

Jocose Clips.

Care in our coffin drives the nails, no doubt. But Mirch with merry fingers plucks them out.

"Postponed on account of the weather," as the timid city man said when he did not go through a sheep pasture with a belligerent ram holding the fort.

"Please pass the goat," said a boarder to his hostess. "Why do you call my butter the goat?" asked the lady. "Because," replied the unfeeling wretch, "it's very strong butter."

"What are you doing with that cigar, you little rascal?" exclaimed a father, addressing his son. "Ma says that if I hit that cat again she'd make me smoke, and I hit her again 'n' am smokin'!"

LOVE'S QUESTION.

A wistful light lay in her eyes. As she gazed over the heaving sea. And her slender hands were tightly clasped.

Around one bent-up knee. Intense the glance the moonbeam showed.

As it stood till her breath came fast. She asked, in a voice of music low. "Are peaches cheap at last?"

—*Boston Advertiser.*

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em."

"If you can get one towel out one yard of cloth, how many towels can you get out of two yards? That depends altogether on how many there are on the clothes line."

"I have been married now," boasted a prosy old fellow, "more than thirty years, and have never given my wife a cross word." "That's because you never dared uncle," said a little nephew who lived with them; "if you had, auntie would have made you jump."

An exchange said that chickens can be bought for four cents apiece. It doesn't say how big the pieces are.

"Champagne is said to be going out of fashion," says an exchange. Yes, its disappearance has been frequently noticed.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but it never laughs at the latch of a front gate when it is coming with a club.

A New Jersey lady waded out and pulled in her husband, who was drowning. As usual she grabbed him by the hair.

"What a wonderful age of invention this is," said Mrs. Catchpenny. "I see they're making wire cloth, and I'll get some to put in Johnnie's pants."

Boston girls who got lost in the woods in the White Mountains the other day did not cry "Help!" but "Three ladies in this direction are in urgent need of assistance."

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by the members of a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was that it was not wrong, but impossible.

A New York lady started for the Mountains with an outfit of thirty-nine trunks. And she wouldn't speak to her husband for a whole day because he complained of being flea-bitten through carrying her poodle in his arms.

Domestic Animals.

CHICKEN, RAT, CAT, DOG AND BOY.

A very, very tough story, in which a chicken, a rat, a cat, a dog, and a boy figured, was going the rounds in the East End, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. The story is vouched for on good authority, and on this account is all the more remarkable. It is related that Mr. Sam McCurdy was sitting 'neath the shade of a tree in the back yard of his residence on Clay street, near Franklin street, talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens, and a large rat that had just emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospects of a meal in view. As the rat came from his hole, the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she awaited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his rathship. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the woodshed, pricked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy named Andy Quaid came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy.

A little chick wandered too nigh, and he was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth of the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go of the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in high glee he watched the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and

getting a stone, he hurled it at the rodent. The aim was not good, and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released his grip on the cat, and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and by the side of the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on clay street.

The So-called Weaker Vessels.

A prize of seventy-five dollars is given annually to the best male Greek scholar in the high school at Newport. This year the best examination was passed by the daughter of George Rice, the colored steward on the steamer *Pilgrim*; but as she could not be given the prize, a wealthy New York gentleman sent her seventy-five dollars in gold.

It would be odd if women suffrage should become the custom in Great Britain sooner than in the United States. That this is possible is indicated by the vote in the house of commons of 114 ayes to 130 noes on Mr. Mason's motion to give the suffrage to those women whose property qualification allows them the municipal franchise. So small a hostile majority must be a hopeful sign for the friends of woman suffrage.

The *Graphic* says it was a woman who stumbled and fell that caused the first fatal block at the Brooklyn theatre fire in 1877; it was a woman who stumbled and fell that caused the block at the fatal panic in the Sixteenth Street Catholic Church a few years ago; and it was a stumbling woman, so far as it can be known, that started the panic on the Brooklyn bridge. The *Graphic* might have added that it was a stumbling woman who induced Adam to "bring death into the world, and all our woe."

Miss Ada Ward, an English actress of intelligence and experience, now in New York, has very little hopes of the stage in England. She says that the facility offered to handsome and incompetent amateurs to obtain lucrative positions and to command press recognition had worked an immense amount of mischief among painstaking and conscientious players. The largest fortunes had been made of late years by women who had nothing to recommend them but their beauty, and they put this into the market against experience, skill and good taste, and walked away with the laurels.

WHAT A WOMAN LIKES.—A husband who is not always "a little short." Who gets home at a reasonable time of night and in reasonable physical condition. Who always let her know beforehand when he brings a friend to dinner. Who doesn't want to sleep till noon every Sunday morning. Who takes pleasure in buying his wife a new spring bonnet. Who compliments her occasionally and calls her pretty when it is she is or not. Who, when he comes home late at night, will come in like a man, and not like a thief. Who can lie in bed while his wife walks with the baby without swearing like a trooper. Who isn't always telling her the times are hard and business is poor. Who will give her credit for working as hard as he does and sometimes harder. Who is willing to put up with a poor dinner on Monday. Who won't keep the dinner waiting, and then growl because the roast is overdone. Who won't labor under the impression that cigar ashes on the carpet tend to keep the moths out. Who knows when it is time to get up, and does not rely on his wife to arouse him. Who takes his wife along occasionally when he "runs down" to New York on "business." Who, when he takes his wife to the theatre, will not go out between the acts "to see a man." Who won't sharpen his lead pencil on the carpet. Who, when he builds an "addition" to the house will allow his wife to arrange for closet room. Who admires his wife and has the common sense to tell of it. Who will not insist upon having the pillow with the most feathers in it. Who will be as polite to his wife as to any other woman, and will lift his hat to her on the street. Who is willing to share the evening paper.

Kindness to the living is always followed with respect for the dead. It is a most natural sequence, and is always commendable. But where a fussy showy parade is made over the dead, who when they were living, were treated with neglect and cruelty, it furnishes the clearest possible evidence of intentional hypocrisy. Posthumous kindness only is a deliberate fraud.

Otis Kellholtz, a prominent Democrat of Baltimore, and Speaker of the last House of Delegates of Maryland, died, aged 45 years.

Dio Lewis on Fresh-Air.

DIO LEWIS ON FRESH AIR.—"Beware of night air." This is one of Aunt Susan's solemn speeches. "Close your windows when the sun goes down." This is another.

The other night when she was drawing out the first of these favorite saws, I said to her:

"My dear aunt, what can a man breathe at night if he don't breathe night air? He can't breathe day air, can he? Do you mean he should get a house full of day air, shut it up tight, and breathe it over and over all night? My dear auntie did you ever get into a bedroom where two persons had slept with closed windows? Now, auntie you have a sharp nose; what do you think of that sort of air to feed the blood and brain? A great many people suck in that poison all night, and next morning suffer from dullness and headache. Auntie, did you ever sleep out of doors?"

"Never, I should expect to wake up dead if I did."

"My dear aunt, the young birds, lambs, fawns, and all the rest of the tender, delicate young creatures sleep out and do nicely; but they soon die of consumption, if we bring them into our furnace or stoveheat. Why, auntie, I saw, when in South Carolina, a family of parents and five children living under a live oak tree, where they had stayed three years, with no other covering than the tree—not even a tent. It was an intelligent New England family; they left Massachusetts very wretched from scrofula. When I saw them they were in fine health. I believe a great French author when he says: 'You may eat bad food, wear bad clothing, and never wash yourself, but if you breathe pure air day and night you will never suffer from scrofula.'"

Aunt Susan ended the discussion by saying: "Sleep out in the street, if you wish to; I prefer a good bed in a nice room. Sleep with the pigs and cows if you like it; I prefer to sleep like a Christian."

Aunt Susan is partly right. It is better to sleep in a good bed than out in the street with the pigs. But it is a sad blunder to sleep without an open window.—*Christian at Work.*

Successful Trial of a New Electrical.

A launch propelled by electricity was shown on the Thames on several occasions last year, and attracted a good deal of attention. It was propelled by a screw driven by a Siemens motor and Sellon-Volekmar accumulators. To a certain extent the experiment was successful. Recently Messrs. Yarrow & Co., of the Isle of Dogs, took the matter up, and, working with the Electrical Power and Storage Company, a very handsome launch has been fitted up, intended for the Vienna Exhibition, with which many experiments have been made. This little boat made a run from the Temple Pier to Greenwich in thirty-seven minutes, with a moderate tide. Some delay was, moreover, caused by the propeller foaling a basket—an event well-known to every one who has had any experience with steam launches on the Thames. The distance is six miles, so that, making allowance for the tide, it may be said that a speed of over seven miles an hour was attained, and full power was not employed, save for a portion of the time. On the measured mile an average speed of over eight miles an hour has been attained.

The boat is forty feet long and of good beam. She had twenty-one persons on board, including the steersman and a man to look after the machinery, if such it may be called. The boat is completely unincumbered from end to end, no trace of the propelling mechanism being visible. This consists of eighty cells of Sellon-Volekmar accumulators, of which fourteen are disposed under the seat, seven at each side and the remainder in the bottom of the boat, under the floor. The screw is turned by an A. Siemens' dynamo commutated as a motor. No gearing is used, the spindle of the armature being coupled direct on to the end of the screw shaft. The thrust block is just aft of the dynamo, which is placed under the floor in the stern sheets. It lies flat, and occupies very little space. There are four brushes, two for going ahead, two for going astern and two small lines going to a becket beside the steersman enable him at a moment's notice, by pulling one or the other, to go ahead or astern; a cylindrical switch beside him enables him to stop or go on as pleasure. This switch is graduated so that the current, from forty, sixty, or eighty cells, can be used as pleasure. The weight of the whole—batteries and dynamo—is about two tons, or as nearly as possible that of engine, boiler with water, and coal for a steam engine competent to propel her at the same speed.

This pretty launch is the very perfection of a pleasure boat; no heat, no smoke, no dust, no steam, no smell of

oil, no splashing of pumps. There is no noise of any kind to be heard save the bubbling of the water from the propeller, and the faint hiss caused by the commutator rubbing against the brushes. There is no smell, and no "blacks;" and the boat will run for six hours continuously, or about forty-five miles.

It has long been known that the screw is an extremely wasteful propeller. It may yet be that further investigations will show that the screw is not so much to blame as the combination of screw and engine. At any rate the system of electrical propulsion opens up a new field of inquiry, because it renders possible the use of screws of extremely fine pitch revolving at a great speed. The dynamo in Mr. Yarrow's boat makes about 680 revolutions per minute. The propeller is of steel, two blades, 19-in of diameter and 13-inch pitch. There is absolutely no vibration, and very little disturbance of the water in the wake of the boat.—*London Field.*

Common Words Mispronounced.

Jaundice—jün'-dis, not janders.
Jean—jāne, not jēn.
Jews—harp—jūz'-hārp, not jūs'-hārp.
Jocondly—jōk'-und, not jō'-kund, jōcundity, jōcundly and jōcundness have also the short ō.
Jugular—jū'-gu-lar, not jūg'-u-lar.
Jujube—jū'-jū-be, not jū'-jū-be.
Knoll—nōl, not nōl.
Lapel—la-pel', not lāp'-el.
Lariat—lar'-i-at, not lā'-ri-at.
Legate—lég'-ate, not lē'-gate.
Leisure—lē'-zhur, not lēn'-ur.
Length—pronounced as spelled, all the letters sounded, not lenth.
Lentil—lē'-ni-ent, not lēn'-i-ent.
Lethe—lē'-the, not lēth.
Lethane—lē-thē-an, not lē'-the-an.
Leverage—lēv'-er-aj, not lē'-ver-aj.
Licorice—lik'-o-ris, not lik'-er-ish.
Lithographer—lith'-og-ra-pher, not lith'-o-griph-er.
Lycium—li-sē-um, not li'-sē-um.
Madame—mā-dām', not mā-d'am.
Magna charta—magna-kār'-tā, not magna-chār'-ta.
Manes—mā'-nes, not mān-ze.
Manor—mān'-or, not mā'-nor.
Marigold—mār'-i-gold, not mā'-ri-gold.—*Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Home News.*

Silk-Clad Turtles.

Some of the young misses in Borden-town, N. J., have lately been obtaining some innocent turtles from the neighboring brooks and ponds in this vicinity, through the skillful manipulations of their male acquaintances, and adopting these turtles as pets, giving them names and dressing them in the most unique and fastidious manner. If one young miss called upon another, she was very apt to take her pet turtle to visit that of her companion. On Tuesday afternoon of last week a fashionable turtle party occurred at a residence on Park street, to which all of these pet turtles were invited. It was quite a brilliant affair. Considerable time and expense has been lavished upon the turtles to make them appear well and attractive for the occasion. One aristocratic miss' turtle, called "Venus," did not attend, although invited, after having her party dress made. Two of her sister turtles were dressed in the most elaborate style, one having on a magnificent white silk dress, with train profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. Another belle wore a dress of white plush trimmed with blue satin and lace, the train being looped with white daisies. Some of these turtles have "Jerseys," but none were worn on this occasion. The turtles seemed to enjoy the party very much by seasawing, swinging, capering upon the grass, eating ice cream, and other sports and luxuries indulged in by their owners.

No insect, properly so called, has ever been proved to take up a permanent abode in the human alimentary canal. Their presence, where they were found, was accidental, as when swallowed on a piece of meat upon which the eggs had been deposited. But occasionally larvae may give trouble. Dr. Wacker (*Medical and Surgical Reporter*) has published the case of a boy, aged 21 years, with colicky pains, fulness in epigastrium, constipation and frequent fits of nausea, and tendency to syncope, especially when in a close atmosphere, such as that of his cottage or a stable. Dr. Wacker prescribed some Hunyadi Janos water, to be taken every morning on an empty stomach. On the third day a vast mass (over two litres) of larvae, partly alive and partly dead, was passed from the rectum. The patient at once recovered, feeling no more unpleasant symptoms, even when in a hot room. On examination, the grubs were found to be larvae of a common dipterous insect, *Anthemya cuculinea*, closely allied to the house-fly and blue-bottle fly.

Jacob Hirsch, a prominent brewer, was thrown from a carriage at College Point, L. I., and sustained fatal injuries.

For the Fair Sex.

Dinner, Evening and Riding Costumes.

A very unique garment is equally elegant and comfortable. It is intended to be worn over a dinner or riding costume, and is somewhat in the shape of a pelisse. The material is exceedingly fine—camel's hair of shaded brown plaid, lined with surah satin throughout. The first is shaped to the figure by closely laid plaits from a wide velvet yoke, and the back corresponds. The sleeves are twenty inches wide, finished with a broad, plain cuff of velvet. A wide border of velvet is placed just above the edge of the skirt of this luxurious wrap.

A handsome imported dress has a wine-colored satin brocade pointed waist edged with a plaited ruffle of the same, so arranged that the lavender silk lining is visible. The plaited brocade paniers are similarly lined. The front of the skirt of lavender silk is laid in gracefully loose bias drapery across the top. Below this is an exquisite applique Swiss muslin flounce. Similar silk draperies follow, and beneath falls a deeper flounce of the Swiss muslin applique. The back drapery is very bouffant. The light sleeves have wide cuffs of the Swiss muslin. Quantities of creamy-white silk muslin are worn on the front of the waists and skirts of evening dresses.

One of the most beautiful toilets is a white nuns' veiling. A very wide flounce across the front is embroidered in old gold all over and edged with creamy Mechlin lace. The very bouffant drapery at the back is edged with a wide garnet velvet ribbon and is looped high with rosettes of the velvet ribbon. The pointed basque is trimmed around the edge with a double frilling of the lace described above, with trimming of velvet. The sleeves, three-quarters long, have a cuff of velvet and double plaiting of lace. Other charming dresses of nuns' veiling are seen in the delicate blue of the corn-flower, pale primrose, dull olive-green, coral and raspberry-red trimmed with velvet ribbon and soft creamy jabots of exquisitely fine lace. A creamy nuns' veiling dress pattern, unmade, has a single breadth for a tablier stamped or printed with palm leaves of some quaint, pale coloring, like Gobelintapestry. Others have simple two rows of palms in Oriental colors printed across the bottom of the breadth.

It is the custom to purchase simply sufficient material for the petticoat first, either the magnificent brocades of this season or the designs above mentioned. An exquisitely delicate toilet is composed of creamy-white silk stamped in pale terra-cotta designs. The skirt is draped irregularly across the front and held by three bands of olive velvet ribbon and long looped bows, just disclosing a white silk underskirt covered with full plaited lace ruffles. On the hip several rows of lace plaiting meet the pointed basque. Loops of olive velvet ribbon are set in jabots of lace behind. The corsage, cut heart shape, is surrounded by a coquettish kerchief of lace, finished with a double lace jabot. The elbow sleeves correspond.

For walking-dresses the new broche Nonpariel velveteen cannot be too highly recommended. It is produced in the fashionable colors and designs, and is made in conjunction with satin surah, Ottoman silks and Satin de Lyon. The Mirelle costume has a velveteen skirt and handsome braided polonaise of fine wool. The exterior of the skirt is trimmed with box-plaits and small side-plaits upon a lining. There are four styles of garments for cold spring days—the Hamilton and Fenella redingotes; the Belgravia basque, an independent basque, or to complete a custom en suite; the Husar jacket, made of jersey cloth, and the Constantia visite, which may be worn either as an independent garment or en suite. There is an independent garment called the Velleda, which is simple and graceful for either spring or summer wear. The waist is perfectly defined and the drapery easily arranged. The embroidery gives the appearance of an elongated waistcoat. Upon granite blue, stone, bronze or olive-green, or leaf-brown roses, or the French honeysuckle in shade of shrimp-pink with shaded brown foliage, may be embroidered with charming effect, or, if preferred, in self-colors. The Peroline jacket is one of many excellent models fashionably worn as part of a street cloth costume. The waistcoat must be of a different color, as, for instance, the jacket is leaf-brown, the waistcoat a pale buff; a wine-color jacket, with shrimp-pink. The skirt matches the jacket, or the material may include, in plaid, a blending of the colors of the jacket and waistcoat, as gay colors are not only admissible in contrasts but fashionable. For quiet tastes skirts of a plain color are liked, and are tailor-made, with rows of sticking or heavy military braid. It must be added that the Peroline jacket has a broad rolling collar which descends to the upper of the two buttons that fasten

it at the waist, and is thence cut away with a graceful sweep over the deep waistcoat that follows the same outline.

For the Jerseys there is a new all-wool cashmere, firm in fabric, not as elastic as the stockinet but equally soft. It is seen in all shades of the new-tint colors in terra-cotta, bronze, Oriental topaz, Indian reds and blues, the pretty pale charity blue and black.

The Duel in Germany.

How far the duel is not only winked at but absolutely enforced in Germany is perhaps scarcely known to the majority of your English readers, and yet it is a fact which a residence in the country or a perusal of the daily papers will scarcely fail to reveal. Within the last few days two duels have been reported in the German press. In one case, at Wurzburg, one of the two students concerned was shot dead on the spot; the other "fled." A duelist apparently finds it a more simple matter to escape the arm of justice than the common murderer.

When any German officer is challenged the question goes before the "Court of Honor" of his regiment, composed generally of the senior members of each commissioned rank of the service. If it is decided that the insult is real, fight he must or leave the service. Skilled or unskilled in the use of arms, it matters not. True, the decisions of the said court form some kind of protection against the attacks of mere dueling bullies, upon whose heads their challenges may recoil with dangerous severity; but the value of individual lives, the contingencies of the contests or any such considerations are, of course, utterly unregarded. Every man for himself.

And the result—if two workmen were to quarrel, and one in the hot blood of the momentary struggle struck the other on the head with the implement in his hand, it would be well for him if he escaped with his life. But, if an officer in cold blood shoots another dead, he is punished with a term of "Festungs Gefängnis"—that is to say, he has to retire for perhaps a year to some fortress, where he is subjected to so mild a form of imprisonment that he is scarcely inconvenienced, and then returns to his regiment without the slightest moral taint on his character—may, he has vindicated his honor as a man and a soldier.

Seaside Acquaintances.

Somehow or other seaside acquaintances very seldom become great friends in London, albeit they may live within a shilling cab-fare of each other there. We recollect the knowledge of this fact costing us two or three sleepless nights of agony. It was only really a friendship; love was entirely out of the question—marriage emphatically barred the way to more, even had that been contemplated. We had walked together daily, talked as few talk, had pondered on all the mysteries of life and death, and we at least had, on our part, loved deeply and truly. Yet, though the other was only returning to town a week before we were, we knew quite well that never again should we enjoy each other's society as we had done in those few blessed weeks in which we had been seaside acquaintances. Ah, how it all comes back to us now! The very walking notes of the distant band; the walk round and round the square to avoid damp grass; the lights in the houses; creeping out in the morning when the children were asleep, and giving us strange insights into our neighbors' domestic arrangements; the curious way in which the evening lost its last radiance and became twilight, in which all looked weird and strange; and how finally we discovered it was late and that the loved face of the hunter's moon was gazing down on us, and realized that we should long ago have been indoors. We tried to take up the threads again in London, but it was impossible somehow. Perhaps the other was too occupied, we know not; but to us, at least, has none other friendship ever been as true and sacred as that seaside acquaintance was then.

A Close-fisted Duke.

The late Duke of Buccleuch on one occasion preferred riding on horseback and unattended. He came to a tollgate. "The toll, sir, gin you please." His grace immediately pulled up, and while searching for a coin was accosted by the gatekeeper: "Heard ye our word o' the Duke coming this way to-day?" "Yes," was the reply, "he will be this way to-day." "Will he be in a coach an' four, or only in a carriage and two, think ye?" "In all probability on horseback," was the rejoinder. "In that case, do you think he had be offended gin I offered him back the change should he gae me a sax-pence or a shilling to pay wi' as he passed?" The Duke stretched forth his hand to receive the balance, and with an arch and knowing look replied: "Try him, friend; try him," and pocketed the coppers, muttering to himself: "Not to be done for in that way."