Detroit Currency.

OUT of joint—joint Congressional rules.

THEY got Baron de Palm down to five pounds, and that's a fair burn.

PISTOLS supposed to be unloaded are still made use of to kill off unsuspecting citizens.

PROF. TICE says: "Look out for floods next spring." Thanks, Professor—will put a man at the cellar drain to-morrow.

A KANSAS railroad brakeman let go his hold to pick his teeth, and he lived just long enough to tell how it happened.

THE Italian brigands are at their old business again. Their motto is: "Cash ransom for this Englishman or off goes his ears."

BOSTON is satisfied that an intelligent woman can safely be elected to any office where the salary isn't enough to buy a looking-glass.

A DETROIT tailor solemnly and earnestly remarks that no true patriot will try to make a suit of clothes last him over three months.

THE mother who can get five small children off to bed on a winter's night and wish she had seventeen more beats Cleopatra all to death.

FIVE hundred and seventy Baltimore craft pursue the unresisting oyster, whose dumb appeals for mercy are answered by a stab in the back.

IT was the opinion of the late Dr. Hall that no man should commit suicide until he was convinced that he can't use a shovel and wheelbarrow.

IT may not come amiss to remind old maids that the leap-year season is about drawing to a close. There is just time for one last desperate effort.

SENATOR NORWOOD, of Georgia, is an old newspaper man. He killed four weekly papers in one year, but started a fifth as if nothing had happened.

THE editor of a Toronto paper is pleading his own case in a suit for slander, sawing his own wood, taking care of a horse and writing two columns per day.

A ST. LOUIS exchange has struck an original idea. It says: "It is generally thought that either Tilden or Hayes will be President after the 4th of March next."

THE two Pennsylvania miners who lit their pipes and then proceeded to divide a keg of powder were not badly mangled. The fact is, neither one has yet been found.

GEORGE W. BURNS, of California, is the man who, when attacked by a bear, kicked the animal to death. He's a graduate of Harvard, and used to kick foot-ball.

THE only Detroit man who rose up in November and predicted that we should have a very mild winter now has to pull his boots off in the street car to scratch his chilblains.

CHURCH fairs are good things. They teach a man how to preserve a look of deep humility while paying out two dollars of his hard-earned money for a ten-cent pin-cushion.

"THE Floor of a Tenement House" is the subject of a descriptive article in a Chicago paper. It is one, however, which we, for one, should not like to dwell on.—*Globe-Democrat.*

THE *Journal of Chemistry* advises all people to eat celery when they can get it, and onions between times. Says it quiets your nerves. But one onion eater can unsettle the nerves of a whole street car load.

CUPID smiles the moment he sets foot in Detroit. A youth of seventeen and a girl of fifteen were united in matrimony last week, and the poor boy's mother talked strongly of taking his sled and marbles away.

THE "Pi" man of the *Herald* announces that an eel will live twenty years. What a burning shame that eels cannot go one year more and be entitled to vote —*Free Press.* Oh, pshaw! can't you talk about anything but eel-ections?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Wonderful Revolution in Japan.

No civilization, it may be said, springs into existence like Athena from the head of Zeus. In this solitary case [Japan] however, we see the curious spectacle of "two hundred and seventy-eight military princes, possessing regal power, vast wealth and separate armies, abdicating, from purely patriotic motives, the stations which their families had held for twenty centuries." Their Tycoon, Shogun, or Vice-Emperor, consents to become a mere Daimio, or county-chief; next, to abdicate even that position. He quietly spends his time in sketching and shooting game, and now Sir Charles Dilke tells us that his ex-imperial Majesty may some of these days accept a portfolio from the Ministry of the revolution that overthrew him.

That same Cabinet is fashioned on the European model, with Ministries of Justice, War, Marine, Finance, Education, Public Worship, Foreign Affairs and Affairs of the Interior, all of them the growth, or rather the creation, of the last eight years. And over them all stands the heir of the oldest dynasty in the world—a cloistered emperor whose house "dates from Nebuchadnezzar"—who before 1868 had never seen the outside of his own palace at Kioto; who, in fact, was deemed too sacred to touch vulgar earth; but who has just been assisting at the opening of a new railway; and who perhaps will lay many a first stone before he departs to the realm of the Sun-Goddess, from whom both he and his house have descended.

These are sober realities of the Japanese revolution. That they are not superficial realities—that their results are likely to be permanently beneficent—that at all events there is no reason why they should not be so, will, we think, be admitted by most people who study the subject with care and impartiality.—*London Examiner.*

A WRITER in *Scribner* describes the city of Hartford as a sort of City of Refuge, because of its insurance companies. The statistics of its insurance business are indeed surprising. By the last official report it appears that 219,467 people have their lives insured in Hartford. If each of these represents a family of five persons, then more than a million people are looking to Hartford as their refuge. These lives are insured for $450,000,000 altogether, and the property insured in the fire companies is $645,646,000 more, so that the total risk which Hartford carries is in round numbers $1,100,000,000. The life insurance business began no farther back than 1850, and its rapid growth in the last twenty-six years shows how provident habits are increasing among the people.—*Portland Transcript.*

SOLITUDE is well enough until you want to borrow something.

Story of a Jewel.

During the Indian Mutiny, and after the destruction of some of the rich palaces and temples, the soldiers picked up many valuable articles, useless to themselves, and which they frequently threw away again, as troublesome to carry; or gladly sold to any one who would give them a few rupees in exchange. Among these acquisitions was a large, very roughly cut diamond, which had been one of the eyes of a gorgeously painted idol, enshrined in one of the temples that had been destroyed. A soldier picked it out of its socket, and as it was a rough, dull-looking stone, he thought very little of it, and was just going to throw it away, when an officer who stood by offered him three rupees for it. He also put but small store by his purchase of the lustreless stone; and it was only from its position as the eye of an idol that he judged it might possibly be of greater value than seemed likely from its outward appearance. Some time afterwards he showed it to a native jeweller, who offered to buy it from him at a considerable increase on the price he had given for it; but he was going to England, and thought it wiser to take the stone with him, and have it properly cut by a first-class lapidary. This was done, and a very fine stone resulted, which the jeweller, at the most moderate calculation, valued at five hundred pounds. The officer had it set in a ring, and wore it for several years quite safely; but one day, chancing to be in London, he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, and looking at the ring on his little finger, he observed that the setting was empty, the diamond gone. He examined his glove, his pockets, the floor of the shop; no trace of the stone was to be seen, and so he gave it up as lost. However, he mentioned the matter to his club, and told the club-master to post up a notice offering ten pounds reward to any one who should find the diamond. A day or two afterwards the stone was brought to him. It had been found by one of the house-maids in a darkish passage that led to the billiard-room. The reward was gladly paid, and the diamond taken to the jeweller's to be once more firmly replaced in the ring.

Again some years passed. The officer had been back to India, and was on furlough in this country, and had gone to Scotland to shoot with friends who had taken a moor in the Highlands. One hot August day he had been out for several hours tramping over miles and miles of close heather, grouse-shooting. He was still walking, when a covey of birds rose a little way off. He raised his gun to take aim, when his eye chanced to fall on his ring, and he saw that the setting was once more empty. Stopping to look at it, the birds got away, and he laid down the gun on the heather beside him, and carefully examined the place where he stood with a very feeble hope of finding the glittering stone. Nothing was to be seen of it; and when he recollected the many miles he had traversed that day, and the nature of the ground he had been on, he abandoned all idea of ever again recovering the diamond. He stooped for his gun, and the thought flashed into his mind: "I'll turn out the charge—the thing is just possible!" He did so; drew the wad, and then shook out the contents of the barrel, shot, powder, and the diamond! It had slipped unnoticed into the muzzle when he was loading; and but for the lucky chance that had caused him to remark its absence from the ring, it would have been fired away the next moment. Possibly it might have hit a bird, gone back in the same bag, and caused as much amazement to the cook, or to the individual who found it between his teeth, as did the diamond in the eastern tale to the fisherman and his family who discovered it in the entrails of the fish. Another visit to the jeweller, and the ring resumed its place on the finger of its owner, and three or four years passed away. The officer had again returned to India, and was with his regiment, which was encamped near a large station, portions of some other regiments being close to them. He was acting as adjutant to the general in command, and was writing at a small table placed close to the door of his tent. As his hand passed rapidly over the paper, the troublesome diamond once more dropped from its setting, and fell on the table beside him. Being in a hurry, he merely uttered an angry exclamation, pushed the stone close to the inkstand, and went on with his writing. Presently a messenger came to say that the general wished to see him immediately. He forgot all about the stone, threw on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and started at once for the quarters of the commanding officer. He was detained some little time, and when he returned to his own tent, he looked directly for the diamond, which he had meanwhile recollected; but it was gone! A thief had been there during his absence, had seen and appropriated the stone; and he never saw or heard of it again, though he offered a liberal reward for its restoration. —*Chambers' Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD NELSON.—When Lord Nelson gained the great victory of Copenhagen, he silenced the sand batteries by his broadsides; but he found out that one or more of his ships were in shallow water. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to send a letter to the crown prince of Denmark to demand a cessation of hostilities in order to spare further effusion of blood. The letter being written and neatly folded, Lord Nelson sent for a stick of sealing-wax. It so happened that he who was sent on the commission had his head taken off by a cannon ball. This was reported to Nelson. "Send another messenger for the wax," said he.

It was observed to him that there were wafers on the table.

"Send for the sealing wax," he repeated.

It was done, and the letter was sealed. Some one said:

"May I take the liberty of asking why, under so hot a fire, and after such an accident, you attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?"

He replied:

"If I had made use of a wafer, it would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince; he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some pressing occasion for it. The wax tells no tales."

A GENTLEMAN recently stopped at a tavern, and being in a hurry, ordered the hostler to give his horse some oats, "as soon as he had done breathing." He remained as long as he thought necessary, and on going out, asked the hostler if he had given his horse oats, according to his directions. "Arrah, the deuce an oat I've given him," answered Pat; "ye tould me to give them to him, when he had got done braythin', an' I've watched him every minute, an' faith he's braythin' yet."

A MAN of pith—The alderman.

The Cause of Laughter.

We select the following amusing paragraphs from "Wit, Humor and Shakespeare," by John Weiss, recently issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston:

Wit can depend, like punning, upon the felicitous use of some well-known verse or sentiment, which suddenly is made to adapt itself to a new idea; as when Henry Clapp, speaking of an intolerable bore, inverted the famous sentence which is associated with Shakespeare and said: "He's not for a time, but for all day."

In the same vein, on the strength of Sterne's assertion that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," a Boston wit, finding himself in the powerful blast which sweeps across the common and makes a tunnel of Winter street, made the remark that he wished there was a shorn lamb tied at the head of that street.

Walter Scott tells an anecdote of the same special character. "So deep was the thirst of vengeance impressed on the minds of the Highlanders that, when a clergyman informed a dying thief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' the acquiescing penitent said with a deep sigh, 'To be sure! it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal!'"

Wit can be blundered into as well as a pun. The unmerited praise of it can be earned by mental awkwardness and want of tact. A widower, who had loved a lady previous to his marriage with another, approached his first love after the death of his wife, and sought to renew the old attachment. After he had made his offer, at a juncture more critical than the turning-point of Waterloo, he was permitted to add, "And I know that all my children will follow you to the grave with the same affection that they showed when their mother died." This is certainly the *pallidamors* of Horace beating *æquo pede* at the door.

Wit can also be enhanced by a droll incompetence of understanding on the part of the listener. Sydney Smith, complaining of the heat, told a lady that he wished he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones. The wit consists in extending the congruity of taking off clothes to the flesh, and there is an electric instant of mental possibility. But it is enhanced to us when we recollect the shocked and puzzled look of the lady, who saw only an indelicacy in a remark which was really delicate to the pitch of ghastliness—stripped, in fact, of every rag of that most indelicate of all things, prudery. Thus the raillery of Falstaff owes half its excellence to Dame Quickly's consistent misinterpretation, for this reflects back upon it the color of wit. She is a duenna who blunders into being a go-between and making a capital match. "Go! you are a woman; go." "Who, I? No! I defy thee. God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before." "You are a thing to thank God on." "I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it." And the grim irony of Hamlet, who, after killing Polonius, replies to the king that the old man was at supper, has grown upon us through the slow perception of the courtiers, who know he is killed as well as we do, and have been sent to find the body, but cannot take the point of Hamlet's answers.

In a play of Douglass Jerrold, an old sailor gets a box on the ear while trying to snatch a kiss. "There," cries he, "like my luck! always wrecked on the coral reefs." When the manager heard the play read he could not see the point, and increased the wit for us by making Jerrold strike it out.

Perhaps the best modern instance of this kind is the colossal stupidity of some foreign critics, who gave such an exquisite flavor to Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" by blaming his ignorance and misapprehension of places, pictures and traditions.

The Beaufort negroes are unconsciously witty when, perceiving that an idea is dawning upon them, they say they feel their head "growing thinner." A premium for involuntary wit must be conferred upon the old lady in New Bedford, who heard about the cheapness of the manufactured oils and the great increase in the use of them, which threatened to drive sperm-oil out of the market: "Dear me, the poor whales! What will they do?"

There must also be complete unconsciousness in the perpetrator of a bull. "The pleasure," says Sydney Smith, "arising from bulls proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected;" but ordinary wit creates a sudden surprise at a resemblance which could not have been suspected between two things.

Perhaps the best bull was practically perpetrated by the old lady in Middlebury, Wis., who crossed over a bridge that was marked "Dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side, she instantly turned in great alarm and recrossed it.

The wit which produces laughter cannot be analyzed without a mental process, but that is an after-thought and laughter anticipates it, as when Mark Twain, writing upon Franklin, says, "He was twins, having been born simultaneously in two houses in Boston." There is an organic unconscious assumption that both houses, since people insist upon both, must have been the spots of his birth. If so, the births in two houses must have been simultaneous, but the two Franklins not identical. Of course, then, they must have been twins. At least, this is the best that can be done with the historical material. But I am reminded of a famous wit, who, after viewing the Siamese twins for a while, quietly remarked: "Brothers, I suppose!"

THE fullest intelligence of the revolution in Mexico comes via Havana. It reports that Iglesias' Government is established at Queretaro. The States of Guanajuato, Queretaro, Aguas Calientes, Zacatecas, Durango, San Luis Potosi, Jalisco, Colima, Sonora, Sinaloa and Tobasco recognize Iglesias. The States of Mexico, Hidalgo, Pueblo, Vera Cruz and Oaxaca are occupied by Diaz' troops. Iglesias has about 12,000 Government troops, while Díaz has about 18,000 of every grade, but he is well provided with artillery, in which Iglesias is deficient. On the 6th inst., 6,000 men, with twenty field Howitzers and ten rifled cannon, left Mexico for Queretaro. Iglesias has about 7,000 troops in Queretaro, with six pieces of artillery. This force is sufficient to garrison the place, which is strong and easly defended. All parties are anxious to be recognized by the United States. General Diaz was to leave on the 10th for the army, and confer his authority of Acting-President upon the celebrated Indian chief Mendtz. General Mejia has been banished from the country by Diaz. Everybody is anxiously awaiting a turn in affairs.

MAID of money—A young heiress.

Thoroughbred Percheron Horses.

The second shipment of this celebrated race of horses to this Coast by Mr. Sackrider is now upon exhibition at the Record Stables, on Market street, opposite Seventh, San Francisco, and is composed of six beautiful stallions, ranging from 1,600 to 2,000 lbs. in weight. It might be inferred from their weight that they are unsuitable for any but draft purposes. This is not the case, but upon the contrary they are fine travellers, stepping off at a lively gait, some of them going in four minutes, and standing up under a rapid and long continued travel fully equal to horses of lighter build. Don't fail to see them when you visit the city.

Wood's Museum

Is evidently destined to become one of the attractions of San Francisco. Although but recently opened to the public it is taking immensely, as well it may, with its wonderful collection of relics from all parts of the world. An inspection of the skeleton of one of that extinct race, the Mastodon, is alone worth the price of admission. To the young especially we commend the Museum as a resort not to be omitted from the list of places to be visited while in the city. To the lover of the wonderful and the curious in both nature and art, a visit will be an event to be remembered.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE, NO. 3.—COLLATERAL Loan and Savings Bank has declared a dividend of Two per cent. for November, payable December 5th to stockholders of record November 27th. F. S. CARTER, Sec'y.

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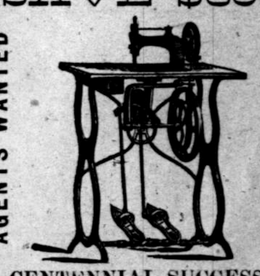

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