

Just For a Joke.

A hopelessly rainy day. A day with gray clouds spread like a veil over the sky, streams of water dropping down the eaves, roses beaten to the very ground, and birds hiding away in the thickets, until the welcome sun should once again disperse the mist and tempt.

But after all, it was not so bad as Scollopahell Farm, on the wave-washed shores of old Long Island. There were great airy, low-ceiled rooms opening into one another—there were deep window seats, with friendly red chaise longue curtains shutting the occupants off from the rest of the world—there were odd little three-cornered apartments where there were old books and portfolios full of pictures and photographs with foreign views—and, better than all, there was a huge brooding old garret—full of ancient chests, trunks, boxes—of long forgotten curiosities—te that when Lillias Brown came courtesying down into the great parlor in an antique wedding dress and veil of time-yellowed brocade and Brussels lace, with high-heeled satin boots and long-wristed gloves buttoned with tiny knobs of discolored pearl, nobody was at all surprised.

"What a child!" said Mrs. Brewster. "It is Grandma Gullender's wedding dress," said Josie Brown, with a yawn. "I tried it on once, but I couldn't button it around me!"

"Where on earth did you find it?" asked Miss Lawrence. "Not at all unbecoming," said young Dr. Legard, with bright observant eyes. "But where is the groom?" demanded saucy Josie.

"Allow me to officiate," said Dr. Legard, springing lightly to his feet and taking his position beside the pretty little apparition in white satin and creamy lace. Harry Lawrence at once struck an attitude in front of the par.

"Lillias," said he, comically imitating the drawl of good old snuff-taking Dr. Juggo, "will you take Augustine Layard to be your husband?"

"Say yes!" prompted the young man at her side—and Lillias laughingly answered, "Not to spoil a joke—yes!"

"Augustine!" shouted Harry, "do you take Lillias for your wedded wife, for richer, for poorer, and all the rest of it?"

"Of course I do," said Dr. Legard, "and a very pretty little wife she is in that long-waisted gown and frill of lace."

"Children!" cried Mrs. Brewster, the oldest of the party, although she had not yet attained the matronly age of eight-and-twenty, "what are you about?"

"Only having a little fun," said Lillias. "Now, please, Mary, don't scold."

"But you are trifling with far too serious things," said Mrs. Brewster—and Miss Lawrence looked shrewdly up from under her white eyelashes at the young pair.

"I dare say you think it a very good joke," said she, "but I was at Newport once, when there was a charade, or a tableau, or something of the sort, and two young people went through the marriage service—and to and behold, then they were married hard and fast, and—"

But Lillias Brown stayed to listen to nothing more. With a little shriek of dismay she tore off the wedding veil and flew away up stairs to hide herself in the old garret, where the rain pattered on the shingled roof overhead, and the faint scent of sandal-wood and dried rose leaves floated out of the trunks and boxes which she had just been rifling.

"Married! married!" she repeated to herself. "But it's all nonsense—it must be nonsense! No law on the face of the earth would bear out such a piece of burlesque as that."

While Augustine Layard smiling quietly at the uproar and turmoil which surrounded him, took a book and established himself comfortably in the hammock on the south veranda, where the tempest of rain beat around him in all directions without touching him, and the scent of the prostrate roses filled his nostrils with every gust of wind.

But little Mrs. Brewster was uneasy in her mind, and when the wheels of the rockaway which brought passengers from the evening train were heard grating on the gravel, she rushed to meet her husband, a thriving young New York lawyer.

"Tom," said she, "wait! Don't go into the hall just yet. I want you to tell me something!"

"Can't I even take off my overcoat?" he asked, laughing at her pretty capriciousness. "Tom," she uttered, breathlessly, "listen! Do listen!"

"My dear, I am all attention!"

"If a girl says she will take a man for her husband—and he says he will take her for his wife—"

"Before witnesses?"

"Yes, before witnesses—is it a real marriage, Tom? Oh, do answer me quickly!"

"As real a marriage as if all the churches and parsons in America had signed and sealed it," said Mr. Brewster. "And now let me come in, Puss, for the air is damp, and the shine of your wood-fire on the hearth is not without its attractions."

Without lingering to question more, Mrs. Brewster fled up stairs to the old garret, where Lillias Brown was still crouching among the old trunks and boxes.

"It's just as I told you, Lily," said she. "You are married!"

Lillias' large blue eyes shone like stars from the background of her pallid face. "But I won't be married!" said she.

Dr. Legard was in the great sitting-room when she came shyly down, her eyes swollen with crying, her fair cheeks flushed.

"Come and sit by me, Miss Brown," he said, with a smile, as he made room for her on the sofa at his side.

"I won't," she flashed out. "You have no authority over me. I—I am going away to-morrow!"

And Lillias answered, "I never, never will."

But to her infinite amazement and perplexity, Lillias Brown was not half as happy as she thought she should be when the weight of Augustine Layard's presence was removed. She missed his cheerful smile, his quiet, reassuring ways, his constant thoughtfulness. The rush of the waves had lost their charm—the murmur of the pine thickets no longer filled the air with music—in fact, Lillias was wretched, and she did not dare to ask herself the reason why.

Until, one day, she heard Mr. Brewster talking to his wife in the little oak parlor, while she lay spiritless and sad in the hammock where the perfumed honeysuckle sprays almost touched her cheek.

"You saw Dr. Layard?" said Mrs. Brewster's brisk, questioning voice. "How did he look? What did he say?"

"He looks like a ghost," answered the young lawyer. "And he says he has never known a happy minute since he left Scollopahell Farm."

"Goodness me!" said Mrs. Brewster. "The fact is," proceeded her husband, "he loves your little friend Lillias Brown to distraction, and he was just beginning to fancy that she might perhaps be persuaded to return his devotion, when that unlucky mock-marriage—or real marriage, whichever you like to call it—destroyed his chances for good and all. And so he is wretched. And after all I don't see that he was in any degree to blame."

"But did it destroy his chances?" said Mrs. Brewster, reflectively. "You don't think it possible that she cares for him?" cried the lawyer.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she did—a little!" confessed the wife. "If he thought so, he would come here at once," said Mr. Brewster, eagerly.

Lillias had listened, with the roses and lilies succeeding one another on her cheek, but at this she rose and came to the window, leaning over the ledge like a pretty picture in its frame.

"Mr. Brewster," said she, "I beg your pardon, but I have heard all that you said. And as for Dr. Layard—"

"Well?" questioned the lawyer, half smiling in his sleeve at her charming confusion.

"Tell him to come!"

And then Lillias disappeared among the vines like a frightened child.

So Dr. Layard came back—and old Dr. Juggo was summoned, and the young pair were married over a second time.

"So you really loved me all the time," said Augustine, tenderly looking into his bride's eyes.

"But I didn't know it until after you were gone," said Lillias, hanging down her head.

Red Jacket's Model Hatchet.

One little anecdote of Red Jacket related by Judge Sheldon at the meeting of the committee of the Historical Society yesterday will be found interesting: "There was once," said the Judge, "a blacksmith's shop on the corner where the post office now stands, kept by a man named Reese. He was a very fine workman, a real artist in his line. One day Red Jacket came into the shop with his interpreter—he would never speak English, you know. Well, he wanted a new hatchet or tomahawk made. They had some talk, but Reese finally said he would make the hatchet for him, and told him to come in two weeks for it. When the time was up Red Jacket came for his hatchet. It was a fine piece of workmanship, too. He went off, but returned in a day or two with the hatchet. It didn't suit him. Of course Reese was mad, but he told Red Jacket if he would make a model out of maple wood of just such a tomahawk as he wanted he would make it for him. So Red Jacket made his model and brought it to Reese, who told him to come after it in a week. Red Jacket came in a week, with his interpreter, as usual. Reese had told several people, and several were in the shop when Red Jacket came in. Reese handed him the hatchet. Red Jacket looked it all over, fidgeting across the foom, grunted 'Ugh,' and went off mad as thunder. He had forgotten to make an eye in his model, and Reese made the hatchet without an eye."

The Folly of Fear.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward. But at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds he is 80 years of age; then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.

JEWELRY may be nicely cleaned by dipping in hot soapy water and polishing with a little white powder and a piece of chamamois. A cameo should be scrubbed with a fine tooth brush and a little powder.

ROAST ham is a noted Pennsylvania dish; it is roasted the same as beef, only being less juicy it requires a longer time in the oven. It is served out in thin slices, with a brown gravy made of beef stock and brown flour.

TAR may be readily removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and wiping dry immediately. The volatile oils in the skin dissolve the tar so that it can be wiped off.

TEXAS wedding notice: Bob McDonald and Sue Mitchell have decided to slide down the cellar door of life hand-in-hand together.

SCIENTIFIC.

Cleaning Engravings.—The following directions for cleaning engravings we find in several exchanges, all claiming it as original. If brown spots and rings of mildew have made their appearance, float the engravings face downward for twenty-four hours on a large quantity of water, in a vessel perfectly free from grease and soil of all kinds. Lift it from the water on a perfectly clean sheet of glass, drain, transfer to blotting-paper without touching it, then transfer to fresh blotting-paper, dry, rub with bread, as is done in drawings, and iron. If the stains are bad, or are not removed by this plan, place the engravings in a shallow dish, and pour water over them until perfectly soaked. Carefully pour off the water, and replace it with a solution of chloride of lime (1 part liq. caustic chlorate to 39 parts water). As a rule the stains disappear as if by magic. If not, pour on the spot pure liq. caustic chlorate; if that does not succeed, add a little acid hydro-chlor. dil. As soon as the stain disappears, wash the engraving carefully with successive portions of water until all the chlorine is removed. Then steep it in a weak solution of gine and gelatine, which may be colored with coffee grounds, to give the engraving a yellow color. Then dry between blotting paper, under a weight, and iron, with a sheet of clean paper between the iron and the print. Small grease spots may be removed by putting powdered French chalk over them, a piece of clean blotting paper over the chalk, and a hot iron over that. If the stains are larger, benzine must be used, applying it in a circle around the stain before touching the stain itself.

The electric tricycle is an open-fronted machine of the ordinary pattern with the treadles and driving gear removed. The driving wheel is forty-four inches in diameter, and close to it is a large spur wheel containing 248 teeth. The motor is slung from the seat platform. The armature spindle carries a spindle of twelve teeth, gearing into the spur-wheel, the machine being thus speeded down 20 to 1. The battery, composed of Faure, Sellon-Volkman cells, occasionally, and sometimes of a combination of the two devices, is slung from the backbone and axle, and when fully charged contains a store of electrical energy equal to two-horse power.

Many persons are not aware that glass can be cut under water with great ease to almost any shape by simply using a pair of scissors. In order to insure success the points must be kept quite level in the water while the scissors are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges, and so reduce the shape gradually to that required. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. The two hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.

Mr. C. G. Hockwood has just exhaustively treated the Ischian earthquake of July 28, 1853. He arrives at the conclusion that this disturbance has its origin in a rupture taking place along an old volcanic fissure running roughly north and south, and extending radially under the northern slope of Mount Epomeo, and that the cause of the increased tension resulting in this rupture must be referred to the residual volcanic activity which fœticia shares with the adjacent mainland, rather than to any local submergence, as had been suggested by Prof. Palmieri.

It depends entirely upon the nature of the substance which caused the stain. In absence of any specific knowledge on this point, we quote a method recommended in a German polytechnic journal: Make a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil, alcohol and turpentine, slightly moisten a rag with it and rub the spots until they disappear. Then polish the spots with ordinary blotting-paper. Varnish injured by heat can hardly be restored in any other way than by removing it altogether and applying a fresh coat.

Physicians have lately been trying to determine by experiment whether the electricity of thunder storms is generated either by the evaporation of water or by the condensation of vapor. Freeman and Blake have each obtained results which indicate that the electricity is produced by the evaporation of pure water; and Mr. S. Kalmesher has since made some investigations with delicate apparatus which have failed to show that condensation of vapor or the formation of hail is a source of atmospheric electricity.

The Scientific American describes the method by which the great cables of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) suspension bridge were repaired. When a defective piece of wire was found it was cut out and a new piece of wire nicely spliced in so as to bear the strain it ought to sustain, and no more. When the wires were renewed the whole was coated with linseed oil and then with white lead.

Potatoes belong to the Solonum family, of which the Deadly Night-Shadow is a member. They contain a certain proportion of the narcotic poison known as Solonin, and if they are exposed to the sunlight the poison is developed to such a degree as to make them dangerous for use as food. Keep your potatoes out of the sun.

In the dooryard of Delos Hotchkiss, at Cheshire, Conn., stands an apple tree, which is supposed to be the oldest and largest and most fruitful in New England. It is the last survivor of the orchard which was set out by the first settlers of that neighborhood, and popular belief fixes its age at 180 years. The tree is sixty feet high, and the tips of its outmost branches are 104 feet apart. Mr. Hotchkiss affirms that he has picked 125 bushels of sound apples from it in a single year.

AGRICULTURE.

ALTHOUGH every possible precaution is sometimes taken to make the sitting hen as comfortable as possible, the eggs often fail to hatch. The difficulties are of a character that cannot be discovered but which depends on the conditions regarding the management of the laying hens. If a hen is very fat she will lay few eggs, and the eggs from such a hen will often fail to hatch. When cocks are allowed to range with too many hens the vitality of the chicks is lessened, and they die in the shell. Fowls that are fed under a forcing process produce weak offspring, and those that have been bred in-and-in are not to be relied upon to give good hatches or produce healthy chicks. The hen that steals her nest is generally successful, but why this is so has been a puzzle, not only to the farmers but to scientific men as well. One thing we know is that her eggs are never disturbed, and they are surrounded only by the pure and uncontaminated atmosphere.

When we place eggs under a hen we know nothing of them, as a rule, and if they contain fertile germs it is only a matter of guess with us in selecting the best, but the hidden hen's eggs are always impregnated. The nests should be secluded, and in a place which will be secure from the approach or intrusion of man or fowl, with the surrounding free from all impurities or odors, and every convenience afforded in the way of dusting, food and water. We handle eggs too freely, approach the nest too often, and disturb the sitting hen when she should be easy and quiet.

There are birds that abandon nests after the eggs have been disturbed, and this may partly, teach us to place the sitting hen alone by herself, with freedom of action, the eggs being from good strong hens, of which only a few have been mated with a vigorous cock. Avoid sitting hens if they are nervous and quarrelsome. Such hens are never careful and break their eggs, as well as tramping the young chicks to death. A medium sized hen is the best, and of different breeds the Brahmas and Cochins are the most persistent sitters.

FARMERS should not forget that the bran and other coarse feed made from wheat are richer in elements of plant food than the whole grain, and, of course, feeding them makes a richer manure. A ton of wheat bran is worth \$14.50 for manure, while a ton of corn meal is only worth \$6.65. These figures are based on the cost of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in their commercial forms, and represent the comparative value of feed. It is probably true that at the present price of wheat-bran farmers can purchase it to feed and make manure more cheaply than they can otherwise obtain it. In most markets the coarse bran is now selling at \$15 to \$18 per ton, and after feeding its manurial value will be greater because it will be more available.

In former times it was generally held as good doctrine that fast-growing trees produced wood of but little value. In this country, however, at the present day, there are many cases showing the rule will not hold good. It is true that "soft woods" are usually of a rapid growth. On the other hand, ash, hickory, bird cherry and many similar trees not at all slow in growth produce the best of timber. In the case of the catalpa, a tree that grows rapidly and has quite pithy wood when young, it has been shown that the wood is of a very durable nature, and used as posts on the ground, or for purposes above ground, it will outlast the wood of many slow-growing trees.

ECOLOGICAL feeding is an important factor in stock breeding. In regard to grading grain for feeding, it has been shown in every case in which a test has been made that meal is worth about one-third more than whole grain. The same is true, too, of hay, of which fifteen pounds cut into chaff and fed with meal are equal to twenty pounds fed in its natural condition. Linseed meal (ground oil cake) is an excellent food for stock when fed with grain and rough feed.

A PRACTICAL farmer who burns both coal and wood in different stoves makes a practice of mixing the ashes and applying all on his young orchards in the spring. He believes that the potash of the wood ashes is effective in small quantities, and that its addition to the coal ashes makes the latter much more absorptive of ammonia or nitric acid from the atmosphere. At any rate, he finds good results from the mixture, and his young orchard is unusually thrifty and productive.

CHLORIDE of lime, when used on the manure heap, not only disinfects it but is an advantage in arresting the escape of ammonia. When mixed with plenty of dry dirt, and thoroughly mingled with the materials of the compost heap, it is invaluable. The materials, however, should be kept under cover. Chlorine gas is easily liberated from chloride of lime; and as the gas will not remain uncombined it readily acts upon organic and mineral matter, not only "fixing" the volatile substances but changing the form and composition of many of the solid substances.

The newest thing in cheese making is a factory in Vermont, which makes both butter and cheese. The cream is separated from the milk and churned while sweet, leaving sweet buttermilk to be added to the vat of skimmed milk all of which is then made into cheese by the usual factory process, with a few variations. So an excellent, salable article of cheese is made from a substance left from butter-making, which has heretofore been considered as only fit for swine food.

Some one has made the shrewd remark that, if the growing season appears too short to allow crops to fully mature on your farm, it will be remembered that you can really lengthen it several days by having your land thoroughly underdrained. This will not only place the soil in condition to work earlier, but will also make it warmer so that plants will grow more rapidly.

DOMESTIC.

For painting on porcelain and tiles, the designs will be perfect if Lacroix's vitrifiable colors are used; they come in tubes and are Chinese and permanent whites, ivory and raven blacks, light pearl, neutral, and warm grays, light and deep carmine, crimson lake, carmine red, carmine deep (dark), carmine light (flesh also), red lake, and orange red; the purples are crimson deep and rubby, deep violet, also violet of gold and iron. There are seven different shades of blue, Victoria, dark and light, sky blue, deep ultra marine, and deep blue, and blue No. 29. There are eleven shades of green—grass, brown dark, tea, deep blue green, chrome, deep chrome, emerald, apple, very dark green and sap green. There are eight different shades of brown—brown Nos. 3 and 4, light and deep brown, yellow, red, and sepia brown, and brown No. 108. Yellows—silver yellow, ivory and dark ochre, yellow for mixing, jonquil and orange yellow—the relief and flux tones. For grounds there are twenty-four colors—celestial, Indian, marine and turquoise blues; lavender, red—brown, chamomile, carmelite, celadon, light coffee, steel and turtle-dove grays, Isabella, maize, Chinese yellow, salmon, coral, pompadour pink, fusible lilac, manve, copper, water green, and chromium and ground greens.

SCHOOL.—Keeping the books clean. Books should be used but not abused. Every new book that is purchased by the pupils should be substantially covered. The teacher ought to show the pupils how to cover their own books. The teacher may write the pupil's name in a blank leaf, with date and residence, and then forbid any other writing therein. The blank leaves of school books are not autograph albums, for Sarah Ann, Susan Jane, or James Henry to write loving verses of friendship in, and the pupils should so learn. Do not permit them to write all through their books or draw caricatures, etc., in them. When such things are found, have them erased. Tell the children that you shall look for it, and what will be the consequence if anything of the kind is found in their books. There is still another habit that should be broken up in school, that of "spitting on slates," and rubbing it with the hand. Excessive expectation is hurtful to good digestion, and the habit of removing the work from the slate in this manner is too filthy to be fully considered by one with a weak stomach. It is nauseating. If the pupils cannot procure slate sponges, then get cloths and keep them wet in water for that purpose.

LAYER CAKE FOR CREAM, JELLY, ETC.—Scant half-cup of butter, two cups of powdered sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, half-cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, stir into it the unbeaten yolks of the eggs, whip until light, add one cup of the flour, into which the baking powder must have been mixed; stir smooth, put in the milk, then the rest of the flour, and finally the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth. Bake in jelly pans.

An easy and excellent icing for cake can be made by mixing one cup of sugar with a half cup of cold water and boiling it about five minutes, until it begins to string, as for candy. Beat the white of an egg to a froth and slowly pour on it the hot mixture and beat until quite cold. Spread the mixture on the cake and set away to harden. To make this especially festive for Christmas cake it can be well covered with candies or fruit.

GRAPE UNDER COVER.—A pretty and easy decorative dish may be made of white grapes and gelatine by choosing a bunch of grapes and tying a fine thread to each end, put it in the jelly mold. Pour in the jelly, made with lemons or white wine, and when the mold is full pull up the grapes until you get them into the proper position, then secure it by weights and leave until you are ready to serve it.

TO TRIM A TABLE SCARF.—A somewhat novel way to trim a tablescarf is to put three-cornered pieces of silk or satin on each end. Have these pieces half a yard deep at the longest side, in the corner embroider a spray of flowers; where the satin or silk ends join the center part of the scarf put a row of fancy stitches. A dark crimson felt-scarf with one end light blue, the other of crimson shaded to brown, is very handsome.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.—The best way to clear mirrors, the glass of pictures, etc., is to take a soft sponge, wash it well in clean water and squeeze it as dry as possible; dip it in some spirits of wine and rub over the glass; the s have some powdered blue tied up in a rag, dust it over your glass and rub in lightly and quickly with a soft cloth; afterward finish with a silk handkerchief.

A USEFUL and even tasteful cover for the marble slab of the sideboard is made of a strip of Canton flannel just the width of the slab. It should be long enough to hang over at the ends four or five inches. Trim the edge with white or colored ball fringe, and, if you wish, a row of Kate Greenaway figures may be outlined at each end. Line the flannel with firm, white cotton cloth, or with turkey red calico.

AN EAST INDIA CHILINO.—An East Indian ceiling is one of the most beautiful features of a New York dwelling. The ceiling is composed of panels of India carved work, and displays through the interstices of the carving a background of sheet brass. The effect of light upon this, whether from an open fire or gas, is most admirable.

TRANSPARENCIES FOR WINDOWS.—Transparencies for window decoration are made of thin muslin, upon which free designs are painted in prepared water colors and in part finished with a long embroidered stitch. The rooms decorated in a dainty way, the effect of these screens is very pleasant.

HUMOROUS.

A MEXICAN war veteran now living in Detroit relates that when Colonel A. McReynolds raised his company of the Dragoons and sent the men into camp for instructions, previous to going to Mexico, a regular army drill sergeant was given the task of "licking into shape" the raw recruits. The position of the soldier was something with which they obviously had little acquaintance; neither did they seem to present a very martial appearance on the whole. The fiery drill sergeant, after a few hours of unprofitable work, delivered himself of the following pyrotechnical instructions: "Hold up your heads! Look fierce! Look like the devil! Look like me!"

A BROTHER father was brutally beating his sturdy little son, and when asked: "What are you doing?" "I am malleating this boy, don't you see?" was the reply. "What has he done to deserve such a terrible punishment?" "Nothing tall," replied the cruel parent. "Well, then, you had better desist," replied the gentleman. "Now, look here, stranger, this kid won't grow; he hasn't grown a bit in two years, and you know even iron can be expanded by beating, so I thought I would malleate the boy, and see if 'twould have the same effect."

"I AM in despair. Just imagine that Faro, my dear little dog, has all the symptoms of hydrophobia; he no longer eats anything; he foams at the mouth, and runs away when I give him water." "It's terrible; but what do you intend to do about it?" "Poor beast, it breaks my heart; but I am decided; as soon as he has bitten some one I will have him killed!"

"MR. RYAN," said a Chicago Commissioner to an applicant for the renewal of his liquor license, "I thought you had resolved to quit the business, and devote yourself to the work of temperance reform." "It's true, every wretched yer saying," returned Mr. Ryan, "but that was before I knew the Convivialians was to mate here."

"GLAD to meet you," said the thoughtful looking man to the one to whom he had just been introduced; "what business, did you say?" "Liquor business," was the answer. "Wholesale or retail?" "Retail," with the rising inflection. "H'm. Thought I knew all the retail places in town!"

"I HAD hardly entered the room," said he, with a tremulous voice "when a mist suddenly gathered before my eyes. I was unable to see an inch in front of me. I heard the murmur of voices, and then—" "You fainted," quipped put in his friend. "No; I wiped the frost off my glasses."

"Boy, do you go to school?" asked a stranger of a bootblack at the post-office on Saturday. "Yes, sir." "Do you learn anything?" "Well, I should remark!" "Give us a sample." "Well, the Amazon river is the largest river in the world, the tiger is found in Brazil, and I'll shine your boots for a nickel!" He shone.

An oil for belting is recommended which consists of nine parts of linseed oil and four parts of litharge, ground in water. These, boiled to a plastic consistency, then liquefied by an addition of turpentine, furnish an oil, which, it is claimed, possesses many admirable qualities.

The fan is in universal use in Japan. Even the soldiers in the army are furnished with this wind persuader. A regiment of soldiers provided with fans must be more terrible than an army with banners. When a man is stabbed to death with a fan he never recovers.

ACCORDING to the Philadelphia Record, Mr. John DuBois, of Central Pennsylvania, has invented an automatic dam. We are pleased to note that the Presidential year has stimulated the dormant industries of the nation, even if in the direction of improving our profanity.

"THE best suit I ever made," remarked the tailor, after proposing marriage and being accepted by his lady-love. "Yes," replied she, "I am your maid to order." After they were married, however, he always declared that she was a ready maid.

A PASSENGER on a Cunard steamer was recently robbed of a pocket-book containing a letter of credit for \$70,000, two drafts for \$250 each, one draft for \$125, and several bills of exchange for \$5,000 each. Why he protracted speech that man had started out on!

"Yes," replied Bass, "on general grounds, I suppose a large mail should indicate a good business; but look at these—showing a double fist of duns—"the less business I have the more of these darned things I receive."

Pride, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can please others.

We think if Shakespeare had lived in Vermont he would never have written "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" He would have put it "What a Winter was there, my countrymen."

WHEN Artemas Ward stopped at the Salt Lake House it was a temperance hotel. He says there was nothing sold there stronger than the butter, but that was real strength.

Mrs. BLACK says "Women want more privileges." We don't see just how they can be given her, unless she is allowed one whole side of the street car and all the sidewalk.

Be universal in your spirits and keep out of all straightness and narrowness; look to God's great and glorious kingdom and its prosperity.