

WORK AND STUDY.

A Suggestion to Mechanics and Other Laborers—Educate Yourself.

What portion of the great army of workmen in this country ever consider this subject, or are willing to admit that they have time for both. They argue that life is too short, and the prospects of advantage too few, to make it either desirable or necessary to devote their spare time to study and kindred improvements of the mind.

Ask the average mechanic or other laborer to subscribe to a trade paper, the benefits of which you have carefully explained, and the invariable answer will be: "I shouldn't read it if I had it; I don't get any time to read, and can't afford it anyway; besides, the fellows that write the articles are too high-toned for me, and I can't understand what they say."

There is no better educator than the trade paper, for it keeps one posted on what is being done in the world of science, and we think that many of these disinterested men, if they would spend a small fraction of the time they devote to reading trade papers looking over a good trade paper, they would find some things that would interest and instruct them, and also remove the prejudice against the contributors.

Now let us look at another side of this question for a moment, and see what some of the effects of a little time devoted to reading and study are. Take, for instance, the great inventors and prosperous manufacturers, many of whom have risen from common laborers. They have invariably been the most careful readers, even "burning the midnight oil" in their pursuit of information.

A Newly Hatched Ostrich.

The ostrich eggs are huge affairs, as large around as a quart measure. They lay out in the open field, and just as I was hanging over the fence, wickily waving my jacket to make the majestic ostrich perform an undignified pirouette, one of the eggs broke open, and out popped a little ostrich. Immediately there was a great commotion, and everybody rushed breathlessly in our direction.

It was quite comical to see the old bird with her new born offspring. At first she declined to notice the little thing, which looked about the size of a 2-month-old chicken, and sought to follow the parental guidance by running a few steps and then quite unexpectedly toppling over, or turning a feeble somersault. I had quite hateful feelings against the mother bird, who by this time stood peering before us with her long, beautiful drooping plumes. I think she saw by our expressions that we did not approve of such Spartan motherhood, such unmaternal training of the offspring, for she immediately turned up her heel and bestowed a motherly kiss upon her solitary avion.

Remarkable Memory.

X—received a visit from an old school fellow, who had come to see the exhibition; they had not met for the last fifteen years. "Is that you?" "My very own self." A hearty grip of the hand and a long chat about old times.

Painters of Political Portraits.

Sign painters graduated to portrait work turn out from five to seven portraits in twelve hours, but the rapid and careless way in which they are done is illustrated on many of the banners now strung. Two or three men often combine in painting political portraits. One will do the drawing of the head and the rough lines of the face. Such is known as the "likeness" artist, and it is he who is expected to catch the expression. One or more men fill in the coloring and details of dress.

SUMBLETHORPE AND BULL.

A Farmer's Suggestion as to How Things Might Have Been Changed.

Gen. Bumblethorpe is certainly a big man—big in stature and bigger still in his own conceit, brimming over as he constantly is, with his own importance. Gen. Bumblethorpe was never in the army; he never was even in the militia. But he was surveyor general once, a good while ago, and has of course worn the title of general ever since, and has always insisted upon it. He has been a shade more overbearing since he became a general in this way, though he was sufficiently overbearing before that.

One fine afternoon last summer Gen. Bumblethorpe was taking a walk through the outskirts of the country town which he had honored by choosing it as his place of summer sojourn. In the course of his wanderings he came upon a pair of bars leading into a grassy and inviting meadow. The bars he let down and walked into the meadow. He had but half crossed the meadow when he saw, to his horror, a great black and white Holstein bull emerge from the dark shade of an apple tree and advance toward him.

Gen. Bumblethorpe is not an active man, but the steady advance of this enormous animal stimulated him for the moment to great activity. And his own rapid flight also served to stimulate the bull, who lowered his head and charged furiously, bellowing the while.

It was a mad chase, but Gen. Bumblethorpe had some good rods of advantage in the start and the opposite fence of the field was not far away. The general ran wildly and succeeded in turning a somersault over the fence just in time to escape the infuriated animal.

And then it was Gen. Bumblethorpe who was infuriated. From the safe side of the fence he stormed and raged at the bull, and, seeing a farm house not far away, he stalked over to it. The farmer was clearing around the barn when the general rushed up to him. "Is that your bull over there, sir?" exclaimed Gen. Bumblethorpe.

"Wal, I guess 'is," said the farmer.

"Do you know what it's been doing?"

"Chasin' ye, nabbs."

"Yes, sir, chasin' me; and it is an outrage I will not tolerate—an outrage, I tell you, that I should be pursued and humiliated in this way!"

"Wal," says the farmer, "it's a thing that bulls will do; he can't help it, ye know."

"Help it!" said the general, black with indignation; "do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, sir, I am Gen. Bumblethorpe."

"Is—that—so?" said the farmer with great deliberation. "Is—that—so?" Why in thunder didn't you tell the bull, gen'ral?"—Boston Transcript.

Met Only in Society.

Mrs. Chaperon—Is Mr. — a professional man?

Miss Prue—I don't know.

Mrs. Chaperon—Is he a man of brains?

Miss Prue—I don't know that, either.

Mrs. Chaperon—Why, aren't you acquainted with him?

Miss Prue—Yes, but I've met him only in society.—Boston Post.

A Surprise.

The Young Man (as he wipes the perspiration from his brow)—This asking the parent's consent is a trying ordeal. If Arabella wasn't such a prize, and I didn't love her so dearly, I would never have the courage to attempt it.

Arabella's Father—Want to marry Arabella, my young man, ye, take her, and may the Lord have mercy on you. Sit down and I'll write you out a check for \$5,000 to start housekeeping on.—Life.

How He Paid the Lawyer.

"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, to a reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money."

"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and just as a joke handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got."

"Next day he walked into my office and plunked down two \$20s and a \$10."

"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.

"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out.—San Francisco Examiner.

Identified.

A couple of friends were returning home on a dark night when they were attacked by a band of ruffians. A general melee ensued. At last they managed to escape from their assailants. When comparing notes afterward, one of them said: "I managed to get one little stiff fellow down; I nearly strangled him and in the scuffle his scarf came off in my hands."

"Let me see!" said the other friend, putting his hand to his neck, "why, it's mine!"—Le Soir.

A Bitter Revenge.

Mrs. Semper—Well, if that is the kind of a man he is and you disliked him before you were married I can't see why you got wedded to him.

Mrs. Temper—I did it to spite him, I hated him so.

Mrs. Semper—Quite a revenge, I see.

Known Pictures to a T.

Yellowy—That's a fine picture you have got there, Brownly.

Brownly—Well, I flatter myself that it is, you know.

Y.—Is it one of the old masters, do you think?

B.—Well, I ain't exactly sure, but I am going to have the opinion of a friend today on the matter.

Y.—Indeed! A connoisseur!

B.—Why, I should say so! Phaw, man, he's been in the tea business for twenty years and knows everything about pictures.—Boston Courier.

Keeping Up Appearances.



The Maiden—Clande, dear, hold th' umbrella more over me or else th' people'll think we're married.—Life.

Poor Place for Stamps.

An amusing incident occurred in the post-office recently. Stamp Clerk Lemock had just sold a natty old gentleman a dollar's worth of "2s." The old man was wondering where to put them, when he accidentally put his damp fingers on the sticky side of the stamps, and they began to stick together.

"Say, how do you keep these things from sticking?" he asked.

"Rub them on your head," the clerk replied.

"Ah, that's a new scheme," said the purchaser of the stamps, and he removed his hat and began to rub them over his bald head.

"The longer we live the more we learn," he said, smiling, as he allowed the stamps to remain on his head while he paid for them and put some papers back into his coat pocket. The stamps stuck.

"There, now, that's"—he said, as he reached up and tried to remove the stamps. They were sticking closer than a brother to the shiny white scalp. He tore one of them off, and he said it brought the skin.

The clerk could not contain themselves, and the bald-headed old gentleman slapped his hat over his head and hurried off to get a shampoo.—Savannah News.

The Bookcases Were Too Large.

A story is told of a gentleman who is now and has been for some years past engaged in rearing an elegant mansion of stone a dozen miles or so out of Boston. Much care has been taken and no expense spared in its erection. The other day he went out to see how the work was progressing and visited the library. It is a noble room, and it had been surrounded by elegant bookcases of carved oak in elaborate design. The owner gave one glance about the spacious and beautiful apartment and then exclaimed to the contractor: "What made you build the bookcases so high? Cut them down two feet and put cupboards underneath! Do you think I am going to buy books for all those shelves?"—Boston Advertiser.

Must Have Died Hurriedly.

A small Iowa kid stood in the Capitol grounds on the east side one morning and held his father's hand.

"Papa," he asked, pointing to the bald draped statue of Washington, "who's that?"

"That's George Washington, my boy."

"Say, pa, George Washington's dead, ain't he?"

"Yes, my boy, he's dead."

"An' that's him?"

"Yes, Rupert, that's George Washington."

"Say, pa, he died before he could get th' close off, didn't he?"—Fred Nye in Washington Critic.

Punentatory.

"You've been writing poetry to sister," said Willie.

"Yes," admitted the youth.

"What kind of a poem was that last one you sent her?"

"Oh, it was a sort of apostrophe."

"Well, if you'd a seen the way pa acted when he saw it you'd a thought it was a whole lot of exclamation points."—Washington Post.

After Falling Three Times.

"Been skating this year, old man?"

"Yes; I went out the other day for about five minutes."

"Why didn't you stay longer?"

"I stayed until one of the small boys asked me if I had skated before for a good many years, and then I thought it was about time to give it up."—Lowell Citizen.

Easy to Please.

Tramp—Haven't you got something for me to do?

Farmer—No, I guess not; there is not much work just now.

Tramp—I don't need much. You would be surprised to see with how little work I could worry along.—Texas Siftings.

Crushing.

He had asked her the momentous question with great wariness.

"You know," he said, after a pause, "that a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"That's very true," she replied, with a sarcastic tinge in her voice; "but a soft question doesn't."—Washington Post.

Slightly Mixed.

Jones—How these papers do get mixed up sometimes!

Brown—What's the matter now?

Jones—Why, here's a story of a miner who was killed by a lump of coal striking him in the lumber regions.—Singhamton Leader.

What Was Wanted.

Tobey Wedd (nervously, just before the ceremony)—Say, Fred, see that everything goes off all right. I'm so afraid there will be a hitch in the proceedings somewhere.

Best Man—A hitch! Of course, I'll see that there is.—Lawrence American.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly in this case is Indiana where the constitution is delicate, and among our front-range population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparation for a change of climate, or of diet and water which changes, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

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A grouse farm has been started in Michigan. It will be managed by a Michiganian.

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