

**Humorous.**

**FOR THE HEATHEN.**

The other day, when the wind whistled sad-toned jigs around the old Battery, a little old man entered a saloon, in that vicinity, and asked the bar-keeper if he could leave some tracts there.

"A whole car load, if you want to," was the prompt reply, and the little old man placed a package on a beer table and softly said: "There's no nobler cause than the cause of the heathen. We should all contribute a small share of our worldly wealth to shed the gospel light across the seas."

A pair of boxing gloves were softly reposing on the table, and the little old man felt of them and went on: "It makes me sad to see such sinful things lying around when the cost of one glove might save a dozen souls in Africa."

Three or four of the boys had dropped in, and the saloon keeper winked at them and replied: "Do you want to earn five dollars for the heathen?"

"Verily, I do."

"Put on the gloves with me and knock me down, and I will ante up cash enough to convert a whole regiment of African sinners."

"The cause is noble, the inducement great," mused the little old man as he toyed with the gloves.

The boys encouraged him to go in, desiring to see him knocked wrong end up, and he finally got out of his overcoat with the explanation:

"It can't be a sin to box for the cause of the heathen."

The saloonist meant to lift him over one of the tables at the first blow, but the blow was ward off very handsomely, and the little man sighed:

"Ah—um! The heathen walk in wickedness, and they have souls to be saved!"

"Look out now!" cried the saloonist as he got in a left-hander.

"Verily, I will, and will give thee one in return—for the heathen."

He struck a staggering blow, and the saloonist didn't feel quite so enthusiastic as on the star.

He took the defensive, and he soon had all the work he could do.

"That's another for the ignorant minds on the far off shore!" sighed the little old man as he knocked the saloonist against the wall.

There wasn't any "science" about him, but he struck to kill, and his arms were flying around like the spokes of a wagon wheel.

"Don't crowd a feller," called out the saloonist, as he was being driven back, and he got mad and put in his hardest licks. He meant to smash the little old man's nose as flat as window glass, but he could not do it. He got in two or three fair hits, and was beginning to regain his courage, when the aged stranger sorrowfully remarked:

"My friend, the heathen call, and I cannot tarry much longer. Take this one and may it broaden your views on the heathen question. Receive this one in the spirit tendered, and you may be sure the five dollars shall be a beacon light as far as it will go."

He delivered two sledge-hammer blows, right and left, and the saloonist got the last on the ear as he dodged the first. He went over in beautiful style, and as he slowly regained his feet he felt in his vest pocket, for the wager.

"If you'll come round here to-night and do that again I'll double the money!" he growled, as he paid the wager.

"My road points towards Boston," softly replied the old man, "and I cannot tarry. Let us part friendly, for I only boxed thee for the heathen's sake. I gave to thee, thou hast given to the heathen, and now farewell!"

**THE REASON WHY HE QUIT GAMBLING.**

A kind uncle having heard that his young dog of a nephew has again taken to play and lost a considerable sum, resolves to reclaim him.

"Gaming," he says, "is the most frightful of vices. The gambler is no longer his own."

The nephew does not appear moved. The uncle passes his hand across his forehead as if to drive away a horrible recollection, then says: "Come, let me make a confession to you; I myself once played. Do not gloat over me; I only played once—at cards—and (in a voice broken with sobs) I gained 1.33 1/3."

"Well!" says the nephew, sufficiently astonished.

"Well, in my calmer moments, when the excitement of the gaming table had passed away, when I reflected that though I had gained \$1.33 1/3 I might perhaps have lost it, ah! the terrible night that I passed! That has been a lesson to me. I have never touched a card since."

**HE WANTED ADVICE.**

An exemplary minister of the gospel residing in Raleigh, was busy at his sermon the other evening, when a caller came to disturb him. It was a stranger, and he said his name was Dolsocker. He extended his hand for a shake, sat down as if he were in his own house, and presently began:

"I called to see if you would give me a little spiritual advice?"

"Certainly I will, and be glad to," was the reply. "Are you a professor?"

"No."

"Then you are thinking of turning your feet into good paths, I hope?"

"Well, perhaps," was the hesitating reply.

"Don't you want to be a Christian?" asked the good man.

"I'll tell you how it is," said the stranger, after quite a lengthy interval. "I've got a ticket in a lottery, and I wanted to ask you if you thought it would stand any better chance of striking the big prize if I was sort of good than it would if I kept on being sort of bad?"

**BEATING THE BARBERS.**

A man who had been nearly talked to death by loquacious barbers, went into a shop the other day, and handed one of the artists a card bearing the words: "Give me an easy shave."

The barber motioned him to a chair, and then, turning around, winked at his fellow laborers, and said: "Here's a deaf and dumb 'un, boys, wants an easy shave."

"Well, if you gash him he can't talk," replied one who was waiting for "next." "No, you bet he can't," returned the first. "An easy shave be blowed!"

Why, he's got bristles like a Texas boar, and his skin looks tougher than a canal mule's."

The boys laughed, and the operator, who, in the meantime, had lathered the man's face, indulged in further comments as he urged the razor over the facial territory before him. "What a nose that is," said he. "If he should sneeze, where would I be?"

"Well his cheek is harder than a razor hone." "Do you want us to help hold his nose while you go over his lips, Johnny?" asked another of the idle razor wielders. "Don't know but what I will want a little help."

"Be careful and don't drop your razor down his ear, or you'll lose it," admonished another. "What a dirty head he's got," observed Johnny, as he ran his fingers through the man's hair. "I say, some of you fellows write a card, and ask him if he don't want a shampoo."

The card was written and presented to the man, who shook his head at it, and, the job being finished, he arose from the chair.

"It's all right, boys," said he, as he laid down fifteen cents. "I don't mind your talk any; I could stand it first rate, so long as you didn't say anything about base ball, third term, or the whiskey ring frauds." He disappeared, and those barbers sat down and thought about him.

**AN-UNGRATEFUL BOY.**

While much that is good can be confidently expected in Detroit boys, there are, alas! a few who have no memory for deeds of kindness. Such a one was seated in the shade of the post office yesterday, devouring a banana, when a boy acquaintance came along and wanted a taste.

"Haint 'nuff for only me," was the abrupt reply.

"Come, now, Jack, gin a feller small bite. You know I've allus bin good to you."

"You never done nutth' for me ziz knows on," replied the eater.

"I haint, eh! Haint I saved ye from lickings? Haint I lied for ye?"

"That was yer dooty," mumbled the boy with the banana.

"See here, Jack," continued the other, rising to his feet, "d'ye member the time when you was small and sick, and had a sore heel; I was going by the house one day, an' you looking so sad and poor that I let you wet me all over with the penstock hose to cheer you up. Was that my duty? Is there any other boy in Detroit who will do that for ye?"

It was a powerful appeal; but just as it was finished, the last of the banana was crowded into the ungrateful boy's throat.

**IT TAKES A FEMALE.**

Of course, any great slummock of a man can push a lawn-mower up and down and around, and he can nibble off the grass after a fashion, but when it comes down to artistic work, pass the mower over to a young lady. At noon yesterday a lassie of eighteen put a mower at work on a strip of grass on Ledyard street, and before she was half through, over thirty men and boys were leaning against the fence and applauding. The first few feet were cut on the bias, leaving a strip along the curbstone as a fringe. On the other side of the walk she started out to tuck and ruffle, but finally cut most of the grass on the gore, and finished up with a deep flounce along the street. Over by the fence she hemmed up a narrow strip, bound it around with a clean cut and then performed some of the nicest plaiting ever seen, leaving enough tall grass along the fence board to serve as an overskirt to the lawn. The boys thought there ought to be more padding around the horseblock, but she was busy falling over the handle of the mower just then, and limping into the house without taking any of their advice.

**THE ENGLISH RORAL FAMILY.**

The Galaxy, speaking of the domestic relations of the English royal family, says that "it was a disappointment to the blood royal that the Duke of Cambridge did not marry a German Princess, and it is a sore subject with the Queen's sons that their sister should have married a Marquis. Lord Lorne is terribly snubbed by the lot. The Prince of Teck, who married the Princess Mary of Cambridge, likewise is a source of trouble, for, being a handsome fellow, he is liable to allurements which disturb conjugal felicity. Prince Christian, who has married another of the Queen's daughters, is regarded as a questionable character, because he had previously contracted a morgana, to marriage, and the Duke of Edinburgh is 'bothered entirely' on account of the rank of his wife, who, as the daughter of an Emperor, is a stickler for precedence at court. The Prince of Wales is very happily married, but he had some narrow escapes of being led into immoral and illegal connections."

A love sick young man of this village went out with his guitar, not many evenings since, to serenade his loving Araminta. He had poured forth his soul in song, and was waiting for a response, when a fair form appeared at the window, which filled his heart with joy. He was about to commence again, when a voice, unmistakably that of his big brother, came down to him like a falling star. "Move on, young man, we don't want any fish."

The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ha? where you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again?" "Yes, ma'am," replied, he coolly, "burnin' it."

**Miscellaneous.**

**MANHOOD; HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.**

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