WIT AND HUMOR.

A MAN never uses his thumb nail for a screw-driver but once.

ONE old hat from America makes a New Zealander a whole suit of clothes.

IT must be awful easy for a wooden-headed man to get his hair shingled.

THE old-line Whig is as quiet and scarce as though he were a late bank president.

WISH we could have seen Kate Field's mouth when she was singing through the telephone.

THE newspaper man writes for his victuals, while the telegraph operator telegraphs for his.

A great many people make a mistake, when they cut a dog's tail, in throwing away the wrong end.

IF the man who writes anonymous letters has never stolen sheep, it is probably the fault of the sleep.

AMONG the items in a plumber's bill are: To searching gas leakage, 50 cents; to having found it, $1.

A ROUGH insulted a Quaker down in York, the other day, and got his eye dressed in drab. "Didn't know he was loaded."

THE mercenary person of the Oil City *Derrick* threatens to sue Queen Victoria for breach of promise if she marries Disraeli.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA is a good deal such a woman as Susan B. Anthony, except that she kicks in door panels when she gets mad.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the good die young, you occasionally run across the track of a gray-headed old saint of the editorial persuasion.

IT is at the Bal de l'Opera. Clementine lingers behind the curtains of her dressing-room. Her companion grows impatient.

"Well, are you coming?"

"My costume has not arrived."

"Never mind! How trivial! It's not cold."

"Don't prevaricate, sir," thundered one of our trial justices to a witness before him, recently, who was trying to evade some important question. "Can't it help, Jedge," answered the youth. "Ever sence that circus mule kicked out two of my teeth, I is compelled to prewaricate right smart."

THE French tramp resembles his American cousin. Met with the response that there was nothing for him to do, he answered: "Oh, madame, if you only knew how little work would occur me."

IT is now announced that cabbage cut up fine and seasoned with lime juice will knock the dyspepsia overboard in a week. Try it, some of you fellows who are growling about the weather.

ERRATUM—In the case of the signature to the communication on Senator Conkling on our inside page to-day, for "A Quiet Ass" read "Æquitas." Typographical errors will occur in the carefully managed paper.—*Detroit News.*

ENGLAND TO RUSSIA—"What do you mean, sir?" Russia to England—"I mean just what you do." Turkey to both—"And that's what's grinding me to powder."

WHEN a boy does something funny, and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it twenty or thirty times more, till you have to knock him down with something.

AN Americn naturalist has discovered that moths cannot smell.—*Ex.* That depends entirely on their sex. If they be-he-moths, they smell terribly, especially after they are dead.

REVIVALS appear to be just as necessary since the abolition of perdition as they were before. But now, when a man is urged to "flee from the wrath to come," what does he run from?

DOES the armless woman who wields the pen with her toes write a good hand? Considering the difficulty of the feat, it would, perhaps, do to characterize her penmanship as a fine bold foot.

Japan has no patent laws. When a Jap invents a square cart-wheel, or shovel shaped like a hat-box, he reaps no further reward than a brass medal, which entitles him to a free bath once a week.

DID you ever watch the noiseless movement of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to the situation justice in so quiet a manner?

COMING back from a little trip to Havre, a Parisian bewails his misfortunes to his railway companion. "One thing is certain; you won't catch me on any more of these pleasure excursions, I lost my wife and my cane." And then he adds, with tears in his voice, "A new cane, too!"

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY will not allow Patti to sing in his empire, because she charges too much for seats. He says to his subjects: "Py thunder! dat vas too much vat you pays mit dot girl Patti—dot ten dollars a dicket. You pays du hundret glasses peer mit dot money, and you sings dem songs yourself, py thunder!"

SMITH, of Smith & Biler, Cincinnati Pork, has taken to patronizing art. He called on a New York painter recently, and commissioned a picture. "Something takin', you know—not too quiet. Gimme something showy. Say a—an apple tree, all a bloomin', in a field of yaller wheat, and autumn leaves kindler lyin' 'round."

A VICKSBURG negro fell from the deck of a steamboat the other day, was sucked under a coal-barge, came up in time to catch his breath before he slid under a a raft a mile long, and finally scrambled ashore down at Warrentown, about seven miles below, with the remark, "No use tryin', ye kaint drown a deep-water Baptis'!"

"Hold hard, I am Dick Turpin!" cried a youth of seventeen, one dark night not long ago, to a gentleman driving along a lonely suburban road in London, as he sprang from the ditch and seized the horse's head. "Glad to see you, for I am Inspector Rowe, of V Division," cried the gentleman, as he sprang from his carriage, knocked down the astonished highwayman, and handcuffed him.

RISING in his pulpit, the old clergyman said, with a beaming smile: "Breathen, I have an important announcement to make to you. Mr. Kimb—" At this moment the stampede began, and, though he rose at once to the importance of the occasion and yelled, "is not here!" he was too late to arrest the flight of several prominent members, who were already out in the oden air and flying for home like startled fawns.

A Collossal Cheat.

THE STORY OF THE COLORADO STONE MAN.

The true history of the "Colorado petrified man" that was exhibited recently in New York has just been revealed. It was made at Elkland, a little mountain town in northern Pennsylvania, by George Hull, the maker of the "Cardiff Giant." The facts were made known by E. J. Cox, justice of the peace at Hornellsville, on the Erie road, who had a financial interest in the humbug, but was so badly misused by Hull that he felt no longer under obligations to keep the matter secret. All of Cox's statements have been verified by a reporter who visited Elkland early this week. It appears that Hull rented a farm at Elkland in 1873, and as soon as he was established he built an ice house as he called it, in which he constructed an arch kiln of brick. Ground stone, ground bones, clay, plaster, blood, eggs and other materials were used in forming this image, which was then

BAKED SIX MONTHS IN THE KILN.

Hull spent much time and several thousand dollars in experiments. He said he had perfected himself in the necessary scientific knowledge, and that he would not make a figure again. Hull unluckily broke his first giant in getting it out of the kiln, but succeeded better in his second venture, and had the satisfaction, early last year, of seeing the completion of his laborious work. Besides Cox, a man named Case had a financial interest in the giant. A piece of a man's skull was put in the head, and bones were inserted in numerous places in the limbs. "I think," says Mr. Cox, "that Hull must have spent $10,000 or $12,000 in making experiments and molding and baking his giant." Hull had succeeded in making a stone giant, for the baked composition was just like stone; but it was

A WHITE ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

He had no money to plant it with. This led him to apply to Barnum, whom he visited at Bridgeport, Conn. Barnum said he wasn't going to buy a pig in a bag, and would send out a man to look at the invention. Mr. Barnum sent George Wells, who came quietly and stopped at the Elkhorn Hotel as a horse-trainer, who desired to look at Hambletonian stock in the neighborhood. In the evening he was taken to the ice-house, where he viewed the wonder, expressed his astonishment and delight at Hull's excellent workmanship, and said he believed that Barnum would buy. The great showman finally agreed to pay $2,000 down, to share the expenses of planting, and to own a certain share of the giant. On March 12th of last year the giant was wrapped with cotton cloth and put in a stout box, well bound with iron, which was provided

WITH A FALSE LINING,

And directed to Bridgeport, Conn. At midnight it was put in a wagon and taken to Addison, eleven miles distant, on the Erie road. Hull made a second trip to Bridgeport, where, on March 26th, an agreement was drawn up and signed by the stockholders of the Giant Company, Barnum, Hull, Wells and Case. The first intention was to bury the giant in some isolated Connecticut valley; but Barnum said it would never do, and Hull, when he returned, said they had changed their plans and were going to plant the giant in the Rocky mountains. He went to New York on April 8th and joined W. A. Conant, who was in Barnum's employ. They shipped the giant to Colorado Springs, and then reshipped it as local freight to Pueblo. Hull was absent about six weeks, and on his return said that the

GIANT WAS SUCCESSFULLY PLANTED.

Conant went as a professor in charge of a party in search of geological specimens. He remained to watch the deposit. When Hull returned east he said the giant was just as ready to dig up then as it would be in five years, but that Barnum had gone to Europe and would not be back till August. The lifting of the giant was therefore delayed until Barnum's return, when he went to Colorado, ostensibly to look after his stock farm, and lecture on temperance. His real object was to be near at hand when the giant was exhumed. Hull knew it would never do to have the Cardiff giant recognized as having anything to do with the Colorado giant; so he assumed the name of George H. Davis, cut his hair short, shaved his moustache, put a hump on his back, and disguised himself as a stoop-shouldered farmer. Cox meantime was getting anxious to know what share of the financial harvest he was to reap, but he could only obtain vague promises from Hull. To make the sale to Barnum, Hull had been compelled to conceal from the showman Cox's knowledge and interest. Cox told Hull he

WOULD HAVE HIS PAY OR HE WOULD TALK.

Hull returned to Colorado, but the necessity of keeping Cox quiet soon brought him back, and he then conciliated Cox by offering him one twenty-sixth of his own interest. A contract was drawn up to this effect, and Hull then returned to Colorado. When he reached Pueblo he found that Conant, who, as he expressed it, had been fooling with the giant, had broken off the head and one leg. Hull was enraged and a quarrel ensued. However, the giant was skillfully mended, and the discovery was made according to the plan. Barnum appeared on the ground and offered $20,000 for the find, which Conant refused with scorn. The people began to laugh at Barnum, and he offered a reward of $10,000 to any man who would prove that the giant was made by chisel. Then came the test. Barnum paid Professor Taylor $100 and his expenses to go out and

BORE INTO THE GIANT.

Hull had lent an attentive ear to the talk of the scientific men, and was astonished to learn that a kind of crystal ought to be found on boring into the arm of the petrified giant. Hull obtained crystal to correspond, and by sleight of hand exchanged it for the dust of the boring implement, which was first handed to him by Professor Taylor. When the giant arrived at Quincy, Illinois, Barnum, who was then in Washington, ordered it to be brought to New York, and its subsequent history is known. Cox has received no share of the proceeds of the exhibition, and decided on that account to make his knowledge public.

The enterprise has been a losing one all around, and much surprise is expressed here that Barnum should involve himself in this worn-out scheme of humbuggery. The giant was exhibited at the New York aquarium for several weeks, but it failed to draw. It is now among the curiosities of the New York Museum of Anatomy.

Masculine Costume.

HABILIMENTS THAT ARE INCONVENIENT, UNPHYSIOLOGICAL, AND ABSURD.

Fashion never invented a more unphysiological garment than that which, for a quarter of a century, has been the distinguishing glory of the wiser sex. Tens of thousands of men suffer from wearing it agonies quite as acute as any that women inflict upon themselves by their suicidal dress; and it is probable that doctors know the cause or aggravation of their trouble, just as they know the cause of the ailments of women, and feel that the patient would endure any amount of suffering, and death itself, rather than wear unfashionable garments.

We have much talk of the inconvenience of "pull-backs;" but who ever saw a man lift anything from the ground without taking both his hands to draw up his pantaloons, so as to make room for the bend of his knees, and feeling that he risked his suspender buttons, and accommodated his motions to the fear of losing them? Day by day our most sensible men get into garments which interfere with motion to any but an upright position quite as much as the most ultra pull-back worn by the silliest butterfly of fashion. They also distort the outlines of their figure quite as much as do women. Suppose one of them were made with lower limbs of cylindrical form! How would he feel about it? How would he use a pair of legs as thick at the ankle as above the knee? Yet this is the shape they all make themselves. They also put on long boots and pantaloons over them—conducting the gases from the feet up around the body, and keeping it in a foul vapor bath. There is no more appropriate covering for a man's foot and leg than a cavalry boot; but it should be worn with knee breeches and the top fastened up to the belt. Pantaloons and long boots were not made to go together; and the pantaloons in any case, is an awkward contrivance, always flopping around the ankle, impeding locomotion and catching dirt.

Next, consider the physiological properties of a modern shirt, which covers the chest with a slab of linen as impervious to light and air as a marble headstone! Consider the neck-band, which must not lack more than the sixteenth of an inch of strangling the wearer, and must be as hard and solid as the brass collars worn by our Saxon fore-fathers in the British Isles as a token of their subjection to their lords, just as their sons now wear their counterpart in evidence of their bondage to their French dictators. Think of the wristbands, which more resemble handcuffs than dress; and the paper collars, with their poison dressings, to which sensible men have sacrificed their lives.

Look at the buckram pads used to give the appearance of unnatural breadth to the shoulders, which project like the roof of an overshot barn, and leave the sleeve hanging by the eaves, giving a painful impression of insecurity or invisible brackets to support that particular architectural design! The amount and quality of buckram masonry to keep up this false appearance must be very injurious to the muscles of the shoulder, while the fold upon fold of cloth worked into a collar aids in the debilitating process.

Why should a man's shoulders, and chest, and neck, be shingled any more than a woman's waist weatherboarded? In both cases, that inflexibility is sacrificed to a false and spurious taste. The idea suggested is that of a mixture, and women are sad caricatures of humanity.

Women bear their bondage more easily than men, for one never sees a woman in public try to relieve the pressure on her poor, pinched sides; but one seldom talks ten minutes with a man without seeing him run his fingers round between his pinched neck and inflexible collar of servitude. The muscles are always demanding room to expand and contract—always want space in which to move—and this Fashion does not allow. The man tries to relieve the cramped muscle, but must obey Fashion, and so is fidgety and shows his discomfort.

But the most absurd part of a man's attire is his head-gear—the unaccountable things he wears on the top of his head, alike in a prairie storm or an overheated railroad car. The baldness of about one-third at forty does not teach them anything. They go on sacrificing hair and head to hat; and a shiny, stiff, air-tight steeple on his cranium is the crowning glory of a man's life.

Take it all in all, I cannot see that women would gain anything by adopting a masculine costume, and think the brethren may be at ease in their possessions. Even Mary Walker declines its adoption, and no other woman is likely to dispute with such a prize.—*Mars Swisshelm in the Chicago Tribune.*

MUSIC AND MORALS.—It seems to be a generally received opinion that every girl of average ability should be taught music, and the piano-forte is the instrument of torture commonly selected. Certainly music has a refreshing and elevating tendency if it is music in any sense of the word. But the sounds elicited from the piano too frequently fail to come under this head. Happily the "little music" of the drawing-room often merely serves as a cover for conversation. But there are occasions when one is compelled to listen, and then sensitive ears suffer keenly from discordant sounds. And yet one has to listen to these performances as though they were all that could be desired. The fair performer, however shy and awkward at commencing, does not require much pressing to continue. Her accomplishment is the result of many dreary mornings of practice, of much toilsome manipulation of stubborn fingers; nay, very possibly, of rapped knuckles and bitter tears. It would be cruelty not to ask her to go on, and she does go on. Why is it that the performance of most amateur pianists is so inferior? The truth is, the difficulty of playing even decently upon the pianoforte is commonly very much underrated. The mere mechanical obstacles which have to be overcome before the fingers can be made the ready interpreters of the composer's thought are very considerable, and demand long and unsparing devotion to what is, in itself, repulsive drudgery. Again, to become a good player, the learner must have a talent for music—a gift which is not bestowed upon every woman. In a large number of cases, music lessons are thrown away, owing to defect in taste or ear on the part of the pupil. The education of women in this country is still under bondage to foolish traditions; and one of the first measures toward its reform would be the reduction of what are called accomplishments to their legitimate proportions.