

HAD IT DOWN FINE.

Where the Jew's hat will make high as a musical instrument. The sun had just broken over the tops of the Ozarks one warm morning in July...

"Hurry! If that don't settl' 'er, what will?" Before he had spoken another word a stream stepped from behind a big tree...

"That was the best tune I ever heard played on one of those instruments." The mountaineer looked at the stranger...

"D'ye mean it, mister?" "Mean it? Of course. Why do you ask?"

"It's lak this, mister. Yer see I hev been jest on the sige o' jinin' th' Simpson gal, over 'n th' hollow, fer more'n a yar, an' when th' poppin' time kem she up an' says that I kain't hev 'er less I kin play ther jews'p. I bin practicin' hyar on this log for nigh a month now, I reckon, every day in th' mornin' 'fore sunup, an' I wur thinkin' es I sot hyar, es ef I didn't git th' ha o' it jerrt soon, it'd be good-bye, Sa. But j make me feel better, stranger, an' es I round these parts nex' week jes' d' to over on ther slope 'cross th' way an' y kin be my best man."

As the stranger moved on down the path the mountaineer struck up his tune again and played with a vim that was evidence that the stranger had been telling the truth.

Along with the fiddle, the jewsharp still ranks high as a musical instrument in the mountain regions of Arkansas and Missouri. A native who can't play the jewsharp is looked upon as having very poor prospects.

CHUNKY TOWLES.

Henry Watterson's Anecdote of an Old-Time Kentucky Gambler.

It is related of Chunky Towles, says Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal, that in 1855, grown weary of writing for the coming of the latest intelligence from the National Democratic convention, then sitting in Baltimore, he retired to his bed. An hour or two after tidings of the nomination of Franklin Pierce arrived, and Samuel Bugg, Chunky's political guide, philosopher and friend—an earnest Democrat withal, and a gentleman of extensive knowledge—proceeded at once to awaken the sleeping sportsman. "And who in thunder is Franklin Pierce?" says U. S. says Mr. Bugg, "Franklin Pierce is the son of General Benjamin Pierce of revolutionary fame. He was a distinguished Representative and Senator in Congress from New Hampshire; he was offered a seat in Mr. Polk's cabinet and declined it; and he fought gallantly in Mexico as the youngest and most brilliant of New England's Brigadiers!" "In that case," says Chunky, with decision, "I'll get up and dress." He did so, and came down to the City Hotel, in front of which a goodly company was enjoying the summer night in discussing the news. As Chunky approached a leading Whig exclaimed: "Here is Chunky Towles now, and I'll bet him one hundred dollars he never heard of Franklin Pierce in his life, and can't tell who he is, or where he's from." Chunky paused a moment, gazed compassionately upon his interlocutor, and then, with an air of composure and authority, said: "Put up your pocket-book, Colonel. It ain't good sporting rules to win on a certainty. Franklin Pierce, sir, is a son of General Benjamin Pierce, of revolutionary fame. He was a distinguished Representative and Senator from New Hampshire. He was offered a seat in Mr. Polk's Cabinet and declined it. And he served gallantly in Mexico as the youngest and most brilliant of New England's Brigadiers. He is the very man we wanted. I was for him from the first. Hurray for Pierce!"

Justice and Kn-Claws.

Dan Rice, the old-time clown, is passing his summer in New York, and looks as young and fresh as a boy from school. He lectures some nowadays, and knows how to give an interesting talk, says the New York World. Occasionally he meets a venerable person who laughed at his jokes and grimaces nearly fifty years ago, and who recalls his grand old educated horse Excalibur, over which Dan himself had shed many a tear. One day a United States justice shook hands with him on the rear of a Broadway car. "Uncle Dan," said the justice, "you don't know me, and this is the first time in my life that I have ever spoken to you, but when I was a boy I crawled under your tent to see you, got caught by a canvassman, and had powdered resin sprinkled all over my hair." The justice and the ex-clown had a great laugh over the incident.

FOUND OF LATE.

A PARTY of explorers have recently discovered an immense forest of India rubber trees in the valley of the Orinoco. In the pockets of clothing discarded by a burglar in Indiana were found a translation of Cesar's Commentaries and a problem in algebra. There is a new element, a mineral discovered in the Boleo mines. It is composed of cubic crystals of a fine blue color and has been christened "boleto." General Sherman while exploring a cavern in the peak of Yosemite found a skull which must have belonged to a man at least three feet high. A...

EDISON'S METHODS.

He Does Not Invent by Accident or Without Hard Work.

Edison's genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking pains, says the Review of Reviews. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying 'awake nights'?" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

"What makes you work?" I asked, with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered, after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times, as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything that I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones. "Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."

WAS ALL BUSINESS.

Madam Wanted Her Tooth Pulled Without Any Charge for Sympathy.

She was a mature woman, with high cheek bones, a dappled face and red hair, says the Chicago Herald. Flung aside her bonnet she got up into the dentist's chair, leaned her head back, opened her mouth, and pointed to a tooth on the lower jaw.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter with that grinder," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist, in a sympathetic tone. "Has it been hurting you long?"

"Who said it had been hurting me?" "Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred."

"Well, you don't need to infer any thing. If you're ready to look at that grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my mouth again." And she opened it.

"The tooth, madam," he said, after a brief examination, "is a mere shell. I regret—"

"What occasion is there for you to regret any thing? Whose grinder is it?" "I was going to say it is too late to save the tooth. It is too far gone. If it's troubling you any it will have to come out."

"Well, that's what I'm here for." "It will be hard to get hold of with the forceps and I am sorry to say it will hurt—"

"Does it hurt you to pull a customer's tooth?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but—"

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry. I am here on business. I don't need any sympathy. Yank it out."

The thoroughly-tumbled tooth artist wasted no more words. He produced a pair of ugly-looking forceps and extracted the offending molar without delay.

"What's your bill?" inquired the woman.

"Fifty cents." "That's the regular price, is it? You're not charging anything for sympathy?"

"It is the regular price, madam." "Here's the money. Good-day!"

After she had gone out of his office the dentist went and sat down by the front window to rest. "If I had that woman's nerve," he said to himself, as he watched her striding down the street, "I could be an aderman and own a whole ward in less than three months."

Four Very queer Figs.

William Hoffman, of Sebwaing, Pa., has four figs that beat any thing ever seen in that locality. One has no trace of hind legs, another has no hoofs, but claws take the place of the generally thought necessary porcine appendix, and the two others have claws and toes and pretty nearly every thing else that pigs can very handily get along without.

Ear-Rings in All Ages.

The strange fashion of mutilating and adorning the human ear has been practiced and has been in vogue all over the world. It has especially enjoyed great favor among the Orientals and by Persians, Babylonians, Lydians, Lybians and Carthaginians the ear-ring was worn as commonly by men as by women.

SAID BY THE SAGES.

In activity we must find our joy, as well as glory; and labor, like every thing else that is good, is its own reward.—E. P. Whipple.

Imagery is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience and the council chamber of thought.—Basil.

Horses are built to live in, more than to look on; therefore let us be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.—Bacon.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.—Hawthorne.

The dominating power of administration is to well know how much power, great or small, we ought to use in all circumstances.—Montesquieu.

Health is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest activity of genius at a moment when the passions are roused.—Cotton.

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