The Fur Seal Islands of Alaska.

The Alaska Commercial Company's n steamer St. Paul left San Francisco on the 8th inst, on her annual voyage to the Alaskan Coast. She sails direct for unalaska, which she will reach in the course of twelve days, and after stopping there two or three days, will proceed to the Fur Seal Islands of St. George and St. Paul, in the Behring Sea, and thence to the company's posts on the mainland, far north as St. Michael's, 600 miles to the northward of the islands. After the close of the sealing season the St. Paul will return to the Fur Seal Islands. take on the catch of skins, amounting probably to the full 100,000 skins alowed to be taken under the company's lease of the government, and then return to San Francisco, where she is expected to arrive by the first of next September. Her ultimate destination is London where the fur seal skins are annually disposed of at auction to purchasers from all the leading European countries, fetching from \$6 to \$16 each according to quality

and the state of the market. The St. Paul is commanded by Captain Erskine. Her officers and crew number about twenty-nine persons, and she carries some fifteen or twenty passengers, including the company's superintending agent at the islands, Dr. H. H. McIntyre and three special treasury agents, Messrs. Otis, Scribner and Blaman, who go to guard and protect the government's important interests at these remote islands, enforcing the terms of the lease, which permits the Alaska Commercial Company male seals, between the ages of three and six years. For this privilege the lessees pay a yearly rental of \$55,000, and a royalty of \$2 68 per skin, making a gross sum of \$317,000, which the United States receives from this source-being the principal public revenue derived from the whole Territory of Alaska. This tax is more than the entire amount formerly derived from the seal islands under Russian rule. This great increase in the product of the fur-seal islands is due to the enlightened management of the seal life and seal hunting since these islands passed under the domination of the American Government

The native people of the Seal Islands are Aleutians, and they comprise the laboring force of the lessees. They number some 225 on the Island of St. Paul, and 150 on the Island of St. George.

These islands are the most isolated

spots in the Behring Sea, being distant from Ounalaska about 180 miles, and the same from the nearest trading posts on the main land. The company's vessel visits them but once a year, though the St. Paul is expected to make two trips this season. The Revenue Cutter Rush, Capt. Bailey, which also leaves on her northern voyage, going by the "outside passage," will touch at the islands in June, and Bennett's steam yacht Jennette, now at Mare Island Navy Yard undergoing repairs for her Arctic voyage in search of the lost explorer, Nordenskjold, is expected to start in June, and will touch at the Seal Islands, where she will take on a great many thousand gallons of seal oil, and large quantities of dried salmon and many dogs at St. Michael's, for use in the sledge expeditions to be sent out. The dried salmon is soaked in seal oil, and makes bang-up dog dinner, they say. It is estimated that each canine, when hitched to a sledge and persuaded by an Esquimaux bull-whackrawhide, will pull his own weight. will be good news to all the civilized world if the dogs and the relieving party shall succeed in pulling the intrepid Norwegian explorer out of the ice where he is supposed to be stuck. By the way, late rumors have been received in San Francisco, through returned Arctic whalers, to the effect that Indians on the far northern coast report having seen a vessel fast in whose situation they considered not critical. She is believed to be the lost ship. Intelligence of Mr. Bennett's enterprising venture will be looked for with anxious interest. The Jennette will be the first means of communicating with the seal islands after the departure of the St. Paul, and friends of the exiles can send letters and papers by her.

The True Story of Grandfather's Clock.

He is a German, and he drops into the office nearly every day. He came in yes-terday just at our busiest moment, and began:

Dot sdory 'bond Greenfodder's Glock aind so. I know all boud dot. I dold you und I vand dot misgorrecded by der Kisbadch. Ven I vas a leedle pov my greenmoder's hoospant own a gread pig clock. Der house was doo pig for id, id a shelluf. Greenmoder's hoospant vas a cendenarian mosd eighdy years young, and he dink more proud dot glock as he did py five cend. Dot glock vas dwelve o'glook for

dree years, und all you had to do vas to loog ad id, take der twelve muldiply id by dree, subvide any number vat you dink of, und den kess ad de dime.

'Von day de old man died. Ve god along oxackly as usually undil der Irishman vot geeps der Deutsch groceries store game to der houses. He hat a padge mit him mit a man pehindt it. De man hat a glp likevise also alretty, unt der groceryman set he vas a gonestable. He hat a pill 'gainst de olt man, und he took der glock py misdake for do liggerdade dot pill vot he owe my greenmoder's hos-

"Dot's der firsd dime dot glock vend in dree years, so helb me job, und it didn't sdob undil id god py der bawnogsionears houses. Dod's so, I goon nexd day und dell you some more.

We hope he will. The trap door is being edited and the dog is in the cellar.

Some of the Beauties of Botany.

The venerable Judge Clinton, of Buffalo, is an enthusiastic botanist, and in a recent lecture before the Society of Natural Sciences he explained how strolls in nature's temples may be very attractive. "How can I do justice to the wild woods!" he exclaimed, "They are full of enjoy-ment too simple for description. These enjoyments are almost certain to be heightened by fit companionship. Alas! my wanderings of late have been companionless. I am too old to find favor with the nymphs. But then there are chance meetings. Once two young lovers were sitting together on a mossy log in when I suddenly surprised them. He drew a cruel thorn from her torn finger and kissed the finger tenderly, and looked lovingly into her tearful eyes and quoted: 'The rose is fairest when besprent with dew, and love is sweetest when 'tis bathed in tears,' while I stood unobserved. Of course they were silly and sentimental, but I said in my own heart, 'God bless them,' and passed on, wishing for a moment that I was young again."

A Base Ball Romance.

In the bulk window of a Chestnut street auction-house is exposed a magnificent mahogany malace, tipped with elaborately worked silver. For over an hour a very seedy individual, with red hair and a broken nose, lingered about the window with such a mysterious manner as to lead the officer on the corner to believe that his intentions were not good, so he "took him in" on general principles

When the officer related to the court his ground for arrest, and, finding them not tenable, the magistrate quizzed the pris oner as to who and what he was "What were you doing there?" queried

the Court. "Nothing, Jedge, simply admiring and

meditating. "Admiring what?"

"That bat, Jedge, the beautiful baseball bat."

"You are evidently an admirer of the game of base-ball," interposed the court. "No more, Squire. Was once. I'm a martyr, I am. I'm no good any more. It's gone down now, has the game. How I could scoop in a fly-scraper? Shy thet inkstand at me, Jedge. Toss her sharp. Bonnce her now. Hot, me boy, an' I'll show yer how to stop her. No, they won't have me no more; I'm played, they say. Gimme something. Bu'st off that table-leg and gimmme a smack at that inkstand. Fire her this way hot, and if I don't show yer a homer, yer can send me down for good. Ten years ago not to kill, annually, to exceed 100,000 I was a big crab on the field; short-stop, yer know. All broke up now. Couldn't get a job now scraping the stick. I could skin over the bases like greased lightening runs. Throw open the door once. Just hold her open two minutes, and see

> You don't look as though you'd bring a prize," put in the court.

> me get up and git. But, I reckon, I'm

no account now'days, though,

Not for beauty, no. But for scars, Jedge; for scars, I'm prime cheese; head of the heap. I'm a martyr, I am, but no-body would guess it."

'A martyr to what?" said the court. "To sky-scrapers, Jedge; daisy-cutters homers, yer know. Taking em hot, right off the tip of the bat. Oh, yes, I'm a martyr. Do you see that hand?" and he exposed a palm about as broad as a deal-table, with five horribly-damaged fingers starting from its edges. "Them tells the tale. All of them busted time and again. Had 'em druy in clear up to the second jint, and pulled out with tweezers dozens of times. Every finger broke in six places; five times six, thirty; thirty breaks on the right hand, thirty busted on the left. Twice tharty, sixty five twelves, sixty. Five ain't worth a continental. Pulled in for gazing and meditating on a prize bat. This is to hard!"

"It is indeed hard," said the court. "Do you see that smelling apparatus on my countenance? Looks as though it was too big for my face, don't it? I sacrificed her. Once it was the beautifulest nose as ever your eyes sot on, but a ball took her on the fly, with three fingers. But I'm no good. Oh! no, I don't understand the game. Can't even gaze on a prize bat, or meditate, but am run in. Send it hot. I'm on the home run, and you might as well put me out."

He was put out on the street, and was heard to say, as he went through the door, that he knew he would be called up to die for the cause some time, to save it from disgrace.

The Next Internationa Fair.

New York has concluded to hold an International Fair in 1883. Its projectors have selected a site for the same, and the next thing that remains to be done, is to proceed with the erection of the necessary buildings. Col, J. E. Payton, who had a good deal to do with the Philadelphia Centennial, thinks the Fair should not be held until two years later, in order that time may be given to awaken a worldwide interest in its success. He also suggests that it would be a stroke of economy for the projectors of the Fair to purchase the main building of the Centennial Exhibition, take it to pieces and have it transported to New York. This he believes could be done for \$100,000. The structure, which cost \$1,750,000, can be bought for \$250,000. It contains over 9,000,000 pounds of iron, and with fresh paint and new decorations, the edifice could be made to look well. As the time for the holding of the Fair has been fixed, with reference to the observance of an American centennial occasion, it is not vas so large, and dey had doo put id on likely to be altered; but there certainly would be a great saving of money by mak ing the purchase as proposed. It is the intention to make the exposition of 1883 a much grander affair than the Centennial of 1876, and those who take a national pride in such events, will be expected to aid the enterprise to the extent of their

How a Toad Undresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad Takes off His Coat and Pants." says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the same way:

About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, I hoed round him; he appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs his skin began to burst open straight along his back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore-legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore-legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and lowing, he drew it from the neck and missed for thirty years, with her name swallowed the whole. The operation in it as written by herself when a school seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time."

A brick fell from a scaffold on the head of a passing negro. "Fling dem pea nut That which does not distinguish him shell anoder way up dere, wont yer?" from a sinful world will never distin-was the darkey's advice as he scratched his head.

John Howe.

Anecdotes of Moses Cheney.

When the Hon. Moses Cheney was a member of the Legislature, at Montpelier, Vt., his eccentricities were continually peeping out, and his originalities were often made to bear with telling force upon certain members that he thought were not on the square. Pride and affectation were particularly obnoxious to him, and he never let a chance of giving a hit when he saw any person putting on airs. On one election day a chaplain for the session was to be elected. One by one the resident clergymen of Montpelier were nominated, but all declined serving. Mr. Cheney rose in his seat, and in a deep, sonorous voice, ex-

"What various hindrances we meet, In coming to the mercy seat."

There was a sudden hush fell on the assembly. The next clergyman that was nominated accepted the office.

One day an important motion was under discussion. The members dilly-dallied over it all the forenoon session, then it was laid upon the table. A second time it was handled in the same way. The third time it was brought up Mr. Cheney arose, and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I want to tell a story before this measure is discussed. Parson Noble, who resided in Chelsea, was a man who was not afraid or ashamed to work. He had his winter's wood cut sled length in the woods, and borrowed a voke of oxen from one of his neighbors to haul it to his yard. But he was troubled with the very first load he got on the sleigh; the oxen could not, or would not, draw it an inch. The old parson coaxed and whipped, and whipped and coaxed, but there they were, and there they staid His neighbor, the owner of the oxen, thought they had been gone a long time. and got anxious, so he jumped on his horse and rode out to the woods to see what was the trouble. Parson Noble was sitting on a log wiping the perspiration from his face with his handkerchief.

" In trouble, Mr. Noble?" 'Yes, these confounded oxen won't do thing. "'Let me take the whip. Stand one

side, sir.' "The old parson gladly gave up the whip and place. The farmer walked around the sled, saw that there was nothing to hinder the load from starting, took his place by the side of the oxen, gave one smart blow with the whip, at the same time giving a yell that woke up the echoes in every direction. Of course the load started, the parson trotted on behind, filled with wonder.

" 'There, sir,' handing back the whip, just let them know that their Redeemer liveth, and there will be no more trouble

in getting along. The motion was carried after a few minutes' discussion.

Fighting Vanderbilt.

The City of Rochester, N. Y... and Vanderbilt are at sword-points just now, and if the fight between the two parties is not compromised soon, there may be serious trouble. Several weeks ago the Common Council of Rochester instructed the Mayor to enforce the city ordinance prohibiting the running of the trains of New York Central and Hudson River Railroad through the city at a rate exceeding eight miles an hour, or switching cars across any street of the city. The Mayor requested the Superintendent of the road to comply with the ordinance, and the Superintendent said he would conform as to the requirements as to the rate of speed of passenger trains, but the up-grade west rendered it almost impossible to get freight trains out of the city at that rate of speed. In reference to the ordinance prohibiting the company from using or occupying any portion of the street, lane, alley or square within said city for the purpose of making up any train or switching any car or cars, under a penalty of \$50 for each offense, he said it could not conveniently be obeyed; and neither could the one prohibiting loading and unloading passengers or freight on any public thoroughfare or premises. Several arrests have already been made for violating the above ordinance. But the Mayor and the railroad officials declare that it is impossible to keep passenger trains going if the law is enforced, as the depot is in the heart of the city, and the tracks cross all north and south thoroughfares. Mr. Vanderbilt says the whole action is a piece of malicious spitework because he refused to build an elevated railroad through that city at his own expense, which would amount to about \$1,000,000, which he could not do. He offered to build the road if the city would pay half the cost, but the representatives of the city wanted him to pay all. He says if this prosecution is kept up, he will carry the track around the city; but he does not think the people of Rochester would be so indifferent to their own interests as to compel him to do this.

Some Historic Fans.

Marie Suart's fan, one she brought from France with her and kept through all the unhappy years that followed, was formed of seven ostrich tips, arranged about a jeweled button, with a slim, carved handle. Marie Antoinette's ivory fan is said by Balzac to be the handsom est of historical fans. It was presented by the city of Dieppe to the Queen on the birth of her son, the Dauphin. The subect is an episode in the life of Alexander the Great, when Porus, defeated and a prisoner, refuses to submit, and demands to be treated as a brave soldier and a The great Macedonian, charmed with the daring of his prisoner, gave him back his conquered states. This interview is presented in a wonderful manner. the design by Vien, the carving by Le Flamand, whose work was never excelled. La Pompadour's lace fan with its medallion portraits is another of the priceless historic fans. It is of finest Venetian lace, so fine and elaborate that it took nine years to finish it, and the cost was \$30,000. It is divided into five sections, each enriched by an exquisite mininture painting.

A Hartford (Conn.) lady, in looking for some old books in a second-hand store, a few days since, found a book she had girl.

A religion that never suffices to govern a man will never suffice to save him.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Lr. Kroger was tranquilly eating his breakfast recently, when his boy broke the silence by asking him for fifty cents to go to the minstrels with that night. Mr. Kreeger promptly refused, on the ground of hard times.

Mr. Kræger's boy is more than a boy, and when sets his heart on having anything he generally succeeds in getting it; so, when his father refused to comply with his request, he moved over by his mother, and said:

"I guess I'll tell ma what the cook said to you last night.

Mrs. Kræger's eyes flashed like two balls of fire.

"Yon're a nice man," she said, sareastically, "to come home and pet me, and kiss me, and call me your little dewgemmed tulip, and then go and receive the caresses of the cook. You miserable, frog-eyed runt, for two pins I'd go over there and rake the eyes out of you!

"I, ah!" stammered the lord of the manor, when his wife broke in-"Oh, yes, I'll I, ah, you!" and turning suddenly to the boy, she demanded an

explanation of the whole affair. Will you give me fifty cents?" "Yes," she responded, "what did she

say to him?" "Give me the fifty cents first!" said young hopeful. "I'm opening the year

on the C. O. D. principle. He soon had the money, and relieved his mother by telling her: Last night the cook came up to pop,

and getting pretty close to him and O, you wretch," hissed Mrs. Kroe-'And when she got beside him she smiled very sweetly, and said:

The boy moved cautiously toward the

door; and his mother yelled: 'Come out with it! "And when the cook got pretty close to him, she whispered: 'Mr. Kræger, the potatoes are getting

pretty low, and you had better get another barrel in a day or two. Then the boy got outside as fast as possible, while his mother sank into a chair. Mr. Kræger lifted his morning paper before his face to vail the smile which made it look like a calcium light.

Old Maids and Old Bachelors.

Old maids are useful. They can cook, ew and take care of children, nurse sick people, and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.

Old maids are nice looking, and young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in

their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners. Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the cas-jet in ennning little tinkettles, besides making their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket-handkerchiefs, take homopathic pellets outof two black bottles, alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors; have a consultation; a mantel-piece full of black bottles; all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit up with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of pound-cake, a bottle of lemonade in a hand-basket, and lunches comfortably in the carriage. an old bachelor travels he orders a dinner in course at the station, and raves be cause he has not time to eat it before the fifteen minutes for refreshments" are

Old maids drink weak tea, and it cures their headaches. Old bachelors drink strong liquor,

which gives them headaches.

Old maids are modest; they think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If, after a while, some autumnal love is given them, they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life.

Old bachelors believe that all women are in love with them, and that they must carefully guard themselves from traps laid to inveigle them into matrimony. They also fondly cherish the be-lief that should they eventually become married men, the world expects them to exhibit great taste in women by their choice, and that the "other fellows will laugh if their portion be not tender youth and beauty; also, that when they marry many women will expire of jealousy.

How It Is Done.

[Los Angeles Express.] "Hi! hi, there, you fellow! how do yo intend to vote on the new Constitution 'I have not yet made up my mind, sir. "Well, make up your mind, — quick now-right off." "But I am not prepared to; I shall do so before the day of elec-"That won't do. I want you to tell me how you stand on that-infer-nal instrument!" Well, the man is per-Well, the man is perhaps under business obligations to interlocutor, and he dislikes to offend him, and he finally talks nice, and the bulldozer retires with the sweet consciousness of having gained a vote against that --- " communistic Constitution," is mistaken. He has made a vote for it which all the engineering of the monopolists could nor alter.

"Speaking of walking matches," observed a married lady, "just look at my husband. He has been a walking match for the last five years, and I am beginning to get tired of walking around with a skeleton."

A steamship has arrived in New York to load mules for South America. If they want a snip-load of jackasses they had better come to San Francisco, says one of our exchanges. We can spare quite a number of the same kind of stock from

Mythology --- The Gorgons.

[Norristown Herald.]

These young ladies wore the names of Stheino, Euryale and Medusa, and were never known to write them Einie, Eurie or Medie. They were the daughters of Phorkys and Keto. Here is a splendid opportunity to make a pun on Miss Keto, but we will not embrace it. We'd rather embrace one of the other daugh-but let that pass. Puns are detestable anyhowespecially if, after you have spent fifteen minutes in constructing one, you are asked to explain it. Medusa was the youngest and most beautiful of the gorgons, and was addicted to handkerchief flirtation with young men who parted their hair in the middle. She was 'mashed"—classic phrase—on Neptune and once met him in the Temple of Athene. A little bird didn't sing much in her heart after that. The authorities regarded such a meeting a desecration of the Temple, and punished Medusa by turning her beautiful hair into snakes. This transformation frightened Neptune. Supposing a vigorous attack of delirium -and became one of the leading cold-

tremens had seized him, he hurried off to a Murphy meeting and signed the pledge water men of his time. It was extremely painful to see the once fair Medusa, with 492 hairpins in her mouth, vainly trying to pin her serpentine tresses into a coil of French twist. As if a head full of reptiles was not punishment enough, her beauty was destroyed. Her face became so terrible to behold that the spectator was turned into stone-which gneiss way of making statues. They were heaper than Vinnie Ream's and more lifelike. We are not informed what disposition was made of the petrified spectators, but no doubt they were utilized as tobacco-store signs. When Medusa lost her beauty she lost her admirers. It was decidedly rough on Medusa, but a young man had to be made of pretty stern stuff to call on a girl on Sunday night and let a head full of snakes repose on his shirt front until 2 A. M. A Mr. Perseus finally found Medusa asleep, and, closing his eyes, cut off her head with his sword, and presented it to Minerva, who wore it on her shield as a terror to her enemies. And all this terrible punishment was visited upon Medusa on account of her flirting with Neptune in the Temple of Athene! She should have met him in the Postoffice. Scores of girls meet young men in the postoffice nowadays, but we have not yet heard of any of them having their hair turned into snakes.

Recuperating the Brain.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain power, the only actual re-cuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they gorge the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

Fate of the Privateer "Shenandoah."

[London World.] Everybody has heard of the Shenandoah, the notorious privateer of the Southerners in the American civil war, but I do not suppose that many know what was the ultimate fate of the ship when the war ended. Of all places in the world she now lies "fathoms deep" off the Island of Socotra, in the Arabian Gulf. Her story is a strange one. She was busy burning whalers in Behring Strait when Waddell, her commander, the "mildest-mannered man who ever scuttled a ship the South. His occupation being gone, and being without home or harbor to which he durst with safety return, he ran the Shenandoah to Liverpool, and immediately surrendered her to her Majesty's ship Donegal, in the Mersey. She was handed over to the American Consul, and afterward bought at auction by Nicol, Fleming & Co.-a firm that has earned a notoriety in connection with the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank-for the Sultan of Zanzibar. After remaining idly at Zanzibar for some years, she was sent to Bombay for repairs, but foundered off Socotra-all hands being lost except one Englishman and a few Lascars.

The Carriage Trick.

A certain builder of carriages made a ractice of keeping a carriage on hand to salm off on the executors of deceased noblemen. It was a costly vehicle, bandsomely fitted up. As soon as the death of a nobleman occurred, the carriage was decorated with the arms of the deceased in the best style of herald painting, with this preparation a letter was dispatched to the executors respectfully inquiring when it would be convenient the carriage which had been built according to the orders of his lordship. It had been sometime ready to be taken away, and the price was £180, or some such sum. This unpleasant announcement usually led to a compromise. The carriage not being wanted, a sum of money was paid by the executors to take it off their hands, This was precisely what was anticipated. The carriage was now ready for a fresh start in plundering. The armoral bear-ing were obliterated; and the panels ever assuming some unpicturesque, unwere prepared to receive the heraldic blazonry of the next nobleman on whose executors the same trick could be played of reputation ensued. What became of the carriage that had undergone so many transformations we know not.

Every now and then some chap writes to a newspaper for a recipe to prevent hair from growing out. If men would go figure, so cruelly defined by the tightly home from lodge before midnight with pulled back draperies. their legs sober, their bair wouldn't come We always go home out so rapidly. early and we have more hair than the day fully that it was an absolute pleasure to we were born.

Wittleisms.

Dead men tell no tales, but dead walls are well posted.

A man with a creaky pair of boots has music in his sole.

What length ought a lady's crinoline be? A little above two feet.

The contemplative doctor strolls about the cometery and sees his patients on a monument

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son.'

Young man, you should be mighty careful who you kiss. There's danger of catching cresip-a-lass.

The right kind of a man will always have his life insured. It gives his wife's second husband a start.

To be interesting a speaker should be full of his subject, unless he happens to be speaking against liquor. It is when a woman tries to whistle that

the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much. If S i o u x spells sue, and e y e spells , and s i g h e d spells side, why doesn't

Siouxeyesighed spell spicide. The woman who glances under the bed at night before retiring, evidently has in mind the proverb: "Look before you

sleep. A little girl, on looking at a picture of ship in a thunder-storm, remarked that God was sticking crooked pins into the bad men.

Bald heads are often called billiard balls. The resemblance ceases when a billiard ball is moving, for then it is not a ball dead.

C. O. Mie says that the conduit through which flows the political refuse of the day is unquestionably sewer-generous ... You-

kers Gazette. Wouldn't you rather lose seven dollars and a half than go up stairs in the dark

and find the top stair one lower than you thought it was? An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufac-

tured it herself. Akron, O., has had fourteen elopements within a year, and married men there are taking the precaution at night to chain

their wives to the bed-post. Since the war everything has gone down, except the price of postage-stamps. Where are the newspapers that do the notional fault-finding ?-St. Louis Spirit.

A white man at the breech and hold of the trigger, and a colored man at the muzzle with his hands tied behind him illustrates the fair play and "no intimidation" in the South

"Remember, now," said an Indiana bride at the altar, "we have separated and been remarried four times, and about once more will convince me that we can never live happily together."

The pedestrian who walks 500 miles in six days never travels faster than a boy does when he is dispatched to the cellar for a senttle of coal while a circuspageant is passing the house.

Mother-in-law holding the screaming baby-"Dear little darlin"! How it looks which were obtained from the food eaten like papa now!" (Papa wonders how it is reviously, and the brain is so constituted that his wife's mother always compares the baby to him when it is crying and not at other times.)

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and, observing a man with a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed : "Look there, Mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet!

" How is your wife's health?" said one Sunday-school teacher to another; "Is she well?" "Well? Hardly ever," was the response. The questioner gazed sternly at the questioned, but, finding he meant it, put up his revolver.

There are two brothers on West Hill who look so much alike they cannot tell each other apart, and one day last week, when John was raging like a volcane with the tooth-ache. Henry went down to Dr. Wilson's and had six teeth pulled.

We call the attention of tramps to a fact to which we invite the attention of or cut a throat," heard of the collapse of tramps, that a tramp has struck a mine in Nevada which yields him an income of \$2,000 a day. We call to this fact the attention of tramps.-N. Y. Graphic.

Ladies wear gentlemen's scarf-pins as well as their collars, coats, vest andbut no! only a few married women wear the ahem! Buffalo Every Saturday. Will you please name a woman that doesn't wear a hem-several of them ?

When the barber's keen, cold razor is being wafted around one's throat, and the germ of a sneeze begins creeping up his nose, he cares naught for the fate of nations, the greenback idea, nor anything else, only to get the barber as far away as possible.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day in intercourse with, and observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do, what they say, what happens to them in their social and business affairs, what they wear-these become questions of supreme interest.

How to Become Graceful.

The Young Woman's Journal thinks a refined, graceful and manner, is one that can be acquired by any woman. It says : The best grace is perfect naturalness. Still, you must study yourself and form your manners by the rule of that art which is but a carrying out of the law of graceful attitude, pray help nature with a little art.

· If you are stout, avoid the smallest chair off. Very clever this; but, like all roguer- in the room, and be sure you sit on it, ies, it was at length found out, and a loss not to lean back on it with your hands folded in front of you just below the line of your waist, especially while the present fashion lasts.

Do not wear flimsy materials made up without a ruffle, or puff, or flounce, to

Study the art of dress. We once knew a very plain woman who dressed so tastelook at her.

If you have been moping until you are At a christening, while the minister was giving the certification, he happened to say," Let me see—this is the 20th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed it's only the eleventh!"