

The Difference.
 You go upon the board of trade,
 Where margin merchants meet,
 And take some little options
 On January wheat ticks.
 You watch the little ticker,
 Till the hands swing round the ring,
 Then you read your little boodle
 Has gone a-glimmering.
 That's business.
 You go into a fare bank
 And buy a stack of chips,
 And watch the cards come from the box
 Which the dealer deftly flips;
 When your head is dull and aching,
 At the breaking of the day,
 You see that fickle fortune
 Has gone the other way.
 That's gambling.
 Cincinnati Telegram.

To Drown His Sorrow.
 A dilapidated stranger called on an Austin philanthropist and revealed a tale of woe, want, misery and dejection. At the conclusion, he said:
 "Would you think me at all lacking in philosophy if I should drown my sorrow in the flowing bowl?"
 The Austin philanthropist looked at him a few moments, and then said hurriedly:
 "Come, let's go take a drink."
 The stranger quickly surrounded the contents of a full glass of whisky. Then he looked appealingly at the philanthropist and observed:
 "One doesn't usually affect me."
 "Well, fill up another; I've had enough," said the benevolent citizen, at the same time starting toward the door.
 "Hold on," said the sorrowful man, "I hold on. Where are you going?"
 "Home."
 "Didn't you bring me down to drown my sorrow?"
 "Well, of course you know a man can't drown unless he goes down three times. Say, you fill 'em up again."

Anecdote of Darwin.
 The following, said to be an authentic anecdote of Charles Darwin, is going the round of the American papers. It refers to his old age—the period when he was bringing out his books on the habits of plants.
 His health was poor; and an old family servant—a woman—overhearing his daughter express some anxiety about his condition, sought to reassure her by saying:
 "Hil believe 'master 'd be hall right, madam, hil 'e only 'ad somethin' to hoo-cupy in mind; sometimes 'e stands in the conservatory from mornin' till night—just a-lookin' at the flowers. Hil 'e only had somethin' to do, 'e 'd be hever so good better, hil'm sure."
 The spinner of this story says, "No one enjoyed the joke more than the great naturalist himself."

SHARP.
 A celebrated attorney once came into court, after having lunched too freely, when the judge said to him—
 "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family, to the court, and to the profession to which you belong!"
 This remark of the learned judge elicited the following colloquy:—
 "Did your honor speak to me?"
 "I did, sir; I said that, in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family, the court and the profession, by your course of conduct."
 "May I-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney i-i-in this court for i-i-teen years; and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the very first correct opinion I ever knew you to g-give!"

A MEAN TRICK.
 "Never heard of any thing so contemptibly mean in all my life—never!" he said, as he brought his right hand down upon his left.
 "What was it?"
 "Why, I bet \$20 with a man on one of the races, and we put the money in the hands of a stakeholder. I won it."
 "Well?"
 "Well, a constable stood right there and attached the whole \$40 for a debt of five years old!"
 "No!"
 "He positively did, and he offered to mop the ground with me to boot! It is just such work as this that has brought horse-racing into disrepute, and which keeps honest people away from the tracks!"

FEMININE INTUITION.
 Omaha Youth—(After a long absence)—
 "Who is that pretty girl?"
 Sister—Clara De Vere. Isn't she lovely; she thinks you are handsome."
 "Eh?"
 "But she wonders where you got that hat."
 "What?"
 "It is out of style here, and she can't understand why a man who wears such well-fitting clothes, the latest style, too, should have on such clod-hopper boots."
 "Great Caesar, Sis, how do you know all that?"
 "I saw her look at you as she passed!"

HE THOUGHT HE HAD HIM.
 Pat made a bet of a dollar with Mike that he could carry a hod full of bricks up three ladders to the top of a building, with Mike sitting on the hod.
 The ladders were on the outside of the building. On the third ladder Pat made a mistake, but caught himself in time to save Mike falling forty feet to the stone sidewalk.
 Arriving at the top, Pat said: "Begorra, I've won the dollare."
 "Yis," replied Mike, "but whin yo shippid I thought I had ye."
 THE ONE SHE WANTED.
 "How much for this melon?" she asked at the market yesterday, as she indicated her choice.
 "That melon, madam, is a green one."
 "But how much?"
 "You wouldn't want it at all, madam, as it would disappoint you."
 "But I do want it, sir, and here's a dime for it."
 "Ah! how dull I am to-day, to be sure!" sighed the man, as he looked after her. "She keeps a boarding-house, of course."

A MILITARY TROUBLE.
 Mrs. Rogue: What does Harry say about his school? Does the dear boy like the military discipline?
 Mrs. Pogue: Oh, dear, no; they put him through all sorts of drills and manoeuvres.
 Mrs. Rogue: And how is his health?
 Mrs. Pogue: Not very good, I imagine; he writes that he is troubled with the right shoulder shift.

An Accomplished Wife.
 "Ah, old fellow," said an Austin gentleman, meeting another on the Avenue "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."
 "I have indeed," was the reply; "she is accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere except—"
 "Except what?"
 "Except at home."

The country school-teacher had been telling her scholars about the seasons and their peculiarities, and to impress the facts upon their minds she questioned them upon the points she had given. So far they had been put, and she finally reached a stupid boy in the corner.
 "Well, John, have you been paying attention?"
 "Yes, sir," he answered.
 "I am glad to hear it. Now, you tell me what there is in the Spring."
 "Yes, I can; but I don't want to."
 "Oh, yes, you do! Don't be afraid. You have heard the other scholars. Be a good boy now, and tell us what there is in the Spring."
 "W-y-y—mum, there's a frog an' a lizard an' a cat in it; but I didn't put 'em there. It was another boy, for I see him do it."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Boston minister, one who presides over a large and flourishing church at the South End, and "lends a hand" in all good enterprises, who was to preach in Providence, spent the night before with a friend in a village some miles distant, and walked to Providence Sunday morning. On the way, feeling hungry, he stopped at a house by the wayside, rang the bell, and asked the motherly-looking woman who came to the door if he could have a glass of milk and a slice of bread.
 "Well," she answered, "I suppose you can; but it does seem at though a big, stout man like you might earn his living by work, and not beg for it."
 He has been very considerate of tramps ever since.

"YOUNG MAN, do you want a job?" asked a man of a bootblack.
 "Betcherlife; wot is it boss?"
 "You seem to be a clever sort of a fellow. How would you like to raise grapes for me on a small scale?"
 "Just yer show me the opperchunity, boss."
 "Well, if you go across the street, and lift some of those Delawares out of that basket in front of that fruit-dealer's, I'll give you ten cents."
 "Too much money involved, boss."
 "Is it true, Bromly, that an uncle died during the summer and left you a fortune?"
 "Yes, Mr. Darringer; I always liked the old gentleman; but I've another uncle whom I don't like. I'd give the fortune to get rid of him."
 "Ah! I didn't know you had another uncle. On your mother's side, eh?"
 "No."
 "On your father's, then?"
 "No; it isn't on any side. It's on the back of my neck. It's a carbuncle."

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, whose knowledge was not equal to her enthusiasm, one day arrayed herself gorgeously and went to market.
 Having abundantly exhibited her ignorance in the vegetable stalls, she passed on to the meat stalls.
 "What'll you have to-day, ma'am?" asked the attentive knight of the cleaver.
 "We had a leg of mutton yesterday," she remarked, thoughtfully, "so to-day you may send me a leg of beef to roast!"

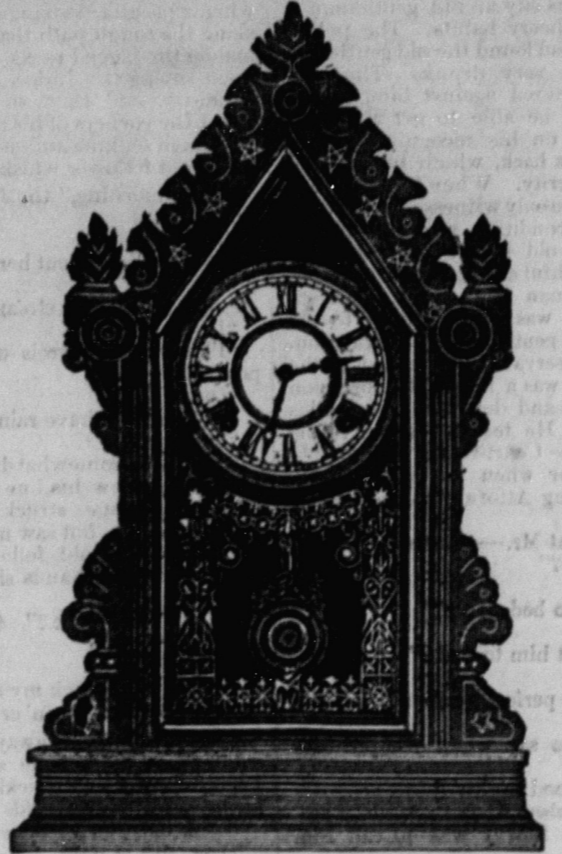
THE SCHEDULES NEARLY PLAYED.
 Fiske (to Hobbs, who has entered for a full course at the musical conservatory):
 "Well, Hobbs, how do you get along in your studies, and what is your time taken up with now?"
 "Hobbs: "I am progressing favorably thank you, have just taken up through-bass."
 Bertie (up in base-ball): "Pretty late in the season, isn't it?"
 Mrs. Arlington of New York—"I am delighted to meet you here in the mountains. I didn't like to go, but fashion required it. Do tell me what I must do here to correct."
 Mrs. Berkly of Philadelphia—"Really I do not know exactly. One thing I do know, however, that fashion does not require you to bathe here."

"Good bye, my dear friend I am going to leave you. I am going to Mexico, and I will probably never come back," said a youth to Gilhooly.
 "Will I never see you again?"
 "I ever."
 "I say do me one last favor. Lend me twenty-five dollars."
 "O, no, don't let us do anything to increase the pangs of parting."
 "Oh, Rowena," exclaimed Voltigern Tapemeasure, dropping on his knees without a struggle, "your beauty fires my heart."
 "My daughter," said old Hengist Wheatsterner, entering the room, "I will divide the contract with you; I will fire the rest of him." Which he did.
 —Brooklyn Eagle.

"You are going to erect a monument to your father's memory, I suppose?"
 "O, no! Monuments crumble and decay and are forgotten. We are going to do something that will keep his memory alive much longer."
 "What's that?"
 "We are going to fight in the courts for his property."
 SHAKESPEARE was never more vigorously endorsed than he was by Mr. Leander Gross, of Ohio, who in an eulogy upon General Grant, affirmed, "Shakespeare says 'We shall never look upon his like again,' and what Shakespeare says, I say." This double confirmation leaves no more to be desired.

"I CONGRATULATE you my dear boy on your election." "Thanks, awfully. I have wanted to join the yacht club for a long time." "Ever been sailing?"
 "No." "Well, you must come out with us this evening." "Me trust myself in one of those boats? No, sir."
 Old Homespun stopped his horse half an hour before a house with a small porch hanging out of the chamber window. Finally he grew impatient, and, with a "Get up!" remarked, "Darn if I believe there's any train coming. Tany rate, I'll risk it."
 "Is there any person you wish me to marry?" said a wife to a dying spouse.
 "Marry the devil, if you like," was the reply.
 "No, I thank you my dear. One husband of the same family is enough for me."

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