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WHAT THE ENGINES SAID. A writer, describing the meeting of the two ly salute of their respective owners," but he did not hear, or did not describe

WHAT THE ENGINES BAID!

What was it the engine said, Pilots touching—head to head Pilots touching—head to head Facing on the single track, Half a world behind each back! This is what the engines said, Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech, In a florid Western speech, Sald the Engine from the WEST: "I am from Sierra's crest; And, if altitude's a test, Why, I reckon, its confessed, That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the EAST:
"They who work best talk the least,
'Spose you whistle down youghrakes;
What you've done is no great shakes;
Pretty full—but let our meeting
Be a different 1 lind of greeting,
Let these folks, with champange stuffing,
Not their Engines do the surface. Not their Engines, do the puffing.

Listen! Where Atlantic beats Shores of snow and Summer heat Where the Indian Autumn skies Paint the words with wampum o Where the Indian Autumn sales
Paint the words with wampum dyes:
Seeing all he looked upon—
Blessing all that he has blest— Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest; And before my flying feet, Every shadow must retreat.

Said the Western Engine, "Pew!" And a long, low whistle blew. "Come now, really that's the oddest Talk for one so very modest—You brag of your East! you do!

Why I bring the East to you!
All the Orient—all Cathay—
Find through me the shortest way.
And the sun you follow here,
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really—if one must be ride—
Length, my friend, aint longitude."

Said the Union: "Don't reflect, or Fil run over same Director."
Said the Central: "I'm Pacific,
But when riled, I'm quite terrific.
Yet to-day, we shall not quarrel
Just to show these folks this mora
How two Englues—in their vision
Once have met without collision." That is what the Engines said, Unreported and unread. Spoken slightly through the nose, With a whistle at the close.

MR. WHITING'S MISTAKE.

A woman in a calico dress, with a towel nned over her hair, upon the upper balcony of a square stone house; and a man stood brushing the dust and specks from his coat, upon the balcony below. The woman was

Now it happened that just beyond the church, down a side street, was a little, low to tell you of a little accident I happened to Bella?" wing growing upon the body of a painted wooden house; and here lived Miss Alma Diswho always wore a rustling black silk gown, heavy gold chain and an eye glass.

Miss Dishrow's fatherhad been unfortunate enough to be a pioneer in this part of the lake | bowed and rustled away. country, so long ago as when the Governor's oxen, and when the town was glow-worms instead of gas.

But his daughter, Miss Alma, was fortunate enough to live so lately as when the most desirable street of a flourishing commercial city ran directly through the heart of her father's swamp lands. And still later, when in token of her being unmarried, and an only daughter, she came into possession, by her father's will, of the principal part of his rich inheritance.

Upon that, turning her back upon all aspir ing adventurers, and shutting her eyes against her brother's longing boys and girls, she gave the best located lots of the whole for a church and rectory, and then, throwing out this modest wing from the house of her youngest and least disliked brother, she settled herself down in it to sit and look all day at her bountiful

But Miss Alma had eyes as sharp as a brase pin; the better to see with, my dear; so begreat many things. And upon this particular norning she sat in her Parker-rocker, rustling and rocking with her eye-glass in one hand and the morning paper in the other. On the leather cushion of an old arm-chair, by the sunniest window, sat her confidential friend, a black dog with a white face, Benjamin. This dog had a great deal more consideration, and Disbrow, who had not another weakness in tooth or so) had the habit of dropping everynot have done, always listened without interruption, and never repeated a thing she said. suddenly that the dog jumped upon his feet,

this moment come to help about clearing up door. after the church social: Well now, I do say, "As sure as you are born, Benjamin, she if that is not real mean! Just come! When is going!" exclaimed Miss Disbrow, appathere she is boarding, with nothing under the | rently as violently astonished as though stars to do, not even to make her own bed; and poor, little Mrs. Greeling, with her six children, and all her house-keeping cares, has been here hard at work fully half an hour. I cannot stand such shirking, lazy ways-I declare I can't !"

Benjamin yawned and stretched himself: window, and looking out at the clouded sky. the brown-touched trees, and the wet walk, he saw presently the figures upon the two plazzas of the square stone house at the corner. By that time the ladies were through with their work of clearing up the vestry, and had gone clattering home in their high-heeled poots, and scrub women and boys had done all their running out and in, and slopping about with pails of water, and the old whitebearded sexton, in his round, steel-bowed glasses, that made him look like a gray owl, had locked the door, and gone to his work sawing wood, at one of the grand houses in the avenue. So Miss Disbrow had plenty of time to turn her observation and her eye glass towards her neighbor's balconies. To felt that the Whiting family needed more ing for the pulpit Bible. ooking after than they got from the sun, moon

task being so hopeless, and Miss Disbrow went | had gone away, Aunt Alma?" cried out her

"But Bridges Geoakes—she is a reckless irst locomotives on the Pacific Railway, said thing—I've long seen that and wondered Mrs. the two locomotives moved up until their Whiting kept her so-she has been and left a pilots rubbed together, symbolic of the friend- pillow on the balcony railing. Went off and left it! Of course the wind took it, and so there it lies, ruflling, embroldery and all, right down in the gutter, liable to bestolen by every passer-by. Now, Benjamin, would you, or wouldn't you, go over and tell them?"

Benjamin's face, about one eye, was black, and the rest of the face being entirely white, this gave him a peculiar knowing expression when he cocked up that eye, as he had a way of doing. And now he turned his black eye upon Miss Disbrow, with quite the appearance of winking it at her. Perhaps, indeed, he did. Anyhow, there was evidently some invisible freemasoury between them, for Miss Disbrow instantly responded, just as though he had

"Well, then, I will, Benjamin. Why are we put into this world together if not to help each other?" said she, as with an air of virtu ous responsibility she threw a little maize col ored rigolette over her weather-beaten curls and a white breakfast shawl over her shoulders Then putting on her gloves, with the dignity of a circumnavigator, she started across the street.

One might fancy she would pick up the unfortunate pillow upon the way, but no—I hope she was above meddling with her neighbors' things! Certainly! She walked impressively to the door and rang the bell, which was in stantly answered by Mr. Whiting himself, with a carpet-bag in his hand, and his hat upon his head.

"Going away, are you?" said Miss Disbrow, diverted, for the time, from her original errand by an opportunity of inserting the wedge of inquiry.

"Alt! Miss Disbrow! Yes, I am going to Chicago, on a little business trip. Won't you come in ?"

"Thank you, Mr. Whiting, not this morn ing. Does your wife accompany you?"
"No, she doesn't. She is going to Cincinnati for a few days," replied Mr. Whiting, who was guileless as a spring chicken, and not more of a mouthful for the manœuvering black fox, who had always found a great deal more flavor in anything she had first uncarthed by skillful digging. "You had better come in," continued he, cordially. "Mrs. Whiting is busy packing, but she will be glad to see you." And the deluded man really believed so; for, although he had lived in such close relation with Mrs. Whiting for five years, he was only

man, after all. But Miss Disbrow was a woman, and so she knew a great deal better than to be persuaded Bridget Geoakes, and the man was Paul Whit- that a person is glad to see callers when pack-"Oh, no indeed, Mr. Whiting! Thank you; but I just ran over, in a neighborly way, observe from my window. A pillow fell from the balustrade where your chambermaid very brow, a worthy maiden with frost-bitten curls carelessly left it, and is now lying upon the before any of the family might miss it. Good morning." And so speaking, Miss Disbrow

"Benjamin," said she, mysteriously, when wife rode to church in a tip-cart drawn by she reached her own rocking-chair again, "I oxen, and when the town was lighted with cannot see why Mrs. Whiting takes the time to go to Cincinnati when her husband is away. t would be my choice not to leave the house then, why not Mrs. Whiting go to-day, while her husband is here to see her off? I can't understand it.''

And with this Miss Disbrow fell into a fit of musing, and mused so long and silently that Benjamin fell asleep and dreamed he knew where there was a woodchuck's hole, with the voodchuck in it. Meantime Mr. Whiting kissed his wife

(probably), took his valise, and went on, happily unconscious of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand already coming up in his domestic sky. He thought of no shadow darker than the bank of heavy dampness hanging above his head in the heavens. And that very evening those vaporous clouds, having sulked long enough over 'the wretched condition of the side the high stone church she perceived a muddy streets, made up their mind, and expressed it by coming down in an emphatic fall of snow, that glided from umbrellas and drifted against windows, like a slipping off of great white blankets. By day-dawn the streets and roofs and steeples were white as a miller's hat, and the air rang with the scraping of shovels and jingling of sleigh bells.

"Of course Mrs. Whiting won't think of many more privileges than her brother's starting after a snow, with every prospect of children; and it was into his pointed cars Miss | the roads being blocked. Of course not, Benjamin," said Miss Disbrow, scating herself to the world, (unless in the matter of a front the occupation of looking upon the things of her neighbor with all the eyes of her own, and thing she thought, or knew, or guessed. And all the eyes of her glasses-watching them so the dog Benjamin, as a man Benjamin might intently that actually a pair of pigeons flew into the belfrey of the church, and a pair of ragged boys peeped into the vestry windows "Benjamin," cried out Miss Disbrow, so without her knowing it. But her watch was rewarded, for at precisely a quarter past elevas true as you are born, Mrs. Baby has only en a close carriage came up to Mrs. Whitings

had not been looking all the morning for a sight of this very carriage. 'And two trunks! What can the woman want of two trunks, just going down to Cincinnati for a few days? she continued, appearing to suspect the trick of the Trojan horse. "Well, now, I can't see why she takes so much baggage. And as and Miss Disbrow moved her chair nearer the sure as you are made, Benjamin, she has a new traveling suit throughout, hat and all. A suit of silver grey poplin, with muff and collar of Astrachan' wool, and an Alaska hat. She looks as girlish as you please," added Miss Disbrow, bringing her opera glass, which always lay conveniently near the teapoy, to bear upon the small figure of her neighbor, who was turning back at the door for a last word to Bridget; seeming, as she stood there, to the untired eye, as cheerful and innocent as a Burgundy rose. But, alas, things are not what they seem. "If that woman is ever dissected. I want

to see her heart, Benjamin. I believe she has no more than you could put on the point of a needle. I do so," resumed Miss Disbrow, putting down her glass as the carriage slowly tell the plain truth, between you and me and | ploughed its way along the snowy street, and in, Miss Disbrow had for some time taking up the book mark she was embroider The sun shone, the pigeons whirred past

windows, the school boys snow balled, engine screamed, and the cars rumbled grumbled and glided out from the depot, ppearing around the long curve, out bed the city limits, and to away into the tless somewhere of the wide world. And them went little Mrs. Whiting, blithe as ue jay, and charming as a June morning. although she looked so, what if, all, she was not simple hearted as a

Did you know Mrs. Whiting over here

own loss, and partly for the loss of her neigh niece Moraretta, bursting into the room that afternoon in her usual abrubt way.

"Certainly, niece. Take care, child ! Don't upset that pot of primroses." Miss Disbrow always enjoyed a call from Moraretta, something as one would to see a calf taking his morning walk among one's

"Moraretta, a little more and you my wax flowers? Did you want any and always has, that if Mr. Whiting had not first wife, for this one is my second." thing?"
"Why, no, Aunt Alma. I just come in;

Whiting went off with, and I thought perhaps you would know."

"Why, did you see anybody with her? What do you mean?" asked Miss Disbrow, their ribbon, to the imminent peril of Benjamin's eves and of a pierglass.

"Yes, I saw somebody. And so did Bella Mosier. We were coming through the depot on our way home from school like we always do, when we saw Mrs. Whiting. I saw he and so did Bella; and just as we said, both together, 'There is Mrs. Whiting,' a gentleman came up and kissed her very affectionately, and she looked all in a flutter, and so did he; and then they took the cars for Cleveland."

"For Cleveland? Moraretta, are you sure?" exclaimed Miss Disbrow, in vestal horror. "Yes, ma'am, sure. That was what Bella and I thought so queer, for her trunks were marked Cincinnati; we stood right by them and saw the cards. You may ask Bella if it wasn't so. There she is going by this minute. Bella! Bella, come in !" she cried, running to the window, tapping on it and nodding and beckoning.

Miss Disbrow's sense of outraged propriety was so much shocked by the scandal of Moraretta's story that she permitted this breach of decorum and insult to the dignity of her windows without a word, though the window itself shook all over under the mortification But Bella came in, Moraretta in girlish life and hoydenism as one bramble bush is like mother. And then, out of the mouth of two witnesses Miss Disbrow was forced to believe "Did you ever see the man before? How did he look, and how did he appear !" she

asked. "Oh, he was perfectly splendid, and he was dressed elegantly!" cried the enthusiastic school girls. "But I never saw him before; neither did Retta. Idon't think he lives here; he came from the Cincinnati cars. You saw him, didn't you, Retta?" said Bella Mosier. "Yes, of course I did. And then he looked around as though he expected to see somebody, till he saw Mrs. Whiting; and she was just standing like she was waiting, wasn't she

"Well, there, Benjamin, what do you make of that?" said Miss Disbrow, after the girls had chattered themselves out of the room and sidewalk. I was fearful it might come to grief out of the house. Don't you recollect I suspected all was not right when I saw those knew what to think." All day long Miss Disbrow sat putting this

and that together, until the opposite he grew fairly hideous under the shadow of evil; and all night long she lay awake upon the alone with that flighty Bridget Geoakes. Or great old-fashioned mahogany bedstead, still putting this and that together. By day dawn the next morning, Miss Dis-

brow was looking out to see if it had fared with the grey mansion over night as with the cities of the plain. But no; sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily; and there it stood, massive and square, against the reddening eastern sky. And at that very moment she saw Mr. Whiting, with the general look of unkempt haggardness belonging a traveler just out of a sleeping car going in through the stately but dishonored doorway.

"Benjamin !" cried Miss Disbrow, nervousy, "he has come home! Perhaps she has eft him a note! Perhaps—oh! perhaps he is reading it now! Oh, Benjamin! Ought I to go over and tell him what we know? Ought

Benjamin did not reply, but he looked thoughtful, which was more satisfactory to the inquirer; and Miss Disbrow sat down and rocked, with her face toward the church, as the Jews in exile turned their faces toward Jerusalem.

"Benjamin," said she, presently, "I will go. It is my duty. The next train to Cleveland leaves at seven-forty, and there is not moment.'' So she went.

Mr. Whiting answered her ring this morning as before, and though he looked a little surprised at the untimely call, he seemed now ise agitated or under a cloud. "Mrs. Whiting has not returned?" began

the spinster. "No, ma'am. I do not expect her before the last of the week, Is there anything I can do for you, in her absence, Miss Disbrow ?" returned the wronged husband.

"Nothing, Mr. Whiting, nothing for me. Where did I understand you to say Mrs. Whiting had gone ? Could it be Cleveland ? "No, Cincinnati. She has gone to her sister's Mrs. Gaegon's; perhaps you know her?" replied the unconscious man, wondering to the lips of his boots why Miss Disbrow was there. Another pillow gone over may be, or perhaps she has seen Bridget giving cold pieces to a beggar at the back gate," mused he, lis tening with a hungry car for the breakfast

But his wonder and musings were cut pain fully short. "Mr. Whiting," said Miss Disbrow, sol-

emply, "I am afraid I have bad news for you. Your wife did not go to Cincinnati, as you suppose; she went to Cleveland. And she did not go alone." Mr. Whiting stared helplessly at the speaker

unable on that instant to take in such dreadful tidings.

"What I say is true, Mr. Whiting. I have gone to Cleveland, and she did not goalone," repeated Miss Disbrow, nodding so wisely she

bumpling about, restless and distracted. man and the dog were petrified, as it were, in Therefore, as soon as he had fairly compre- this position. The paralyzed hand still held hended Miss Disbrow's disgraceful story, he was nearly wild. "He took it harder than I could wish, Ben-

body so before, and truly, Benjamin, I am that which but shows us the spoke of the to Robert Short. A pleasant way of making afraid I shall have no appetite for my breakfast; and you know it is fishballs to-day, and ables us to see immovable in the air the ball I am more partial to fish-balls than anything which flies through darkness from the cannon's else. It is to bad ! so it is !

And Miss Disbrow sighed, partly for her

" Yes, Benjamin. There he goes. Yesgoing to find her; and when he finds herwhat then? What then, I ask you, Benja-

min i'' Benjamin did not know-he had no mean of knowing-so he did not tell. And after smelling at a bottle of camphor, Miss Disbrow went on : "It does seem to me

been a born idiot, he might have known better than to marry such a pretty bunch of lace that is all. But I was wondering who Mrs. and feathers. But a man is always a fool about a woman until he marries her." .While Miss Disbrow, full of wisdom and

sympathy, talked thus behind her glasses and her window curtains, Mr. Whiting went down suddenly so interested that she forgot to chide the avenue to the depot, half-frantic with Moraretto for swinging a pair of scissors by haste and horrible fancies, blaming himself miserably as he went on his miserable way, for his blindness and carclessness, while a thousand things overlooked and forgotten heretofore, straightened themselves in the light of this shameful flight.

Once in the car, the train, at its swiftest, seemed to crawl like a sick caterpillar; and, oh, how tediously often and long they stopped at every wood pile and hamlet of shantles! spouses. Not so the living lady. She re-Suddenly they stopped, not much of anywhere 1 and never started again.

"What is up now ?" cried out Mr. Whiting impatiently.

"Nothing is up. A bridge is down," answered somebody, in such a provoking cool tone that Mr. Whiting felt like asking him to fight., "We have to go around three miles in a sleigh, and take the train on the other side. Fine chance for a sleigh-ride," added the contented soul, whose wife sat in the seat beside him, crocheting a very minute sacque.

Sure enough! First an hour of ignominious waiting, then the tedious transportation of five hundred men and women, and each of not according to order. The judge before their five hundred trunks, over and back. A cycle of time to a man with a swarm of bees in his heart.

But "all things come round to him who vait," and at last they steamed off beyond the broken bridge, slower, though, than ever, for the road was washed, and the train was heavy. Yet at last the ride ended also, although it was away through the night, and finally daybreak and even broad morning, before the belated train reached Cleveland.

It was too early for the street cars, and be ing offtime, there were no coaches in waiting; Mr. Whiting started at once to walk to the residence of his wife's father.

The day had broken, rough and windy as t always is in the beautiful Forest City; and the clouded sky frowned upon the miserable husband as well as upon the smoky-stained shops and sloppy sidewalks. Even Commo dore Perry upon his pedestal in the park seem ed to look stonier than ever, as he gazed off upon the icy lake, with a sort of pity that forebore to look down upon the human wretchedness he had himself done with years and years

ago.

Mr. Whiting hurried on, hardly comprehending his errand, or what he feared, until Mr. Rogers, and says he, 'I think so too.' herself dressed up like a doll? I do wish I have been used for the house of his father-in-law—a Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, I was pretty gothic cottage, set far back on a lawn, going to lead a different life—was going to trim behind linden-trees. The house was shut up my lamp, and have it burning agin the brideand silent; but Mrs. Whiting was always a groom come. Then Mr. Roger, my husband, lark at rising, and as her husband involuntarily looked up at the window of the room they had so often occupied, he saw her just looping back the curtains, as cheerful and bright as a butter-cup. And before he was half way up the walk, she was through the doorway and down to meet him, smiling like a morning glory.

"I didn't expect you before to-morrow," she cried, in girlish joy. "I thought you wouldn't get my letter in time. Nobody is up but me; isn't that splendid! Nobody in the whole house! We will go down to break fast before they know you are here. Why, how delightful! I could hug that old mailcarrier for taking around my letter in time ! But wasn't it magnificent that Theodore happened to see me? He said it was all luck and chance lie did not go out the other side of the depot. And we were just in time to catch the Cleveland train. Theodore was Mrs. Whiting's eldest brother,

just on his way home from India. And directly at the mention of his name, a stone of as many as twenty tons fell from Mr. Whitings heart, which, in consequence, felt lighter than sponge bread.

"Bo you thought you would come right home with Theodore, instead of going to Cincinnati to see Sarah Gaegon," said he. "Why, yes; Sarah is here, you know.

Didn't I write you that? All of us, brothers and sisters, are together, now you have come, answered Mrs. Whiting, growing sweeter vith every word she spoke, in the eyes of the happy husband.

Mr. Whiting never told his wife his comical and tragical mistake, and she paver suspected the embroidered velvet cloak and ermine furs he bought for her that very day were, in sober reality, thank-offerings

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH.

Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers in all appearance, continu ing their repast.

One still held his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into | it didn't do me a single mossel o' good. his mouth, a third had his hand on the dish. Death had come upon them suddenly whilst in these positions, when the thunderbolt

Ten reapers, who had taken shelter under a ledge, were likewise killed all together during a violent storm.

Like those mentioned above, they had profited by this necessary suspension of labor to enjoy a frugal meal. A touching detail, relait from parties who saw her go, She has ted by the Rev. Mr. Butler, who narrowly escaped being a victim to the same storm, shows with what rapidity the whole of this might have been an own aunt of Solomon's. | joyous group had been deprived of life. One Mr. Whiting was as innocent as a cup of of the unfortunate beings had a dog in his lap new milk, but he had as many nerves as a wo- at the moment the lightning fell. Whilst he man; and if he had not been born a man he caressed the animal with one hand, with the would certainly have been a blue-bottle fly, other he offered it a piece of bread. Both the

the piece of bread, and the expression on the animal's face seemed to say,-To die with the rapidity of lightning is to jamin. Harder than I could wish. Poor die as rapidly as thought itself; for the flash man! I don't know when I have pitied any- which kills so quickly lasts a time as brief as wheel of a locomotive—as that which but enmouth.

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A FAMILY GROUP.

Copley, the artist, was elected a Royal Acaemician, and lived much respected by his brother artists and by the public. Once, and only once, he figured as a party in a court of justice. A rich citizen of Bristol came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven

nildren, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said the head of the family, "and that is the portrait of my "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? She is only to

be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no, not at all," answered the other; 'she must come in as a woman; no angels

for me." The portrait of the first wife was added; but while the picture remained in the studio, the citizen returned with a strange lady on his

"I must have another caste of your hand, Mr. Copley," said he, "an accident befel my second wife, this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the fam-

ily group." The painter complied, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three mained silent, but afterwards called by herself

and remonstrated. "Never was such a thing heard of; it was unchristian that a man should have three wives at once; her character would be gone if she submitted to it; but her predecessors must

And she solemnly declared that she had her husband's full authority for the alteration. The artist yielded, and immediately sent the picture home, that he might have no more trouble with it. But the enraged trigamist, without sending it back, refused to pay for it, and being sucd, set up a defence that it was whom the action was tried left it to the jury, "whether they did not believe that, under the circumstances, the third wife had the authority of the defendant for directing the ejection of the first and second wife;" and the plaintiff recovered a verdict for the full amount of his demands.—Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.

-At a revival excitement in Connecticut, a respectable old lady was struck with conviction and became a convert, and was proposed for membership of the church. There was a meeting held for the examination of the candidates, of whom there were several in atten-

"Well, my dear sister Rogers," said the venerable examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience." The old lady, on being thus addressed,

ifted up her voice.
"Well," said she "I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here, but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, said he didn't see what I wanted but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would join the church, and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told

ne I'd better. -A few days since, in the Supreme Court, at Lockport, N. Y., a dog occupied the seat of an absent juryman. The presiding judge turned to the counsel, and remarking that all the seats in the jury-box were filled, asked was he willing to proceed. The council remarked that, "while the fellow might do for a judge, he was not willing to take him as a juror." There would have been a precedent for a dog sitting as associate on the judicial bench. On one occasion Curran, the great orator, pleading before an Irish judge, stopped suddenly in his speech. "Go on, Mr. Curran, I am listening," said the judge. "I thought," said the lawyer, with a significant look at a huge Newfoundland dog that the magistrate was fondling, "I thought your lordships were

consulting. -A man who has been traveling in Texas, says: "It is the hottest and the coldest, the wettest and the dryest, the richest and the poorest, the best and the meanest, has the best comen and the meanest men, and more pretty ladies, with prettier little feet and no calves to suit; more sickness and less health, more streams and less navigable waters, more corn bread and less corn, more flour and less biscult, more cows and less milk and butter, more hogs and less pork, more chickens and less eggs, more gold and silver and less money, ore deer and less venison, more negroes and ess labor, more Bureaus and less furniture than any other country in the United Statesand where house flies live always, and musquitoes never die !"

-Not long since, an elderly lady entered a railroad carriage at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most painful rheumatiz" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a sufferer with the same complaint, said to her : Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it ured me." "Electricity," exclaimed the old ady; "yes, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I was struck by lightning about a year ago, but

-A clergyman in New Haven recently received a letter desiring him to prepare a lecture for him ; "for," said the applicant; "I am an excellent extemporaneous speaker if I had my lecture written for me."

_"Have you dined?" asked a lounger of his friend. "I have, upon my honor," re-plied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made a scanty meal."

. -A old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her hus-band to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a : jug of whisky in his pew."

_A Western farmer says, "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't also raise insects enough to eat them all up." -A county magistrate, being called to

nounce you man and wife; and may God have mercy on your souls ! Amen. -Anna Maria Stone was recently married a story short.

marry a couple, concluded thus: "I pro-

-An eminent artist lately painted a snowstorm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his cont off.