one of your leader's good points, haven't you?"

"What is that, sir?" answered the driver.

"Why, we have ridden several miles behind him and I haven't heard a profane word out of his mouth."

The driver looked at his passenger.

"Thank you!" said he; "thank you! That was very well said. I will try to be as good as my horse."—Common People.

The Force of Habit.

A wealthy South American farmer, anxious from selfish motives about the physical well being of his hundred slaves, had been reading somewhere that the habit of carrying loads on the head was injurious to health. He therefore ordered a hundred wheelbarrows from the nearest town, and when they arrived by boat he sent his slaves to fetch them from the wharf. What was his surprise when he saw the slaves coming back, each carrying a wheelbarrow on his head!—Schalk.

Jenny Knew What She Was Doing.

"Jenny," called out Mrs. Wilson to her beautiful daughter up stairs. "I've got the washing ready for you to hang out."

Then Miss Jenny put aside the novel she was reading, rolled up the sleeves from her lovely white arms, and going down stairs filled her pretty mouth with clothespins and hung out the clothes just as young McGarrigan went by to his dinner. The engagement will be announced shortly.—Exchange.

OUR SUMMER AT NEWPORT.

Effect of the Spectacular.

The American sovereign is always boasting of his intelligence. He considers himself the smartest of God's two legged creation, yet the fact remains that no campaigning is so effective in this country as the spectacular.

Tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent during every presidential campaign for torchlights and parading paraphernalia, and I am inclined to believe that money so spent is far more effective than that put into campaign literature and stump orations. A gorgeous parade and a brass band will influence more votes than will the most logical partisan plea ever made from the hustings. It is an odd use of money, a curious form of political energy, but it is effective. Neither is it without its philosophical side. Men banded together are much more subject to a common impulse than individuals taken separately.

Whenever you can get a man to do a little work for a party, even though it be to carry a torch and follow a brass band—you have got him grabbed. The contagion of endeavor spreads like measles in a country school. We are but a little way removed from the barbarian, and when we see a gaudily uniformed column marching down the street to the air of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" we are seized with a feverish desire to don a helmet, grab a torch and fall into line.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Letters for America.

The author of "European Reminiscences" says that he once mailed a letter for America in the postoffice at Naples, and found great difficulty in having it registered.

Finally, when that operation was completed, the official suddenly exclaimed:

"Where are the five seals?"

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Registered letters must have five seals in order to secure their safe transportation," was the reply. Then the Italian added with a sudden thought: "Scusate, signor! I see this goes to America. Letters to South America and Africa are allowed without sealing wax, since the melting of the wax spoils other postal matter."

I thanked him, but said that this letter was not for South America, but for the United States.

"It's all the same thing," he responded. "It has to pass the equator anyway!"

Moroseness Before Breakfast.

People as a rule are not ready for social intercourse till they have been up at least three hours. It is quite curious to see how disagreeable really good humored people often are before breakfast. They are often conscious of their moroseness and try to conceal it by utter silence or cynical smiles, but with all their endeavors it is apparent that it would be a service of danger to speak to them, and whether it be a valued friend or simply a highly agreeable or intellectual acquaintance, one may hope that it may never be his fate to meet him again at breakfast. Surely it would be a great advantage to the world if such individuals breakfasted alone. Perhaps the most depressing thing to be met with is anything like hilarity or even great cheerfulness so early in the day.—Philadelphia Times.

Kangaroos for This Country.

Some far western and southwestern newspapers are seriously discussing the desirability and possibility of introducing the kangaroo into those regions. Much is urged as to its utility, because of its economic value in "flesh, fur and footwear," and some little about the novel sport it would afford, taking in this particular the place of the defunct buffalo. It is said the kangaroo would do well in regions altogether unfit for other stock. Some say it would be more profitable to raise kangaroos than steers. Mr. Robert C. Auld appears to have been first to suggest the scheme. Ostriches, he says, are a big success in California, and he thinks kangaroos would be more widely profitable.—Exchange.

Who the Strangers Are.

A green goods man recently flooded Iowa and Indiana with his circulars. His instructions to intending customers read as follows:

"When you come to New York wear a silk hat and a sack coat, so that I shall be able to recognize you anywhere in town."

A number of men dressed in this remarkable combination were seen in New York last week. They were all here in answer to the circular, it is said.

In former years when a man had on a silk hat and a pea jacket New Yorkers knew at once that he was from Chicago. But the Windy City progresses as the years roll on. They don't dress like that any more out there.—New York Herald.

Handsome Gates.

The Prince of Wales' celebrated "Norwich gates" at Sandringham are considered the finest specimen in the kingdom of wrought iron, delicately elaborated into flowers, fruitful vines and sprays. The gates took a well known firm nearly a year to make, cost altogether £2,000, won a prize medal, and were then presented by Norfolk men to the prince.—London Tit-Bits.

Effects of Impure Air.

The baneful effect of impure air was recently felt in a remarkable way in a London courtroom. When the judge entered his court in the morning he found the jurors and counsel already exhausted, and soon began to experience a similar feeling.

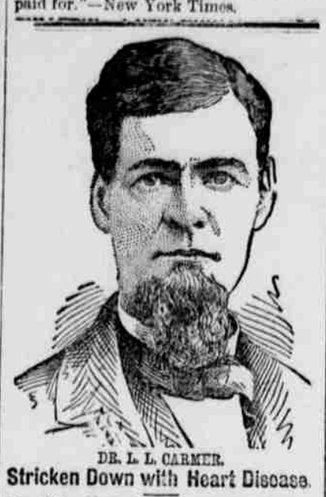
On ordering an investigation he was informed that "the engine was out of order and could only pump into the courtroom the stale air that had been used two days ago." The windows were so constructed as to prevent any proper ventilation of the premises, so that no assistance could be obtained to expel the two days' old atmosphere which the pumps persisted in sending into the court. The result was that when the jury list was disposed of the judge, instead of sending for more cases, sent the jurors home and quickly followed their example.—Chicago News-Record.

A Queer Barometer.

It is generally supposed to be a sign of wet weather when snails go about without their shells. One species of snail never takes its walks abroad except when rain is at hand. Some climb trees two days before a downfall, settling upon the upper side of the leaves if a storm is to be of short duration, but taking shelter on the under side if it is to last some time. Still other snails turn yellow before rain and blue when it is over.—Our Animal Friends.

After Twenty Years.

In the issue of one of the prominent magazines for the current month is printed a story which was accepted twenty years ago. Today it sees the light, and its author is dead. There is material here for a "pastel," which is respectfully submitted. The refrain could run, "It was paid for."—New York Times.



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7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 4:40 p. m.
11:17 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv. 1:40 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv. 7:00 a. m

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 10:00 a. m
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 7:30 a. m
8:40 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv. 6:30 a. m

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