

LIVING TO PURPOSE.

Everybody ought to have an honorable ambition and a supreme desire to be and do something in life. It is better to aspire to a goal than to have no aspirations at all.

There are far fewer who, having noble ambition, fail to make their lives than those who drift through existence aimlessly, with no definite purpose in view.

Buffaloes for Lord Loane's Estate in Scotland.—A car of an eastern-bound freight train, which had just got from Stony Mountain, at Winnipeg, was an object of great interest for a time.

HER EARS HAD BEEN BORED.—"Don't you think earrings would become you?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birdie McGee.

A RICH COUNTRY.—When George W. Peck was in Colorado he wrote home that when he went to the Teller House to have his clothes brushed, the porter handed him 10 cents.

More than \$5,000,000 in hard cash has been expended in various attempts to find gold in paying quantities in Georgia. The entire mine property of the State is assessed at \$127,000.

TO KILL EASILY.

An Annihilator of Life that Works with a Pressure of 20,000 Pounds.

A well-known Bridgeport (Conn.) professor, who refuses to give his name, makes public the facts concerning an engine which he calls the instant and noiseless annihilator of human life, which can be operated without detection, and which the United States Government has just refused to patent for him.

In the absence of the old man the correspondent took up the deadly belt and examined it closely. Though the outside was of brass it was lined with steel and was very flexible and hollow.

The Professor came in struggling at one end of a rope, with a miserable-looking street dog at the other. "As I was going to say just before I went out," he said, "with this beautiful invention of mine a man with ordinary care and intelligence can take off any public individual at any time and anywhere without incurring the slightest risk for himself and causing no pain to the person attacked."

There was a profound silence in the room. Nothing but the ticking of the old clock on the wall broke the stillness. It did not seem possible that the dog had been struck with anything. The Professor explained that the penetration was so swift, and the hole made by the pellet so small that it caused very little pain, no more than that made by the point of a pin.

It is not necessary," said the Professor, "that these projectiles," as he picked up one of the pellets, "should reach a vital part, to cause death. It is only necessary that the projectile should enter under the skin of the animal or man. The warmth and moisture of the body dissolve the substance of which the pellet is composed, and the instant a drop of blood that is tainted with it enters the heart, death ensues."

George Augustus Sala calls the United States the Woman's Kingdom.

A POSSIBILITY FOR ENGLISH WOMEN.

It must be patent to every close observer that the number of Englishwomen who dress well is daily increasing. Good taste is spreading, and with it a keener appreciation of good style. The true leader of fashion is more readily recognized, more generally admired. There is no mistaking her.

A NEWSPAPER PUFF.

This is a type of my old pipe. I fill it with tobacco and then light the stuff—now (puff, puff, puff) of comfort there's no lack, O' (Puff) 'tis, indeed, a friend in need that (puff) drives away trouble Like (Puff) a wife it cheers our life and (puff) makes pleasure double. One who is sad it (puff) makes glad and (puff) makes life worth living. All strife it heals and friend's lips seals and (puff) gives. When I'm pipe I smoke nor (puff) my woes soon (puff) transpire to splendour oriental. I watch ascend the rings which blend with atmosphere so rarings, and (puff) I dream of bliss supreme, (puff, puff) though old and laxy. No cabbage leaf brings me to grief nor cigarette so nasty. My pipe so sweet, though not so neat, gives (puff) a joy more vasty. My pipe's my yoke. It's fra-grant smoke in solitude I'm snuffing. Tho' I decry all else, yet my dear pipe I'm ever puffing. By H. C. DOBBS.

HOW HERR FRANK HARK LEARNED TO SPEAK ENGLISH SO WELL.

"Well, Frank, how are you getting along with your immense business? I don't see how you can manage so great and varied a business as that the Highland House calls for."

"Yes, I see you speak the language much better than you did ten years ago when you was in the Vine-street basement."

Jo Cook—"Boo-hoo-oo!" Western cop—"What is the matter?" Jo—"Boo! There's a feller—boo-hoo—'s goin' to lick me—oo-o!" Cop—"What did you do to him?" Jo—"Nothin'! He pitched on to me first." Cop—"Well, you stand by me, little boy, and he shan't hurt you."

DON'T, DON'T, DON'T.

A Few Hints to Gentlemen as to Their Daily Walk and Conversation.

A little volume with the above expressive title has recently been published, in the interest of good deportment; but the book don't exhaust the subject by a good deal, and the following "don'ts," relative to street manners, jotted down as they come to mind, will prove interesting to gentlemen:

Don't keep to the right when walking upon the sidewalk. Should you do so, ten chances to one you will attract no notice from those you meet. Keep to the left if you would make a sensation.

Don't hide your umbrella under your coat as though you were afraid people would think you had stolen it. Make a Greek cross of yourself by carrying it under your arm at right angles with your body. Besides, this is the safest way to carry an umbrella. If any eyes are punched out by it, you may be certain they won't be yours.

Don't carry your cane as though it were a third leg. Let it drag after you in a manner which shall trip up anybody who comes too near. How can you know that the man behind you is not a pickpocket, with designs on your watch and wallet?

Don't sit in the horse-cars with your back square against the side of the car. Dispose yourself at an oblique angle, occupying the space of two or three seats, what is the use of being a hog unless you let folks know it?

Don't apologize if you chance to step upon a gentleman's foot. It might make him feel awkward. But turn the matter off jocularly by reminding him that you must step somewhere, or advising him to keep his feet in his pocket. He cannot but admire your presence of mind and your ready wit.

Don't take any special pains to point out the way to the stranger who asks to be directed. Just as like as not he won't remember aright. Tell him to find his nose and he will find it, or push by without seeming to notice him.

Don't walk at one monotonous pace all the time. If you are in company walk slowly, two or three abreast. This will prove a trial of patience to people behind you; but patience is a virtue and should be exercised. When you are alone go at railroad speed, elbowing your way vigorously through the crowds. Everybody admires activity and energy.

Don't, when two or three of you get together for a little chat, consider that you are blocking the sidewalk. The sidewalk was made for man, not man for the sidewalk, and it is your province to enjoy it to the full.

Don't forget to stare at the women-folk. Your eyes were given you to stare with, and if the women don't like it let them remain indoors.

Don't pass by a lady without turning around to peer into her face. If you didn't do this, she might think you were not a jackass, and it would be cruel to create a false impression in her mind.

Don't talk in a low tone of voice as you walk along, unless you have something really worth hearing. If your conversation is of your achievements in guzzling beer or mashing the girls—as, no doubt, it is—the more people who hear you the greater the number of those who will know you to be a superior being.

Don't miss the opportunity of exhibiting your fine clothes and refined manners in front of the liquor saloons, the theatres and other places where your prominence will be effective.

Remember that Providence helps those who help themselves.—[Boston Transcript.]

THE OLD SPORTSMEN.

It is remarkable that in the old sporting engravings there are very seldom more than two men represented in the act of partridge-shooting, and quite as often only one; men in wide-skirted shooting-jackets coming below the knee, long breeches covering the calf of the leg, short gaiters, and broad-brimmed, low-crowned hats. The coat was sometimes of a bright red. They carry long single-barreled flint-and-steel guns, and are accompanied by two heavily-built pointers of the old thick-set square-headed type which is now almost proscribed. These were the men who rose at break of day and returned to dinner in the afternoon well satisfied with their six or seven, or it might be eight or ten, brace or birds, killed in their sporting style. This was the 1st of September a hundred years ago. But the introduction of percussion locks and double barrels revolutionized shooting nearly as much as breech-loaders; and as long ago as 1827 we have Lord Althorp killing his 24 brace to his own gun on non-preserved ground. This was the 1st of September 50 years ago—the middle style, which flourished for about a generation, and still lingers, as Dr Quincey says, in sheltered situations; the style which in our opinion is the best of all, but which has in its turn been superseded by breech-loaders, and retrievers, and driving, till pointers are hardly to be seen except upon a grouse moor, and have necessarily become more or less unsteady, where men load so rapidly that they hardly give them time to "downcharge." —[The Saturday Review.]

"But I will not dilate," said the stump speaker. "If you do, I am afraid the excited audience will cause you to die early," yelled a red-nosed man in the back row.

FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. A. Stewart, it is said, has very refined features for a rich New York woman.

Electric lights make blondes look consumptive, but make brunettes dazzling and brilliant.

Miss Cora Bannison, the plucky Quincy, Ill., female lawyer, is taking a trip around the world.

The German Empire has 7,719,382 women who have been married, and of these 1,900,382 are widows.

Many a young man who worked hard during the day allowed his hands to go waist during the evening.

Every few days some man is discovered who has four or five wives. We are indeed becoming a race of heroes.

The Princess of Wales, it is said, is becoming deaf. Her royal spouse considers this affliction a blessing in disguise.

Dr. Mary Walker is going to reside in England, and the Boston Courier thinks she ought to take up her residence in Middlesex.

Paris bonnets are now provided with a mansard, in which is stored the knot or coil into which the hair is twisted on the top of the head.

Lady Harberton thinks that the large number of independent unmarried women in England renders the franchise desirable for them.

The Miss Abbott who left a company in Chicago because an actor kissed her is not Miss Emma Abbott, Emma would not make a fuss about a little thing like that.

Miss A. (to Miss B. who is accompanied by a little dog with a stumpy tail): I beg pardon, does that sweet little bob-tail belong to you? Miss B.: "Oh, no, Miss, that is the dog's."

A gentleman who has just returned from the seashore, and who claims to speak from actual observation, says that a Boston girl can always be known by the imprint which the hollow of her foot makes in the sand.

Edith—You ask how babies can best be weaned. First catch your baby, then a reliable nurse who can live without sleep for a month, then ship baby and nurse to some comfortable but distant farmhouse until the process is completed.

A young lady from the rural districts entered a shop the other day and asked for a pair of stockings. The clerk politely asked her what number she wore. "Why, two, of course! Do you suppose I am a centipede, or have got a wooden leg?"

Some of the ladies are regretting that the season for white dresses is drawing to a close, but in New York and Boston, and other large cities, the pretty white cashmires, flannel and camel's hair dresses are worn in the house during the winter season.

A French paper says that English women are a flat-chested, long-membered, large-footed race, awkward in gait, ill-dressed, know nothing about hair-dressing, and are incapable of harmonizing colors. This paper should not judge all English women by Mrs. Langtry.

A San Francisco old woman, who had failed in an attempt to write on a postal card as long a letter as she had intended to, presented the spoiled card at the postoffice to be exchanged for a clean one, and when the clerk refused she scratched his face and bit his finger.

Bridesmaids at an English wedding wore cream Swiss sprig muslin with coffee colored lace and Surah bodices, with Princess bonnets to match. They also wore gold merrythought brooches, the gift of the bridegroom; and they carried bouquets of pink carnations and yellow roses.

There were 8,521 marriages in Philadelphia last year, an increase of 952 over the previous year.

Michigan is a State of small farms, the average being only a little more than ninety-two acres.

Jay Cooke's gaudy house at Chelton Hills, near Philadelphia, is turned into a girls' seminary.

There are 128,505 natives of New Hampshire residing in other parts of the United States.

Baltimore is to have a permanent exhibition building of brick, marble and iron, to cost about \$500,000.

Sixteen hotels in Chicago are assessed at \$6,500,000. The theaters of the city are valued at about \$800,000.

Connecticut has been the scene of ninety-seven murders and only seven hangings, in the last twenty years.

The individual wealth of Great Britain is the highest in the world, France coming next and the United States third.

Humming birds in Huntington, Mass., are tamed on sweetened water. It is a woman's device, and seems to answer well.

IMMORTAL LINES.

Shakespeare's Laundry Sign—Invoked to Urge Cleanliness.

Our camp in the Yellowstone was crowded by people who had arrived in advance of us. I don't know how the conversation in the evening drifted into discussing different ways and methods of earning a living; and how, of all things, it should turn to such a thing as the keeping of a laundry. A gentleman remarked that he had been told of a sign stuck against a tree somewhere around here which bore the following highly original inscription:

TO PIONEER'S LAUNDRY 8 MILES. WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU GOT YOUR SLEEK BROKES AND WORE A DIRTY SHIRT?

What was our astonishment, then, when we saw one of the drivers around the camp-fire get up, go to his wagon and presently return with a board of the same size and character, and remark: "I'm the man that run'd the Pioneer's Laundry." In reply to further inquiries he told us that he used to keep a laundry in the Gardiner Valley—a general wash-house for tourists camping in the surrounding mountains who might require his services. "But," he added, "it's now busted up, and it goes unkindly hard with me, and the only thing I keep to remember the old place is this." At the same time he displayed the sign, the legend on which ran thus:

'TIS BETTER TO BE LOWLY BORN AND RANGE WITH BROTHERS IN THE DIRTY THAN TO BE PERK'D UP ON A BULE AND WEAR A DIRTY SHIRT. 8 MILES TO PIONEER'S LAUNDRY.

"Yes, I use the board in my wagon," he added, "and I keep it because the poetry is a bit of Shakespeare which a gentleman wrote out for me while he was hunting in the mountains eight years ago."

"Shakespeare?" we cried in astonishment. "Where?"

"That was too much for him, but a gentleman in our party who knows his Shakespeare assured us that in Henry VIII., somewhere in the second act, there occurs a passage very similar to the one used by the ex-keeper of the Pioneer's Laundry. In fact, it runs like this:

"Verily I swear 'tis better to be lowly born And range with humble livers in content, Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief And wear a golden sorrow."

A BULLDOG ABOARD AND A WHOLE TOWN AFTER HIM.

Among the many joys of the adult and juvenile inhabitants of Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, must be numbered a bulldog of unexcelled beauty. His days are passed in a miniature pond of greenish water constructed on a level with the inner side of the front window of a restaurant. "Greenery yallery" aptly describes the hue of the bulldog's complexion, but cavernous depths would faintly imply the capacity of the gulf disclosed by his white eight lips, but twelve inches of breadth and length feebly suggest the massiveness of his size.

The gentle bulldog lived apparently in sublime contentment. But he was not happy—very far from happy. A restless desire to try the world on the other side of the window filled his breast, and kept him awake at nights with violent longings. He went. For weeks he awaited his opportunity. It came. The window was opened one morning for cleaning purposes. The bulldog made a sudden bound and disappeared into space.

In a moment the main street of Frankford was one of wild roar and frenzy. The owner of the well-restaurant, followed by his assistant carver, his wife and his mother-in-law, rushed frantically into the street shouting: "The bull has escaped!" The cry was taken up by the affrighted bystanders: "A bull!" "What bull?" "Which bull?" "A mad bull!" "Where?" "When?" and a general stampede followed. The shopkeepers hearing the cry "a mad bull," barred their doors and barricaded their windows. Mothers walking with their children, took their little ones in their arms and rushed frantically for safety. The local fire department turned out to a man and horse, and, in their excitement, turned the hose on their own engine, while the police lieutenant hurriedly called upon his men, and, with up-lifted clubs, marched boldly out in search of the infuriated animal. But nothing could be seen. "Well, where is the bull?" became by degrees the question, and then it leaked out that it was only a bulldog and not a bull. Froggy was recaptured and taken home in triumph and in cords on a wheelbarrow to his pond, where he once again abides, a weary, dissatisfied thing.—[Philadelphia Record.]

A TERRIBLE CONUNDRUM.—These fellows who are always punning, asking conundrums or making "gags" should be sat down upon. The other day a Calhoun street counter-jumper tried to puzzle a Main street youth with: "Charlie, can you tell me the difference between an accident to an agricultural machine and a performance that occasionally becomes necessary in society?" "Oh! heavens, spare me!" moaned the victim.

"Give it up, eh?" "Yes, of course." "Well, you see, one is mashing a thrasher and the other is thrashing a masher."—[Fort Wayne Hoosier.]

A young man was congratulated on reaching his twenty-first birthday. "Well, how do you feel over the matter?" he was asked, and he replied heartily, "I feel like a new man."