

A NEEDLESS FAILURE IN A GARDEN.

Before I made my garden, O! I was a happy man, I read the seed store catalogues and joyfully would plan...

The Boiling Passion.

When I was traveling to New Haven on an accommodation I thought that the whole state of Connecticut had its attention fixed on the fact that I was to make a speech...

No Use as a Lamp.

A stall keeper on the central market, who had been "stuck" with a number of green melons, plugged one yesterday, poured a pint of kerosene into the hole, and after waiting a quarter of an hour gave it to a colored man...

A Correction.

Sub-Assistant Maid investigating the curiosities of superior officer—I kaint mek out why Miss Julia calls dese t'ings break her back...

Ornithology.

I was very, very tired, and I didn't care to eat. But I felt I really ought to take a bite, so I sought a quiet cafe on a quiet little street...

Floy's Flowers.

Little Floy, 6 years old, has a flower garden of her own, of which she is wonderfully proud. She and her father are great rivals, on this score—Miss Floy stoutly maintaining that her posies are "ever so sweeter than papa's."

The Shaving Process.

He had a note he wanted to discount, and he went down to a broker's office. They had some haggling, and finally the broker shaved it pretty heavily and gave him the money. As he put it in his pocket the customer looked quietly at the broker and said:

Older Than He Looked.

A very young man applied for the hand of a wealthy man's daughter. "My dear boy, you are too young to marry. You are only a child," replied the parent. "Boy proudly—"I am, not why, I have had two attacks of rheumatism in the last six months."—Texas Siftings.

Joseph's Pants.

My little two-year-old has added something new to the story of Joseph and his brethren. He told him the Bible version of the story, and seemed much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When I had finished he said: "Papa, tell me about his pants."—Home Maker.

Sweet Forgetfulness.

"What do you think of Miss Flytte, Mr. Smallash?" asked the landlady innocently and Mr. Smallash replied: "I am trying not to remember her."—Somerville Journal.

THE DOUBLE CHIN.

Philosopher Lavater Pronounces It "Reason's Own Image." The great justification of the double chin rests, of course, on its unrivaled value as an index of character! It is not difficult to divine what Lavater thought of a double chin. He carefully points out that man differs from the animals chiefly by his chin, laying it down as an axiom that the chin is the distinctive characteristic of humanity; consequently, double-chinned people are doubly differentiated from the beasts that perish, which is greatly to their credit.

When I was traveling to New Haven on an accommodation I thought that the whole state of Connecticut had its attention fixed on the fact that I was to make a speech to the law school graduates at Yale. When a farmer got on at a way station, and after looking at me five minutes asked me if I wasn't Chauncey Depew, I said to myself, "Here is an intelligent son of an intelligent state. He is going on to hear my speech."

STRENGTH OF ROPES.

Result of Experiments Made by a French Scientist. The quality of the workmanship, strength, extensibility and elasticity of round and flat ropes of hemp and aloes, and of iron and steel wire, have been experimentally investigated by A. Dubouille, and the results of his experiments published in the Bulletin de la Societe d'Encouragement des Arts, Paris. In his experiments Mr. Dubouille used a horizontal hydraulic press and a weighing apparatus consisting of a steelyard and sliding weight, by which tension of from one to 130,000 pounds could be recorded.

Accept my hand, Augusta.

The maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than the average-sized salt-flah, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly: "Isn't there a discount—something off, where you take so large an order."—Boston Transcript.

DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

Strange Religion of Certain Communities in Western Asia. According to Herr Gustav Pauli, who recently made a journey from Tabriz to Lake Van, the Nestorian Christians grace with the name of devil-worshippers a number of communities scattered through Russian and Turkish Armenia and in the Valley of the Tigris down to Mosul. Near Mosul, in the outspurs of Kurdistan, lies Ba-Hasani, the holy city of the Jesids or devil-worshippers, and containing the temple and mausoleum of their Sheik Adi, and not far thence the village of Bashlyka, the residence of their civil and religious head.

They address prayers to the sun at his rising and kiss the place first touched by his beams. At certain festivals they warm the fingers of their right hand at the holy taper, then draw them over their right eyebrows and kiss them. The Supreme Being they name Allah, and reverence the founder of Islam as a prophet, while they reverence Christ as a great angel, naming Him Ben Isai Nuraani (Jesus, Son of the Light), who one day will come to rule the world.

The Jesids have a horror of the color of blue (flame of sulphur?), and eschew all attire of that hue. They have the reputation of being strictly honest and moral. They show great respect to women, so that a woman may acquire the priestly dignity. Polygamy is allowed only with tribal chiefs. The common man may have but one wife, for whom he has often to pay the mother a rather high price. Priests and Kawal may not marry out of their caste. A widow dresses in white, and etiquette requires of her even to strew dust on her head and smear her face with clay. Corpses are first washed and then buried with the face toward the Polar star.

THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

The City of Peter Built on the Deadly Marshes of the Neva. There was a sublime ruthlessness about the Czar Peter which reminds us at every step of the operation of the forces of nature. What reeked he how many of 40,000 serfs, whom he impressed every year to build his city, perished in the marsh? As little as the typhoos which desolates a province. He was an elemental force embodied in human form—and what a force! No one can properly appreciate the colossal energy of the man until he has had some acquaintance with the unconquerable inertia of the people whom Peter set himself to force into step with nations hundreds of years in advance of Muscovy.

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

The Arabs tell of a miller who one morning from his repose was awakened by hearing a camel through the window thrust his nose. "It's cold out here," said the creature, "and I wish, sir, if you please, just to warm my nose a moment; it's so chilled I fear 'twill freeze."

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A Party of Dependent Tourists Saved by Following Elk. In the fall of 1879 a party of three men were sight-seeing and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, which completely blocked and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, canyons and coulees to such a depth that their horses could not travel over them at all. They had lain in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate, but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming.

COLD WEATHER RULES.

How to Make Life in Winter Agreeable and Health-Giving. Never lean with the back upon any thing that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Papa, how old was Methusalem when he died?" "Nine hundred and sixty-nine years, Rollo." "And what was his business?" "Boy preacher."—Burdette. The name of the White House is derived from the fact of the Virginia freestone of which it is built, being painted white to conceal the discoloration caused by smoke and weather. An engagement ring indicates that a young lady intends marrying; but in these fashionable times it does not indicate that she intends marrying the one who gave it to her.—Jeweler's Weekly. Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" Wife—"Yes; and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained."—Epoch. "Well," said Parson Poundtext, "I stuck to my text this morning, anyhow." "You did that," said the deacon, wearily; "you stuck to it till we thought you'd grown fast to it. Seemed to me you'd never let go."—Brooklyn Eagle. Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—"You often used to say before we were married, 'O, George! I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'" Wife—"Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."—Time. "As an accomplished horsewoman," said the reporter, notebook in hand, "I presume you ride bareback occasionally?" "No, sir!" replied the star actress, with a lurid flash of indignation; "when I ride I always wear a suitable wrap, sir!"—Chicago Tribune. Husband (pettishly)—"Why, Nellie, do you spend so much time at the looking-glass?" Wife—"To make myself look as attractive as possible." H.—"Pshaw! You are too vain. And what does it all amount to? I don't admire you any more." W.—"I know it, dear, but you are not the only man in the world." H. puts on his thinking cap.—Boston Courier. "Jangle—I am thinking of sending Arabella to Paris to finish her musical education." Hangle—"I am delighted to hear it." Jangle—"The only obstacle seems to be the matter of funds." Hangle—"Funds! Don't let that stop you. Your neighbors will gladly subscribe to send that voice to Paris; and say, hadn't you better send the piano with her, too?"—Lovell Citizen. Husband (impatiently)—"Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep those children quiet for a moment?" Wife (soothingly)—"Now John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can." Husband—"Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for \$50 that you've been bothering me for." Wife (sternly)—"Children group stairs at once, and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely."—Life. Household Suggestions. Use a penny to remove paint spots from glass. Different flavors of cake should be kept in separate boxes. Use a silver spoon in cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present. If cream soups are to stand any length of time after being prepared, place a damp towel over the dish to prevent a scum from rising. If you are obliged to leave a basket of clothes that have been dampened for ironing, longer than usual, put them in a dry place away from artificial heat and they will not mildew or sour for days. If the handles of stove brushes are kept clean from the first, that part of the work will seem no dirtier than any other about the house. It is an excellent plan to use a paint brush for putting on the blacking, also use plenty of fresh newspapers.—Good Housekeeping.

FUTURE AMERICAN POETS.

Edmund Clarence Stedman Feels Very Hopeful as to Them. In a recent conversation Edmund Clarence Stedman, referring to the older poets of America, remarked as follows: "In the case of the two oldest survivors in song—Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes—we observe their admirers grow more extended in numbers with the spread of culture in our land. If their voices are not heard as frequently as formerly, it is not because they have grown less strong and sweet, for with each new utterance as it comes to us from time to time we are unable to detect any variation in the tones we all long ago so easily learned to love. Lowell is less often heard nowadays than he used to be, but it is not, as we know, because of any diminution in the quality of that voice whose music is so appreciated by all cultivated people everywhere. Our only regret is that we don't hear more of it—as we have reason to hope we may when Elmwood is again graced by the presence of its master. Stoddard, whose work has never been appreciated as it should be, continued to be loyal to his first love, and from time to time, notwithstanding advancing years and physical infirmities, adds to the poetical richness of our literature. I can not help feeling that the outlook for poetry in this country is encouraging, though, and will not deny that with the younger and coming singers altogether too much stress is laid upon the more painful forms of verse. The volumes of verse emanating from month to month from the younger writers do not contain that distinctive character of work such as belonged to that formative period when Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell, and the writers immediately following them, wrought for a waiting people. Longfellow's 'Lost Youth' in itself was sufficient to establish the reputation of any poet who could produce such a masterpiece. How few of our younger writers give us any thing like this. And yet there is no reason why such poems can not be written to-day as in Longfellow's early years. My advice to our coming singers is—do not give so much attention to the lighter forms of verse-making, but seek to produce something which shall be full of real character, and shall stand apart, as it were, from the dainty order of verse referred to. These bits of verse are all pretty enough, and of course are in a given sense promises of something better to come, but that is all. Still, as I have said, there is much encouragement to believe that the outlook for poetry in this country is bright, since every now and then some striking instance is afforded as evidence of this fact, as in the case of Woodberry's 'The North Shore Watch,' one of the finest elegiac poems of recent times; also in the case of Miller's 'Songs of the Sierras,' and several of Sidney Lanier's compositions, such as the 'Song of the Chattahoochee,' 'The Revenge of Hamish,' and 'The Marshes of Glynn.' I trust the day is near at hand when I shall be free from the pressure of outside duties and cares, and can give more attention to poetry than I have been able to devote to it for some time past. With the completion of the work on 'American Literature,' on which I have been engaged for a considerable period of time, I shall feel that I can once more take up the work nearest my heart, in which service toil is only a refreshment and delight.—N. Y. Mail and Express. THOUGHTS ON LIFE. Why It Is Well That We Can Not Look Into Each Other's Minds. Life would not be happy if we could look into every body's mind and know exactly what our neighbor was thinking about. If we could see the spirit as easily as we can look at the body we would be afraid to go along the street. If we were sympathetic it would be a constant misery; if we were cold our best friends would have nothing to do with us; if we were vicious nobody would speak to us; if we were virtuous we would make any number of enemies. I wonder whether, in that rebellious spiritual state, which we can imagine as the only possible next form of existence, we shall all be known exactly as we are. We must then be all purely good, and it is not easy to see how that is to be brought about unless death is a kind of filter and absorb all our wickedness. It will take an awful lot of charcoal to take out all our impurities. But, still, life is for all of us a lonely kind of business. Friendship, love, sympathy, confidence, trust are all very well. Yet are there things they can not aid or remove. We have all some grief in which we must tread the winepress alone. I suppose there would be even more trouble if we started in to try to help one another in real earnestness. I suppose we would make a mess of it. There are people who want to be let alone and people who want sympathy, and the perversity of things is such that you invariably worry the fellow who wants to be let alone with your sympathy and let the fellow alone who is anxious to be helped. Some people when they are sick are angry and annoyed if you call to see them; others never forgive you if you don't go to see them. What are you going to do about it? Do whatever friendship in your opinion demands, whatever be the outcome.—San Francisco Chronicle. —He who does not good gets none. He who cares not for others will soon find that others will not care for him.