

CURRENT DRIFT.

A wealthy maiden lady of Stejtin, Pomerania, has left \$60,000 to found an asylum for forty single women over fifty years of age and ten old bachelors.

When a hen sits on an empty china egg you call it blind instinct. What do you call it when a girl sets her affections on an empty-headed noodle?

"Do you catch on?" asked the omnibus driver, as he swung his whip lash to the rear. "Yes, I tumble," answered the small boy, as he rolled into the gutter.

There is only a slight difference between a hand organ and an accordion. One is worked with a crank, and the other generally by a "crank."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Queen of England is worth \$80,000,000. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." No wonder that they say "God save the Queen!"—*New Haven Register.*

An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

Madame Pompadour had a fan made of lace which cost \$30,000, and which it took nine years to manufacture, so the Philadelphia *News* says. This must be the original "Pompadour waste" we have sometimes heard about.—*Lowell Courier.*

New York is enforcing a law against young men's sending their wives back to their parents to be supported. Something new turns up every day to brush the roseate hue and gaudy glitter from the face of matrimony.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You should have seen the situation of her lips," said the young clerk, enthusiastically. "The situation?" began his friend. "Yes, the situation of her lips." "What did you do?" "I grasped the situation. That's what I did. In fact, I grasped the situation several times before I left."

A prominent citizen was being propelled homeward by a faithful colored servant late one night last week, when they suddenly came to a halt. "Whassher matter now?" asked the prominent citizen. "Dar's a man dead drunk on de sidewalk." "Gimme a lamp-post to hold up, and you drags off misherable drunken beasht by hish legshs."

"Where do the bad coins come from?" was asked a street-car conductor. "That's more'n I know," he said, "where they come from in the first place. It's mostly women that give 'em to us. You see, when a man gets hold of a bad half dollar, he don't feel like passing it off himself, so he just gives it to his wife and don't say anything about it."

How quickly we forget the rules of arithmetic as learned in school; is shown in the fact that a prominent dry goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer: "If four men build a wall five feet high in four days, how long will it take six men to build a wall eight feet high in seven days?"

At Chautauqua the other day a little girl was asked if she was a Methodist. "Oh, no!" she replied. "I am a Brethren, and my mother is a Brethren too." These were of the United Brethren. At Montreal one of the Plymouth Brethren was asked why they never spoke of the Plymouth Sisters. "Oh!" was his answer, "the Brethren embrace the Sisters."—*Independent.*

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning Eutychus—the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" When the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt, "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."—*N. Y. Observer.*

An impecunious tramp stepped into a restaurant in Nebraska to feed, and then started out without paying. The indignant man hurled a piece of new pie after the retreating guest, striking him in the head and fracturing the skull. The restaurant has been arrested on a charge of committing an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to commit bodily injury.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Boston man took occasion to remark to his wife: "My dear, the infinite is always silent. 'Tis the finite only that speaks." She came from Cape Cod, and was accordingly a dull woman, who didn't take hints, but she never forgot the remark, and long afterward, when some friends expressed a wish to visit the deaf and dumb asylum, she turned to her husband and asked: "Wh. t days, my love, is the asylum of the infinite open for the reception of finite visitors?"

The Interesting English Papers.—The following is a copy of the Commons' amendments to the amendments made by the Lords to the amendments made by the Commons to the Lords' amendments, and Commons' reasons for disagreeing to certain of the said Lords' amendments: The Commons propose to amend the amendments made by the Lords to the amendment made by the Commons to the Lords' amendment in page 2, line 5, by leaving out, etc.—*London Times.*

Practical Religion.—An Eastern church is credited with taking its building fund into Wall street recently, and increasing it from \$40,000 to \$125,000. The new church will have all the latest improvements and a big steeple, and will be known as the church of "St. Paul Preferred." But another Eastern church tried the same plan, and got caught on a bear market. They have concluded not to build just now, but to get along with the old church for the present.—*Toledo Blade.*

Recently it seems to us as though a large number of people throughout this country have nothing to do but write postal cards to newspaper publishers, asking for a sample copy of their paper. Perhaps these people think we are publishing a paper just to wear out our young life, but that is where they fall into a common error. We are trying to acquire a competence, so that we can carry a Summer cane and have a special mug at the barber shop with our monogram on it, and that is why we ask for things sometimes when it seems unladylike and eccentric. People who inclose stamps will be waited upon just as soon as the mailing brigade can catch up a little, but those who inclose a chunk of taffy in a postal card and look for this priceless repository of electrotyped brain will anxiously watch through the gloaming till a late hour, but they will wait in vain.—*Boomerang.*

METRICAL MELANGE.

ON THE DEATH OF ORSON PRATT.
Lives of Mormons oft remind us
That by following their creeds
We may die and leave behind us
Somber clouds of widows' weeds.

SEWING.
I pass by her window diurnally;
She throws me a smile evanescent,
That much agitates me internally,
And yet is infernally pleasant.
At her window she sews, this supernal she;
Ah! why is my heart ever twitching?
Alas! in its center, diurnally,
Her monogram she has been stitching!

NORA'S VOW.
"Old Gaffer's son I will not wed,
And don't forget it!" loud she said.
"Should every living creature die,
And none be left but Jim and I,
I would not wed old Gaffer's son—
The bow-legged, wall-eyed son of a gun!"
"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the ground-hog's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
The good priest yell! May I be dumb!
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed old Gaffer's son—
The knock-kneed, lop-eared son of a gun!"
Still where the bull-frog lays her eggs
The swan still laves her purple legs;
Still downward flows the Awe's fierce river,
And will, no doubt, flow thus forever;
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to old Gaffer's son,
The ring-boned, spavined son of a gun.

AUTUMN.
How dead ripe hung the leaves upon the trees,
While here and there the rustle of the leaves
Disclosed tinge of scarlet or of gold,
Warning us that the year is growing old!
The purple clusters load the bending vine,
And in the corn-field yellow pumpkins shine,
Suggestive of the very best of pies,
Plump pears and blushing apples feast the eyes;
And oh! how mellow seems the golden light
Fouled by the sun o'er valley and on height;
While far-off hills, half hid in haze of blue,
Give the perfecting finish to the view.
Oh, glorious Autumn days! Like wine, I drink
Your wondrous beauty. And it makes me think
It's getting very chill at eve and dawn,
How shall I get my overcoat from pawn?

ROUGH ON TRAMPS.
Yes, I am come from the great State of Michigan;
Quicker than powder I had to decamp;
Oh, it's the worst place you ever could wish a man,
If his profession is that of a tramp.
Mr. Maguire, of our noble fraternity,
Got in a fight with a widow-named Nye;
She was a tiger, you bet, now, and darn it, he
Got such a wallowing folks thought he'd die.
Soon spread the news of the widow victorious;
Women of wit are admired out that way;
So for the widow the combat was glorious—
She got ten offers of marriage next day.
That too was published, and 'tis very curious,
All o'er the State, city, village, or camp,
Armed with a club, and intentions injurious,
Every blamed widow is after a tramp.
—*Boston Post.*

THE HOUSE WITH CLOSETS.
How dear to the heart of the housekeeping woman
Are comforts of which so few architects tell!
Nice children, good servants, and plenty of room in
The well-fitted mansion in which they must dwell.
But first of the blessings kind Fortune can give her,
If she in the city or country abide,
Is that which she longs for and covets forever—
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride:
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.
The house may be perfect from garret to cellar,
Well-lighted, well-aired, with cold water and hot;
And yet, to the eye of the feminine dweller,
If closets, all is as if it were not.
How oft she has sunk like a dove that is wounded,
How oft she has secretly grumbled and sighed,
Because she saw not, though with all else surrounded,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride:
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.
Fond husbands, who fain would have home be an Eden,
For you and your Eves all complete as a whole,
To read in, to write in, to sleep in, to feed in,
Forget not the closets so dear to the soul;
But build them in corners, in nooks, and in crannies,
Wherever a closet may harbor or bide,
And give to your Marys, your Kates, and your Annies,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride;
The roomy, clean closets, the well-ordered closets,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride.
—*New York Sun.*

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