

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has accepted the call to the permanent pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

—The *Christian Union* advises its readers to have nothing to do with the so-called Christian science, inasmuch as it is neither Christian, scientific, nor new, but essentially an old exploded delusion.—*Religious Herald*.

—The Bishop of Carlisle declared in a recent speech that men were kept from religion by the character of modern sermons. He added that a sermon was very often a text floating about in a quantity of weak soup.—*The Churchman*.

—Methodist itinerancy is fading away; first the pastoral limit was one year; then two years; next it was made three years; then Southern Methodists made it four years, and now Northern Methodists fix it at five years, and presiding elders may be residing elders six years.

—The leading Hebrew congregations of New York have added a Sunday service to their Sunday-schools, and Dr. Hirsch, of the Temple Sinai, at Chicago, has gone so far as to say that he preferred to preach to men and women on Sunday rather than to a handful of women only on Saturday, and has discontinued his Saturday services altogether.

—The first American Sabbath-school of which we have any definite knowledge was started in Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pa., about 1739, by Ludwig Haeker, a teacher in the common schools. It was carried on by him for about forty years, and was attended with some remarkable results. This antedates Robert Raikes (1781) and David Blair (1760).

—A novel "commencement" was recently held at the New York Manual Training School. One hundred and twenty bricklayers, 184 plumbers, 15 stone-cutters, 38 painters and 28 carpenters were given diplomas, certifying to their skill in their respective trades. This school has been in existence over seven years, and all more useful manual trades are taught.

—A Christian church must be gathered about the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ as the visible presence and incarnation of God's everlasting love for man. That divine personality is the bond of union by which its members are held together. In loving the Christ they cease to despise, hate, criticize, avoid, or suspect each other; all find the best and dearest of each other in that glowing love of the Maker.—*A. D. Mayo*.

—There are churches in which there would be more liberality if there were more openness in financial matters. Deacons and trustees sometimes act as if an imputation were cast upon them when inquiry is made as to the receipt and expenditure of moneys. The whole body of Christian people have not only a right, but it is their duty to know how the work is being done for which they supply the means. A want of system in presenting accounts to a church will lead to a want of system in giving.—*Christian Inquirer*.

ATMOSPHERIC STRATA.

Interesting Observations Made on the East Coast of Greenland.

The tendency of the air to form strata of different density and of different temperature, is often indicated by a column of smoke rising through the still morning air to a certain height, and then spreading out as a cloud. Naturally the warmer air, being the lighter, will be above the heavier cold air; but as the atmosphere gets all its heat from the surface of the earth, the warmer air is at first beneath.

It takes more force to break up these layers of air and start currents of circulation than is popularly supposed. This will be discovered by those who have occasion to be abroad on country roads in the early morning. Driving into a thick wood, or even under the lee of woodland, they will, on a chilly August morning, suddenly come into a warm streak clearly left over from the heat of the day before. It does not rise and give place to the colder air though it is sensibly lighter.

Some observations made on the east coast of Greenland by the German Arctic expedition, in February of 1870, yielded most interesting results. The first report is from an elevation of nine hundred and eighteen feet. At that height the temperature was a fraction more than twenty-five degrees below zero, while, at the level of the sea close by, the thermometer indicated at the same time a temperature of about twenty-eight and one-half degrees above zero. Here was a difference of almost fifty-four degrees within less than a thousand feet elevation, and the warmer air was beneath. In this instance there was a strong north wind blowing at the top of the mountain, no sign of which was had below.

Another observation, made on the 15th of the same month, is of interest when taken in connection with the one mentioned above. In this case, at a height of more than one thousand nine hundred and sixty feet, the temperature was found to be twenty-seven degrees above zero. Below it was near zero. Here, the difference in elevation was double what it was in the former case, the difference in temperature half as great, but now the colder air is at the bottom. Nothing is said as to the wind at the time.

A comparison of the two observations, however, will show a decided stratification of the air in high latitudes. Such an arrangement over deserts is shown by mirage and other phenomena.—*Fort's Companion*.

TWO QUEER SERVANTS.

A Decidedly Humorous Story from Central Russia.

"You talk of having trouble with your servants, Courtenay, my boy," said Captain Lansdowne, of the British Dragoon Guards, as he sat at the double window of his hotel in Moscow, watching the red winter sunset fade behind the great white battlements and green-tiled towers encircling the "Gorodskaya Tehest" (city quarter).

"Well, just you come and live in Russia for a year or two, and then you'll think all Western servants absolute perfection."

"That's so," assented Mr. Hiram Boyler, with a dry smile upon his keen American face. "I've engineered three railroads between this and the Volga, and I ought to know what sort of critters the Russians are."

"But really, now, you know," expostulated Courtenay—who, as a new arrival, was being put through a course of Russian manners and customs by his two friends—"some of these stories that they tell about servants can't possibly be true. For instance, fancy anybody expecting one to believe that an officer's servant could bring his master two odd boots, and say: 'Faith, I don't know what's got into them boots to-day. There's another pair downstairs in that very same scrape, sure!'"

"Well, I'm sorry to contradict you, old fellow," said the Captain, laughing, "but it happens that I saw that done myself, and the officer was the senior Major of our regiment."

"And if you want a parallel case," chimed in Mr. Boyler. "I guess we can accommodate you right away."

So saying, he stepped to the door, and shouted into the passage: "Vanya! (Johnny).

"Sel-tehass" (directly) answered a hoarse voice, and in came a short, square, low-browed fellow with a red calico shirt outside all his other clothes, and a face whose profound and placid stupidity was worthy of a Tartar idol.

"Bring two logs for the stove," said the American; "and mind that one must be longer than the other."

Away plodded honest Ivan like a plow-horse, and returned presently with two split logs of unequal length.

"Durak!" (fool), cried Mr. Boyler, with admirably feigned anger. "I told you to have one piece longer than the other, and instead of that you've got one piece shorter than the other!"

Ivan hung his big head in confusion. "So I have, sure enough. It's all my fault, barin" (master); "but I'll go and change it this moment."

"Well, cried Courtenay, as Ivan disappeared, "if there's another such fool as that in Russia, I'd like to see him, that's all!"

"So you shall, in less than half a minute," said Captain Lansdowne, going to the door in his turn. "Meeshah!" (Mike).

A hasty step was heard outside, and a tall, scraggy fellow entered, whose gaunt face had none of the stolid self-satisfaction which marked the heavy features of Ivan. On the contrary, he wore a restless and troubled look, as if he were dimly conscious that he was a fool, and was always trying to find out how and why.

"Were you pleased to call, Yury Petrovitch?" (George, son of Peter), asked he.

"Yes; I want you to do a job for me. You know Pashkoff's store just across the street? Well, here are twenty-kopek pieces" (silver coins worth about a dime). "Go and bring me twenty kopecks' worth of white bread and twenty kopecks' worth of cheese."

Off went Michael on his errand, and Mr. Courtenay—who could not imagine how any one could manage to bungle such a plain commission—was greatly puzzled when a quarter of an hour went by without any sign of his return.

"Something must have happened to him, surely," said he at last. "I haven't the slightest doubt of it," answered the Captain, with a sly smile, "and I can pretty well guess what that something is. Clap on your coat and hat, and come along. Pashkoff's isn't far off, and I'll be bound we shall find Master Michael at the door of the shop."

There they found him, sure enough, with such an expression as might be worn by a man who had just upset a plate of soup over his wife's new dress. He was scratching his head perplexedly with one hand while he held out two silver coins in the other.

"Oh, barin, barin," cried he, on seeing them, "it was written for me at my birth that I should be unucky, and there's no escaping it."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the Captain, with a side glance at Courtenay's astonished face.

"I've mixed the two coins," answered Michael, in heart-broken tones, "and now I don't know which was the one for the bread, and which was the one for the cheese."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Easy to Please.

The following dialogue shows that a very shrewd mother may have a very simple-hearted child. Probably the little girl took after her father.

Aunt—Cod-liver oil is pretty hard to swallow, isn't it, Mary?

Little Patient—It tastes horrible; but mamma gives me five cents every time for my savings-bank.

Aunt—And what do you do with the money?

Little Patient—Oh, mamma buys cod-liver oil with it.—*Pflegende Blätter*.

—There has been an increase of nearly one million native communicants to all the Christian churches in heathen lands during the past year.—*The Mission Field*.

FORGING A DISORDER.

The Careers of Noted Criminals Cited to Prove a Charitable Theory.

The desire to obtain wealth by counterfeiting, whether it be in imitation of coin by means of a die, or the signature of a banker, by means of a pen, is a very strong one among that class of individuals who are averse to earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. It is not the rough, uneducated class that become forgers; their illiteracy drives them to highway robbery and makes cracksmen of them; but the refined, intellectual class, the members of the swell mob of gentility who prefer the more dexterous and high-toned groove of fortune than attention to the two former crimes gives.

In Sutton's history of the Tombs there are several stories told of well-known forgers who have spent most of their lives behind prison bars, and, after serving sentences for one crime, would go back again on another charge.

Perhaps there is no forger who has spent less time in prison for the amount of his operations than Spencer Pettis, who began a successful career as forger and counterfeiter in 1863, and is now serving the latter part of a ten-year sentence in a Boston prison. In early life his habits were those of a gentleman of leisure. He took no part in politics, but always associated with politicians, and was well paid by them to do their dirty work. He was a connoisseur of wines, and any evening could be found sampling his pet beverage in the bar-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel. His first forgery was for \$25,000 on Messrs. Lathrop, Luddington & Co., but his political friends got him out of the scrape after he had served only a few months in the Tombs. Then he figured as a stock speculator and finally wound up in Boston, where he was detected in a \$10,000 crooked deal.

Sutton tells of a notorious bird by the name of Canter, whose luck seems to be entirely opposite that of Pettis. Canter is now only fifty-six years old, and more than half of his life has been spent in prison. He was an expert counterfeiter and a most proficient penman. He could produce a fac-simile of the most difficult signature at one trial. His first sentence was for fifteen years in Sing Sing. There he spent his time comparatively easy after they discovered he was an expert penman. They put him keeping books. After his discharge he was caught at his old tricks again and sent back shortly afterward for ten years. He was pardoned before his term expired, but again found his way back. While in Sing Sing he was detected altering the terms of prisoners on the books from nine to seven, and from five to three, thus virtually giving the men two years, for which, of course, he was paid.

Monroe Edwards is another of whom Sutton gives a very extended history. He borrowed money from the crowned heads of Europe and paid them in forged drafts on wealthy gentlemen. His forgeries were never for smaller amounts than \$25,000, while he never thought nothing of drawing a check for \$60,000. While in Sing Sing he forged the name of Andrew Jackson to a letter to Governor Wright asking for his pardon, and, had it not been for a timely discovery of the forgery, would have been pardoned.

These are only a few of the many cases which show that counterfeiters and forgers are men of intelligence, shrewd enough to make a good living in an honest way; but they are afflicted with the desire, and must follow the inclinations of their diseased minds, even if it cost them their honor, their manliness and their liberty.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Republic*.

Horace Was Undecided.

"Now, Horace," said old Mr. Ducats to his son the other day, "I've kept you in college steadily for six years and spent money like water on your education, and I hope now that you've got your diploma and blue ribbon and all that sort of thing, that your ready to enter upon the active duties of life and can relieve me of some of my burdens. Have you made up your mind fully as to what you want to do or be?"

"Well, no, father, I can't say that I have," replied Horace in a perplexed tone. "I'm halting between two opinions. You see I'm offered the pitcher's position in the Blue Stocking nine and a good place with the White Cap Polo team, and I'm hanged if I know which—hi, old man, what's the row? Great Scott, man, you'll die of apoplexy if you let yourself get purple in the face like that. Calm yourself. What are you shaking your fist at me like that for? Hanged if I know what to make of you. Guess I'll go down to the club awhile."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Science of Base-Ball.

Lovers of base-ball may find it convenient to keep in mind this explanation of the pitcher's curve from Mr. R. A. Proctor: If the ball is advancing without spin, or is spinning on an axis lying along its course, the cushion of compressed air carried forward by it is conical—or rather conoidal—and therefore resists the progress of the ball equally on all sides, affecting only the velocity. But in the case of the curve, where the ball is spinning on an axis square to its course, the air in front of the advancing side of the spinning surface cannot escape so readily as if there were no spin, and escapes more readily on the other side. Hence the resisting cushion of air is thrown toward that side of the ball where the spin is forward, and removed from the other side, and the ball is deflected from the region of greatest resistance.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

RATHER PRIMITIVE.

A Connecticut Wedding Whose Simplicity Was Simply Astonishing.

A Hartford (Conn.) paper gives outside of its society column an account of a wedding that occurred in a town near there a few days ago. The parties consisted of a middle-aged man, who owned a small tract of poor land and united the business of raising garden vegetables with that of making and selling charcoal, and a woman of about the same age, who for many years had been employed as a domestic in a farm-house. They rode to town in a market and coal wagon, which was decorated with lilac and apple blossoms and was drawn by a pair of patient oxen. The prospective bride and groom were dressed in their best clothes, which represented the fashions of 1870. The latter helped the former out of the wagon, and after giving the oxen a bailing of hay took her hand in his and proceeded into the house of the clergyman, making known the object of their visit. These simple persons did not know that a marriage license was required before the ceremony could be performed. They accordingly walked hand-in-hand to the office of the town clerk and obtained the needed document. The minister read it and calling in his wife and daughter as witnesses pronounced the lovers man and wife according to the statutes of the State.

They then went out to the wagon, took from under the seat a tin pail of bread, cheese, cakes and dried beef, and sat under the branches of an apple tree and ate them. The repast being finished, the husband drew from the well some cool water for his bride and oxen and put the pail back in its former place. A box was then placed on the ground to render the ascent into the cart more easy, and the bridal tour commenced. There was no reception, no flowers, no presents.

Quite likely the future of this couple will be brighter than that of many who are married in style, on whose dresses thousands of dollars were expended, whose bridal presents filled a large room, and who set out on their marriage trip in a yacht or private car. It is not likely that we shall ever hear one of them applying for a divorce or giving cause for scandal. They have no "dear five hundred friends" to comment on the match they have made. Most likely they will live for themselves and contribute all they can to each other's happiness. They will never live in a hotel or fashionable boarding-house, and the money they saved by having an inexpensive wedding will be expended in procuring real comforts.—*Chicago Times*.

FREEDING THE SLAVES.

Provisions Which Eventually Led to Emancipation in Brazil.

About the middle of May the Brazilian Chambers passed a law setting free every slave within the territory of the Empire. This is the end to which the good Emperor, Dom Pedro, has long directed his efforts, and in his aim he has been seconded and aided by his people.

Gradual steps, looking to the first extinction of slavery, have been taken in Brazil for the past seventeen years. In 1871, at the time that the first law was passed, there were in the Empire more than a million and a half slaves, valued in money at nearly six hundred million dollars.

The law of 1871 provided that all children of slave mothers should have their freedom, though they should still serve as apprentices until they were twenty-one years of age. These apprentices might appeal to the courts for protection in case they were cruelly treated. The law also established an emancipation fund. Meanwhile the Brazilian Government freed all the slaves it owned.

The result of the law of 1871 did not content Dom Pedro, who was ardently desirous that the stigma of slavery should be removed from his Empire as quickly as possible. By its slow operation only twenty-seven thousand slaves had been freed in fourteen years. So, in 1885, another law was passed, providing for the payment to owners of the adjudged value of their slaves, while all slaves over the age of sixty years were freed at a stroke.

The third law, which has now been passed by both Deputies and Senators, and has received the assent of the Princess Isabel, Regent, makes the redemption and freedom of all the slaves yet in bondage in the Empire immediate.

One of the striking features of this beneficent event is, that slavery has been abolished in Brazil, not as was the case in this country, as a violent result of war, nor, as serfdom was abolished in Russia, by the fiat of an absolute sovereign, but by the force of a growing and finally victorious public opinion. The slaves are freed on moral grounds. The Brazilians have done with slavery, because they recognize it as a great wrong.

Thus slavery disappears from the last Christian country in which it has existed, and from the American continent altogether.—*Youth's Companion*.

Fitted for the Business.

Ice Dealer (to applicant)—Ever been in the ice business, boy?

Boy—No, sir.

Ice Dealer—H-m. Know any thing about arithmetic?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Ice Dealer—H-m. What would twenty pounds of ice amount to at a cent and a half a pound?

Boy—Seventy-five cents, sir.

Ice Dealer—H-m. You seem a likely lad. I guess I'll give you a trial.—*Chicago Tribune*.

BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE.

How He Came to Invent the Famous Weapon of Offense and Defense.

The bowie-knife was the invention of Colonel James Bowie, a famous frontiersman, who was born in Logan County, Ky., in 1796. In 1814 he settled on a small piece of land, where he lived by lumbering, fishing and hunting, soon afterwards made considerable money by speculating in negroes and in real estate, removed to Texas and married the daughter of ex-Governor Berriemenda. In 1829-30 he engaged actively in the revolution in that country, and closed his career in the bloody battle of the Alamo. His knife is said to have been invented while he was confined to his bed in the city of Natchez from the effects of a wound received in a border fray. He was a man of much mechanical ingenuity, and whittled from a piece of white pine the model of a hunting-knife, which he sent to two brothers named Blackman in the city of Natchez and told them to spare no expense in making a duplicate of it in steel. This was the origin of the dreaded bowie-knife. It was made from a large saw-mill file and its temper afterward improved upon by the Arkansas blacksmith. It is said by Durand in his "History of the Philadelphia Stage" that the knife which Edwin Forrest used in "Metamora" was the original bowie-knife, and he tells this story about it:

Very many years ago Bowie owned a plantation at Bayou Terrebonne. A Spanish neighbor constantly annoyed the Colonel with petty insults until at last his conduct became so unbearable that Bowie challenged the haughty Hidalgo. The latter accepted and named knives as the weapons to be used, and also stipulated that the combatants were to be seated vis-a-vis astride of a trestle, as on a horse, the four legs of the trestle to be buried about a foot in the earth, so that it could not by any possibility be overturned. Each of the principals was permitted to use in the duel whatever kind of knife he might select. Bowie had a short knife, with a broad blade, sharp at the point and with a razor's edge made for himself. When the combatants met on the ground named, Bowie's knife excited the ridicule of his adversary. The result, however, proved the superiority of the bowie-knife to the long Spanish *cousteau-de-chasse* used by his antagonist. The men took their seats on the trestle, both naked to the waist. At the agreed-upon signal the Spaniard drew back his hand, armed with the long knife, to make a lunge. Bowie, however, thrust the knife straight forward into the body of his enemy and then drawing it quickly across, disemboweled the Spaniard in the twinkling of an eye. Bowie presented the knife he used in the duel to Edwin Forrest during a visit the great tragedian made to the Colonel at his plantation.—*American Notes and Queries*.

SECRETS OF THE TOILET.

Reliable Recipes for Preventing and Removing Tan and Sunburn.

Remedies for tan and sunburn are many, and the reader may take her choice. She must not feel discouraged if the first attempt fails. She must try again and keep on trying, remembering the difference in skins and constitutions, and that a remedy which in one case is highly beneficial may fail entirely in another. It is with lotions as with prescriptions—not the disease alone, but its cause and the habits and disposition of the afflicted have to be considered. The recipes selected are excellent ones, each having proved efficacious in one or more cases.

To remove sunburn. 1. Bathe frequently with equal parts of lime or lemon juice and olive oil, or equal parts of lime water and olive oil. Try both. For blisters on the hands and arms and to remove all smart of sunburn make a soft paste of well-slaked lime and sweet oil or olive oil. Apply liberally. It is cheap.

2. Steep alder flowers in hot water. When cool strain and apply. This removes the redness and makes the skin white, but does not alleviate the smart. Bruise alder flowers and steep in buttermilk. This is a very cooling and healing lotion.

3. Bathe at night in sour milk and in the morning with weak bran tea and a little eau de cologne. This is more of a preventive than a cure.

4. The famous Creme de Venice is made from two drams of borax, one dram of Roman alum, one dram of camphor, half an ounce of rock candy and a pound of ox-gall. Mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this stirring three times a day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting paper and bottle for use.

5. Milk of almonds is frequently recommended. It is made from half an ounce of blanched bitter almonds and half a pint of soft water. Beat the almonds and water together and strain through a piece of muslin.

Nos. 4 and 5 are also excellent remedies for tan. To prevent sunburn, powder the skin heavily with rice flour, corn starch or magnesia, but use none of the preparations containing white lead. Prevention is much better than cure.

To remove tan. 1. Bathe the face with a mixture formed of one gill of sweet milk and the juice of one lemon. Apply three or four times daily.

2. Mix magnesia in soft water so as to form a paste. Spread it over the parts affected and leave for two minutes. Wash off in suds made with Castile soap, and then rinse in soft water. This is a speedy remedy.

3 and 4. Try the Creme de Venice and milk of almonds if neither 1 nor 2 give satisfactory results.—*N. Y. World*.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Oliphant has written more than forty novels, nearly all of them good.

—The *Churchman* estimates that profitless ventures in church journalism in New York alone amount to over a quarter of a million dollars.

—James Whitcomb Riley never gives out a poem for publication till it just suits him. He often works them over making many and laborious changes.

—Miss Catharine F. Simonds completed fifty years' work as a teacher in the Franklin School, Boston. In honor of her long service, she received among other presents, a purse of \$250 in gold.

—Sir Edward Baines is the oldest active journalist in Europe. He is eighty-eight years old, is editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and began his journalistic career three years after the battle of Waterloo.

—Justice Gray fairly revels in French novels. Since he went on the bench he has drawn from the library over a thousand copies and he is a constant buyer of such books. They are his recreation.

—Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, the author of "Beulah" and other stories, is an enthusiastic lover of flowers. She has a bed of geraniums which botanists pronounce to be the finest in the world. Her home is in Mobile, Ala.

—Senator Hoar is said to be the best informed man in the Senate on all matters relating to American history. He knows the constitution and the Federalist papers by heart. He is a book collector and knows the inside as well as the outside of books.

—Of eighty-six Jewish periodicals, eighteen are published in the Hebrew language, fourteen in English, and others in German, French, and Russian. The Jews have forty-nine synagogues in New York city, and a larger Jewish population there to-day than can be found in their own city, Jerusalem.—*The Pacific*.

—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the novelist, is a devoted member of the Church of England. With the proceeds of her novel "The Heir of Redcliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner, the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn; and ten thousand dollars from the profits of "The Daisy Chain" are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the novelist and Egyptologist, is like Charles Egbert Craddock in one thing. She studies the scenes of her stories with great care. One of them describes running the blockade at Charleston Harbor. Miss Edwards investigated maps and pictures of the place, charts making high and low water in the channels, and actual bills of lading to show what kind of goods were shipped. She talked with officers and sailors of experience at the time, and made a special study of naval terms under the late Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings.

HUMOROUS.

—Bride—"Give me a kiss, Harry?" Harry—"No, that I can not do; but I will loan you one—if you will return it."—*Tul-Bits*.

—Ancient Greek coins have been discovered with the figure of a horse on them. We are glad to learn at last where horse cents originated.—*Idea*.

—The man who can hum a hymn while joining a stove-pipe is good enough to walk right into full probation in any church without probation.

—An avaricious chicken swallowed a five-dollar gold piece recently, and the hitherto skeptical owner then knew there was money in poultry.—*Western Plover*.

—"Sir," he said, "did you ever bleed for your country's flag?" "O yes." "In what engagement?" "In an engagement I made with my substitute: he bled me for eight hundred dollars."—*N. Y. Sun*.

—"You wish to know why they call it the diamond field, Clara? That is a reasonable desire, and we hasten to answer you. It is because it costs \$10,000 to get a jewel of a player."—*Harper's Bazar*.

—He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee and making himself generally disagreeable. "Don't growl so over your breakfast, John," said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."—*Life*.

—A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off—all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

—City Editor (to reporter)—"Did you get all the salient points in that boat race?" Reporter (inwardly deploring his superior's ignorance)—"There wasn't any salient points. The race was between steamboats."—*Washington Critic*.

—Waiter (to gentleman who has just tipped him)—"Excuse me, sir, but do you know that it is a twenty-cent piece?" Gentleman (putting it back in his pocket)—"Why no, I took it for a quarter. But it's all right, I know where I got it."—*N. Y. Epoch*.

—Adam (a good while ago)—"It's all your fault." Eve—"Why is it?" Adam—"You had no business to entertain that serpent." Eve—"Well, you said you were tired of my chatter and I had to have somebody to talk to."—*Omaha World*.

—"I heard a very pleasant looking woman make several cutting remarks as I passed through market last night," said one traveling man to another. "What were they?" "I don't remember them all, but one of them was: 'I'll take a couple of silos from that ham, please.'"—*Merchants Traveler*.