A TRIOLET.

The beauteous Ethel's father has a
Newly painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice was tainted,
They had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algeron called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but, oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.

Algeron sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay!
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
O, my!

MALLIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

Just over the border of the next year, February was the month, and this particular February was not very far away, Philip Nassett was to be married. He was to merge his quiet, laborious, hard-working bachelorhood into what promised to be a much less quiet and hard-working life of wedded happiness. His acquaintance with Miss Malbon Russell was two years old, but its youth was not indicative of its warmth and strength.

He was of that class of lawyers to whom their profession is an agreeable one for itself, and by whom it is not regarded as a stepping-stone to political preferment or political speech making.

Naturally fond of literature, he read much and believed that there were few books which would not benefit a lawyer. And so from reading and study his life became a quiet and retiring one, and his excursions into social atmosphere and the society of young ladies and gentlemen were enjoyable because of their rarity. He was not a bookworm, but he had a gravity which twenty-seven years of life does not usually bring with it.

He seemed to be just the kind of a husband for Miss Russell. Her father was of the opinion that she had chosen well, and he said as much frequently to his wife. She thought otherwise. Miss Malbon bore her mother's family name, which after sundry contractions and softenings had become "Mallie," and Mallie it remained. Mrs. Russell's ideas in regard to her daughter's welfare were confided to the only person in whom she had entire confidence and with whom she had long and frequent conferences—that person being herself.

"Mr. Russell," said his wife's mental voice to its boon companion, her mental ear, "Mr. Russell is a very good husband and business man, but as the father of a young girl who is both an heiress and a beauty, I have but an indifferent opinion of him. Mallie has not so very much money, to be sure, but she has enough to make her a very desirable wife, for her money is her own. If she was a plain, stay-at-home girl it would not make so much difference, but she is so pretty and nice that it is a shame she should marry a lawyer who is a poky old man before he is thirty."

When Mallie's engagement was first talked of, Mrs. Russell opposed it strongly, and even after it became a fact she did not cease her opposition. The only result was that Mallie thought her mother at times was disagreeable, and Philip wondered what he had done to incur her ill will. There was a prospect that Mallie's good sense would be swamped when she first came out socially, for she had a neat fortune which her uncle had left her when a child, and she was fond of all the gaieties which make up the life of the average girl. Of course she was flattered and petted and was in a fair way to be spoiled apparently, but she came out of it all unscathed, and at twenty-two was fitted to become a wife whose family circle would be her "ultima thule." Her great fault was her pride. It was sensitive as a mimosa leaf and hard as glass, and though hidden on ordinary occasions, it was like mankind, as it gained strength while it slept. She was medium in height, with large gray eyes, light brown hair and clear complexion, and was graceful and strong.

There is a general impression that Pittsburg is only a huge workshop, a sooty, dirty iron mill or glass factory, from which people hurry away as soon as they become sufficiently wealthy to admit of it.

And yet within its corporate limits are miles of orchards as fragrant with apple, peach and pear blossoms in the spring as those along the Hudson or in quaint old Duchess county, New York. There are hundreds of country residences with wide lawns and cool clumps of forest trees around them; little valleys so wild that the gray squirrels chatter among the oaks and chestnuts, and arbutus blooms among the fallen leaves and melting snow; where the underbrush is as dense as in one of Du Chaillu's jungles, and where the shy forest birds built their nests with fearless confidence that they will not be robbed by marauding school boys. Here the melancholy Jacques could wander with calm contentment, unbroken by notices of suburban property to be sold on easy terms, in lots to suit purchasers; and yet he would be within fifteen minutes' ride of densely populated, thronged and busy streets, which would have delighted the cockney tastes of gentle Charles Lamb. It is not that the workshop of Pittsburg is small, but that her city pleasure grounds were on a large scale.

Rambling walks and rides through these out-of-the-way nooks were Philip's chief recreation in the days before this engagement, and through him they became one of Mallie's keenest pleasures. She liked to hear Philip talk of things which she only grasped in part, for although far from being stupid or unread, she was a woman who thought she should do much and her husband should know much.

"I wonder why people say that people who are in love always have trouble? I don't think it is true."

They had driven down an unused, grass-grown road, far into the woods, beyond East Liberty one afternoon. Philip's horse had stopped of his own accord and was gingerly nibbling the bare branches of a bush. Mallie was in a very quiet mood, and had been for several minutes watching the smoke curl up from Philip's cigar, until she spoke the thought which seemed a heresy to her.

"I believe," she added in a pretty, dogmatic manner, and a suspicion of a frown, "that it is because people are weak or silly that they are bothered by things when they fall in love. If a man and a woman care for each other and believe they have chosen wisely, that ought to end all worry. It may be romantic to be worried, but it isn't comfortable"—and then after a little pause—"well, why don't you say something?"

"I heard you ask a question, my dear," replied Philip, placidly. "But, being a woman, I knew you would answer it yourself if I did not interrupt you. I therefore waited until you satisfied me that my hypothesis was correct, and since then I have been wondering how long it would be before the ash fell from my cigar."

"You are a conceited man," cried Mallie with a pout. "You think girls don't know anything. You and your cigar are horrid."

"The cigar is prime," said unruffled Philip; "as to the other clause of the indictment we are told that 'only man is vile.'"

Mallie's laugh was pleasant to listen to, and it was frankly forthcoming at what she called "Philip's absurdity." But she returned to her subject and said: "I'm sure you and I would never have any trouble. I would trust you in everything, but if you were ever to deceive me I would never want to see you again."

"Amen, my dear," said Philip, loyally, and he kissed her and told her she was a very sensible little woman, and then he drove homeward.

Said Mallie, demurely: "The Playfords are to have a party Thursday night, Phil."

Philip was intent on making a clever turn to avoid driving into two puddles, and he said nothing.

"Madge Playford came to-day and insisted on my meeting her New York cousin, for whom the party is to be given"—all in a matter-of-fact tone.

Philip looked a trifle vexed, but said he hoped she would enjoy herself.

"I don't see any reason for your looking cross, my dear," said Mallie, with a quaint, combative air that she wore quite prettily at times.

"I am not cross, Mallie. I told you a day or two ago that I would be unusually busy this week, and could only see you Thursday evening." Philip was selfish in the way all lovers are.

"Well, and pray, Mr. Crossness, what has that to do with the Playford's party?"—then with a quick change of manner, she rested her cheek against his shoulder and said, "you know I did not forget what you said. I told Madge I had an engagement and could not go—oh! you will crush my hat!" The warning was unnecessary, for although Philip's arm was around her, he was mindful of her dainty, plumed hat in a manner not known to men generally.

"I am sorry you cannot come in and stay for supper," said Mallie, when they reached her home. "Those tiresome old law papers are a nuisance. Now, Phil., be here early Thursday, for I shall be all alone."

As early as possible after office hours on Thursday Philip was ready. As he stepped into his buggy he heard his name called, and, turning, saw one of his friends with a young girl beside him.

"You are just the man I want to see, Nassett," said the gentleman, hurriedly. "I brought Nellie—my daughter—Mr. Nassett—I brought her in, Philip, to go to the theater. I have just received a message which calls me to Cleveland and I want you to drive Nellie out home, like a good fellow. Will you? I hate to let her go home alone and have a long walk up from the station.

Philip was in a quandary. The young lady's father, Mr. Thorne, had befriended him in many ways, and beside that the cause of the dilemma was very pretty and evidently anxious to be escorted home by her father's friend. The matter was quickly arranged, and Philip excused himself while he wrote a message to Mallie which he sent to her by his office boy. In lieu of note paper, he used a card on which he wrote, "Have to do something for Thorne," and then on the other side he added, "He wants me to drive his daughter home. I will be with you at half-past eight."

Mr. Thorne's residence was fully five miles away, out on the edge of town, and Philip gradually forgot his vexation and annoyance, as he discovered that his companion was as bright and full of fun as she was pretty. She had only been home from school a short time, and she related some of her adventures at a fashionable New York school, in a lively manner and with many animated gestures, mimicries and drolleries. Philip was in nowise disloyal, but he was not entirely delighted when the drive was ended and he said good-night to his fair charge.

Mallie had spent the afternoon in visiting and shopping, and had remained in town later than she intended to. As she was riding home she saw Philip drive by in animated conversation with a very pretty girl, who was a stranger to her, and she was astonished and rather vexed. Shortly after reaching home, Philip's card came, and when she read it she turned very white and felt sick. She went up to her room and read the words again: "I have to do something for Thorne."

"It is not true," she cried. "He has told me a downright lie. I saw him with that girl, and he seemed enjoying himself. He has deceived me and I will not trust him again. I will not see him to-night, for he might tell me another lie and make me hate him worse than I do."

Hurrying down stairs, Mallie told the servant that she expected a gentleman, but she did not want to see him, and that he must be told she was not at home.

Philip drove up in front of the house, rang the door bell, and when the girl came to the door he stepped in and said, in his cheerful way, "I wish you would tell Sam to take my horse around to the stable."

"Yes, sir," stammered the girl, "but Miss Mallie is not home."

"Not home?" echoed Philip, in wonder.

"No, sir."

"Where is she?"

The girl felt that she was getting into a corner, so she said boldly, "She is out and she said she would not be home to-night."

Thoroughly astonished, Philip slowly walked down the steps and drove away, wondering what had happened.

"It can't be that she was angry because I was late," he muttered. "She is too sensible a girl for that. I'll find out what it all means in the morning."

And he did. It was but little sleep Mallie got that night. She cried till her head ached as if it would split, and then she sat looking out of her window thinking it all over. The more she thought of what had happened the stronger became her indignation and contempt for Philip, and very early next day she wrote to him:

"I have been entirely mistaken in you, Mr. Nassett, and I find that it is best for girl to listen to her mother's advice, as to men. I shall send you your letters and that will end everything. If you have any gentlemanly instinct you will not seek to intrude upon me, but will treat me as if you had never known me."

This was what Phillip found at his office. It so unsettled him that he could not work, and he went to ask for an explanation. He was told that Miss Russell had gone out of town on a visit.

It was weeks after when they met, and then Mallie's cool bow was returned in kind by Philip. His trouble had told upon him sharply, but no one knew what he felt, for he was not a man to have confidants. He saw Mallie at rare intervals, and then only in passing on the street. In December he heard she was to be married, and when a mutual friend confirmed the story he shut his teeth tightly and said nothing. A few days later he was told that Mrs. Russell was very ill and not expected to live. Two days before Christmas he found a bulky letter among his mail, which was addressed in a lady's writing. He opened it carelessly, but as he read it he thought he would suffocate. It was from Mrs. Russell, and it said: "Mallie wrote these letters to you, but as I did not think you two were suited for each other I did not send them. She does not know it and she must not, for she is to be married on Christmas day. I am sorry I did it, but thought it best then."

Enclosed were two letters, written when Mallie came home from her flight after she had broken her engagement. The first one read: "Phil, dear Phil, come at once. I have made a dreadful mistake and want you to forgive your loving Mallie."

The second note was longer, and bore a date two days later than the other: "Oh! Phil, why don't you come? I am broken-hearted. Will you never forgive me? I did wrong, but listen to me. I only read one side of your card. It said that you had to do something for Mr. Therne and could not come to see me. I saw you driving with a girl I did not know, and I thought you had deceived me. I did not know what you meant until I came home, and then I looked at the card again and saw what was on the other side. Phil, dear, you can't be angry when you know how I have suffered. Do, do come and say I am forgiven, and am, as I always was, your own Mallie."

In a postscript, as though the girl's mood had changed, she added: "If you don't come I will not write again."

Stunned and bewildered, Philip read the notes and re-read them, and then he broke down and uttered savage curses on the woman who was dying. When he calmed a little and began to think what it all meant, he thought he would at once see Mallie, but he did not go, for he remembered her wedding day but forty-eight hours distant.

It was not until long after midnight, when he was in his own room, that he determined upon the course he would take. He folded Mallie's poor little, piteous, ill-fated notes together within Mrs. Russell's letter and placed them all in an envelope, which he addressed to Mallie, using the name she would assume on the day when she was a wife. Then on a slip of paper he wrote "Mallie's Christmas and wedding present from Philip," and this he put within the notes before he sealed the envelope. He astonished the office boy by making his appearance at eight o'clock the following morning. "Take this early to-morrow to the person to whom it is addressed," said Philip, giving the boy the letter he had written the night before, "and if any one calls to see me, say I have gone East on business and will not be back for a couple of weeks."

Just as Philip was stepping on the train to take his departure, a messenger pulled his coat-sleeve, and, turning quickly, a note was placed in his hand. Opening it he saw, to his astonishment, it was from Mallie. It seems that his office boy, instead of waiting until the next day, had carried the note at once. The situation flashed through Mallie's mind. Everything was now explained. To-morrow she was to be the bride of a man she did not love. Her mind was made up in an instant. She sent by the boy a note to Philip, and he arrived just as Philip was boarding the train. All there was in the note was—"Philip, come to me at once." And Philip did come. He met her a moment later, and she sprang forward to meet him. It is not necessary to repeat what followed. It was only the same old story of confession and forgiveness. It will not be necessary to say her wedding did not take place on the following day, and the man whom she was to have wedded "got left;" but as the marriage was more of Mallie's mother's marking, he readily acquiesced in what he well knew was a more pleasant arrangement.

The test of good farming is found in the thoroughness with which every scrap of manure is cleaned from the barnyard, at least twice a year for the use of crops. A considerable quantity of manure will accumulate during the summer, and is best applied as top-dressing for such wheat or grass as is to be plowed next spring.

A very fashionable material for dressy home toilets is cream-white serged flannel, trimmed with long loops and ends of white moire or satin ribbon. For young married ladies this fabric is made into tea-gowns and Grecian robes, with trimmings of lace and white silk embroidery or braiding.

The silver brocade dress worn by the Czarina at the coronation is so richly embroidered with silver that the train alone weighs almost twenty-five pounds. The ermine lining for the Imperial mantels consists of 100,000 skins.

A Specimen Boy.

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus Branch of the Eastern Road behind a pale, careworn lady who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What's that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"O, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"What makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does He make it in the day time or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sunday, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie, that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

And after remaining quiet a moment, little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me."

A short silence, when Willie broke out again:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?"

"O, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs, don't you, auntie?"

"O, yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"O, I guess so."

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy!"

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"O, dear, you ask so many questions."

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Willie, sit down on the seat and be still or I'll shake you. Now, not another word!"

And the lady pointed her finger sharply to the little boy, as if she was going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked woman she would have sworn.

There are 8,000,000 little boys like Willie in the United States.—Brockton Gazette.

The Cashier Ahead.

A new bank which had been established in a town in Indiana had engaged the services of a watchman who came well recommended, but who did not seem over-experienced. The president, therefore, sent for him to post him a bit, and began:

"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your first duty must be to exercise vigilance."

"Yes, sir."

"Be careful how strangers approach you."

"I will, sir."

"No strangers must be permitted to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir."

"And our cashier—he is a good man, honest, reliable and thoroughly trustworthy, but it will be your duty to keep an eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time, sir."

"Two men—how?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the cashier called me in for a talk, and he said you were the squarest man in Indiana, but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you and let the directors know if you hung around after hours."—Wall Street News.

How Forrest Regained His Property.

A singular fact has lately come to light in connection with the late Edwin Forrest, which possesses more than ordinary interest. Pending the divorce proceedings between Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the great actor deeded all of his estate to his three sisters, giving each an equal share. Subsequently one of them died without issue, and her share of the estate reverted to her two sisters and Edwin. The second sister died shortly afteward without issue, and her share of the estate, with what had been left her by the first sister dead, reverted to Edwin and the remaining sister. Not long after this the third sister died, and, as Edwin was the only heir, by her death, again became possessed of the property he had deeded away. This fact was discovered when the administrator sold the Broad and Master street property. The purchasers, in hunting over the records in the register's office, discovered that Forrest had come into possession of this property the second time by inheritance, and through the auditor-general's office at Barrisburg learned that by calculation, after the department had been placed in possession of the facts, the estate was indebted to the state about $4300 collateral inheritance tax, which was paid.—Philadelphia Press.

Husband's of Four Kinds.

The point decided by the Queen's Bench division in the very recent case of Bell against Stocker will, notwithstanding the Married Women's Propety act passed in the recent Parliament, retain its importance for many years to come, since the fourteenth section contains an express provision that nothing contained in that act shall operate to increase or diminish the liability of any husband married before the commencement of the act. The point was this: Can a widower be held liable for a debt incurred by a deceased wife previous to their marriage, the marriage having taken place subsequently to the 30th of July, 1874, the date of the Married Women's Property act, (1870) amendment act, 1874. This question of the husband's liability for his wife's ante-nuptial debts is one in which the year of the marriage makes all the difference. Previously to 1870 a man was liable for his wife's ante-nuptial debts, whether he had or had not received property with her, but only when sued jointly with her. Then came the Married Women's Property act, 1870, which entirely took away the right of suing husbands married after that act for such debts, leaving the wife's separate estate to bear the liability. Then the amendment act of 1874 made a fresh rule of liability, enacting that husbands married after that act should only be liable for such debts when sued jointly with their wives, and then only to the amount of the property which they actually receive with the latter, or ought to have received but for their own neglect or fraud. Lastly, the new act of 1882 leaves women married after that act and their separate estates primarily liable for their ante-nuptial debts, and provides that husbands are liable for such debts to the extent of property belonging to their wives which they have acquired or become entitled to from or through the latter, and it further provides that husband and wife may be sued jointly, if it is sought to establish a claim against both of them. Thus there are four classes of husbands—those married before 1870, those married between 1870 and 1874, and those married between 1874 and 1882—and the rights of each class are different. The question in the Bell case against Stocker affected the rights of the third class, and it was held that, inasmuch as husbands in that class can be made liable for their wives' ante-nuptial debts in an action in which they are sued jointly with the latter, which condition can be no longer fulfilled after the wives' deaths, their liability comes to an end at the latter event.—London Times.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

St. Paul, Minnesota, has just organized its fourth Congregational church, and Minneapolis its sixth.

A Provisional Commission is forming in Germany to promote the extension of Old Catholicism in Silesia.

Thirty new Methodist churches have been built in Northern Michigan within the last Conference year.

There are in Pennsylvania 578 Baptist churches, 65,879 members, with a net increase over all loses of 2047.

The Pope, in a letter to Cardinal McCabe, constitutes the clergy the guardians of the people of Ireland.

The committee of the Presbyterian Synod contemplate the extension of their mission to the Jews in London.

Rev. Thomas Harrison claims 650 converts as the result of his seven weeks' revival work, in Decatur, Illinois.

The Congregationalists at Petersham, Mass., have closed their church for the winter and worship with the Baptists.

Cincinnati has a church for every 1253 inhabitants, outranking in this respect all the large cities in the country.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany have subscribed liberally toward the erection of a new English church in Cologne.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, will be formally enthroned at Canterbury on the 3d of April.

The Synod of the Reformed church in France, which met recently in Paris, appointed committees to prepare a new liturgy and catechism.

Our Lord God doth work like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall see the print yonder, in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

It takes a lifetime to build a character; it takes only one moment to destroy one. How sensitive is righteousness, how resentful is the spirit of purity and nobleness!—Joseph Parker.

There is nothing so graciously inclined toward us as God and our conscience, because no other knows the manner in which things happen within us, and the inner workings of our souls.—Rahel Varnhagen.

She Didn't Die.

All in the fashionable world, says the London Life, will remember that some months ago a charming and accomplished young lady met with a frightful accident through her dress catching fire. So severe were her injuries that life was despaired of, the and officiating clergyman of a well known West End church was sent for to administer spiritual consolation to one believed to be moribund. To him the lady said:

"As I know that I am dying I have a secret I will disclose to you only. I love you with my whole heart."

The prompt reply was:

"You must not die, but live to be my wife."

I am glad to add that this week the lady was married to the object of her affections.

Heavy tragedian at railway hotel—Prithee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?"

Landlord—A machinist? Yes, sir.

Tragedian—Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom for we would dine anon, and pray you, do it quickly. Yon peas you need not carry, for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!

Mrs. Jones wished her boy to be named John Frederick, while the father signified a preference for Edward Gordon. Determined to have her way, she clandestinely procured the baptism of the child under the name she had selected. Jones procured the revocation and annulment of the christening through the bishop of the diocese, and Edward Gordon was officially made the name. Notwithstanding this, the mother persists in calling him John Frederick, and thereby causes a Chicago suit for divorce.

The longest bridge in the world is in China. It is at Lagang, over an arm of the China sea, and is five miles long, seventy feet in height, with a roadway seventy feet wide, and is built entirely of stone and has three hundred arches. The parapet is a balustrade and each of the pillars, which are seventy-five feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion twenty-five feet long, made of one block of marble.

When a man goes to law he does not stop to count the cost. He leaves the clerk of the court to do that, and as a rule none of the items are omitted.

ALL SORTS.

A pair of slippers—Orange and banana skins.

Wanted—A new advertising dodge for actresses.

Good advice, like vaccination, doesn't always "take."

Language of the flowers—You be blowed.—Life.

It is thought that the tax on chewing gum will stick.

It is now fashionable to speak of the night robe as the nap sack.

One way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world"—knock him down.

A Western newspaper thinks the tall flats in New York should be called crematories.

Fannie: You are right. It is better to return a kiss for a blow. And a good deal sweeter.

An exchange asks, "Will the coming woman work?" She will if she marries a lazy husband.

How appropriate are names! Garments that have to be stuffed out with cotton are called tights.

"Temptation" is the name of a saloon in Troy. A great many men are led into it.—Detroit Free Press.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "When a Texas man gets religion he swears off keno for a week."

Cato did not begin to learn the Greek language until he was eighty-four years of age. Cato was mighty level-headed.

The readiness with which the foot of modern man taketh him to the club would go far to prove that man is by nature club-footed.

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head, like papa.—Cleve Herald.

Maine sold $125,000 worth of spruce gum this year. The number of jaws that wagged in masticating the stuff is not yet reported.—N. Y. Com.

The eye is sometimes called the window of the soul, consequently a black eye must be a stained window.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

Colonel Ingersoll assumes to lecture about hell. Let him wait fifty years or so, and he'll be a heap better qualified to talk on that subject.—Boston Post.

A man who had climbed Mount Blanc seven times in safety was killed the other day while trying to go up a step-ladder. Is prudence any use.—Boston Post.

The weather is never cold enough to compel the chap with a paste ring to wear a glove on the hand adorned by the incandescent jewel.—N. Y. Com.

A Vermont man who is applying for a pension says he distinguished himself by staying at home during the war. Everybody else in the village went to Canada.

A reckless genius with a talent for research has discovered that the presiding officer of a caucus is called "the chair," because everybody likes to sit down on him.

President Carter of Williams College represents himself in his removal from Connecticut, where he was born, to Massachusetts, as a "nutmeg coming to the greater."

A question for lawyers—If a flea bites a dog, and so enrages the animal that the dog bites a man, can the flea be indicted as an accessory before the fact?—Bos. Trans.

A Philadelphia baker is having a new oven built, which he thinks will beat the world. It is modelled after a modern hotel, only the central flue has no elevator in it.

Professor Julien asserts that the brown stone houses of New York will entirely crumble away in less than one thousand years, so ruinous is our atmosphere. That settles it. We shall not built a brownstone house. It wouldn't be economy.

France is said to be going to the dogs, owing to a lack of statesmen. We have always shown great liberality to the people of the Old World in distress. Why not load up a ship with surplus American statesmen and send them over to suffering France with our compliments?—Exchange.

A judge having fallen asleep during a trial, Lawyer X. suddenly ceased pleading, and exclaimed: "I will wait until his Honor wakes before finishing." "But," answered the opposing counsel, "perhaps his Honor will wait until you have finished before waking.

An old sharp advertised: "Book-keeping taught in one lesson; terms, one dollar." He got a large class on the opening night, and, after they were seated and the dollars rushed in, he said: "The whole art of book-keeping hinges on three words—Never lend them."—The Judge.

A drillmaster at the Naval Academy, was a determined stutterer. One day he was drilling a squad of cadets who were marching toward the Severn. As they neared the sea-wall the lieutenant attempted to halt them. The word hung fire. Overboard the mischievous cadets went. The lieutenant took the precaution to tell his men the next time he did not get "halt" out they need not go overboard.

In South Australia apologies are not made in any half-hearted spirit, as is shown by this advertisement in a Melbourne paper: "I, Charles Doney of Dalkey, farmer, hereby apologize to Mr. Hugh Stepheus of Elizabeth street, Norwood, for the insulting, vile, slanderous language I used toward him on Dec. 7, 1882 at Dalkey, the same being without foundation. Charles Doney. Witness—Thomas Hancock Thomas.

Why They Yelled.—"What on earth makes you announce that you extract teeth without pain? Didn't I hear every patient you had up here yell?"

"You did, sir," replies the peripatetic dentist, "but those were shrieks of joy which they uttered, sir! They were so delighted, sir, at being painlessly relieved that they could not restrain their enthusiasm."

"Say, why is a hawk like an editor?" said our spring poet, pensively, the other day.

"Because he soars aloft in the blue empyrean, and—"

"Stop. That ain't it."

"Then why?"

"Because he lives by his talons."

They have laid him gently to sleep, where the weary are at rest, and board bills are an unknown quantity.