

Talk of an "Old Whip."

Let me see, Mr. —, you must have been engaged in the hacking business nearly half a century, have you not?" was the question recently asked of one of our old citizens, who for many years was engaged in conveying passengers from point to point in this city, but who has now, owing to advanced years, resigned his seat on the box to a younger man.

"Yes, I've handled the ribbons over the cattle for nigh on to sixty years, and it's only a short time since I quit, not because I wanted to, but you see the women folks got to be a little skeery of me, thought I hadn't the strength and seeing I used to have, and so I kinder humored them and give up, but I'm good for a dozen years' teaming yet."

And certainly the old gentleman looked as if he was. The bright blue eye, with a merry wrinkle; the firm grasp of his hand gave evidence that abundant strength yet remained in the wrist; ruddy cheeks, and firm, clear voice gave no indication of advancing years, and naught but the white hair and many wrinkles were indications of the winnows made by the scythe-bearing. He was a representative of that class of public servants of whom there are few now in the living, but who in their day were looked up to by young and old alike—when in their seats of power—by a deference amounting to worship by the younger generation, and due respect to the older. In the early days, before steam railroads were threading their way to every nook and corner of New England, the stage coach was the vehicle principally employed to reach distant places, and the stage driver, in those days, before telegraph and daily newspaper had become the power they now are, was the one whose society was most sought after. The most coveted seat on the coach was that beside the driver, and happy was the individual who obtained it. The easiest chair in the warmest corner of the fireplace at the tavern was always retained for this emperor of the road, and in the evening he was always sure of an attentive, if not appreciative, audience as he recounted the latest news from "Boston," interspersing the news of current events with that pertaining to the personal affairs of some former resident of the town, but who now was living in the city and making strong headway on the road to fortune—of the trials, joys and tribulations of the various people residing along his route to the city. These evenings were always enjoyed by the male population, and no doubt by the female part also, when the news was related to them. Thinking that a few reminiscences from this "old stager" might be of interest to the *Journal* readers, the writer stated that fact, and asked if he would have any objections to giving them.

"Wall, no, I've got no 'bjections, but I don't know as they would be worth the printing of 'em. Let's see, it was back in 1822 that I was driving between Haverhill and Boston, with a trip now and then to the Port (Newburyport); them was the days for living, and I tell you boys that were driving in those days had right hard times when we happened to meet. There was Anse Tucker and Joe Smith, besides lots of others just like them, but Anse Tucker, he was at the top. He could tell more stories—and new ones, too—than all the rest of us combined. Why, I remember that passengers used to wait over for his day, so as to ride with him, and he rarely went out without a full load, no matter what the weather was. Some of the boys used to be jealous of him, as he used to turn in the most passage money. He finally owned an interest in the line, and when the Maine Railroad was built he sold out, and with Joe Smith went on that road as conductors. They both died in the harness a few years ago."

"I presume you must have met with many experiences that were sad as well as merry."

"Yes, I've carried people whose wives, husbands, daughters or sons were sick nigh unto death, and they fussing and fretting because the cattle didn't get over the road faster, and blaming me because there was so many hills to climb. I remember one man who had a wife sick at a house on the road, and he heard just before I started from Boston that she was dying. We had a light cargo that trip, and the man kept urging me to go faster, he was so anxious. I was driving as fast as I desired to send the cattle, because it was a pretty hot day, and I told him so. He asked me how much my horses were worth. I said about \$70 apiece. Horses were cheap in those days. He just pulled his wallet right out and counted out \$280, handed it to me, and said he wanted to buy them, but that he must drive. Well, as he could get as good ones for the money, and seeing how worked up he was, I just put the money in my pocket and handed the lines to him, telling him to go ahead if he wanted to, and didn't be go. He just kept the long whip-lash tickling the flanks of the leaders all the time we were on level ground, and the only breathers they got was when they climbed a hill. We finally reached the house his wife was stopping at, about three hours ahead of time; he found her alive, and rushing from the house, made me a present of the team. I refused them, but he insisted, and so, as the cattle were all right the next day, not hurt at all, I concluded to let the company keep the horses and I the money. I was once carrying a young couple—girl and her sweetheart—to Haverhill. I had taken them up at different places on the road. Pretty soon the young fellow was a urging me to drive faster, and I see that he and the girl was kinder nervous like, and it wasn't till the girl herself coaxed me, with tears in her eyes, that I began to drive faster. Then they told me they were running away to get married, and as soon as the girl was missed her folks would be after her. You see I was young myself then, and so I just sent them cattle for all they was worth, and when I pulled up at the parson's house they was white with foam. I went inside the house with the couple and saw them hitched together, and just as we was coming out up come the girl's father and brother, but it was too late. I know I had a warm friend in that household for years after."

"Did you give up staging when the railroad was built?"

"Yes, shortly after it was running to Haverhill. I drove for a while to the Port, but not very long. I came to this city and bought a carryall, and did short jobs round the city; and after a while I had a coach built for me and drove two horses. I had more business than I

could do myself, so I bought another team and kept them at work also. After awhile I bought in New York a glass-sided hack, and I tell you that made a sensation. Everybody wanted to use it, and it was kept going so much that the axle was almost smoking hot from one day to another, for it was in use night and day. I finally got two more like it, and for awhile I about controlled the weddings and funerals in this town. But others bought them also, and of course my monopoly was broken, but I kept most of my customers, and have always had as much as I could attend to."

"You were very busy, then, during the late war?"

"Well, I should say so. Sometimes I didn't get to bed for a week—it's a fact. I'd just drop down on the hay in the stable and take an hour's nap while the horses were baiting. I had night work for all my teams, and at times I had to do more than the others; but as I was making money fast I didn't mind it. There was one queer thing happened one night. I had a passenger who engaged me to carry him out on the "Neck," and when I reached the place I found no passenger to let out. I felt pretty mad, but the next morning, in dusting the inside of my hack, I found a package of bank notes amounting to a considerable sum. I knew they were left there by my lost passenger. I waited a day or two for him to hunt me up and come after his money, and as he did not I advertised it, not the amount, but that a certain sum was found, etc., but no one ever came for it, and I still am enjoying the interest of it. But I could go on and tell you lots of stories, could, in fact, give you the inside history of many scandals; could tell you of incidents that would bring tears to your eyes to hear me tell them, as it did for me to witness them, but it wouldn't interest you. It would? Well, I haven't the time it would take to tell them to spare to-day, but if you will come round some other time I'll try and entertain you for an hour. Good day." *Boston Journal.*

Living in London.

The London correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* says living there is not so cheap as in the United States. Visitors have to pay right and left for everything, and often for nothing. "England is one vast show town. Everything is on exhibition at from sixpence to a shilling. If one desires to visit the shrines either of royalty or literature, he must weep tears, silver tears, in every instance. Shakspeare's grave, a sixpence; Shakspeare's easy chair, a shilling; dead Kings and Queens, one shilling; jewel of a live one, two shillings, and so on. Your correspondent has been sweating sixpences and shillings ever since landing on the soil, and is likely to till he leaves it; but, after all, there is nothing like what is to be seen here in all the world, and if the charges could only be put in one grand total the traveler would think it cheap. It is the petty annoyance of drawing the purse at every turn, and the constant demand for a fee that, like a nail in a shoe, keeps one in constant irritation. For instance, at the theaters, the American, accustomed to pay for his seat and have the whole paying business over, is put quite out of conceit before the performance begins by the little annoyance to which he is subjected. He pays ten shillings, \$2 50, for his seat; for the privilege of securing his seat in advance, say on the morning of the performance, and must pay an extra for "booking." When he arrives at the theater, he finds that his ladies must remove their bonnets. These must be stored in the cloak-room, sixpence each; then a programme, toupence each, and a fee for the commissionaire who closes his cab door as he drives away. As a sixpence is twelve cents, all this amounts to a very pretty sum before he gets through his amusements (?), especially if his party is of any considerable size, but then it has always been the custom, and it is probable it always will be. What was good enough for their great-grandfathers is quite good enough for the present generation."

STUTTERING.—Mr. Edgar S. Werner recently read before the Albany Institute a paper on this subject. Mr. Werner himself was, at one time, afflicted with this terrible disease, and he says that parents almost invariably treat a stuttering child with much severity, and thus, by frightening him, increases his malady, or spoils him utterly by too much leniency. The proper manner in which to treat such children is thus described: "In nothing is the adage, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' more applicable than in stuttering. Indeed, in this instance, an ounce of the one is more effective than a hundredweight of the other. Children with stuttering tendencies should be especially well nourished; they should take a great deal of physical and outdoor exercise; care should be taken that their nerves are fully developed and that their nerves are fully irritated. Late hours and highly-seasoned food, and everything tending to derange, weaken or unduly excite, mentally or physically, should be avoided. The child should not be allowed to talk too rapidly or when out of breath. If he has trouble to repeat the whole sentence and not the offending word. Ofttimes a serious mistake is made here. The child is drilled upon his most difficult words, and he comes to fear them, and, as a result, his ability to articulate them is continually lessened. He should not be permitted to associate with another stuttering child; indeed, no child should. Invertebrate stuttering may be caused by mimicking others. Throughout, the child should be subjected to kind but firm treatment."

A brace of hungry tramps, espying a sign on a restaurant, reading, "Meals at all hours," entered and asked the dealer for a breakfast. On being refused, they reluctantly took their departure, dryly remarking, "Those meals are not at all ours."

Peculiarities of "Yellow Jack."

Since the beginning of the eighteenth century seamen have had occasion to notice that sometimes, after a visit to certain ports in the West Indies or in Central South America, a mysterious something has happened their ships—a something which may in a few days turn the vessel into a floating pest-house, or which may show no signs of its presence for days or weeks, and yet at the end of the voyage may promptly destroy a stranger entering the hold; which might attack all the sailors sleeping on one side of the ship, and leave the rest unharmed—in short an invisible, palpable entity presenting so many peculiarities in its results that it was the most natural thing in the world to imagine it as being endowed with the attributes of purpose and will, and to speak of it as "Bronze John" or "Yellow Jack."

This tendency to personify yellow fever is strong among all who are familiar with it, and physicians and nurses who have had much experience of its vagaries often speak of them, and of Yellow Jack, in much the same terms as they would speak of a highly respectable but very interesting acquaintance—a sort of Bohemian among diseases. Its course in a city has been compared to that of a tax collector passing from house to house along a street, often only one side of a street. It is usually stopped by prison or convict walls, sometimes affecting but a few squares, and again developing in a week into one of the most terrible of epidemics.

We have no reliable information as to the origin of yellow fever in time or space. The majority of specific, contagious or infectious diseases—such as plague, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, cholera, etc.—can be traced with more precision to Asia as a starting-point; but Yellow Jack has no history. His presence is first distinctly recognized in the West Indies about 1690, prior to which date there is no satisfactory evidence of the existence in these islands of a pestilence presenting its peculiar symptoms, and harmless to the natives while fatal to the unacclimated.

It is the inter-tropical Atlantic pestilence, just as cholera is that of India, or the plague that of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It is a specific disease due to a specific cause—a cause which can be packed away in a closet or bureau, and be preserved for months; or which may be carried in a ship, or in a trunk of clothes for hundreds of miles, retaining its specific powers. Many of its phenomena can at present only be explained on the assumption that this cause is either itself capable of growth and reproduction outside the bodies of the sick, or that it is the product of something which has these qualities. In other words, the cause may be a minute organism, somewhat like the yeast plant; or it may be the product of such an organism, like alcohol. Either of these may be comprehended under what is known as the germ-theory. If the cause is an organism which itself enters the human body and multiplies there, it must exist in more than one form; and in the form in which it usually exists in the human body it is not capable of passing directly to another person. It is presumed that it usually enters the body through the respiratory process, and a period of from one to ten days elapses before the characteristic phenomena of the disease appear. This is known as the period of incubation. The cause of the disease has a self-limited period of existence, and this period is comparatively short if it is freely exposed to the external air. In the West India Islands the disease disappears at various ports for many years, and only re-appears on a fresh reimportation of the cause.—*International Review.*

SICK SENATORS.—The news from Mississippi that Senator Lamar has had a stroke of paralysis is not a surprise to his intimate friends. He has repeatedly had warnings of such an attack in the temporary loss of control over the right side of his body, and his system has been in no condition to withstand the progress of this tendency. He has fully realized his danger, and has for some time believed that he should be carried off suddenly some day by a stroke of paralysis. While his friends hope that he will recover from the present attack, there is a general conviction that it practically marks the close of his career. Wade Hampton has not yet returned, and it is understood that he was much prostrated by the recent death of his son. The Senator has never recovered from the loss of his leg, and was not prepared to stand such a shock. The dead Wade Hampton was the fifth to bear that name in a direct line, and had just taken charge of his father's property in Mississippi. The absence of Lamar and Hampton greatly weakens Senator Bayard in his fight for his Legal-Tender bill, as it leaves only one prominent Southerner (Hill, of Georgia), who is heartily in favor of its immediate passage.—*[Washington Corr. Springfield Republican.]*

DINNER WITH ARRABAOES.—My first dinner with the Arrabaoes was by invitation of Six Feathers, a very hospitable and friendly Indian. It was served upon common white china, and comprised stewed dog, boiled rice slightly sweetened, bread baked by reflection, and tea. Observing that my host shook the contents of a perforated tin box into his cup, and supposing it was sugar, I followed his example, and found it was black pepper—not, however, an unpalatable mixture in extremely cold weather. Dog meat is considered a great luxury, and is reserved for feasts and special occasions. After dinner Six Feathers seated me upon a couch of buffalo robes and bright red blankets, spread upon a willow mat that lay upon the ground and against two poles of a tripod, to which could be given any inclination. This formed a support for the back when sitting, and for the head when lying down. My hostess now presented me with a pair of moccasins uniquely embroidered with colored porcupine quills, which I was gratified to observe fitted perfectly, and I expressed my pleasure and thanks to the dusky donor in my choicest Arrabaoe. Cigarettes, of which they are exceedingly fond, being produced, we complemented smoked, while the fire burned brightly in the center of the lodge, maintaining a comfortable and uniform temperature, and the smoke gracefully curled through its appointed aperture.—*Lieut. H. R. Lemly, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Cleanliness of Stables.

We frequently come across remonstrances against keeping harness in stables, the reason given being that the ammonia prevalent there rots the leather and soon destroys the harness. Now this is beginning at the wrong end to remedy an evil. We may talk and advise "year in and year out," about this matter, but harness will be kept in the stable in spite of all. Where else can the majority of people who keep horses hang these trappings? A rich man may have a closet in which the harness may hang safely from fear of ammonia and all other dangers; but the average horse owner will have his peg behind the team, because he can have no other way of disposing of the harness. But the trouble would end in the production of ammonia was prevented. Enter an ordinary stable at any period, but especially in the winter, when every cranny through which the wind can come in is carefully stopped, and what an offensive odor offends the nostrils and irritates the eyes. Is this odor of ammonia, strongly alkaline and irritant, injurious only to the harness? What of the horses, and the tender membranes of the eye, the throat and the nasal passages? Do you think they are less sensitive than oak-tanned harness leather, well-greased and preserved as it is? By no means. If the prevalent odor injuriously affects the leather, you may be sure the eyes suffer, the throat and lungs are irritated and the nasal passages become inflamed. Then occurs the frequent moon blindness, ophthalmia, weeping of the eyes, followed by inflammation, white specks, clouded cornea, and, finally, loss of sight; then follow conglis, bronchitis, pneumonia, heaves, catarrh, nasal gleet; and by-and-by, when the blood has become poisoned by the absorption of diseased matter from inflamed and suppurated membranes, face and glands—dreadful and fatal to man and beast, too—result. And while we think of saving the harness and removing it to a purer place, the beast, which is worth a dozen sets of it, is left to rot from these pungent gases without any help. Clean the stables, and the harness may hang in them safely; and be sure, if the stable is not a fit place for the harness, it is no place for the horse. A barrel of plaster can be procured for about one dollar. It is worth that as a fertilizer. It is worth ten dollars as an absorbent of ammonia, and a hundred as a health preserver to the horses, not counting the savings to the harness. Sprinkle it everywhere, and be liberal with it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FASHIONABLE LONDON IN ROMAN TIMES.—Some fourteen or fifteen centuries ago what is now Bishopsgate-street-Within, was a fashionable suburb of the Roman Londinium, the Belgravia or South Kensington of the period, where the aristocracy and wealth of the city located itself and built magnificent mansions after the fashion of Rome with columns, frescoes and tessellated pavements, stretching eastward and westward, ran the city wall, a portion of which may still be seen in the street called London-wall, adorned with stately towers and bastions one of the latter having been exposed to public view by the opening of a pathway through St. Giles's churchyard. There was, however, no gateway in this part of the wall, as beyond lay an untraversable morass, and beyond that a forest extending to and up the heights of Highgate, Muswell Hill, etc., those who wished to go northward from the city having to go eastward to Aldgate, or westward to Aldersgate. This probably was the reason why the rich selected this portion of the environs of the city for their residence, as, being more retired and quiet than in the vicinity of a thoroughfare leading to a city outlet. Of those mansions of the patricians of Londinium, several vestiges have been found. On the site of St. Helen's the foundations of large edifices have been laid bare. In 1707, at the corner of Camomile street, a fine tessellated pavement was found; in 1752, another at the side of St. Helen's; in 1761, another in Camomile street; in 1836 a splendid specimen in red, white and grey, at the northwest angle of Crosby Square, besides fragments elsewhere.—*[London paper.]*

LENGTH OF MOURNING.—Visitors to this country are greatly surprised at the long period during which people wear mourning and remain in seclusion. The custom must be purely American, for it does not obtain elsewhere. In England a widow or widower may, with perfect propriety, divest themselves of mourning attire at the end of twelve months, although in most cases they must retain it, in some degree, a while longer. Mourning is worn for parents one year, but changed to lighter mourning after six months, and the same as regards the mourning of parents for children. Except in case of widows and widowers it is not deemed at all obligatory to abstain from society for more than six months, although in the case of parents who have lost children it would be unusual to go to large entertainments before the expiration of a year. When a parent has died well stricken in years, and quite in ordinary course of nature, it would excite no remark were the children to go to quiet dinner parties after three months. A two years' mourning and seclusion would, in such a case, be deemed affectionate. Mourning is here carried to such lengths that some people really pass a large part of their lives in weeping and seclusion, the death of a father, mother, and sister or brother making an aggregate of five years. It is a question whether we are not carrying the thing too far. Life was surely not made to be spent in permanent seclusion on account of bereavement, more especially for those who, in the ordinary course of nature, must precede us. Thousands of persons would gladly cut short their mourning but for the tyranny of fashion, which arbitrarily rules in this in so much besides.—*New York Times.*

The lilies of the field have pistils, and every wide-awake citizen of fair Texas is arrayed like one of these.

A Puzzled Parson.

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not re-assured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you get to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked, "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked, "Stranger do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And then they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-plack, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man,"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when he saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you were a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.—*Harper's Magazine.*

An Arrabaoe Buffalo Hunt.

In approaching the buffalo range a dance ensue ensues. The tribe assembles about an open spruce, in the middle of which are squatting many of the young men of the village, hideously painted and almost naked. A monotonous chant accompanied by a regular beating upon "tom-toms," is begun. The shrill treble of the squaws mingles not discordantly with the guttural tones of the bucks; and to this wild refrain the central group begin a rude and savage dance, hopping upon one foot and then upon the other, and yelling horribly the while. Those who join in this grotesque sport thus enroll themselves as a sort of "citizen soldiery," the chief purpose of which is to prevent any interference with the buffaloes, until, by a concerted action of the village, a "big surrounding" and great slaughter can be effected.

A buffalo hunt by Indians has often been described. The buffaloes are generally approached from such direction, that, in the chase that ensues, they will run to-ward camp, and by this means facilitate the transportation of their own flesh. Hundreds are killed, and the meat cut into thin slices and hung out upon poles outside the lodge to dry in the sun. Cured by this process, it is said to be "jerked." Nothing pertaining to the animal is thrown away. The entrails, and particularly the tripe, indifferently cleaned, are eaten raw, or thrown upon live coals, where they shrivel and broil into fragrant crispness. The skull is cracked, and the squaws insert their slender fingers into its crevices, and greedily devour the bloody and uncooked brains.

The days that succeed a successful hunt, after the hides are in process of tanning, are passed in general idleness. All hands have eaten their fill, and with the Indians a full stomach means a glad but slothful life.—*Lieut. H. R. Lemly.*

Terrible Sensation of Running Amuck.

During a recent Mohammedan festival at Kandahar, a capital of Southern Afghanistan, a number of mounted Chazis, as they are named, ran amuck through the British camp. Gen. Tyler and several British soldiers were wounded, and four of the Chazis were killed. Running amuck is one of the terrors of the East, but is far less common than it formerly was. Originally a Malay custom, it was extended to other countries in which the Mohammedan creed is prevalent. The word amuck is a corruption of amook, Japanese, to kill, and the think is simply a miscellaneous, indiscriminate killing. The natives of those Eastern lands become, from long-continued, excessive use of opium, ferociously frantic, and their frenzy is often intensified by religious fanaticism. Then, absolutely mad, they rush into the streets—frequently nude—cursing, biting and stabbing, with knives which they always carry, whomsoever they encounter. They are dreadful to see, and still more dreadful to meet. They look animated—very animated—corpse, their features being pinched and sharpened, their skin drawn like parchment, their eyes glittering with fierce insanity, and their eyes bent on slaughter. As many as forty persons have been killed before they could be overcome. Their appearance is the signal for general alarm. Everybody seizes the first weapon he can reach, and sallies forth to hunt down and exterminate the common foe. Of course, there is no reasoning with them, no way of intimidating them. They must all be killed for general safety, and they are killed as soon as possible. Long spears used to be employed altogether as weapons against them—and they are still employed—being thrown at or thrust into them until they expire. Fire-arms are now the offensive weapons when these are safe; but in the narrow, crowded streets of the East this is not often the case. Nothing is so formidable as an amuck-runner, and it is not strange that he is mercilessly slain. The Malays, owing to their ferocity, treachery and daring, are the most dreaded of all, especially when they are armed with the dagger or creese, their native weapon, with which they have a deadly skill, and which makes a terrible and very dangerous wound. A European or an American who has seen an amuck is very apt to remember it.

A small boy looking at the picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, asked his mother if they never wore more clothes than those in which they were represented, and being told that those were all the wore, said: "Then what did they do when people came to call?"

SHOBT RITS.

Ancient greese—Old butter. It is expensive to raise children in Leadville—Milk sells for 35 cents per quart.

When a man has the fever and ague he sadly realizes that this is a shaky world.

Juvenile "Scold." "Yer nasty little thing! If yer father wasn't a polieman I'd smack yer!"

The snows and storms of winter are impending, and, if you have scers, prepare to shed them now.

A young lady rebukingly asked us: "Which is worse, to lace tight, or to get tight?" We give it up—we never laced.

A young man whose girl lives some distance out of town, says that his Sunday night walk includes "two miles and lap."

"And oh, Edward," said the girl he was going to leave behind him, "at every stopping place be sure you write and then go ahead."

I never had a man to cut to me for advice, but before he got thru he had more advice to offer than to ask for—*[Josh Billings.]*

The small boy never wishes he was twins except when two different Sunday school Christmas trees are being held the same evening.

"What will the harvest be?" asks an exchange. Well, just wait till the harvest bee crawls up your trousers-leg, and you'll find out.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

The boy who hasn't got through both heads of his Christmas drum by this time had at least set his old grandmother crazy and driven the cook away.

"Mamma, how can God hear me pray when he's so far away?" Before the lady could reply a younger one said, "He's dot telephones a runnia to every place."

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.

About the guiltiest looking person in the world is a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

How doth the little busy beef Oh, as well as could be expected under the circumstances. We've just mashed him for unfolding his interest-sting tail, ding bat him.

"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your soul man, cabbages of course. A good lump of cabbage will last several worms a week.

A young lady, the other evening, kissed in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said: "It's not he but it's nice."

A young mother was explaining to her five-year old boy that when he was baptized he would be one of God's little lambs. "And will I have hind legs and go b-a-a?"

"What's the difference," asked a teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," was the reply of a number of the class. The teacher was silent.

Some crusty, rusty, musty, dusty, rusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready but never wanted."

Self devotion is but a form of generosity; the generosity of those who give themselves, having nothing more and better to give, and belongs equally to the nobler nature of both sexes.

It is well enough to be humble, but it is possible to boast of your humility until it sours into the worst kind of self pride. There is hardly a virtue in the calendar which a man will not lose if he talks much about it.

A little boy said he didn't want the soft part of the biscuit. "Some little boys," observed the mother, "would be very thankful to get it." "Then why don't you give it to them," answered the four-year old hopeful.

One of the lady teachers in a Reno public school, a few days since, was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" "A suck."

THE TATTOOED PRINCES.—Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales have been relieving the monotony of their cruise in the *Bacchante* by a strange freak. It seems that on their appearing one day a short time since on the quarter-deck of the vessel, the Captain noticed something peculiar about their appearance, and on closer inspection discovered that both the Princes had been tattooed on the side of the nose. The tattoo-marks, though plainly to be seen, were small, not being above the eighth of an inch in diameter, and are intended to represent an anchor. Somewhat alarmed, and not a little vexed by this discovery, the Captain questioned the young Princes as to how the tattooing had been done, and who had done it. They, like spirited and honorable boys, absolutely declined to say more than that it had been done with their own consent, and it then transpired that the youngsters of the vessel had all been similarly tattooed for a memorial of their cruise in the vessel, and in order, as they said, that one *Bacchante* might know another whenever and wherever he might hereafter see him. The notion is an amusing one, yet it is rather absurd to think that we shall have a King of England with an anchor tattooed on his nose. There is no truth in the statement which has been made that the Princess of Wales has been in great distress of mind with regard to this little incident. On the contrary, the Princess treats it as a boyish freak, and on hearing of it for the first time only expressed her surprise that her sons had not themselves written to her anything about it. Lord Napier of Magdala, who had himself seen the tattoo marks, was able to inform the Princess that they were not in any degree a disfigurement. The Prince takes the matter much less calmly.—*[London Vanity Fair, Jan. 17th.]*