

THE AVERAGE BOY.

A's the green apple with bites all around.
B is the ball that is lost on the ground.
C is the cat that is purring and purring.
D is the dog that is barking and barking.
E is the egg that is cracking and cracking.
F is the fish that is jumping and jumping.
G is the game that is playing and playing.
H is the horse that is galloping and galloping.
I is the ice that is melting and melting.
J is the jack-knife that is opening and opening.
K is the knife that is cutting and cutting.
L is the ladder that is climbing and climbing.
M is the man that is walking and walking.
N is the nose that is sniffing and sniffing.
O is the old man that is graying and graying.
P is the pig that is rooting and rooting.
Q is the queen that is ruling and ruling.
R is the rat that is scurrying and scurrying.
S is the snake that is slithering and slithering.
T is the top that is spinning and spinning.
U is the umbrella that is opening and opening.
V is the vase that is breaking and breaking.
W is the wheel that is turning and turning.
X is the x-ray that is shining and shining.
Y is the yard that is growing and growing.
Z is the zeal that is burning and burning.

POLLY.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

Polly was my bosom friend: Together we stood behind the long counters of Sellem, Chaetm & Co., and measured off dry goods to the various customers who patronized that celebrated firm. Together we spent our annual two-weeks' vacation fishing and hunting in the wilds of Wisconsin; and, being almost "one and inseparable," we would both have made love to the same girl but for the fact that I had a most ungovernable and unconquerable hatred for the other sex, being, in this isolated exception, the exact opposite to Polly, who doted on girls, and was noted for his gallantry. Indeed, it was his extreme susceptibility to the wiles of the fair sex that had saddled him with his sobriquet; for Polly, mind you, wasn't his real name at all, no more than it was mine. He had been duly christened Paul, after the apostle; and his paternal grandfather added two or three surnames beside; but, nevertheless, when he took up his place behind the counter in the store, and then and there began to lavish his smiles with reckless profusion upon the young ladies, we soon shortened his name down to "Polly"—and so Polly he was called.

If's of no use to say how he soon monopolized all the trade from lady customers. There he was, always attentive, always polite, his cheeks as pink as a girl's, and his hands as white as the whitest. It seemed as if a perennial smile hovered round his lips, which were parted just enough to show his pretty teeth, and you could even smell the faint-sweet perfume of heliotrope, that he scented his handkerchief with, as he walked along behind the counter.

But there was no end to his flirtations. He had more strings to his bow than I could "shake a stick at" in a week, as the saying is.

I gave him some good, fatherly advice several times, but he only shook back his curly-brown locks, and said he "guessed he could stand it a while yet."

But I was older than Polly, and I knew that the first thing he would do some time would be to get entangled in a foolish engagement of some sort—and, sure enough, his time actually came, and sooner than I had expected.

But just then I was suddenly called home by the serious illness of a sister, and, in watching at her bedside, and occupied for some weeks after her death in settling up her business affairs, all lesser matters were passed over, until one morning I was surprised at getting a telegram from Polly announcing his marriage.

A letter came a day or so after, in which Polly explained the reason of his rather hasty action.

"You see, Old Pap," writes he—Polly always called me Pap, though my name is really Peter. "I was obliged to marry, Annie, just when I did, or else another fellow would. I met her in ahead, and came off with the spoils. The fact is, that old Brown—he's 80 years old if a day, and he can count \$1,000 for every year of his age—had laid his heart, hand, and pocket-book, and more especially the pocket-book, at Annie's feet. And Annie she favored Brown's offer, you see. So I stood no show at all with the old folks, and the very device was to pay all around."

There was only one thing we could do under the circumstances, for Annie wasn't of age—so we did it. She met me one evening at the corner of the street, and I took her in a buggy just out of the city a piece, and we went down the Hickory Grove—my old dad's place, you know. The clergyman knew me and he thought it was all right, though he did think Annie looked very young, and he asked her how old she was. She told him she "was going on 19," which was true you know, for she had that number in her shoes. So if he wasn't "going on 19," what was she going on? Anything to beat the old folks. But you should see Brown—he's tearing mad, and Annie's pa actually made a face at me when I met him to day.

We are staying at Hickory Grove now. It's a fine old place if it does belong to my father, and I want you to pack your trunk and come right away. We'll have a fly time going a-mucking. The woods are full of 'em. So don't stop to write, but come down.

Yours in haste,

POLLY.

I was tired and sick, being worn down with watching and care, and, as I was on the point of returning to the city anyway, I determined to run down first to Hickory Grove and make my friend a short visit. As visions of leaf-strewn woods rose up before my mental vision, I half-packed the big Saratoga that usually accompanied my wanderings. But, reflecting that the newly-married pair was in the first flush of their honeymoon, I settled down to a modest grip, that at best would hold only a change of linen. When the train rushed into the little station at Hickory Grove, I saw but Polly, looking as fresh as a daisy, the same old smile parting his cherry lips, and the same white hands waving welcome at me through the car-window.

"And so you're went and gone and—"

"Yes; to be sure," broke in Polly, squeezing my hand affectionately. "Awfully glad to see you; where's your luggage?"

"Oh," said I, feeling a little ashamed now of the diminutive grip-sack that held my belongings, "I didn't fetch

anything much. I did not want to make a certain young married pair feel that while 'two is a company, three makes a crowd.'"

"Well, I'll be jumped up!" says Polly shortly, biting off the end of a cigar.

"I'll be jumped up" is a favorite expression of his, when he feels put out of humor the least bit.

"Come along to the house, Old Pap, and I'll let Annie scold you," said he presently, in his usual cheerful manner.

Well, we strolled along the wide, gravelled walk, up to the big, old-fashioned house, where Mrs. Polly stood on the veranda to welcome us. She was very pretty. I had to admit that at once, and her manners were everything that could be desired.

"We will do everything we can to make you happy, Mr. Peter," said she. "I'm sure we can find something to amuse you with, so that you won't miss that dirty old city you seem to be so fond of."

From that very instant my friend's wife began to rise in my esteem as being far above the generality of her detested sex. I quickly discovered that Polly and his wife, with the exception of the cook, were the only persons about the place, his parents having gone East on a visit, and I settled down to an after-supper cigar with the firm conviction that in the morning I would telegraph for my trunk. The short October afternoon was drawing to a close, and, engaged in conversation, the early twilight was settling over the landscape, when Mrs. Polly suddenly started up and exclaimed:

"Oh, Polly, you are forgetting your engagement this evening. You promised your father to attend to his affairs as well as if he were here himself, you know. And those cows—"

I glanced at my friend. A strange, uncomfortable look was on his pink and white face.

"Oh, yes, Annie," says he, presently, "don't mind about them; I'll see they are fetched home all right, pretty soon."

"You see," said he, turning to me with a nervous smile, "before father went away, he purchased a couple of Jerseys and they are to be brought here this evening."

"I have already named one of them," said Annie, "after the Jersey Lilly, and we call her Langtry."

"I suppose, Old Pap," says Polly to me, carefully avoiding my gaze, "that you will excuse me a little while; I'll not be long away, and Annie is a capital hand to entertain company." And off she went. Time passed. Polly did not return so soon as expected, and the early moon was shining brightly when his wife, who was beginning to manifest some anxiety over his prolonged absence, espied two dusky objects plunging and careening down the moonlit road.

Now, ever since Polly had departed on his mission, I had been puzzling my brain over what seemed a mystery to me, years before, when my friend was a small boy. He had been tossed by an angry bull, and nearly killed. Since when, he had an unconquerable fear of cattle in any form. I had known him shy around corners, cut across lots, and even hide behind stone walls in his terror of meeting one of the bovine species. And now, his seemingly cheerful alacrity, in actually going to drive home two of them, was something I could not see into. Perhaps, and, I shouted with laughter as the thought occurred to me, perhaps, my friend, who was sensitive over his weakness, did not like to have his wife know that he was such a coward. Ashamed to acknowledge to her his old-time fear of cows, he had assumed a readiness in going to fetch home the Jerseys that he was far from feeling.

Annie looked inquiringly at me as I laughed. "You must have some amusing thoughts," she said.

The dark objects that were galloping toward us proved to be my friend and his purchase, and, as they went tearing wildly past us, it was hard for a disinterested person to tell which was the most badly frightened—my friend or the cow.

"Open that big gate in the corner," yelled Polly, as they tore along. Before I could prevent her, Annie dropped the book she had been reading from and with a blood-curdling scream made a dash for the gate.

But the "Jersey Lilly" paid no attention to the gate, or Annie, either, but sailed over the top of the fence in fine style, head up and tail flying. Then and there was enacted the wildest race the pale moon ever looked upon.

Annie went over the fence like a streak of calico lightning. And Polly recovered sufficiently to laugh as his wife picked herself up and wiped the dust from her mouth.

As the terrified cow fled past Polly, he caught at a rope that was attached to her horns and twisting it tightly about his wrists, howled out:

"Now, you high-falutin' old hussy, I've got you at last. I'll teach you to come to my time—I will."

Nobody knows whose "time" Polly and his cow did their racing by—it certainly was not his. His legs flew this way, and that way, his eyes looked like inverted saucers, and his coat streamed in the summer winds like banners of distress on a forsaken ship. Matters soon reached a crisis. Too badly frightened to know what she was doing, the poor beast attempted to scale a picketed inclosure sacred to the feathered bipeds. This was too much. Polly made a desperate resistance and the consequence was that Polly and the cow and the picketed inclosure all came down in a heap together.

Then there was some swearing done, and it was the very tallest kind of swearing at that. But, as a disinterested spectator of the whole affair, I can affirm that it was the cow that did it. A good deal shocked, Annie retired into the house, and, shutting the door, called out to Polly through the key-hole, to come in and let the beast go away if she wanted to.

A groan was the only reply.

Somewhat alarmed, his wife peered anxiously out upon the field of carnage. The cow had disappeared in the friendly shadow of a wooded field. Polly was limping slowly toward the house—a madder and a wiser man—and the war was virtually at an end.

My unfortunate friend presented a shocking appearance. His tight pantaloons were ripped in every seam; his outworn coat was split up the middle of the back, and the nasty hat, upon which he particularly prided himself, was lost entirely. Tears of rage and mortification streamed down his begrimed features.

Unable to restrain myself, I screamed with laughter.

Then Polly forgot his manners again and he muttered something that sounded like "Helen Blazes," as he caressed his lacerated legs and estimated the damages.

"Madam," said he, wrathfully, to his wife, "if this was the sort of amusement you meant when you promised this man here—" angrily jerking his thumb in my direction—"to do all you could to make him enjoy himself, why, all I have got to say is that the performance has been a pronounced success. To guard against anything of the sort in the future I shall return to the city to-morrow. No more Jersey Lillyes for me, madam." And poor, outraged Polly kicked over a pail of water that his wife was busying herself with.

As for me, I quietly picked up my grip-sack, thankful now that it was not the trunk I had first thought of fetching, and made my way back to the station in the dusk of the evening, my visit to the country being thus unexpectedly terminated.

We meet often since they came back to town; we meet often, I say, but we never speak. Polly cannot find it in his heart to forgive me for being an innocent witness to his memorable defeat in fetching home a cow.—*Chicago Ledger.*

What Kings Cost.

It is interesting to compare the expense of maintaining a monarch on a throne, and that of supporting a President in the executive chair of a Republic.

For many years the salary of the President of the United States was \$25,000 a year. This sum, indeed, did not represent the entire cost to the country of the executive office. The White House was supported, to some extent, from the public purse; and there was sundry other sums spent on the President's office. The salary of the President was raised to \$50,000 a year during Gen. Grant's term, and continues at that figure; and the whole expense to-day of the President's office is probably something less than \$100,000 yearly.

The cost of Kingships in the various monarchies of Europe is much greater even in the smaller nations. The sovereigns, in the old days, used to spend pretty much what they pleased out of the public revenue. They were mostly absolute, and would impose taxes at will, and so raise an indefinite income for their own display and pleasures.

This is still the case with the Czar of Russia, whose expenditures are never reported and cannot be estimated. The Sultan of Turkey, too, has power to raise all the taxes he can squeeze out of his impoverished and indolent subjects, and cannot be called to account for his spendings.

But in all the other European monarchies the sovereign is restricted. Absolute despotism with them has been replaced by constitutional systems. The Emperor or King can only spend what is voted to him by the Parliament of Congress. A device new to this country, called the "Civil List," has been adopted by nearly every monarchial country, and also by the French Republic.

The Civil List is designed to provide the sovereigns with a fixed income. It comprises a number of items, or heads of expenditure; and these are discussed and passed upon each year by the several legislative bodies.

Of course, each sovereign has a greater or smaller private property of his own, as a family inheritance, with which his subjects have nothing to do. The revenues he receives from the Civil List, therefore, are what might be called his salary in his public capacity, and by no means show what his entire income is.

The English Civil List, for instance, provides Queen Victoria with an income of about \$2,000,000. But she has also a large private fortune, so that all her receipts for the year reach over \$3,000,000.

Germany provides the veteran Emperor William with a Civil List of about \$3,000,000; which it must be difficult for a monarch so frugal and simple in his tastes and habits to get rid of: in the course of a year, his private property, moreover, adds at least a million to that vast sum.

King Humbert of Italy's Civil List is \$3,080,000 a year, somewhat larger than that of the German Emperor; while young Alfonso of Spain has only about a million and a half, so impoverished are the people of his historic kingdom.

The lesser nations are, of course, more economical. The sovereign of Denmark has a Civil List allowance of \$25,000 a year; which, however, is at least three times what our President costs, and much more, if we consider the difference in population between Denmark and the United States. The King of Holland gets \$300,000, and the King of Greece \$250,000.

Thus, it is evident that, without regard to any other aspect of the difference between monarchies and republics, at least the former is much the more costly luxury of the two to the masses of the people who have to pay the bills.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Knowing Child.

A girl of 4 years, who said she didn't remember much about her birth, but did know she was born in heaven, for she did "member of walking in the golden streets, and didn't walk very well because she was so little, not only shows the best memory on record, but evidence of her heavenly origin in her elucidation of the subject of forgiveness. She had been punished by her mother, and confided her troubles to her father when he came home, who told her that God is not pleased with naughty little girls. "But," she argued, "he likes little girls who will forgive, don't he? And I am ready to forgive mamma."—*Editor's Drawer.*—*Harper's.*

A RUSSIAN INQUISITION.

Barbarities Inflicted Upon Political Prisoners.—A Statement from a Sufferer. (From a St. Petersburg Letter.)

The following letter from a political prisoner in Siberia will be found interesting not only as coming from such a source, but as containing facts not generally known. The writer studied the English language from books while in exile, and without any opportunity for practice acquired such proficiency that his letter loses none of its interest from being presented exactly as he wrote it:

"Foreigners have such vague notions about Russia that they are as yet unable to understand the very reason and character of the revolutionary tendencies which prevail to such an extent in that vast country. I will tell here one fact which will show you clearly the character of the Russian Government. In 1836, soon after the execution of Karakozoff, a young workman, fitting in an inn where two or three persons were present, was foolish enough to say of the Czar, 'You see he hanged now a man who was perhaps much better than he himself.' Immediately he was arrested and brought to St. Petersburg, where they put him in the well-known prison of Sts. Peter and Paul. Then, without any trial, merely by the order of the Czar, he was sent to be imprisoned at the monastery at Soozdall. There are in Russia two monasteries which have prisons for political or religious librepensurs—the monastery called Solovetzkoe, on an island in the White sea, and the monastery at Soozdall. The chiefs of these prisons are the holy fathers—the Abbots themselves. The young man was locked up in a small room. Once he committed some insignificant offense against the rules of the prison. Then the Abbot submitted the prisoner to such a punishment as the civilized world has not heard of since the times of the Inquisition. It is to make the world know this punishment that I decided to write this letter.

"The Abbot ordered a box to be brought into the room of the prisoner, just as high and wide as the prisoner himself. On the inside of the box there were fixed on every point strong, large iron nails. The prisoner was put into this box and locked up. He could not turn himself, he could not move at all, because everywhere he would meet the iron nails. He remained in the box two days. Finally he could not bear any longer this torture, and said to the guard he wanted to see the Abbot. The latter came. 'Do you wish,' said the prisoner, 'to kill me? I cannot bear any longer this torture. I swear to you that if you will not release me instantly from this box I will kill you.' Only then the Abbot released him. But no sooner had the prisoner left the box than he fell and fainted on the floor. His feet were so swollen they would not bear him.

"The holy fathers of the monastery use also several other kinds of torture. For instance, they put upon a prisoner iron fetters of 120 pounds weight, and keep him thus during some days. Only a man of great physical power can, with these fetters on his feet, rise or at all change the position of his body, as while sleeping he might desire.

"Such are these monastery prisons, in which they keep for many long years, without any legal trial, innocent people who dare have their own opinions about religion different from those of the State's church. I remember plenty of other facts of the same kind. Where, for instance, is now the well-known revolutionist, Naitsheff, sentenced in 1871 to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor? Nobody knows exactly, but there are persistent rumors that he is kept in one of the fortresses chained to the wall and fettered with irons of 120 pounds weight.

"Where is the political criminal Tomen, sentenced in 1879 by the Martial Court to imprisonment for life? Nobody knows, but they say, and it is probably true, that he is kept in one of the Siberian prisons—namely, at Tobolsk—and that there are two special guards to watch him, who receive a greater payment for this honor.

"Why were the three newly-condemned revolutionists, Sheeriff, Techenoff and Gessi Gelfman, not sent to the Siberian prisons, as the law commands, but are kept in Stusselbourg, this Russian Bastille? Because in the Siberian prisons they would not die so soon.

"What right has the Government, in spite of the laws it created itself, to keep as it does, since more than ten years, in a pitiful small village, Villinsk, 500 miles from Yakoutsk, the celebrated Russian writer, Toherneesheffski, author of 'Remarks upon John Stuart Mill's Political Economy,' as well as many other excellent books? By the Russian law Toherneesheffski has long since the right of going through all Siberia, but the Government keeps him forcibly at Villinsk.

Eight gendarmes and Cossacks, sent from Yakoutsk for this special purpose, are always watching him. He must live and sleep in the prison; only in the daytime he has the right to go into the village. But to him the most terrible punishment is that it is forbidden to him forever to write anything for publication. But the man is full of life and energy. He cannot help writing; he must write, and he does. He writes leaves upon leaves; he covers piles of paper, and then—he puts them in the fire! Can you imagine this? Is it not the tortures of Tantalus?

"And, after all, the facts give to the reader only a too insufficient notion of what is in fact the present government in Russia. And with such a Government will the European statesmen make treaties to give up those noble Russians, who have courage and self-sacrifice enough to protest against such barbarities?"

Appropriate Inscription.

A Massachusetts book agent, who was wearing a small, circular piece of court plaster on his face, removed it while shaving and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face.

Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken back to discover that, instead of the court plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantle clock purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription, "Warranted solid brass."

Heavy Life Insurance.

Not very long ago the British life-insurance companies were called upon, within the short space of one year, to pay the enormous sum of \$6,250,000 on policies on the lives of three heavily-insured noblemen—viz.: the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesea, and the Earl of Fife; and shortly afterward the same companies paid \$1,250,000 insurance on the lives of two noblemen—making an aggregate sum of \$7,500,000 insurance paid on five lives. About fifteen years ago the heirs of Sir Robert Clifton received from the life-insurance companies of Great Britain \$1,250,000, that being the amount of insurance which he carried. Dom Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, carries a large life insurance in foreign companies. Napoleon III had an insurance of \$600,000 on his life, and this was the chief reliance of the Empress Eugenie after his death. One English Earl has his life insured for \$1,000,000, partly in American companies.

The largest life insurance written for any American Prince is that of W. K. Anderson, "the oil Prince," of Titusville, Pa., who is insured for \$440,000. The late James Park, Jr., of Pittsburgh, had his life insured for \$350,000. Among Americans insured for \$300,000 or more are Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia; John Howe, of St. Louis; W. H. Langley, of Gallipolis, Ohio, and J. B. Stettson, of Philadelphia, Pa. Other large insurers are Pierre Lorillard, of New York, \$255,000; F. W. Devos, New York, \$250,000; Cyrus W. Field, New York, \$240,000; Frank Jones, Portsmouth, N. H., \$205,000; Amos Whitely, Springfield, Ohio, \$200,000; B. F. Sturtevant, Boston, \$200,000; F. B. Roberts, New York, \$200,000; E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, \$170,000; John Gibb, New York, \$170,000; Charles Pratt, New York, \$165,000; H. B. Hyde, New York, \$165,000; E. A. Moen, New York, \$151,000; E. D. C. McKay, New York, \$143,000; W. B. F. Clyde, New York, \$143,000. J. F. Cornell, W. H. Belknap and John Sinclair, of New York, have policies of \$125,000 each; De Witt C. Wheeler is insured for \$110,000; Rufus Hatch, \$76,000; William Fullerton, \$75,000; H. B. Clafin, \$75,000.—*New York Sun.*

Bombarding a Scarecrow.

They were two tramps, and they were crossing a cornfield in Flatbush in search of watermelons. The farmer's scarecrow had fallen up against the fence.

They armed themselves with desiccated tomatoes and began pelting the figure. Then they began to make bets of \$1,000,000 as to which could plunk it in the back or knock the hat off.

As the sport grew exciting they approached nearer and nearer, and were soon firing young pumpkins at the nondescript.

"See where that last tomato fetched him in the head!" said one. "Bet you can't come within a mile of that shot!"

"Bet you \$1,000."

"Done."

"I'll do better than that. Bet I hit him before you do!"

"Bet you \$1,000."

"Done!"

And then to get the bulge on each other they both started on a dead run towards the object. To make assurance double sure, they ran to within a couple of feet of it and then halted to take aim.

And then as one went over the fence and the other landed in a near-by ditch, the scarecrow picked up a hoe and, as it started in on another row, it recited the following paragraph:

"I've been layin' fur you fellers fur some time. I seed ye comin' an' leaned over the fence ter give ye a chance at that watermelon patch. Ter next time ye come around this way drop in an' take a bite—ov the bull-dog."

And the tramps made believe they were dead, and didn't even dare to laugh at the farmer's bark, which looked as if he'd been shot with a tomato field.—*New York World.*

Run in Streaks.

Accidents, like murders, suicides and crimes of all sorts, run in streaks. The phenomenon is as easily demonstrated by experience as it is apparently impossible of explanation, except on the philosopher's theory that there is in all things appertaining to life a wave-like motion, like the regular swinging of the pendulum of a clock, which in itself is one of the unfathomable mysteries of existence, dimly discovered, but beyond the firm grasp of the human intellect.

In the case of suicide and violent crimes the unconscious imitateness of diseased minds has been held to furnish an explanation, but it can be applied to accidents as little as to fires, which exhibit the same gregarious tendency. "It never rains but it pours," is the statement of an experience common to all times.—*New York World.*

A Mind-Reader.

"You profess to be a mind-reader, do you not?" said the duke, accosting a gentleman in a crowded parlor. "I do," quietly replied the party addressed, taking in at a glance the disciple of pointed shoes and tight pants. "Well, you have now an opportunity to test the genuineness of your profession," came with a cynical sneer from beneath the few straggling hairs on the upper lip of the rare bird. "Let me see you read my mind?" "Oh, you forget," said the mind-reader mildly, "I must have something to work on." And then he walked to the other end of the room to allow the duke to deliberate upon which would be the better weapon for a duel—gold-headed canes or wooden tooth-picks.

The worst people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Swift.*

"Come out here, and I'll lick the whole of ye!" said the bold urchin to the big sticks of candy in the window.

HUMOR.

An egotist's story extends as far as he can reach.

"Look before you leap," said the man who brushed a bent pin off the chair.

The man who makes a motion to adjourn is not necessarily adjournist.

A lady writer is out with an article entitled "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she will reply, "By the hair."

CLARA (looking at the bonnets, etc.).—"Don't you think they are very handsome?" Any (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street)—"Very; especially the one with the black mustache."

We are asked the question if water does not sometimes intoxicate. It frequently does. We have often seen barrels that were water-tight.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A MEDICAL journal devotes a whole column to explaining what causes cold perspiration. Any one who has gone up a dark alley and stepped on a dog would be wasting valuable time reading it.

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature: "What makes chickens come out of their shell, they must be so nice and warm and comfortable inside?" "P'raps it's because they're afraid of being boiled."

SOMERVILLE takes the first prize for a tender-hearted man. He is so sensitive that he can't bear to see or hear his wife saw wood, and when she tackles the bucksaw in the cellar he puts on his hat and walks out of the house.

"I AM trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

A CELEBRATED physician advises plenty of sleep as a means of increasing physical strength. Perhaps he is right, for a vegetarian informs us that the strength of an onion increases the longer it remains in its bed.—*Somerville Journal.*

A CUCUMBER five feet long is exhibited at New Orleans. It isn't size that counts in a cucumber, however. A little, stubby fellow, three by two inches, has proven enough to expand an ordinary sized stomach to an anchor.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE ERRAND.

What she said at home:
"The color of your mustache," said she, "is just the same shade as my hair! So please go down to the store for me, and purchase a net for me there."
What the shop girl said:
"You wanted a net like your mustache! Oh! yes. You didn't get it."
And then to the window she went with a dash
And brought—an invisible net!

It was so natural for Dr. Watts to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst into tears, and on his knees said:

"Pray father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

PROGRESS OF THE PRECOCIOUS "KID."

I.	V.	IX.	XIII.
One	Shakes	Pa	Kills,
Morn,	School,	Whales	Stools,
Isabel,	Plays	"Pal"	"Pal"
Bern,	Pool.	Walls.	Squeals.
II.	VI.		