

PITH AND POINT.

A BOARDING-HOUSE keeper's tree—ash! BARRELS were first made in the cooper age.

A ROD and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.

"DARLING, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the other half, love."

PEOPLE talk of a visit to the salt sea for the purpose of getting a little fresh air.

WHEN the river rises one foot what becomes of the other? It remains tide, of course.

WHEN the Arab has stolen everything else in sight he quietly folds his tent and steals away.

WHEN a man threatens to give you a piece of his mind he wishes to destroy the peace of yours.

WHEN a young man is alone with his best girl he is generally supposed to be holding his own.

By a mother-in-law—"You can receive our guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never."

The author of the "Little Brown Jug" was probably in a jugular vein when he wrote that sometime popular ditty.

A BRIDGE over a stream in Missouri bears this legend: "Drive over as fast as you want to, and be burned!" Everybody, therefore, drives at a walk.

A TEXAS young man shot himself because a young lady refused to dance with him. In his blind rage he probably mistook himself for a rival.

The "utterly utter" kind of talk has infected the street gamins, one of whom, after picking up a more than usually fragrant cigar-stump, exclaimed to his friend, "Jack, this is quite too positively bully."

"TOMMY," said a mother to her 7-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait until we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

PRIDE'S fall: "Yes," said Clara, "your Maltese cat is pretty enough, but he can never come up to my bird." That was all she knew about it. That kitty did come up to her bird that very day, and it was all day with the bird.

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife beside mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anne Domini in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

A CAMBRIDGE youth wrote the following in a young lady's autograph album: "In the chain of friendships regard me as a missing link," and after signing his name he added underneath by way of postscript: "But do not mistake me for Darwin's missing one!"

"LAY off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

"CHARLIE, have you got a hooked nose?" "Yes, darling," answered Charlie, smiling. "I'm afraid it is a little liable to that criticism." "Well, I never should have noticed it," she added indignantly, "if that horrid Spriggs girl across the way hadn't told me to ask you if you wouldn't like to sell it for a syphon."

WHEN little Minnie was 2 years old she asked for some water one night. When it was brought she said, "Papa, can't you get me some fresh water? This tastes a little withered." Her little sister Belle had been accustomed to a light in the room, and waked in great distress, crying, "Me can't see, Aunt Jessie; my eyes are all blown out."

At a juvenile party a young scamp man about 7 years old kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not much!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life, like papa?"

He read in a newspaper paragraph the statement that "The child is father to the man" and straightway went and asked his mother if that was true? "Yes, my son," she answered, "it may seem a little strange to you, but it's true." "Well, mamma," responded the inquisitive youth, "why is it if I'm papa's father that he always licks me and I never lick him?"

The minister's man of a certain preacher followed him up one day to close the pulpit door as usual. There was something wrong with the lock, and the door would not "sneak." John, losing his patience, said, "I think the devil's in the pulpit." Just at this moment the minister lifted his bowed head, and, turning seriously on him, said, "Surely, ye dinna mean me, John?"

IT WAS his first letter home from boarding-school, and it read as follows:

DEAR FATHER—I write you before I write ma becos I know you like to see ma mad. I think I will get along with my lessons first-rate. The garden here is full of chickens, which makes the walking bad. In history I've got as far as Alexander the Great. He carried a sword to cut knots with. There is an apple orchard half a mile off. The boys play ball in it; after that there ain't much apples. The minister's son was sick this morning for going a fishing on Sunday. He caught lots of fish, and says he is going again next Sunday. I think I like the minister's boy a good deal. Send me some marbles as soon as you can, also a jack-knife and a top. Two of us boys left a piece of wet soap at the head of the stairs just before day-break, and by the time the cook got to the bottom she was too sick to get breakfast. We have physick regular every day, and the teacher reads out of the Bible, but I don't think it's so bully as playing tag in a hay loft.

From your affectionate son, SAMUEL—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

At fashionable weddings in England a youthful relative of the bride bears her train. He is fancifully dressed in the style of the old Venetian or Charles I. period.

A Canary Bird.

Once I was at an inn in England, with other strangers, when a poor man came and asked leave to exhibit a wonderful canary bird which he had. As it was a rainy day, and we could not go out to walk, we consented to the poor man's proposal; and he brought his little bird into the parlor of the inn. The name of the little bird was Jewel. He stood on the finger of his master, who said to him, "Now Jewel, I want you to be well and make no mistakes." Jewel sloped his head toward his master, as if listening to him, and then nodded twice. "Well, then," said his master, "let me see if you will keep your word. Give us a tune." The canary sang. "Faster," said his master. Jewel sang faster. "Slower," said his master; and Jewel sang slower. "You do not keep time," said his owner. Hereupon Jewel began to beat time with one of his feet. I and the rest of the spectators were so delighted that we clapped our hands. "Can you not thank the gentlemen for their applause?" asked his master; and Jewel bowed his head most respectfully. His master now gave him a straw gun; and Jewel went through the martial exercise, handling his gun like a true soldier. "Now let us have a dance!" said his master; and the canary went through a dance with so much glee, skill, and spirit, that we all applauded him again.

"Thou hast done my bidding bravely," said his master, caressing the bird. "Now, then, take a nap, while I show the company some of my own feats." Here the little bird went into a counterfeited sleep, and his owner began balancing a pipe and performing other tricks. Our attention was given to him, when a large black cat, who had been lurking in one corner of the room, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary bird in his mouth, and jumped out of the window before any one could stop him, although we all rushed to make an attempt. In vain we pursued the cat. The canary bird had been killed by him almost in an instant. The poor man wept for his bird, and his grief was sad to behold. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing," said he; "well may I grieve. More than four years has thou fed from my hand and drank from my lip! I owe thee my support, my health, and my happiness. Without thee, what will become of me?"

We raised a sum of money and gave it to him; but he could not be consoled. He mourned for poor Jewel as if it had been a child. By love the little bird had been taught, and by love was it missed and mourned.

Public Politeness.

I was coming up town, and entered the stage in which five elegantly-dressed and fine-looking women were sitting on each side of it. They might be the lady passengers of some society. There was room for another person on each side, but not one of those women moved to make room for me, and I rode a mile or more, while these ten women—I do not say ladies—declined to give me a seat, as they could have done any moment without rising or crowding. The most of them were probably mothers. But as the instinct of good manners—that is, of politeness, which is simply the law of kindness—was not in the breast of one of the ten, what is to be expected of their children? They cannot teach what they do not know, and, as they know nothing of politeness, their children will be boors.

Going to the omnibus again for a sample of manners, I opened the door to step in, the other day, when a boy took advantage of my holding it open, jumped in and took the only vacant seat, tickled that he got the start of me and got the seat. This was young America all over. The great Athenian philosopher and that democracy has the foundation in the principle that one man is as good as another, if not a little better. And many wise men have insisted that popular government tends to destroy reverence for superiors and deference to others, which are essential elements of refined manners. "In honor preferring one another," is the inspired religion of politeness.

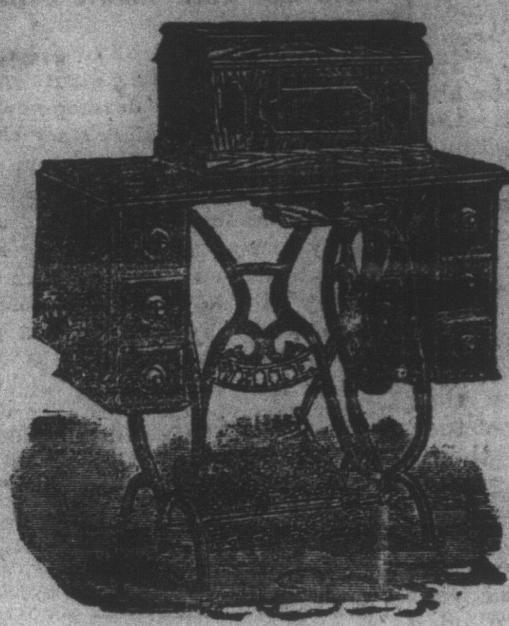
It is not one of the highest virtues. It may be where there is no virtue. And I do not say the politest nations are the strongest, nor that it is impossible to get money, and power, and all that, with the manners of a pig. The very trait of character which the "gentleman who pays the rent" exhibits when he puts his foot into the trough to keep others away while he eats, is the trait of many who succeed in getting much money. But there is a better way. And it is the way that has few walking in it, in this day of ours.

A Boston Girl in Chicago.

I feel that I am very far from Boston. I realize that I am many miles nearer the line that separates civilization from the land of savages. And into these Western solitudes I have brought a volume of Herbert Spencer to refresh and cheer my mind. He always fascinates; and the fact of his being still unmarried has something to do with it, for you know there is a halo surrounding the celibate which marriage utterly destroys. As in most philosophical questions, it is useless to ask why this is so. We can only observe the working of the phenomena, but not its cause. But truly, of Spencer I never tire. His ideas of the higher life are so consoling—the development from an "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." What could be truer or more conclusive? Perhaps the illiterate mind might be staggered by the unusual combination of polysyllables, but we who are cultivated can appreciate the subtle significance of a definite, coherent heterogeneity. His ideas of love, however, are not extravagantly tinged with romance. Suppose that a man with tender eyes and raven-hued mustache, having seated himself by your side, should tenderly take your hand in his, and then assure in fervent tones that he is conscious of a molecular change in the vesicular nerve matter of his system, whose concomitant is love, and that you are the external object which has caused the change. Would an hysterical woman be more chilling? An hysterical woman would certainly lift up her voice and shriek aloud. No wonder that Herbert Spencer is the great ointment for itching piles.

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