DY LILLIE E. BARR.

If some pleasure come your way, Though 'tis but a holiday, Just an hour or two of play, Better make the best of it. Drop your work, it's care and strife, Take your child, and take your wife, Taste a moment's freer life, And just make the best of it.

Oft ungrateful you have been; Though your home was sweet and clean, Thought it only small and mean, tter make the best of it. Hetter make the best of it.

Think upon your table spread,
With enough of daily bread,
Bless your baby's curly head,
And just make the best of it.

Perhaps you have gone with weary feet Through the hay, and corn, and wheat; When the harvest is complete Make the very best of it. Though you've grumbled oft before At the smallness of your store, Do not grumble any more, But just make the best of it.

Two things since the world began No one frets for, if a man— What he can't help—what he can— But he makes the best of it. What you can't help is God's will; (Do you not know what's good or ill?) Cheerfully submit, and still Try to make the best of it.

What you can help, help, if you Would unto yourself be true;
A mistake has still its due— Tis to make the best of it. Serrow's only good for sin; From each error you may win Gain or wisdom:—so begin To make the very best of it.

There's no grief that can betide, Less, or wrong, wounded pride, But will have a brighter side; Find it; make the best of it. Make the worst—you only place Shame and anger to your case; Better keep a cheerful face And make the very best of it

## THE DUEL.

In the year 1801, when the peace of Tilsit put a stop to the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, the King of Prussia, exhausted by his astonishing efforts to maintain the war against France, reduced his army to the peace establishment. Consequently many officers who were stationed at Hamburg received a furlough, or were dismissed from the service for a short time; and a life of military danger and inactivity gave place to habits of idleness and dissipa-

In the early part of the summer, several of these officers, having dined to-gether and sacrificed rather freely at the shrine of the jolly god, adjourned to-wards evening to the Exchange Coffee House, the most noted hotel in the city. They entered singing and shouting in a most tumultuous manner, setting at defiance the rules of propriety and decorum. The youngest of the joyous band, the Baron de V-, who bore the commission of lieutenant in the army, was about twenty-five years of age, wealthy, handsome and elegantly form ed. But his mind did not correspond with his person; and he was vain, insolent; self-conceited and presuming.
When they entered the public room, they
observed an individual of small stature. in a dark suit, seated alone at a table. He held in his left hand the journal of the day, while his right supported a pipe. He paid but little attention to the entrance of this formidable host of blackguards, scarcely deigning to raise his eyes from the paper he was perusing, The young Baron, doubtless offended at an appearance of idifference which he thought bordered on contempt, approached the man in black, and said with a smile of bitter irony:

"Ah, my friend, good evening. From your appearance, I should take you to be a schoolmaster, or perhaps a tailor. Am I right? Where's your goose?"
The citizen raised his eyes and fixed

them for a moment on the countenance of his interrogator, and then resumed the perusal of the journal.

"God forgive me my sins," continued the Baron. "He will not answer me. Come, my little fellow, we must be more sociable. Ah, I perceive the reason of your silence; that pipe incommodes you. As I must hear the sound of your voice, allow me to relieve you."

So saying, he snatched the pipe from the hands of the stranger, and dashed it to pieces on the floor, a piece of wit which his companions applauded with shouts of laughter.

Without laying down the journal the insulted individual turned towards the entrance of the inner reom, and coolly

"Waiter, another pipe."
"Well done," resumed the young impertment, "I have gained something,

however; I made him open his mouth. The pipe was brought, filled and ghted, and the citizen continued to peruse the journal as if nothing had hap-"My little man," said the Baron,

"where do you belong? In what village do you exercise your talents? What, no answer? Have you resolved not to enter into conversation with me?"

Here the insulted person again raised his head and looked the young officer in | and after his fire was returned, the rest the face, at the same time puffing out an immense volume of smoke; he then deliberately resumed his former occupa-

'Perhaps I was mistaken in your character," interrupted the Baron; "you may be the quid nune of a village, and perhaps endeavoring to commit to memory the news which that paper contains, to impart it correctly to your friends and neighbors. But you smoke like a Swiss. That pipe causes you much inconvenience.

It was a second time broken. Without evincing by a gesture, or any visible sign of countenance, the least appearance of anger, the man in black coolly repeated the first demand:

"Waiter, another pipe." "What a melodious voice!" resumed the Baron. Such patience must be the attribute of an angel or devil. I would give a thousand florins to see you in a

passion; it would be delicious sport."

An old Major whose embroidered coat was decorated with military orders, and on whose German physiognomy was depicted frankness, true courage and loy-alty, who entered the Coffee House with

these hair-brained youths, now addressed the Baron in a low voice, but which, notwithstanding, could be heard in all

parts of the room: "My young friend you are insulting stranger without provocation; you are foolishly guilty of a greater impertinence and your conduct with that of your ap plauding comrades, begins to disgust me. I beg you to pursue this foolish joke no further."

The Baron, with his companions, accordingly adjourned to a neighboring room, and commenced playing cards. To judge from their numerous jokes, fol-lowed by loud peals of laughter, it would seem that the young officer's folly and imprudence were already forgotten. An hour passed away, all was mirth and jollity, the Baron had gained a considerslowly approaching his chair, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him in another apartment. The Baron regarded him with a look of disdain over his shoulder, uttered an ill-

timed jest, and laughed in his face.
"'Sir," said the man in black in a decided and manly tone, "you labor under a trifling mistake, which I must take the likerty to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a school-master. I have the honor to be a post captain in the English navy, very much at your service. You have insulted me and I demand satisfaction. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock I shall await you here. Bring pistols with

you. The astonished Baron, who during thi address had raised from his chair, changed countenance more than once, and then answered only by a low bow of acquiescence; he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue should betray his terror. The captain politely saluted the rest of the company and left

the house. With him departed all the gayety of the lieutenant. He became thoughtful and tactiturn; his mind wandered from his game, and he soon lost more than he had gained. He was unnerved with terror, while reflecting on the consequences of his folly. What an advantage must an adversary possess over him who could bear with so much calmness a series of degrading insults, and who could propose a duel with such imperturbable "sang froid!" Such an antagonist must be singularly endowed with courage and skill. Such were the ideas that continually passed through his

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place at the appointed hour. But it is not supposed that all slept equally well during the night. When they assembled next morn-ing at the Coffee House, they found the Englishman before them at the rendezvous; but he was now dressed in a splendid suit of the naval uniform of his nation. He was attended by a valet, who carried a case under his arm.

He requested the officers to accept of some refreshments; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind and good breeding.

About eight o'clock he rose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him. The Baron named the open pastures lying between Hamburg and Al-

When they arrived on the ground, the Englishman asked the Prussian what distances he would prefer. He answered:

"Fifteen paces." "The distance is too great," resumed the Englishman; you will miss me. Call it ten, if you please.' And his proposition was accepted.

The major now made the observation that the captain had no second. "This is of little consequence," said the Englishman. "If I fall, my valet

has my orders." The major represented that such a pro-

ceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and that if such a formality were neglected the duel could not take place, but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out, and

each of the principals had taken his station, the captain asked his antagonist significantly if he had good pistols; "for," said he, "I have a pair which I often use, which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excel-

He then called his servant, and ordered him to throw something in the air. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket. "This is too large," said the captain;

"find something else."

He took from his pocket a dried prune. "That will do," exclaimed the

The fruit was thrown in the air, the pistol was fired, and the prune was shattered into pieces. At this extraor-dinary proof of address, the spectators were struck with astonishment. As to the poor lieutenant, he was more dead

than alive. The captain then resumed his station and requested his antagonist to fire, but the major interposed, stating that it was contrary to the custom of their country; that the offended party had an un-doubted right to make the first essay;

should be decided by chance. "My friend," replied the captain, "if I should suffer myself to be influenced by your opinion, this young gentleman would never have an opportunity to test the quality of his pistols. I must have my own way in this particular; and after I have settled the affair with this gentleman, each of his companions who amused themselves last evening at my expense, and who, instead of restraining the impertinence of their friend, laughed at his ridiculous follies, must one after another front the muzzle of my pistol. Now, sir, I am ready. Take good aim, for if you miss me you are a dead man.

The lieutenant presented his weapon, drew the trigger, and the ball passed through the Englishman's hat. "Now, sir, it is my turn," said the captain. "I was last evening a butt for

your railleries and your sarcasms. Without provocation, you insulted me, covered me with humiliations. I was a schoolmaster, a tailor, a village babbler, What am I now? A man. And what are you? A miserable wretch, a poltroon, trembling with fear. That because of the inst death, which in a few minutes you will our surroundings.

receive from my hand, already surrounds you with shadows. The grim ty-rant's icy hand is already extended over you. Your lips are livid, your eyes are glazed, your vissage as pale as the wind-ing sheet which in a few hours will en-velop your body. Your feeble limbs can hardly support you; insolence and cow-ardice go hand in hand together. But before my bullet pierces your heart, tell me, have you any arrangements to make? Have you a last adieu to send a father, a mother, a sister, or any other person who is dear to you? I have here the materials necessary for writing, and willing to grant you time to make any arrange-

ments you may think necessary. The young man muttered something of which an humble "I thank you," was

all that was intelligible. "In that case," said the Eulishman, "since reconciliation between us is absoable sum, and his spirits were propor-tionately buoyant, when the little man in black entered the room, and lutely impossible, and it is necessary that your blood should wash out the affronts which I have received, I beg you to implore, by a fervent but brief prayer, the mercy of the Eternal Power.'

Then, taking off his hat, he looked round upon the mute, terrified spectators of this closing scene, who, by a spontaneous impulse uncovered themseves in like manner. For a moment or two there reigned among the group a religious and solemn silence, which was only interrupted by the hard breathings of the suffering lieutenant.

At length, seizing the pistol and pointing it toward the lieutenant, he kept him for a minute in a state of most horrible suspense; then, suddenly raising the weapon, he turned towards the valet, who stood near him and and handed him the

"Take it," he said; "this officer is not worthy the honor of dying by the hand of an Enlighman. The next day the Baron de V-quitted

## that part of the country, and never resumed his station in his regiment. A Kiss in the Wrong Quarter.

There is a time for all things, sure enough. The other day a regiment of Boston soldier boys arrived in a Southern city. The boys in blue had been on rail and water for several days. They had, as Mr. Blaine is said to have sententiously remarked, suffered all the horrors of war without its glory. Once under the occult influences of the Southern cross, inhaling the sensuous odors of rich, ripe Southern blossoms, the gallant soldiers were intoxicated, so to speak, with the glorious transition. They saw with the eyes of lovers, and spoke with the tongues of duty, they sauntered through the jasmine-scented streets, delirious with the inebriating affluence of Southern sun, sky, air, and what not. It was in a moment of this road. subtle sort of exaltation that steeps the senses that a group of these translated warriors saw coming toward them a form which seemed the natural goddess of such a scene-a woman such as Shelley pictured in the garden where all things of beauty grew in perfect prime. To the dazzled senses of the plumed knights of staid old Boston it was a sprite, an essence to be tasted as the odorous atmosphere that distilled itself in the translucent air. Seized by an irresistible impulse, the stalwart sons of the north stood transfixed. She approached them unconscious of the new order of being invading the scene, and as if by one impulse the soldiers kissed her! if to keep up the illusion of a fairy the southern cross fainted and fell to the ground insensible. The awestricken slaves of beauty were more than ever convinced that the fair unknown was a fairy, and that she had been translated by the powers of the air to another sphere as a punishment for mortal contact. But the vulgar machinery of daily life came into play. The roseate visions of the soldiers were rudely dispelled by a posse of police, who, having placed the lady in a carriage, carried the wonder-struck soldiers to the lock-up. Now, as most folks know, a kiss in itself is not calculated to deprive an ordinary young person of her powers of respiration. There are, indeed, cases on record where

kissing has been the award of chival-

rous action. In the ordinary apprecia-

tion of men a kiss has been known

to diffuse the most roseate color into the

cheeks of virginality. The people of the

town where the event came to pass com-

plain that the Boston boys were tipsy and

that it was not the sudden impulse of

poetical ardor and irresistible tribute to

the potent influence of climate and char-

acter. The moral of the incident, how-

ever, seems to be that it is better not to

kiss strange gentlewomen in the street,

for the tribute implied to the beauty of

the fair object of the action is counter-

weighed by the equivocal consequences

to be inferred. In this case the ardor of

the young men has been attributed to

inebriety and the terror of the young

woman to seclusion and lack of knowl

edge of one of the most exquisite inci-

dents of courtship. The following is told on James R. Randall, the scholarly editor of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Constitutionalist. He attended preaching at a colored church in the country, and had in his pocket a silver half dollar, just the ticket fare back to Augusta. At the conclusion of his sermon the minister ordered a collection for his own benefit. "Of course," said he, "I 'spects every pusson to give somethin'; but I'se told dat Mr. Thomas up de lane yonder had some turkeys stole Friday night. I don't want any man who had a han' in stealin' dem turkeys to put any money in de hat." When the hat reached Randall, not a man had denied, and the preacher's eyes were on him. His half dollar went into the hat .- Boston Herald.

A story is related of a Boston congregation that when they closed their church edifice to give the minister a summer vacation, a sign was put over the entrance, reading: "No services or Sunday school in this house during the hot season." Some sarcastic wag drew on the door of the side entrance, in colored chalk, a picture of the devil, life size, and in full costume, horns, hoofs, tail and all, with the inscription underneath: "Not too hot for me here?"

The hillsof lofty endeavor and high achievement lie all around us, and if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford, we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitation of

## Reserved Seats.

(Argument: The husband has treated his wife to the theater. The action takes place in two front seats during the first

act of the play.)
She—Considering that this is the first time that you have deigned to take nfe anywhere, I am surprised that you paid so little attention to my comfort. A devoted husband would have secured better seats, but you said, of course, anything is good enough for her!"

He-But, my dear, these are the best seats in the house and I cannot see what more you can ask, for I hardly suppose you would wish to occupy the Emperor's

She-You mean that I am not good enough for it! I don't thank you for bringing me here, since it was only to have an opportunity of paying me such compliments.

He-You are wrong, my love. I simply wished to point out when you reproached me with neglecting your comfort that I came to the theater, said, 'Give me two of the best seats in the house!" and paid down my 16 francs, as I would have paid 60 to give you com-

She-So you squandered 16 franc without knowing what seats you were getting, so that if when we arrived they nad opened a dark cupboard and said, 'Get up on the second shelf!" we would have no recourse but to do so!

He-That is going to an extreme, love. When you pay to see a play, it is manifest that they can't put you into a dark cupboard. Any one of common sense can see that.

She-Oh, thank you! So I don't sess common sense. But I see what it is —I understand it all. You are to take the 16 francs you have wasted out of me. As I was to blame because some one else swindled you by giving you such

He-No one swindled me; I selected

them myself from the diagram. She—Yes, you parted with your money on the strength of a diagram without looking to see the seats and find out if they were comfortable.

He-But it is not customary. She-When you buy a two-francs chicken you feel it to see if it is tender-He-And in the day-time the theaters

She-Easy enough to get a lantern. He-Bosh!

She-Bosh? Do you want me to be lieve that in a city the size of Paris such a thing as a lantern isn't to be found? But, no! The least little thing costs too much trouble-you would sooner see an unhappy woman, whose health and happiness the law has confided to your keeping, suffer agony on a seat harder than a

He-I'll go for a cushion, my dear (Rising.) She—Oh, thank you. Do bring me

cushion every one has sat on. And while you are all about it, see if you can find a cast-off bouquet that has been lying under a seat for a few weeks. He-You want flowers? How stupid

of me to forget! I'll get them this— She—If you took the trouble to reflect about such a trifling matters as my health, you would know that the smell of flowers makes me sick.

He-Forgive me, my love. I had for-

She-Your confession was not needed one impulse the soldiers kissed her! to convince me of your neglect. Any boy-President by gradual degrees got the Then a remarkable thing happened. As other husband, on finding that the wife of his bosom was placed alongside of a scene, the spirit of this fair city under fat woman escaped from a circus and reeking with patchouli, would have seen to it that a door was opened.

He-I will, with pleasure, my love, but as the act has been begun, I shall have The animal crouched somewhat and did

to disturb every one. She-Rather than incommode strangers, you would see the mother of your children suffer. I suppose that's her husband there-that grinning idiot-'Sh, my love. He's doing what we

should do-following the play. She-And a nice play it is, too; no one can make head or tail out of it.

He-If you were to listen instead of talking— She—I suppose you'd like a poor

woman never to open her mouth when she's away from home. He-I do not say that, but it is ens

tomary after the curtain goes up to listen to the actors, and indeed the practice conduces to obtaining an idea of the

story. She-A nice story it is too. Your Countess who receives Tom, Dick and Harry-ha! there; they're singingwhile she shows him out. Do people in good society sing when they go from one room to another, I'd like to know? And only just now they said there was a nervous notary had his office in the lower story! He must have a nice quiet time of it, poor man, if they howl a duet every time a door is opened. And look at those doors! Every door has two leaves, and each time any one goes in or out he opens both leaves! Is that the fashion in good society? I suppose they draw the bolts at the top and bottom each time. And they never shut a door—not they! The

door has to shut itself. He-You see, my dear, on the stage it is assumed that there is a lackey on the

other side to close the door-She-Oh, then there was a lackey in the Countess' bedroom when she went into it to dress, as she said. A nice Countess, that? If those are the morals and manners of the noble age of Louis XIV., I thank heaven that I'm only a common woman. And that's what you paid your 16 francs to see!

He-You are severe, my love. She-I am not, but since the theatre is a school of manners I don't want to hear people screech in a notary's house or see a Countess lock herself up with a footman. There! one of them has begun to dance!

He-Didn't you hear him say, "Let me take advantage of the Countess' absence to practice the pas I am to dance with her to-night." That's why he is dancing.

She-And what about the notary down stairs? He must pay a very low rent to induce him to remain in such a place? And who is this new character that enters the Countess's apartments as easily as a kuife enters a pound of butter? She's a Countess that takes precautions about her dressing room! I'd as soon

think of dressing myself in the street.

He—Sah! He said—didn't you hear him?-that he found no one in the antechamber to announce him.

She—Then who shut the door from the editor wit the outside? It must be a nicely run Bend Tribune.

the door. I hope the notary's clients do not leave their securities with him. He-Oh, if you come down to such

She-Trifles! You consider it a trifle to call on a lady while she is dressing. But I am not surprised. You have no sense of decency. I am only astonished that you haven't quitted me hours ago to go and meander round the Countesss. I have been waiting to hear you say you

had an engagement with the notary. He-Hush, my dear. Everybody is staring at us. You forgot that we are at

She-Now I see why you were ready to spent 16 francs to take me to the thear. It was with the triple object in ew of breaking me on a stone bench, poisoning me with patchouli and perverting my moral sense. You wished to reduce me to the level of your countess, who opens her doors to whole cities-

are laughing at us. She-I won't stay here another instant. I'll go and get the money back; let them deduct the price of the act we have seen, if they are mean enough to exact it. Oh, heavens! There, all five of them are kiss-

ing the Countess. He-You see she has just recognized

her five long lost brothers. She-Don't tell me! No woman ever recognized five long lost brothers at once. If she pretends they are her brothers it is only because there is some faint spark of shame left in her.

He-If you understood the plot you-She-So I'm an idiot, am I? Here, let me out.

He-Wait till the end of the act. She-I won't. He-We will have to derange every-

bodv-She-Come this moment, or I'll prance along the knees of the audience. O-oh! (Goes into hysterics and is removed to a carriage by her husband and a stranger.) Stranger - I hope the air will revive your wife, sir. If I can be of any further service to you, here is my card.

He—Thank you, sir. (Reads) "Mr. King, Wild Beast Tamer!" (Curtain.)

Garfield's Narrow Escap s from Death.

Only the night before the terrible tragedy of July 2d, Capt. E. C. Henry, Marshal of the District of Columbia, and an intimate friend of the late President, dined with him and spent part of the evening. As the conversation drifted on from one topic to another, General Garfield suddenly began to talk about the remarkable escapes from death through which he had passed. I had never heard him speak of these in the way he did that night, writes Captain Henry, in a letter to the Cleveland Herald, and the first and most remarkable one he had never told me before. He dwelt upon the uncertainty of life, doubtless constrained thereto by the terrible accident that had recently happened to his favorite uncle, Thomas Garfield, and to his cousin, Mrs. Arnold.

It appeared that the first escape occurred when he was only nine years old. His mother did not own a horse, and he thought there was nothing in the world quite so nice as riding on horseback. His uncle, Mr. Boynton, who owned a farm next to his mother's, had a wild four-year-old colt, which had never been handled at all. He ran loose in a pasture near Mrs. Garfield's house. The be rubbed and petted. He continued to pet him for many days, and finally used to climb the fence and rub his back. At length he put his bare foot over the top of the fence and upon the colt's back not seem to relish the proceeding, but did not run away. The colt had at first been disposed to bite every time he was touched, and the boy now thought he | Rockland Courier. had so tamed him that the next day he would attempt to ride. By the most gradual stages the act of mounting was guests, "who have been married fiveaccomplished. Finally the bare foot was placed upon the back, and the leg slipped gradually down upon the opposite side of the animal, and in an instant he was in the spot where saddle had never been. The colt was as wild as the Ukraine to whose back Mazeppa was tied.

The boy placed his hands firmly in the mane of the colt, while the latter at first crouched low down and sidled away, until finding that the load was firmly fixed upon his back, he began a series of most vigorous rearings and kicking. Finding that this was not likely to ac complish the desired end, the colt started as fast as he could rup across the field in the direction of a large oak tree with widespreading branches which came down close to the ground. The boy made up his mind that he was destined to be swept off by the oak, and he determined to escape such a fate. He accordingly let go the mane, and gradually slipped back and down over the rump of the colt as he ran. Just as he struck the ground the colt gave a vigorous kick with both feet. The boy felt the breeze that the swift blow created in his face, but he was unharmed. He did not spend any more time courting the colt, however.

A Typograph cal Injury. There are plenty of the old "semina-

ry" boys who will remember Charley Bender, a ten-year old, in knickerbockers, who went from here to California in 1862 with his brothers, Wilson S. and "Punch" Bender. Charley is in business in Reno, Nevada, now, and was the happiest, man in the State until about two weeks ago, when he fell a victim to a typographical blunder. Charley hit upon a scheme to advertise his business. and told the editor of the Reno Gazette to announce that he would give a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby at the fair that most resembled her. The announcement appeared among the fair notes, and read: "Charles T. Bender offiers a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby that most resembles him." Charley was out of the city for ing for his sweetheart to come out. She several days, and when he came back knew what time to come, and Jones couldn't understand why the ladies, with didn't wish to ring the bell for fear of whom he had always been a great favorite, looked at their noses when they passed him, and the matter grew absolutely serious when a very intimate lady friend to whom he proffered his hand, exclaimed, "Don't you dare to shake hands with me, sir, you vile thing!" was all made as plain as day when of the paint on the steps. It was put Charley saw the typographical error, and he is not to be blamed for hunting up the editor with his revolver .- South force of the old man's remarks, reached

## HUMOROUS.

When a bank goes up it generally fails to come down.

A matter of more than ordinary interest-your note bearing twelve per cent. Whisky that makes a man seasick may be properly termed a spurious ar-

Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man. - Picaynne.

Right in the main-gas .- [The Score. But very apt to be wrong in the metre. Advertiser.

President Garfield's portrait is to be placed upon the five-cent international

postage letter stamps. A San Francisco woman calls her husband her darkest hour, because he gen-erally comes just before dawn.

"This apple is pretty well worn out," said a five-year-old, as she finished eat-He-I beg of you my dear-. They ing and was about to throw away the core. Fact.

The Omaha Republican says the spirit of mortals is proud because it costs fifteen cents a glass. This puts the matter in a new light.

A Coroner's verdict reads thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

Jones, getting up from his dinner, in a quiet way remarked to his landlady that he had found everything on the table cold except the ice cream.

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of a comma, At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman-without her man, is a brute." No Feel runs a Chinese laundry in Boston. He shall have all our washing.

-[Lowell Courier. Send it along. One more shirt will probably not increase his labors much.- Boston Commercial Bulletin. It might have been: A fashionable young lady accidentally dropped one of

her false eye-brows in her opera-box and greatly frightened her beau, who on see ing it, supposed it was his mustache. "Gold in thirty three counties in this

State; copper in thirteen; iron in fortythree; diamonds in twenty-six; whisky in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."-[Georgia Sentinel. An old maid, not attractive, recently

read in a temperance lodge an original poem, entitled, "The Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," and the young men present gave her three cheers. Young husband to young wife-"You

ought not to tease the baby by letting him suck an empty bottle." Young wife-"He can get as much enjoyment out of that as he can out of his thumb, can't he?" A certain handsome Boston actor recently said to his valet: "I'm going to stay with Tom to-night. Take such

things as I may want to his room." And the valet took a night dress, tooth-brush, and a cork-screw. The economical side of a weman's character shines forth with radiance when she succeeds in fastening an 18inch belt around a 22-inch waist. Her

ustifiable pride in making both ends meet deserves commendation. The clergyman who prayed at Haverhill: "We approach Thee, O Lord, under the auspices of the Essex County nce to Agricultural Society," must have thought that the members have a good deal of influence in celestial matters .- [Law-

rence Eagle. A Rockland man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He for-warded the necessary dollar and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words-"Don't Drink."-

"Here's my wife and I,"said a husband with complacency to his silver wedding and-twenty years, and in all that time haven't had a single unkind word with each other." "By Jove!" exclaimed one of the guests, "what a stupid time you

must have had of it!" A superstitious person desiring to learn less of the future he already knows, visits the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and explains his mission. "Twenty francs, please!" francs! That's pretty steep. Say ten! "Rash mortal, ten francs wouldn't pay the spirits for the labor of lifting the veil of futurity, to say nothing of the

wear and tear of the veil. An elderly Scotch woman went one day to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from his penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she said: "Dinna be sae mean wi't, man; it's for a puir fatherless

bairn. A poet in a November magazine asks, When the true poet comes, how shall we know him?" Oh, you'll know him. He may be distinguished from the other fellows by the clean linen collar he wears and the absence of tobacco juice stains on his shirt front. And also from the fact that he is too sensible to fool away his time writing poetry .- | Norristown

Herald. An officer of the army relates that upon one occasion, after a charge upon the enemy's works, a fierce encounter and a fall back for reinforcement, a bright young Irish soldier was found to have a rebel flag captured from the foe. Approaching him he said: "I'll send that to the rear as one of our trophies; give me the flag." "Sure I'll not give it ye," said Pat; "if ye are wanting one, there's plenty av 'em behind that ridge over beyant where I got this; sure ye can go and get one for yerself."

A Little too Fresh .- Jones was sitting on the front steps the other night, waitknew what time to come, and Jones alarming the old folks. Presently he heard the door open, and the old man muttered something about somebody's being "too fresh." "Do you address yourself to me?" said Jones, springing up with a flashing eye. "No," old gentleman, mildly; "I was thinking there this afternoon," Jones clasped his hands to the spot, and, realizing the his room in five minutes.