

HOW MY GHOST WAS LAID.

He fell flat on the ground before me, clasped his hands to his forehead, and uttered a horrible groan. Never on the stage did murder villain fall so suddenly or with such a wail.

with: 'I'd hev you to know, ma'am, that me and my folks is jest as good as you and your folks any day in the year; and, as for my John, ef I'd knowed what he was after I'd hev showed him. A big, fat, ugly, nasty little thing like that! Ugh!'

What the Clerk Wanted. Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began: 'Mr. Pinchem, I—'

Oatmeal as Food. The appetite often craves food which the stomach rejects; but a long period of forcing enables it to receive it under protest. Nor is it the quantity of food that is nourishing but the quality.

Humantiy to Live Stock in Transit. Attention has lately been called in the British House of Commons to the sufferings of American-imported live stock on the voyage across the Atlantic, and from the remarks of the Secretary of the Privy Council it appears that the attention of that body had been several times called to the matter, and that it had been for some time in communication with the Board of Trade with a view of devising measures for lessening the sufferings of animals in transit.

SHORT BITS. The oldest living graduate of Williams College, Herman Halsey, class of 1811, has signified his intention of being present at the commencement next month.

He said it so sharply that I started. 'Ah, I see that I am right!' cried John Rogers. 'You've been a trifling with my feelings. You've led me on to this crush me under your heel. You thought break a country heart for parttime entertainment it jest now.'

Afterward I heard her spouse explaining: 'She sot considerably by me when she was a gal, but she took too many airs. She was one of them kind that was all outside and nothin' solid, so I let her know I wasn't to be caught. They did say she most broke her heart. I dunno.'

Where Drums Come From. Granville Corners is situated about two miles north of the Connecticut line. A large mill stream runs through the place (a branch of the Westfield river), furnishing a number of privileges, most of which are utilized.

CONVERTING CIDER INTO VINEGAR.—Various methods for hastening the conversion of cider into vinegar, have been recommended. A recent French method which seems practical, is the following: Seald three barrels or casks with hot water, rene thoroughly and empty.

WORMS THAN WHISKEY.—Wm. Bross, of Chicago says: 'A general reform in drinking ice water would confer a benefit upon the public. Its constant and immoderate use has become one of the most insidious causes of disease. It produces our national disease, dyspepsia, in its most aggravated forms, and you can scarcely look over a death list that you will not see a notice of some one dying of diabetes, Bright's disease, or other kidney complaint. In most cases ice water is the remote if not the active cause. If one should express the opinion that ice water is the source of more disease among business and public men than whisky, a wide induction of facts would show him not so far from right. Sad experience as well as extensive observation and inquiry have convinced me of the truth. Ice water came nearer costing me my own life than any other cause within my memory.'

GETTING EVEN WITH A PRACTICAL JOKER.—McCabe was a practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steambot, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. He took a seat in the corner, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil-can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle, again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter, he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it.