CHRISTOPHER CHERUB.

BY WYLLYS GANNETT.

If Raphael had depicted his little fellows on canvas with bald heads and minus wings, you would have a faithful likeness of Christopher Cherub, bachelor, aged fifty, and confidential clerk and bookkeeper for the great house of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co , India merchants.

For thirty years Mr. Cherub had been in the service of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co., and during that time his books had always balanced. A very quiet, unassuming man was Mr. Cherub, and, withal, a Christian in the broadest sense. The children who played about the wharves, where lay the big ships of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co., were very fond of him, and felt that Mr. Cherub was a friend. The many pennies that he bestowed among the urchins had the effect of inspiring their minds with the idea that it was he, probably who owned all the big ships and store-houses; but, as they never questioned him upon that subject, he never had the opportunity of dispelling the illusion.

Why was Mr. Cherub a bachelor? The question could be answered by a silent answer, if the person who asked would observe that gentleman once in twenty-four hours take from his desk, a locket, and gaze upon the features of a beautiful girl, press the locket to his lips, and then replace it.

Of course she was dead, or Mr. Cherub would not have been a bachelor. She was his first, last, and only love, and during all the tiresome years of his solving vexatious columns the beautiful eyes seemed to look over his shoulder and guide his hand as well as his heart.

Sometimes he would unclasp the back of the locket, and take therefrom a tress of golden hair; this he would hold carefully on his finger, and as the sun's rays came through the little window above his desk, throwing their light on the tress of hair, Mr. Cherub would drop a tear, and say, almost inaudibly, "Allie, my poor Allie."

What a comfort this was to him he himself only knew.

Twenty years previous he placed his betrothed in her last resting place, and in having the little burial lot laid out, he had reserved just room enough for one more grave. "This is for me," he would repeat to himself, as he stood every Sunday afternoon by the side of Allie's grave. "This is for me."

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The house of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co. had more confidence in their confidential clerk than they had in themselves; the business without him would have been like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Time and again they offer to double his salary and also take him into the firm, but he only replied that he was satisfied, as he had enough. Any question difficult in solving was immediately referred by the house to Christopher: "Ask Mr. Cherub; he knows." In fact, they had so much respect for their faithful servant that it almost bordered upon veneration.

The Unitarian church on Federal street, of which he was a member, always found him in his seat at morning service, eager to listen to the words of inspiration from Dr. Channing; and, after service, when he gathered his class around him in the Sunday school, and taught the little ones the path of duty to God and man, he felt happier, and was willing to live on, not for himself, but for what he might do for others.

The world at large knew little of Christopher's benevolent deeds, nor did he care that it should. But the tons of coal and barrels of flour which found their way in places sorely needing them were each and all checked down to him by the hand which never makes an error.

Mrs. Timpklin, with whom Mr. Cherub lodged and had lodged for eighteen years, thought that he was the personification of goodness, and when Mrs. Timpklin would sometimes become in arrears for the rent she had merely to mention the latter to Christopher, and the landlord was immediately hushed into quiescence and satisfaction. Mrs. Timpklin's other lodgers were well cared for by that estimable woman, but none of them were so well looked after as Mr. Cherub. The servants took care of the other lodger's rooms, but Mrs. Timpklin took sole charge of Mr. Cherub's apartment, and not a speck of dust or a cobweb could be found in it from one end of the year to the other.

Now a great many landladies, especially widows, would have a tender feeling for such a man as Mr. Christopher Cherub; but Mrs. Timpklin was a sensible woman, if she was a widow. Besides she knew something of her respectable lodger's life, and she said to herself, "Even if any demonstration on my part were offered they would not be reciprocated, and, besides, it might possibly change his opinion of me; so I will let well enough alone, and rest contented in the fact that at least we can be friends."

So you see Mrs. Timklin was a sensible woman, and did not show by word or action that she was anything more than a friend; and she was so careful in this respect that Christopher never had the slightest suspicion of anything like a yearning nature on the part of Mrs. Timpklin.

The remaining lodgers in Mrs. Timpklin's humble, but very respectable domicile, were great admirers of Mr. Cherub. They knew and felt that he was an honorable man, one who loved his neighbor as himself; therefore, it was impossible for them to do otherwise than respect him. And if Mrs. Timpklin put up his little lunch for him, which he carried to his office, they never said it was for the sake of economy; for many of them knew that he gave away more than would buy fifty such lunches every week. He used to enjoy so much he would say, taking his little bite all alone, with a clean white napkin spread out over his big ledger. "Force of habit is strong, Mrs. Timpklin, and I keep clear of dyspepsia, by not eating a hot lunch." In fact, Mr. Cherub had an abhorence of hot dinners, even the steam from the hot soup, first course, on Sunday, used to create a wonderful change on his Cherubic countenance—but it was only once a week and he did not complain, for if he had Mrs. Timpklin would have consigned the souptureen and contents to the backyard.

Christopher, not having any extravagant habits beyond his charitable deeds, had, in the course of thirty years, saved up a handsome amount of money, which was continually drawing a handsome interest. To tell the truth, he could, if necessary, draw his check for a sum that would stagger most ordinary bookkeepers. Even his employers, the great house of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co. were not aware of how much he was possessed; the never mentioned money to him, nor he to them. In fact money was hardly ever mentioned in any of their forms of business; the word "draft" was the term with Wholsom, Folsom & Co.; money was dross, vulgar; draft was aristocratic, and dignified.

Well, the house of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co. flourished. Christopher Cherub was on his thirtieth year of service; no entreaty on the part of the firm could make him accept a larger salary, or induce him to take an interest in the house. Therefore they dropped the subject for fear of annoying Christopher.

In August the junior member of the firm, Mr. Richard Fulsom, was making preparations to visit Liverpool on an important mission connected with the house, but suddenly and unexpectedly he was taken ill and the senior members were in quandary. After a consultation held in their private office, it was decided to send Mr. Cherub to take charge of the business previously intrusted to the junior member.

Christopher did not demur; he never demurred. But it was hard for him to leave his quiet retreat, to give up Mrs. Timpklin's cozy departments, to be away from his favorite desk, and, more than all, to leave uncared for the little spot so dear to him. What if he should never return and his greatest desire left unfulfilled—to be laid by the side of Allie?

How the thought weighed upon him! He had never been way, and the world outside his little sphere seemed already strange to him.

In less than forty-eight hours Christopher Cherub appeared twenty years older. His hands trembled as he packed his trunk, and he forgot to bestow his penny offerings upon the children about the wharf. His step, only a short time before so brisk, now faltered. Mrs. Timpklin noticed it, and was very much worried thereby, but Christopher put on as cheerful a manner as possible, and merely said he was only a little tired.

Only a little tired? The truth was the sudden anxiety, coming so unexpectedly, had made him very tired. And ere two weeks had elapsed of the three set for his departure, the house of Wholsom, Fulsom & Co., were constantly sending messengers to Mrs. Timpklin's quiet and respectable lodgings to inquire how their confidential clerk was progressing.

The many needy families who were accustomed to his frequent visits wondered what had become of their benefactor. They missed his kindly greeting, for it hardly ever occurred to them that he would not be with them always.

One day after being confined to his room for three weeks, he told Mrs. Timpklin that he felt a little better, and he should try and see if a visit to the office would not benefit him. With slow and painful step he wended his way to the wharf. The groups of children ceased their noisy play and silently watched him as he paused at the foot of the stairway before going up. He glanced around and scanned the ships lying at the wharf, drew a heavy sigh, and proceeded up the stairs.

Alas, poor Christopher! Little did Mrs. Timpklin imagine that you would never come back to your little room which she was arranging so tidily during your absence.

As Mr. Cherub reached the landing on the floor where his office was located, he stood face to face with Simon the porter.

"Good Lord, Mr. Cherub, how pale you look," said that astonished individual. "Why you ought not to have come out, and you so bad.

Mr. Cherub replied by saying, "Simon, please help me into the office."

Simon placed his strong arm around Mr. Cherub, and almost carried him to the room in which Christopher had so many years done faithful duty. Simon assisted him to his perch on the high stool, and Mr. Cherub with trembling hands turned the leaves of his ledger. Strange figures and strange writing were on its pages. He closed the book almost mechanically, dropped his head on his hands for a minute, then raising it slightly, said, "Simon, will you ask Mr. Wholsom to come up?"

"At once, sir, at once," replied the porter, who was standing fidgeting with his Scotch cap.

How many bright days had he spent at that desk; how many times he had said to himself: "Mine is not an idle life;" and the light grew brighter and brighter, until the little window would admit no more.

From his breast pocket he took out a package, opened it, took out the locket, removed the tress of hair, that once more the golden light from heaven might vie with the golden hair of her who had gone berore. As he looked upon the face in the little case and fondled the tress of hair he bent forward and leaned again on his hands.

"So tired, so tired," he faintly repeated, but there is som rest Allie, "there is rest."

"Why, Mr. Cherub!" exclaimed Mr. Rodney Wholsom, as he entered hurriedly into the little apartment, "what possessed you to leave your house? Why, my dear man, I shall order my carriage at once, and send you back, Mr. Cherub, I say!" Rodney Wholsom turned pale, and tremblingly said: "Simon, call up Mr. Fulsom."

The porter nearly tumbled down stairs, such was his eagerness to call the senior, Mr. Fulsom.

Rodney Wholsom remained in the doorway, motionless as a marble statue, and as white. He did not speak to Mr. Cherub again, for something told him that Mr. Cherub could not hear his voice, in fact, he almost doubted if he had any voice.

And the bright light still played and hovered about Christopher Cherub's desk; the doves, just above the window, cooed and billed; but Rodney Wholsom heard them not, neither did Christopher Cherub.

Mr. Fulsom, senior, appeared, almost out of breath. "What is it, Rodney? Simon says you wish to see me. What is it?"

The head of the firm merely extended his arm toward Christopher.

"Why, when did Mr. Cherub return?"

"He came up sir, only a little while ago," replied Simon, who thought it his duty to say something.

"Mr. Cherub! Mr. Cherub! Christopher!" spoke out Mr. Fulsom. No answer.

Then Mr. Fulsom turned pale, and the two partners stood silently looking at each other.

The sun was passing on his way, and the beams of the golden light were receding from the desk.

Simon noiselessly moved to the side of Mr. Cherub, and placed his hand on his shoulder; then he gently raised his head but immediately stopped, and, in a husky voice, said, "My God, he is dead!"

Mr. Wholsom, and Mr. Fulsom looked at each other and both repeated, "He is dead."

Yes, dead with his locket and tress of hair clasped in his hands.

Dead, in the rooms, where, for thirty years, he had done faithful service.

The sun had passed the window, and the beams of light had disappeared.

A Lively Day for a New Member.

Said a young broker with disheveled hair and glowing cheeks: "I have just come from the board, and I tell you while I was there everything was whirling and the uproar was deafening. I did not expect that sort of thing. I was elected a member of the exchange only this morning and I had not intended to begin business so soon; but at noon I noticed that the tape was coming out very slowly, with a sale at rare intervals of two bonds or twenty shares of stock, or something of that size, and in view of the extreme dullness I thought it would be a good time to make my debut. I wanted to escape attention and thought I would not be conspicuous for idleness when nobody had any orders. Either I made a mistake or somebody gave notice of my approach, for when with my new grey suit carefully smoothed, my hair exquisitely brushed and my nobby hat nicely balanced, I passed in through the south entrance on New street, every eye seemed to welcome me gayly and such a shout arose that I paused just inside, thoroughly abashed. I was about to lift my hat, but it anticipated me and flew twenty feet high to the middle of the room. This act of politeness made me a favorite at once and hundreds of strong arms siezed me. I went forward surrounded by a dense, shouting mass of men. What they were saying I could not make out, but I gathered at least 100,000 shares of stock were offered to me or asked of me. For a while I smiled with great energy and kept a bothered lookout for my hat as I was whirling swiftly over the floor; but it was not long before my one thought was to escape. Twice I reached the door but was tossed back. The third time I got clear out, bareheaded and all to pieces. Presently a boy brought a hat to me. It didn't look like mine, but my name was in it. No, I haven't been back and don't think I will go until business picks up a little."—[N. Y. World "Gossip."

Leigh Hunt.

He is a man thoroughly London make, such as you could not find elsewhere, and I think about the best possible to be made of this sort; an airy, crochety, and most copious clever talker, with an under current of reason too, but unfortunately not the deepest, but the most practical—or rather it is the most unpractical man ever dealt in. His hair is grizzled, eyes black-hazel, complexion of the clearest dusky brown; a thin glimmer of a smile plays over a face of cast-iron gravity. He never laughs—can only titter, which I think indicates his worst deficiency. His house excels all you have ever read of—a poetical Tinkerdom, without a parallel even in literature. In his family room, where are a sickly, large wife and a whole shoal of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from half a dozen different hucksters, and all seemingly engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, egg shells, scissors, and last night when I was there the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which I alone strive to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a book-case and a writing table; yet the noble Hunt receives you in his Tinkerdom in the spirit of a king, apologizes for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself if there is no other, and there folding closer his loose-flowing "muslin cloud" of a printed nightgown in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man, who is to be beyond measure "happy" yet; which again he will courteously terminate the moment you are bound to go; a most interesting, pitiable, lovable man, to be used kindly but with discretion.

Hushed Up.

Once upon a time a man became very much discouraged because his salary was not as big as a tobacco factory, so he borrowed three million dollars of a bank, and forgot all about paying it back. He had neglected to mention to the bank people anything about the matter at the time he had negotiated with himself for the purpose of making the loan. There came a day when it was necessary in the transaction of business for the bank to make use of some of its alleged money, and it was then discovered that the funds had disappeared. Of course the bank folks were more or less perplexed over this state of affairs, and the cashier, who, by the way, had taken the missing wealth, was questioned concerning its whereabouts he frankly acknowledged that he had erred in in making the appropriation, and was perfectly willing to pay it back; so he examined his pockets, and could only turn out one dollar and thirteen cents. The cashier was real sorry about not being able to settle; he said he had lost the money, but that he had no intention of doing so at all; and that as soon as he found it he would bring it right back to the bank. He said he would not like to have the matter go any further; his Sunday school class might hear of it, and think strangely of him and altogether it would be best, he felt, if the matter was hushed right up.

The latest snobbish freak of Americans traveling in Europe is to get some sprig of nobility to do up your umbrella, and then keep it thus folded as a memento.

The Etiquette of Dining Out.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy" is not a bad rule for the diner-out. A man of course wears the customary suit of solemn black unless he be an esthete and disports himself in knee-breeches and lace ruffles. A lady can scarcely wear too handsome a dress, though it should be different in style from a ball-dress. Her most beautiful jewels and her richest laces find in a ceremonious dinner a suitable occasion for their display. Places at the table should be found as quietly as possible, and a man is wise to inquire before going to the dining-room on which side of the table he is to sit. Guests remain standing until the hostess has taken her seat, and then seat themselves. They lay their table napkins across their laps, take off their gloves, and if there is a roll of bread in their plates they remove it to the left side. If raw oysters have been served they will be eaten at once. It is no longer good form to wait for the rest of the company to be served before beginning to eat, and for this there is a sensible reason, as will be found upon examination to be the case with most of the little changes in fashion which takes place from time to time. A grand dinner would be indefinitely prolonged if all the guests waited to eat the same thing at the same time. The waiters begin their service with the lady who sits at the host's right hand, and she should be ready to be helped to the second course by the time the first course has made the round of the table.

A neophyte might perhaps be puzzled among the multiplicity of forks beside her plate, but she will see that the small spoon-shaped fork is used for oysters, and the next smallest fork for the fish. It is now customary to supply also a silver knife for fish, and this is a great convenience. Should the fish knife be absent, the fork is to be held in the right hand and assisted by a piece of bread in the left; but the silver knife is preferable and will be found in most houses.

Soup should be eaten with a large spoon. Dessert spoons for soup are no longer "en regle," on the theory that soup is nothing unless hot, and that it can be eaten more quickly, and therefore when hotter, by using a large spoon. If you are fastidious about trifling forms you will dip up your soup with the side of the spoon farthest from you and move it toward the farther side of your plate as you lift it toward your mouth. The really important thing is to eat from the side of the spoon and noiselessly. Nothing is a much surer test of the number of removes we are from our great-grandfather, the ape, than our manner of taking soup. To eat noiselessly is loudly to proclaim ourselves unfit for the society of ladies and gentlemen.

In eating any course where both a knife and fork are required, the fork is to be held in the left hand and the knife in the right. It is not a social crime to transfer the fork to the right hand and back again, but it is now considered better form to keep the fork in the left hand and carry all food to the mouth with that hand, unless in the courses where no knife is required. In eating soft dishes, such as croquettes or sweetbreads, where a fork only is necessary, it is of course held in the right hand. A fork is used whenever it is possible for puddings and jellies, and in many houses for ice-cream. In England, both a fork and a spoon will be given you with the sweets, and both are sometimes used together.

Cheese is the one thing for which a fork is not used, and you will find yourself supplied only with a knife for that course which consists of cheese, lettuce or celery and biscuits, or as we say, crackers. Vegetables should always be eaten with a fork, except the few which, like artichokes, you hold in your fingers. One is quite at liberty to take asparagus in the fingers and bite it off, though some people prefer to cut off the soft ends and eat them with a fork. Olives are taken in the fingers.

Peaches, pears and apples are prepared for eating with a fruit knife and fork, but large strawberries are eaten by taking the stem in the fingers and dipping them into the sugar on your plate.

Very young ladies at a dinner seldom eat anything so strongly flavored as cheese, cheese fondus, cheese souffles and that order of edibles. Wasn't it in "Good-by, Sweetheart" that the plain elder sister consoled herself for the want of a lover by the thought that she had liberty to enjoy her dinner?—and the fully blown rose, a bud no longer, may build a monument to her lost youth with raw oysters, a little of the fat from the roast beef, and all sorts of savories from which she would have abstained in her girlhood.

A dinner-party is not the occasion on which the most thorough-going teetotaler can properly make his protest against wine. If he is opposed to wine drinking, he is at liberty quietly to refuse it, or he may let his glass be filled once, and leave it untasted. But any discussion of the subject, any parade of his own convictions as opposed to the custom of the house where he is dining, would be an offense against good taste concerning which it is hardly necessary to utter a caution. Young ladies take very little wine at dinner—part of a glass of sherry with soup, and perhaps a subsequent glass of champagne is quite enough for a rosebud; and two or three glasses in all is a generous allowance for a married lady. Even among men who are well bred, moderation is the rule. I have seen many a bright wit and accustomed diner out, stop inflexibly after his second or third glass. A little more may have been taken after the ladies have left the table, but the days of drinking heavily are over among well bred people.

When the desert service is put on the table the finger-glass with the bit of prettiness under it which plays at being a dolly, should be removed to the left side and the glass plate left free for the desert. All use of the napkin should be as inconspicuous as possible, and tooth picks are horrors, the use of which, like evil deeds, should shun human observation.

At a very small dinner only, the conversation will be general. When the number at table exceeds six or eight the conversation is chiefly carried on in a low tone between those who sit next each other. It is perfectly proper to speak to your next neighbor on either side, whether you have been introduced or not.

It is an important part of good manners to accept accidents philosophically. If your neighbor spills a glass of wine and it trickles down over the front breadth of your satin gown the severity of the blow will not be mitigated by any outcry. To make the unlucky person to whom the accident had happened as much at his ease as possible, is the test of a true lady; he will suffer enought at best, and despite of your utmost kindness. I quoted Sydney Smith's account of a country dinner last week; but as he was the prince of diners-out, you will surely forgive another extract from one of his letters. Writing to Jeffrey, he said:

"Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham, the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot, and through I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her! Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

It is not necessary to swear that black is white, but it is a triumph not only of cultivation but of kind-heartedness to set a person who has met with a social misfortune as speedily as possible at his ease. Kindness of heart is the soul of all good, breeding, and without it the daughter of a hundred earls is still not one to be desired.

The novice in society who has never assisted at a dinner party in her life need not fear to go to one, if she will heed the simple and obvious suggestions on which I have ventured, and above all, if she will keep her eyes open to see what is going on around her. That silken-clad flock which we call society all jump over the same hedges in very nearly the same manner.

Handling Millions a Day.

In a small room on the main floor of the New York custom house, and occupying the southwest corner of it, the cashier, with a force of fifteen clerks, receives all the money levied for duties by the government on imports, exports, except the small amount assessed on passengers' baggage, which is collected on the wharf.

Some idea of the amount of business done in this office may be gained when it is stated that the money received in a single day has several times lately amounted to one million dollars, and the number of entries made has exceeded one thousand. The manner in which this large amount of money is collected is as follows:

The merchant or broker's clerk, after first making his entry in the rotunda of the building, where the amount of duty is calculated on the entry by the entry clerk, takes his place in the line before any of the receiving clerks, and deposits the amount of his entry in a small box, and with it a ticket on which he has entered the name of the merchant with the date and the sum enclosed, whether in gold, silver, notes, or certificates.

Gutta perchia boxes are used to prevent unnecessary noise from the clinking of the coin. The receiving clerk takes the box of money, and hands it to a teller to count from the entry in a blotter. The teller does not look at the cash ticket until he has counted the money and marked it on the back of the ticket. He then turns it over, and if the count is correct, he checks it, and returns it to the receiving clerk, who then signs a permit for the goods. The entries then go to the book-keepers who enter the amount on "sheets," and at the close of the day the money is counted and compared with this record of the book-keepers.

So carefully is this system carried out that there is rarely a variation of a cent between the money and the accounts, and the office has thereby gained the reputation of being more exact than any other similar institution in the country which handles such an amount of money coming in so many different payments, from five dollars to five thousand dollars.

Should any discrepancy occur, the clerks carefully compare both sides of the tickets with the clerk's blotter; and then the blotter is checked off with the book-keeper's sheets. By some of these methods the error is certain to be discovered. As account is kept of each kind of money separately, the tellers can see at a glance if a mistake is made in the gold, silver certificates or notes.

When the coin has been counted and put into small canvas bags it is placed in boxes holding twenty thousand dollars in gold. These boxes are put in a hand cart outside the building and wheeled to the sub-treasury, wich gives a receipt to the custom house for each deposit.

Nearly a ton of coin has to be transferred daily in this manner. An officer fully armed accompanies the porters, and there are also armed men in the cashier's office. The cashier, clerks and sellers are men of efficiency, and the responsibility of the office makes their position more permanent than that of the average custom house officer. The tellers acquire great skill in detecting counterfeits as well as in rapid counting. Some of the ways of counterfeiting which come under their notice are curious.

The Chinese in San Francisco are expert enough to split a $10 gold piece, cut out the center, fill it with base metal and join it together so nicely that only an expert could detect the fraud. The patient Chinaman also finds it profitable to "sweat" gold by shaking the coin in a bag and gathering the gold dust which accumulates from the abrasion of the metal.

Another device is to file old coin across the edge, and thus destroying the raising milling. All the silver and nickel coins are counterfeited, from the three-cent piece to the legal-tender dollar. They are first stamped from base metal, and then plated with silver. Even this the counterfeiters do not buy but obtain by immersing silver coin in acid, which removes from the coin enough silver for the counterfeiter's use, while the "sweated" silver can still be passed at par.

The cashier's office performs only a small portion of the work of the custom house in all its branches, but as it is one of the main resources of the public purse, it is perhaps the most interesting. As one passes along the dingy corridor he catches sight of the three lines of men cramped and crooked around in the little room, boys and gray-haired men, with their little guttapercha boxes full of gold ready to be emptied into the capacious pockets of Uncle Sam.

ALL SORTS.

A Horse Creek, California, man has nearly lost his life by the bite of a rabbit.

Cigarette and cigar smoking among all classes of Boston women is becoming general.

Jim Keene, the wealthy stockbroker, once peddled stationery in San Francisco.

The Polar bears are taking their annual spring excursion on the top of an iceberg.

A Canadian cat has adopted some young black squirrels that were thrown to her to be eaten.

The Philadelphia medical colleges graduated 709 students in 1881. The number for 1880 was 731.

It is lawful to catch brook trout in Massachusetts at all seasons of the year when they will not bite.

Rochester University has just received a gift of $100,000 for the purpose of adding a ladies' department to the institution.

The School Board of Reading, Pa., has voted to close the public schools on the day Jumbo visits the city with Barnum's circus.

When at home the Chinaman is a Mongolian. When in the United States he is a Mustgolian.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

What is hypocrisy? Why it is when any one says he loves his neighbor as himself and then straightway sands his sugar.

It is well we cannot see into the future. Fancy the disgust of Pizzaro if he could have foreseen Shipherd.—[Syracuse Herald.

McKean county postoffice is in charge of a pretty woman. It is needless to add that males arrive and depart at all hours of the day.

A burglar got into the house of a Texas editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.

A surly old fellow sat alone because, as he said, though he had a great many friends he didn't like any of them and none of them liked him.

From animal remains it is concluded that Great Britain was at one time connected with the mainland, and the English Channel was dry.

Girard College is to have a complete machine shop, with a workbench, forge, and gas engine for each of the ninety pupils in practical mechanics.

It is stated that Governor Roberts, of Texas, intends recommending in his message to the Legislature the gift to the University of 2,500,000 acres of land.

A student at Oxford University, on being asked, "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

The Connecticut Legislature has provided that School Boards, on the petition of twelve adult residents, may order instruction in the public school concerning the effect of intoxicating beverages.

The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. By day it is used for military displays: by night for a vast ball room. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it.

When a man dies suddenly, "without the aid of a physician," the coroner must be called in. If a man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died, and coroner's inquest is not necessary.

A Philadelphia boy was asked if he ever prayed to church, and answered: "Oh, I always say a prayer like all the rest do, just as the sermon begins." "Indeed," responded the astonished querist, "what do you say?" "Now I lay me down to sleep."

When Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton were first introduced, "You will pardon me," said Thackeray, "for the unpleasant things I have written about you in 'Fraser.'" "You will pardon me," replied Bulwer, "for never having read them."

"You have heard, my love, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?" "I know that, but what I can't understand is that a woman, intelligent as she is, can consent to marry a man stupid enough to marry her!"—[French Wit.

As a train was approaching Cleveland it parted in the middle, the end of it striking an old gentleman on his hat. "What is the matter? he exclaimed. "Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a lady who sat in the next seat. "I should say so," the old gentleman said, looking at the broken cord. "Did they s'pose a little bit of a string like that would hold the cars together?"

"I wonder what has become of the scissors?" said Mrs. Johnson the other evening; "I have been looking for them all the evening and can't find them high nor low." After awhile the hired Dutchman began pulling off his boots, before going to bed. "All dis day," said he, "I tink I got some little grabble stones in me poot. I kess I kit him out now." When he turned up his boot all he could find in it was a thimble, a pair of scissors, half a loaf of bread and a few dozen tacks.

"Don't Mention It."

A citizen of Pawtucket entered a grocery the other day, and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they retired to the desk, he began:

"I want to make confession and reparation. Don you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?"

"I do."

"Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quarter on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you good money."

"Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer

"But I want to make it all right."

"It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon, when your wife sent down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines, I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—that's all right."