Wit and Humor.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, but it's not as popular.

The Higher Education of Women—Learning how to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

Why is not "the horn of the hunter heard on the hill" any more? Because he carries it in a pocket-flask now.

A correspondent asks whether we believe that women should vote? Well, yes, when parasols are stolen as freely as umbrellas.

An old maid in the West End lost a favorite cat by death, and she had the skin stuffed for a pillow—a new variety of cat-er pillar.

Your whiskers are turning gray, Leander," observed Mrs. Spilkins the other morning. "Why don't you shave them off?" "I'd dye first," replied Spilkins.

"I didn't know," said an old lady, as she laid down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce they had to advertise for 'em and offer a reward for their discovery."

Said a friend to a bookseller, "The book-trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

A Boston writer in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs." Same way out at Milwaukee.

An Iowa schoolmistress has been discharged because, for the amusement of of the children during recess, she stood on her head. One of the trustees chanced to see the feat.

Mary Clemmer Ames says Isabella Beecher Hooker's voice "rings with an emotional timbre." Aha! Nothing shingler about that. Comes from the roof of her mouth, probably.

One evening a little girl whose mince pie had been badly nibbled by mice, heard a mouse squealing in the wall, and said: "Ah! mousey, you eat too much mince pie before you went to bed!"

"Yer go'n spend every cent what I bring yer home for striped stockins', an' ther ain't nuthin' to eat in ther house," is what a drunken man was telling a barber's pole when a policeman arrested him.

An Irish servant girl recently boasted to a lady that at her old place she always rose at four, made the fire, put on the kettle, prepared breakfast and made all the beds in the house before any one was up in the house.

"I tell you, sir," said a dogmatic moralist, "that the time is surely coming when stealing will be a thing of the past." "How so?" asked a bystander. "Because there will be nothing left to steal," answered the dogmatic moralist.

A woman said to her husband, who was a querulous man and an unprosperous physician: "I wish you had some of the patience of Job," to which he responded: "I wish I had, with all my heart, or the patients of anybody else."

A "parvenu" has a son twelve years old. The child, who has been well brought up, is in the habit of speaking to the old family valet with a certain degree of respect. One day his father takes the boy aside and says to him: "George, you are now large enough to be a little less polite to the servants."

A barber, who was measuring a lawyer for a wig, exclaimed: "Why, how long your head is!" "Yes," said the legal gentleman, much pleased. "We lawyers must have long heads." A moment later the barber exclaimed: "Why, your head's as thick as it is long!" The lawyer didn't respond that time.

The simplicity of a rural courtship was never better illustrated than by the following anecdote: "I'm gaun to be marrit, Peggy," said a hind to a servant lass whom he had been in the habit of visiting. "Ay, are ye? And to whom, gin I may be allowed to speir?" "To yersel', Peggy." "Are ye?" said Peggy; "I wish I had kenn'd sooner."

"My dear child," said an old lady to her niece, "I'm afraid you made a mistake in choosing George for your husband. He's the most singular man I ever saw." "Do you mean, aunt, that he is not at all like other men?" "Yes, my dear, that's just what I mean." "Very well, aunt; but my opinion is that the less he is like other men, the better husband he'll make."

A wag had kept up a continual fire of witticisms at a social party, when a puritanical gentleman, who enjoyed sermons and snuff better than jokes and puns, sharply observed, "If you keep on you will make every decent person leave the house." "That would be a sorry joke," was the dry reply, "for you would certainly be very lonesome when left here alone."

A young widow whose aged husband had died, becomingly appeared two months afterwards at the Paris Mairie to announce her forthcoming marriage to her cousin. "Pardon me, madam," observed the clerk, "but the law peremptorily forbids a woman to marry within ten months of her husband's death." "Yes, truly," replied she; "but are not these eight months of paralysis to be taken into consideration?"

A man was going over a field when suddenly he saw a bull with head down and feet pawing the grass. The man went for the nearest fence, but just as he reached it he felt himself lifted by the two masts of the bull, and he fell on the other side. He got up, and pointing his finger at the beast said, "I'll have revenge. I'll get even with you. I've been eating mutton all my life. Henceforth I eat nothing but beef."

In the middle of a fast thing with one of the Surrey packs on a Tuesday, reports a contemporary, one of the field, who was well up on the first flight, went a tremendous cropper into a brook. The master heard the noise, looked round, saw that a disaster had happened to somebody, and, turning to the first whip, who was close beside him, "Who's that, Will? Hadn't we better help him out?" "Oh," returned Will, coolly, "it's only the parson, sir, and we shan't want him till Sunday."

Two Germans, fresh from Chicago, visited New York, and one, well acquainted with the city, invited his friend to Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine were ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of $11 was presented. This they considered an extortion. They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend said: "Do not shwear, Yacob. It is wicked to shwear. God has punished dot man Delmonico." "How?" "I have mine pocket full mit shpoons."

The Mammoth Cave.

A correspondent of the *Rural Home* thus describes this wonderful cave:

After passing what is called the narrows, we enter the main cave, which varies from fifty to one hundred feet in hight, and about the same in width.

The Rotunda is the first place of interest. Here the ceiling is one hundred feet high, and one hundred and seventy feet in diameter. This immense subterranean hall was brilliantly illuminated with calcium lights by our guide, and the effect was grand and imposing. The floor is covered with remains of vats, water-pipes and other materials used by the saltpetre miners in 1812. Wood brought into the cave seventy years ago is still in a good state of preservation. There are great quantities of bats here, especially during the winter, when there are said to be millions in this hall. Our guide was a jovial, good-natured fellow, and disposed to impose on the credulity of our party. He pointed out a little corn on the floor, with the remark that it was "the remnants of corn fed oxen, used by the miners in 1812," then turning to the writer with a wink he observed, "That corn has nearly all been carried off; it is about time *I brought in some more!*" The nitre found in this cave is the nitrate of lime, and is said to be formed in part from the decomposition of animal life, bats, rats, &c. Saltpetre was made by re-acting upon the nitrate of lime with the carbonate of potash, thus changing it into nitrate of potash, or saltpetre.

From the Rotunda we enter Audubon avenue, and after a short walk we arrive at two stone houses, or cottages, built some thirty years ago, for the residences of persons afflicted with consumption. There were a dozen or more in number, who were under the impression that they would be benefited by the bracing air and uniform temperature of the cave. The party remained in the cave some six months without coming out, their food being carried them from the hotel. The effect they experienced was anything but beneficial, as three of their number died in the cave, and all the rest of the party died soon after leaving it. The injurious effect of the darkness and absence of sunlight was soon visible, but these people could not be persuaded they were not steadily improving in health. On leaving the cave, it is said these parties presented frightful appearances; their faces white and bloodless, eyes sunken, and the pupils of their eyes so dilated the iris could not be seen, so it mattered little what the original color was, it soon appeared black.

And now we reach the Methodist church. This is eighty feet in diameter by forty feet high. Here, from the pulpit, which consists of a ledge of rocks twenty feet high, the gospel was preached more than fifty years ago, by some enthusiastic Methodist. The pews consists of logs, which remain in their original position.

Nearly every rod of the cave has some object of special interest, but time and space will only allow us to mention a few of the most striking and peculiar.

After passing the Grand Arch, which is fifty feet high and sixty feet wide, we arrive at the Giant's Coffin. This is a huge rock forty feet high, twenty feet wide and eight feet thick. The aspect in which it is first seen presents a striking resemblance to a coffin. On the ceiling in many parts of the cave there are figures that present a very remarkable likeness to different animals, and on the ceiling near the Giant's Coffin there are several of the most striking ones. These figures are composed of black gypsum, which rests on a white background.

Hard Fare.—Many families have had a hard struggle to obtain food and clothing during the last year, and it is not easy to understand how they have got on from day to day, with small earnings and pressing wants. But few have been reduced to such extremities as a family Daniel Webster used to tell of, living near to him in his boyhood. They had moved to the vicinity of Hanover, N. H., and after he entered Dartmouth College, his father requested him to call on them. He started one Saturday afternoon, and after a long walk, in which he became both tired and hungry, found them. They were delighted to see him, but he felt almost ashamed of his call when he found how poor they were. He said,—

"They were as poor as Job's cat. They were reduced to the last extreme of poverty, and their house contained but one apartment, with a rude partition to make two rooms. I saw how matters were, but it was too late to go back, and they seemed really glad to see me. They confessed to me that they had not even a cow or any potatoes. The only thing they had to eat was a bundle of green grass and a little hog's lard, and they actually subsisted on this grass fried in the hog's fat. But it was not so bad after all. They fried up a great platter of it, and I made supper and breakfast off it."

We doubt if anybody in New Hampshire has been reduced to fried grass for food this year, however much straitened.

Ladies' Hunting Costumes.—The costume of a hard-riding huntress of the present day consists of a short, closely-fitting habit of blue cloth, of different shades, or of light gray, with collars and facings corresponding with the uniform of the hunt, when it is of a distinctive character, such as the Beaufort or the Pytchley. A tall hat, well curled at the brims; a white neckcloth, with neat gold pin; stand-up collar, and last, not least, high boots of varnished leather, and a hunting crop, with, of course, a drab ulster of many capes, to wear when driving to cover in a dark-green or oak-colored dog-cart, drawn by a very clever stepper, with the nattiest of grooms alongside.—*Home Journal.*

A Puzzled Plant.—Plants sleep at night, as is well known, but their sleeping hours are a matter of habit and can easily be disturbed. A French chemist recently exposed a sensitive plant to a bright light at night and placed it in a dark room during the day. The plant at first appeared much puzzled. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, in spite of the artificial sun beaming upon it at night, and in the daytime it sometimes awoke. It finally submitted to the change, unfolding itself regularly at night, and closing in the morning.

While out hunting during a late storm a Texan encountered a herd of bewildered buffaloes numbering one hundred grown ones and about forty calves. The snow lay upon the ground to the depth of a foot. He was alone, but after several days' hard work he secured the entire lot in a natural corral in the bend of a stream and, proceeding to the nearest town, sold them to an enterprising dealer for $500.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

The Silver Millennium.

The passage of the silver bill having secured unlimited prosperity to the country, filled the pockets of all men of all classes with jingling coin, made everybody wealthy, reduced rents, cut down the price of groceries, abolished taxation, secured good weather and large crops, reduced the price of flour, doubled the price of wheat and corn, we alone, in all this jubilee of happiness, sit down and weep in abject and comfortless sorrow. We have lost a "subject." "Hard times" is (or "are," how is it?) a thing of the past. We can never write about "hard times" of the present as compared with the "good old times" of the past again. Never. There are, (or is, as the case may be), no more hard times. There will be no more failures to talk about. No more savings bank defalcations. Why should a man run away with other people's money now, when he has plenty of his own? Tramps will be tormenting honest people by coming in and throwing down a $20 silver piece, size and weight of a stove lid, and demanding change therefor. Every man will have to saw his own wood; wood sawyers all too well heeled to work for money. (We saw our own wood now, but for slightly different reasons than those set forth in the preceding sentence.) The millennium is only about three weeks away, as nearly as we can judge, and the peaceful, happy millennium is no kind of a circus for the newspaper. No more grumbling. No more excuses for not paying bills. Too much wealth everywhere. Too much monotonous grandeur. Already we grow weary of this vast, illimitable, changeless sea of glittering, jingling money; we tire of the enervation and lassitude of luxury and wealth. Take it away. Take it back. Take away from our short, ambitious life ten thousand years of nerveless, sordid, passionless, money-glutted self-content and give us one day of bracing, tingling, rare, magnetic, Arctic poverty. Give—(Ah, thanks. A closer examination of our personal accounts and private books discloses the interesting fact that we have it; we have a little more of it than we thought we had. We think we have enough to last into the wide-spread reign of silver luxury at least three or four days. We find that it is rather bracinger, tinglinger, rarer, magneticker, and somewhat Arcticker than we called for, but it's all right. Any person afflicted with a cataract of wealth wishing to trade for a day or two of it, can be accommodated by writing to this column).—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

The Romance of a Nun.

Mother Theresa, the oldest member of the order of Carmelite Nuns in America, died at a late hour Monday, at the convent of the order, corner of Caroline and Biddle streets, in the 81st year of her age. Her name in the world was Miss Mary H. Sewall, and her birthplace was at Georgetown, D. C., in 1797. Her father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and, it is believed, was a member of Gen. Washington's staff. He was wounded in battle, and Gen. Washington, who was particularly interested in him, stopped on the battlefield until his officer's wounds were attended to.

Mother Theresa, when a child, was a pet of Gen. Washington, and often sat in his lap. When nineteen years of age she took the veil and the vows of the order at the only Carmelite convent in this country at that time, which was in Charles county, Md. The cause that led to her taking vows, as told by herself, is rather singular in its character. She was engaged to be married, and the time for the wedding had been fixed. She was called to attend the funeral of an intimate friend—a young lady of remarkable beauty—whose death had been a severe affliction to her. The burying ground was some distance from her home, and the coffin which contained the body of her friend was borne the whole distance, as was then the custom, upon the shoulders of pall-bearers. By an accident upon the way, the coffin slipped from the grasp of the bearers, and the body of the dead girl, clad in its white robes, was thrown out upon the roadside. Miss Sewall, who was a near witness of the accident, was so terrified by the view of the body that she immediately resolved upon a life of religious seclusion. Her engagement of marriage was broken, and she at once entered the convent.

About fifty years ago the convent was transferred to Baltimore and located on Aisquith street, where the German Orphan Asylum now stands. Four years ago it was moved to its present location. During sixty years Mother Theresa has been a prominent member of the order, and has held the position of superior for two terms of three years each. She had charge of the Aisquith street convent when it was threatened by an excited mob in 1835.

There are now twenty-two members of the order in Baltimore, and only one other convent of the kind in America, which is at St. Louis, Mo.—*Baltimore Sun.*

What Education Does.—Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Wy no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchit back in an hour, warn't you!"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through an ash barrel.

A young lady Postmistress of a Virginia town recently found herself in a dilemna. She was invited to a ball, but like Flora McFlimsey she had nothing to wear. Just at this time she found a package in the mail containing a fashionably made silk dress. The temptation was too strong for her powers of resistance, and she stole the robe and wore it to the party. She was arrested and tried. Her shame and sorrow made such an impression on the Judge that, in pronouncing the sentence, he was affected to tears. The sentence was the lightest in his power to inflict—$100. This was paid at once, and the young lady left the room. Her betrothed lover, to please whose fancy she stole the dress, urged the engagement, and they were married the day after the trial.

Clean oil-cloths with milk and water; brush and soap will ruin them.

Incurring a Tremendous Risk.

They incur a tremendous risk who sojourn or emigrate to reside in districts where malarial disease is prevalent, without medicinal means of fortifying their systems against the periodic scourge. The danger to bilious subjects, and to those who lack bodily stamina, is particularly serious. A preventive and curative agent of known anti-malarial efficacy should be frequently used and constantly kept at hand by such persons; and on none can they rely with such certainty of protection and aid as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This grand specific roots out every vestige of the malarial poison from the system, and endows it with an amount of vital activity and repelling power that nullifies the influence of miasma. It also prevents and remedies disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver, which are particularly prevalent in malarious regions, and is an incomparable general invigorant.

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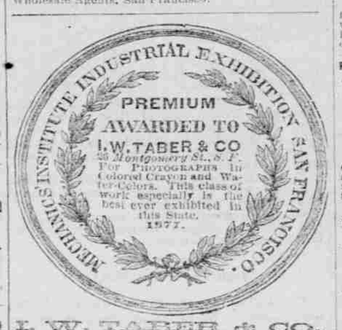

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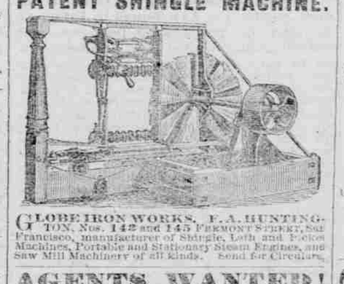

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