

New Reporter Tackles a New Vessel.

A Domestic Experiment.

A Mexican War Reminiscence.

Kearney and Killoch.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Heroism of Lighthouse Keepers.

"Go down to pier 48," said the editor to the new reporter, and write up the new English steamer just arrived. Give a thorough account of her from stem to stern.

"From what?" said the young man recently arrived from a far interior State, and to whom a vessel of any sort was a mystery, and a wonder.

"From stem to stern," said the editor, fixing a suspicious and threatening eye upon him, "and tell how many feet of water she draws, her breadth of beam, her tonnage and all that sort of thing."

This was the young man's first mission. He was eager to distinguish himself. He had already done so on his village paper in a series of essays on "The Cosmogony of the University." But that little town was a thousand miles away. He wanted a wider field for his aspirations, and had come to New York.

Yet he went out of the office anxious and doubting. "I will go to the captain," said he, "he will explain to me the ship and its uses. He will tell me all."

"Captain," said he, "I am sent to write up your ship. Oblige me with stating how many masts she has?"

"Eighteen," promptly answered the captain.

"Where are they?"

"We have sent them on shore to be painted."

"How much water does your vessel draw?"

"Three inches."

"How do you draw it?"

"By steam power from the well."

"Where you ever in a storm at sea?"

"Never," said the captain.

"Are you ever sea-sick?"

"Awfully; can't leave my berth from the time we leave New York till we arrive in Liverpool."

"Are the rest of your officers and crew sea-sick?"

"Always; we're only on deck and about in port."

"Why, who steers the vessel at sea?"

"The cook; he's the only well man on board."

"Do you sail nights when out of sight of land?"

"Never; we anchor."

"What, in mid-ocean?"

"Of course, you land lubber. There's docks to tie up to at regular distances all the way across."

"What is that hole for?" pointing to an open hatchway on deck.

"That's where an iceberg ran into us last trip."

"Good gracious! How do you see sail dark nights?"

"We send our boats ahead with lanterns, who light up the road."

"Are they there now?"

"Yes; anchored in a line all the way across the Atlantic ocean."

After getting much other information which the Captain said he was only too happy to impart to such an interesting young gentleman, the reporter returned and wrote as follows:

The steamer Crusader is a splendid specimen of naval architecture. Her keel revolves on hinges, so as to be readily unshipped in a storm when it is not wanted. The rudder, also, by a patent contrivance, can be drawn from its socket and deposited on deck during the night and in hurricanes. The Crusader has folding decks, which can be doubled up when she has but little cargo, and her tonnage in this way can be decreased from 4000 to 2000 tons. The mainmast, if necessary, be used as a skysail or windmill, and the saving of canvas effected in this manner reduces the wear and tear of her running rigging one-half. The main brace passes from the end of the bowsprit over the fore, main and royal masts, thence down and over the spanker boom to the taffrail and into the cabin windows, where it is secured by a double banked sheepshank to the head of the Captain's berth. She has compound engines, which boil water at an extremely low temperature. Her screw revolves at the rate of 10,000 times a minute, and can, if necessary, be brought forward and used as paddle wheels. The Crusader is also constructed on the crab principle, and, by bracing up every thing sharply on the wind, and wearing ship frequently, she can go as fast sideways as any other way. The engines are furnished with condensers, which condense milk as well as water. Her cabins are constructed on the French flat principle, there being six stories with kitchens, etc., for each family of passengers. The Crusader also carries her own docks, and thus saves all the expense of wharfage when in port. She also carries her own quarantine, and so can never be detained if there is any malaria or measles on board. The pilot pilots her all the way across the Atlantic, and comes back with the ship each time. Her compasses in the binnacle give each day the direction of the wind. The Captain's cow is milked by the boatswain in the foretop.

OWN A HOME.—Every man who has or expects to have a family, should strive to become the owner of a home, for without one he can never feel or be independent. With a home of his own he becomes better contented, feels a deeper interest in public affairs, and is a better member of society. No man should rest satisfied until he possesses at least a small portion of the grandest of all the estates—land—the fruitful mother of all the productions which sustain existence, secure comfort and give stability and independence to life. Every man makes his life what it is out of the material circumstances which surround him. How different the feelings of a family with a home they can call their own from those who are dependent tenants.

M. E. M.—The word "chie" had its origin in the Paris studios. It is essentially a Parisian word; a Bohemian admitted into good society. Its meaning can be understood, but hardly defined. As a French writer says, "Chic is neither nobility, nor distinction, nor opulence, nor esprit. It is itself. It is chic. It is taste and tact and the knack of doing and saying the right thing in the right way; it is to be witty and wise and well dressed and clever and self-possessed; it is all these and a thousand things beside, and yet it is none of these things. It is chic."

Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not sullen; be valiant, but not venturesome; let your clothes be comely, but not costly; your diet wholesome, but not excessive; distrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof.

Col. Bob Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket-book in an open drawer and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. "They eat when they want; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish, never scold. They buy their own clothes and are masters of themselves."

A gentleman living on Marshall street, who has a boy that is full as kitteny as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street; where he was putting soft soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamp-lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has, no doubt, been annoying to you. Now I'm going to leave my pocket-book in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire to; buy your own clothes, and feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head, as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamp-lighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants and shook him, he said, "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for \$11 and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for \$9, and an army musket with an iron ramrod fell down from the corner. The boy had paid \$6 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a sealskin collar and cuffs and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parent found the marble top of a soda fountain, wheelbarrow and a shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves and crackers and a barrel of apples. A wall tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up, ready for camping out, and a buxkin shirt and a pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basketful of fish-lines were ready for business, and an oyster can full of grub-worms, for bait, were squirting on the wash-stand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocket-book in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution-box, and remarked:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money, come to me, and I will give you a nickel, and you will tell me what you intend to buy with it, or I'll warn you. You hear me?"—[Springfield Republican.]

Huffy People.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the faculty which some people have for taking offense where no offense is meant—taking "huff," as the phrase goes with reason or without—making themselves and everybody else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with, of all ages and every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessary wisdom and unsusceptibility; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffy, which seems to be a self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as a high spirit of sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who has self-respect, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status and happy private condition, is never apt to take offense.

Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people; and as sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good-humoredly, or take it as it is meant. If you attempt the very simplest form of chaffing, you will soon find out your mistake; and not infrequently the whole harmony of the evening has been set wrong because a thin-skinned, huffy person has taken a pleasant jest as a personal affront, and either blazed out or gloomed sullenly, according to his or her individual disposition and direction of the wind at the time. —[Household.]

Some years ago there lived in Oglethorpe county a Baptist preacher who was noted not only for his piety, but also for his preciseness in manners and conversation. One day he had occasion to denounce another person who had maltreated him, and he did it in round terms. Not long after a friend met him and expostulated with him for his harshness towards the one who had wronged him. Said he: "Why, brother, I even heard that you said you wished he was in hell." "Oh, no," replied the preacher, "I was very angry, but I did not say I wished him in hell. I merely said I expected to see him sliding in that direction."

Petroleum has been proved to be very deadly to oysters and other shell fish.

Few ever measured the lengthening miles with as anxious hearts as did these travelers. Guadalajara had forgot its flowers and birds and bursting vines. The whole city was alive with the news—war! war! The hot rumors were blowing thick from the Rio Grande. As may be imagined, Dr. Wood did not now court observation. He hastened to a hacienda, or inn, and went at once to his room. The adjoining room was separated from him only by a thin partition, and was occupied by some Mexican officers of rank. He overheard their violent talk and hot discussions, and the facts he learned were startling. Hostilities had begun on the Rio Grande. He heard them reading an account of the capture of Captain Thornton and his dragoons. Dr. Wood immediately procured a Mexican newspaper with a full narrative of the affair. This sufficiently corroborated in outline the facts he had so fortunately overheard from better authority. There was no doubt now. He was in an enemy's country, and was the bearer of hostile dispatches. It was a moment of extreme peril to an American officer. But it was a moment of destinies. It was one of those pregnant pivotal moments alluded to. And fortunately the great republic had in this far-away spot one citizen who was not even thinking of personal safety, but was coolly revolving plan after plan to aid her. Sloat must know this news before Seymour, or California was lost. But how? Dispatches were to go forward, and dispatches were to go back. Information was to be collected for the Government, and information was to be sent for the Government. Dr. Wood, notably a cool man, of large intelligence, looked at his problem as a statesman and as a military man. He knew as well as any the importance of this news. He was learned, far-sighted; and even then was looking to the future of our country. Fortunately his personal courage was such that he was not hampered by a single thought of danger. He wrote a full account of all he had overheard. He recorded the facts told and the views expressed by the Mexican officers. He translated the newspaper accounts. When he had finished he inclosed the whole to Commodore Sloat. This packet he took to Mr. Parrott, who, from his large commercial relations in Guadalajara and Mazatlan, was enabled to procure a courier without exciting suspicion. This courier, ignorant of course of the news he was bearing, but stimulated by the offer of a reward at the end of his journey, rode night and day till the packet was delivered at Mazatlan, and thence immediately transmitted to Sloat. A thrill of excitement ran through the whole squadron, among those who were permitted to know the news. The Cyane and Levant slipped out of the harbor, under secret orders, for Monterey, and the rest of the squadron was held in readiness to act instantly on any further information which might be received from the comrade who was in the very center of the enemy's country.—[C. E. S. Wood in Californian for December.]

BRAND NEW JOKES.

No matter how ill-tempered or resentful the ship may be on her voyage, said old Captain Crosstree, "she always drops her rancor when she comes into port."

Some Indians use scalping knives of tortoise shell, probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.

Cato, the censor, learned the Greek language when he was 84 years of age. We shall follow the example of Mr. Cato, and not learn the Greek language until we arrive at the age of 84. By that time we shall probably discover what good it would do us to acquire a knowledge of that language.

A man in New York who has been arrested 150 times in ten years is the newest hopeful candidate for the lecture bureau. That's right! Keep on with this thing a little longer, and the outraged people will rise in their might and sweep the whole lecture business from the face of the earth.

A little girl in Belfast, Me., recently dropped her doll and broke its arm. The doll was a favorite one, and the accident was to the child a great calamity of the severest nature. The tears started, the lips were trembling with grief, when a bright thought struck her. With a beaming face she exclaimed: "Papa, I don't know as I care, after all. Perhaps it will be put in the paper!"

"I don't believe much in history," said a modern miss, "and particularly the history of Cinderella. In my opinion there never was any such person." Thereupon she went to the looking glass and powdered herself furiously, in a vain attempt to conceal the too brilliant color which had been produced by her efforts to get on a No. 8 shoe.—[Andrews' Bazar.]

A negro family on Galveston avenue are everlastingly quarreling and disturbing the neighbors. A gentleman living close by met the wife and said to her: "You are always kicking up a row. Why is there no harmony in your house?" "Dat's jess what I was telling de lazy, wuffless niggah. Dar ain't no hominy in de house, nor no meat, and de bacon's all eat up, and meal barr'l is empty. He's de only thing in de house wat's full all de time."

Experience teaches us that stock entering into winter quarters in good condition can be kept without difficulty, while an animal beginning the winter in a poor condition notwithstanding an abundance of food, careful housing and the best attention, will invariably be in poor order the following spring. Particularly is this case with common stock. Fat stock consumes a less amount of food than lean stock.

A sweet syrup-like liquid exudes from the bodies of plant lice (aphides) which feed upon the younger portions of trees. This "honey dew," as it is called, is frequently so abundant as to cover the ground beneath, and in many places is usually spoken of as "the oil from the trees." Bees gather the sweet exudation for the purpose of making it into honey, and ants are also fond of it.

Kearney has passed off the stage, at least for the present. He made more trouble than a thousand like him could cure, he caused more injury to the welfare of California than the labor of ten thousand skulking villains like him could restore were they to work for a thousand years. And yet he reigned gloriously for a long time. Up to about the time of the assault upon Killoch by De Young he held under his spell ten thousand swarthy scoundrels. So long as he could hold the fort and threaten to bring about a riot, to make the streets run with blood, to denounce any man who owned a little property and now and then appeared in a clean shirt; he was a terrible fellow. Capital fled before him (for capital is the big coward of the earth) respectability was ready to make excuses for its appearance; the press and politicians pandered to him, and he was—the craven bandit that he is—a terror and a power. But on one lucky day some one thought of the work-house in connection with him; a complaint was made out, a trial had and Kearney was sent there. His hair was cropped and he was clothed in the variegated costume which distinguishes that institution. That killed Kearney. By the way we said at the time that it would. Had he only been convicted of something peculiarly wicked, something which would have hanged him, he would have been attended daily by an anxious crowd until the day of execution; his journey to the scaffold would have been a triumphal procession, and for years to come the cry of "Kearney" would have been a Shibboleth which would have rallied every loafer and every free lunch fiend of San Francisco, as the blare of a trumpet thrills the soul of a veteran soldier. But the cropped hair, the striped clothing and the prison order, which made Kearney look and smell precisely like a common vagrant; even Kearney's followers could not stand that. It brought to their minds too vivid a realization of the condition they themselves might be in within twenty-four hours, to make the contemplation pleasant to them, then 'oo, there was the man who was going to wade in blood, fire out a whole race, and make wealth and respectability criminal possessions, suddenly brought down to striped clothing and cropped hair like a common thief. That experience finished the brute and so pale to him. But San Francisco has a worse man than ever Kearney was. It has a man who has an education, who has a brain to plan and courage enough to act, but whose heart is as foul as was Kearney's mouth. Why does not San Francisco try a dose of work-house on him? It would be just lovely. Killoch in striped garments and cropped hair would make a better picture than Kearney made, and Justice, setting up on high, would smile approval. The odor of the prison would sweeten the atmosphere around Killoch and no eccentricity of prison dress would fitly symbol the distortion of Killoch's soul. But the spectacle would be splendid and the discipline most salutary and it should be tried.

To Prevent Fires.

Most of the fires that occur might be avoided by proper care, and the following hints, if carefully observed, will aid materially in avoiding such accidents:

1. Never leave matches where they can be reached by children, and if one should fall on the floor, be sure and search for it until you find it. A match, when trodden upon, readily ignites, and if unobserved, may cause a serious fire, or, what is more likely, set a lady's dress in flames. Rats and mice have a great fondness for matches, and often carry them off to their holes, where, by nibbling, they set them on fire. Always keep matches in tin boxes, and never in paper packages.

2. Children should be strictly prevented from playing with fire, and severely punished, if caught so offending. It is far better that they should undergo the inconvenience of a little wholesome chastisement than either set the house on fire, disfigure themselves for life, or be burnt to death from the want of being severely punished for disobedience.

3. Never leave a lamp or candle burning at your bedside on a table when you go to bed, and avoid reading in bed; this is a most fruitful cause of loss of life and property.

4. If a piece of a paper is used to light a lamp, see that it is properly extinguished before leaving it, as it will sometimes burst out on fire after it is supposed to have been completely extinguished.

5. If there is an escape of gas, so that the smell of it is very apparent, open the doors and windows immediately to allow its escape, and facilitate the entrance of fresh air; and above all things avoid coming any way near with a light of any description. As soon as you can, shut off the gas at the meter.

SARA BERNHART is now able to converse in French with several New York citizens, who say to her, in the Ollendorf method, "How is the good health of our sister?" She replies, "How are the bright trade dollars of the Secretary and the verdant greenbacks of the grandmother?" A citizen, after glancing at his Ollendorf behind the curtain, says: "You have not seen the island of Coney, nor the beach of our crowded Manhattan, nor the foam on the beach called our Brighton?" Then she says (looking at Ollendorf's code of signals), "but I've heard of the foam on the lager and the flavor of mollusks and biscuits."

Unmerited honors never wear well. Endeavor to be what you appear to be. Unto thyself be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as an essential to the culture of every virtue.

Edmund Yates says that genuine hatred is almost as rare in English politics as gratitude. But it isn't so rare in our politics.

As by constant friction steel is kept highly polished, so by constant exercise is talent ever at its brightest. All our powers grow by use.

The worst education that teaches self-denial is better than the best that teaches everything else and not that. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

Falsehood, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.

A colored man applying for a marriage license in Cincinnati was asked if he and the lady were related. "Yes, sah," he replied. When asked how, he answered: "I thought you deluded to de tender relations ob my wuf what prevails between us at de present moment."

If you want to study the immense variety of the human face in expression you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf and dumb man when he reaches under the plank-walk for a lost nickel and picks up a raw bumble bee by the stem.

There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard and several black imps playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty: "You, Gawge Washington, keep away from dat ar biler! Drectly you is gwine ter upset de biler all over yourself, and yez will be fust one to say: 'Twan't me, mammy.'"

The unties not preserved: Last Sunday a Galveston boy came home radiant from Sunday school and exclaimed: "I was the only boy in my class. All the rest of the boys went down to the railroad to see the circus come in." "That's right, my son," said the proud parent; "never neglect your Sunday school duties. But did the circus really arrive?" "Of course it did. Didn't I see it myself?"

A Duel on Horseback.

The Earl of Glencairn challenged Lieutenant-General Sir George Munro for grossly opprobrious language used by him toward the Highland troops, as being "no other than a pack of thieves and robbers." They met in a field near Dornock, "by gray daylight." They were both well mounted on horseback; each of them were to have one pistol, after discharging of which they were to fight with broad-swords. The pistols were fired without doing hurt. They then engaged with their swords, and after a few passes, my Lord had the good fortune to give Sir George a sore stroke upon his bridle-hand, whereupon Sir George cried out that he was not able to command his horse; "and I hope," says he, "you will fight me on foot."

"Ye earl," says my Lord, "I will let you know that I am a match for you either on foot or horseback." Whereupon they both alighted, and at the first bout my Lord gave him a sore stroke on the brow, about an inch above his eyes, which bled so much that he could not see. His Lordship was going to thrust him through the body, but John White, his man, pushed up his sword, and said,

"You have enough of him, my Lord." His Lordship, in a passion, gave John a stroke over the shoulders, and then took his horse and came to his quarters. Munro and his brother went to headquarters, but with much ado, for the bleeding at head and hand. Their only attendants as seconds were Lord Glencairn's trumpeter and valet—his man John above mentioned—and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Munro, a younger brother of Sir George.—[Notes and Queries.]

Ninety Miles an Hour.

There was turned out from the Grant Locomotive Works in Paterson, N. J. yesterday, a new locomotive of peculiar construction, intended for the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad. Eugene Fontaine, the inventor, claims that this locomotive can be made to go ninety miles an hour, while the machinery is run no faster than that of an ordinary locomotive traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The machinery is all on top of the boiler, instead of under it. The driving wheel rests on another wheel, which in turn rests on the track. This lower wheel has two rims, one a foot smaller than the other. The outer rim touches the track and the inner or smaller rim supports the driving wheel. The motion of the driving wheel thus communicated is magnified by this arrangement so that the lower wheel turns one-third faster than the driving wheel, and so the speed is increased. The smaller rim of the lower wheel bears to the larger rim a relation similar to that of a very large hub to any wheel. Of course any rate of motion communicated to such a hub is greatly magnified at the periphery of the wheel. In the same way the motion of the driving wheel in this case is magnified by the peculiar arrangement of the wheel it rests upon. Mr. Fontaine believes that his locomotive, if it were not for the increased resistance of the air, could be run at the rate of 107 miles an hour. He expects to make ninety miles an hour easily. The machinery of the new locomotive, which stood propped up on blocks, was put in motion on Saturday with satisfactory results. Many railroad men have visited it.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.

Ceremonies differ in every country, but true politeness is ever the same.

It was a grand and heroic conception to build a lighthouse on the Edystone, but what shall be said of the men who first of all tried the experiment of dwelling in the horrible isolation of that storm beaten edifice, cut off from the rest of the world, uncertain whether the building would stand the test of the storm, defaced by the roar of the waters which sometimes would shoot right over the lantern, or dash headlong against the lighthouse with fearful violence, causing every part to vibrate as though the whole fabric were instantaneously going to pieces? It is recorded that only two men attended the lighthouse built by Rudyard, and that one of them was seized with sudden illness and died. It was in the roughest time of year, and although the survivor hoisted a signal of distress, no boat could reach the rock. What to do with the dead body he did not know. At first he thought he would throw it into the sea, but he was hindered by the fear lest the friends of the deceased might charge him with the crime of murder. For a whole month the weather continued boisterous, and for that whole month the solitary survivor kept the light all night now that his comrade could no longer share the duty, watch by watch with him, and for that whole month he kept the body of the body of the dead man, although it had fallen into horrible corruption. Can any more terrible strait be conceived than that in which the brave fellow was placed? Yet we do not even know his name. All we know is that in almost every great work of public utility involving hazardous labor, if one or two men have come to the front and left their names for the admiration of posterity, there have always been a hundred obscure heroes who have lived and died and left no sign, but without whose strong nerves and great hearts those works would never have been accomplished.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

ONE of the German princes is soon to marry a princess of Schleswig-Holstein, and as it is necessary at such times to give the full names of the parties interested the invitations to the affair resemble three-sheet posters.

Mlle. ALICE GREVY, daughter of the French President, is engaged to marry, it is said, an exceedingly French land-owner. She won't be Grevyn any more after she marries that exceedingly wealthy Frenchman.

PROFESSOR SWING, the great independent preacher of Chicago, thinks the ancient Hebrews and Persians surpassed Americans in their ability to lie. And yet if Professor Swing had read Barnum's campaign dispatches he — but no matter.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—The Orangethorpe Sunday School celebrated its sixth anniversary last Sabbath afternoon. In the review of past lessons the question was asked: "What did God do on the seventh day?" (referring to the creation of the world.) Answer: "He rested." What else did He do? Promptly came the answer from a little eight-year-old boy: "He read his newspaper."

Land in Texas is very cheap. The last Legislature set apart 3,000,000 acres of land in the Panhandle, ordered a survey and put it upon the market at minimum price of 50 cents per acre. The survey of this 3,000,000 acres has just been completed, and the land is now in market.

The truthfulness of a sign over a Santa Fe saloon is to be admired. An old fashioned perforated tin lantern hangs upon a rude bracket, and in the night throws a dim and fitful light upon a strip of white muslin on which is inscribed in large letters, "Nose Paint."

Two friends from the interior put up at a Galveston hotel and were given one room. The man in the next room overheard the following conversation about daybreak next morning. "I say, Bill, are you awake?" "I've been wide awake for the last two hours."

"Lend me \$5." "I've dozed off again." "I knew you were lying when you said you were wide awake."

INFIDELITY in Paris is increasing rapidly among the upper classes, while Mr. McCall and his condutors are laboring to spread the gospel among the poor. The society of Atheists lately organized already boasts of a membership of 15,000 in that city, besides having branches in all the large towns of France. They no longer maintain a merely negative position, but have assumed an aggressive attitude toward the churches.

What to Say.

Say "I doubt not that I shall," and not "but I shall." Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I." Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no." Say "not that I know," and not "that I know of." Say "return it to me," and not "return it back to me." Say "I seldom see him, and not "I seldom or ever see him." Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends." Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken." Say "game is plentiful," and not "is plenty." Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you." Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard." Say "it is primitive sense," and not "primary sense." Say "he was noted for his violence," and not "he was a man notorious for violence." Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true." Say "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up." And last, but not least, say "I take my paper and pay for it in advance."