

THE GROCER.

The grocer loved a charming girl,
As lively as the day;
He wondered if she'd marry him,
And said, "Let Soap be my day."
And straightway to her house he went,
Her lovely face to see,
Exclaiming, "Ah, I know full well,
That *these* the girl for me."
The girl was very kind, and said
That she was very glad
To see him there, and then remarked
What a bad *Coffee* had
And soon they got most intimate,
She let him kiss her brow,
But when he spoke of marriage, said,
"Oh, do not *Teas* me now."
The grocer's spirits fell at this,
He felt as though he'd die,
And hinted at a suicide,
While she *Bacon* to cry.
"You silly boy, you don't suppose
I'm blind to all your merits,
It's evident she knew a way
Of raising up his 'specie.'
But true love's course did ne'er run smooth;
Her father saw them kiss,
And kicked him from the room, and said,
"You'd *Biscuit* out of this."
And thus adjured, he soon got out,
He hardly need be said;
And, tumbling headlong down the stairs,
Mustard-ly hit his head.
"Oh, father, you are cruel,
So roughly handle us;
Thus spoke the girl, and father said—
"I think it's *Candle* us."
Papa relented when he saw
His child begin to cry;
"There, there, you think my treatment harsh,
My daughter, *Soda* I.
"There, keep your lover, dry your eyes,
And let's have no more row;
I did not tell you now, but my
Opinion *Salt*-ered now."
The two were wed, and made a pair,
By no means ill-assorted;
And happy ever after were,
It's *Curran*-ly reported.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

When I became 18 years of age my father, a distinguished beggar-letter impostor, said to me: "Reginald, I think it is time that you began to think about choosing a profession."
These were ominous words. Since I left Eaton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly and very idly, and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge (Cambridge was a tradition in our family), but business had been very depressed of late, and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straitened my poor father's resources.
It was necessary—highly necessary—that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much.
"If you like," said my father, "I will take you in hand and teach you my profession, and in a few years, perhaps, I may take you into partnership; but, to be candid with you, I doubt whether it is a satisfactory calling for an athletic young fellow like you."
"I don't seem to care about it particularly," said I.
"I'm glad to hear it," said my father; "it's a poor calling for a young man of spirit. Besides, you have to grow gray in the service before people will listen to you. It's all very well for a refugee in old age, but a young fellow is likely to make but a poor hand at it. Now, I should like to consult your own tastes on so important a matter as the choice of a profession. What do you say? The army?"
"No, I didn't care for the army."
"Forgery? The bar? Cornish wrecking?"
"Father," said I, "I should like to be a forger, but I write such an infernal hand."
"A regular Eton hand," said he. "Not plastic enough for forgery; but you could have a writing master."
"It's as much as I can do to forge my own name. I don't believe I should ever be able to forge anybody else's."
"Anybody else's," you should say, not 'anybody else's.' It's a dreadful barbarism, Eton English."
"No," said I, "I should never make a fortune at it. As to wrecking—why, you know how seaisick I am."
"You might get over that. Besides, you would deal with wrecks ashore, not wrecks at sea."
"Most of it done in small boats, I'm told. A deal of small boat work. No, I won't be a wrecker. I think I should like to be a burglar."
"Yes," said my father, considering the subject. "Yes, it's a fine, manly profession, but it's dangerous—highly dangerous."
"Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more."
"Well," said my father, "if you've a distinct taste for burglary, I'll see what can be done."
My father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articulated to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.
I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh.
"Burglary is a jealous mistress," said he. "She will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshippers."
And so I found it. Every morning at 10 o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New square, Lincoln's Inn, and until 12 I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At 12 I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh, and from 2 to 4 I had to devote to finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglar in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice, and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me of a house of which he knew well all the particulars and order me to ascertain all about that house and its inmates—their coming and going, the number of their servants, whether they slept in the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts and compliment or blame me, as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just, and courteous, as became a highly polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore hussians.
After a year's probation I accompanied him on several expeditions, and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for the master of the house into

which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern), and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me.
I now set up on my own account and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money—about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda, and papers generally he bequeathed to me.
As the chambers required furnishing I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through the books for a suitable house to begin upon, and found the following attractive entry:
Thurrow Square—No. 102.
House—Medium.
Occupant—John Davis; bachelor.
Occupation—Designer of Dados.
Age—36.
Physical Peculiarities—Very feeble; eccentric; drinks; evangelical; snores.
Servants—Two housemaids, one cook.
Sex—All female.
Particulars of Servants—Pretty housemaid called Rachel; Jewess. Open to attentions. Goes out for beer at 9 p.m.; snores. Ugly housemaid called Bella; Presbyterian. Open to attentions; snores. Elderly cook; Primitive Methodist. Open to attentions; snores. Fastenings—Chubb's lock on street door, chain, and bolts. Bars to all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but the bars have no catch and can be raised with table-knife.
Valuable contents of House—Presentation plate from grateful esthetes. Gold repeater. Mulready envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw" from 1831 to present time, 388 vols., bound limp calf. General—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for purposes.
This seemed to me to be a capital house to try single-handed. At 12 o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a center-bit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life-preserver and a knife, and set off at once for Thurrow Square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground, and there was more to come. Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground-floor without the least difficulty and made my way into the dining-room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough—about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up so that I could carry it without attracting attention.
Just as I finished I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing-gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver.
My first impulse was to rush at and brain him with my life-preserver.
"Don't move," said he, "or you're a dead man."
A rather silly remark to the effect that if I did move it would rather prove that I was a live man occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview.
"You're a burglar?" said he.
"I have that honor," said I, making for my pistol-pocket.
"Don't move," said he; "I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar in order to be able to test a favorite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move."
I replied that I should be happy to assist him if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety.
"Promise me," said I, "that you will allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end?"
"If you will obey me promptly you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house."
"You will neither give me into custody nor take any steps to pursue me?"
"On my honor as a Designer of Dados," said he.
"Good," said I. "Go on."
"Stand up," said he, "and stretch out your arms at right angles to your body."
"Suppose I don't?" said I.
"I'll send a bullet through your left ear," said he.
"But permit me to observe—" said I.
Bang. A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear.
The ear smarted, and I should have liked to attend to it, but under the circumstances I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes.
"Very good!" said he. "Now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life-preserver."
"Ah—"
"But—"
"How would you?" said he, cocking the revolver.
The "click" decided me. Besides the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far I would carry him. So I tossed my life-preserver to him. He caught it neatly.
"Now take off your coat and throw it to me."
I took off my coat and threw it to him diagonally across the room.
"Now the waistcoat."
I threw the waistcoat to him.
"Boots," said he.
"They are shoes," said I, in some trepidation lest he should take offense when no offense was really intended.
"Shoes, then," said he.
I threw my shoes to him.
"Trousers," said he.
"Come, come, I say!" exclaimed I.
Bang! The lobe of the other ear came off. With all his eccentricity, the old gentleman was a man of his word. He had the trousers, and with them my revolver, which happened to be in my right-hand pocket.
"Now the rest of your drapery."
I threw him the rest of my drapery. He tied up my clothes in the tablecloth, and, telling me that he wouldn't detain me any longer, made for the door with the bundle under his arm.
"Stop," said I. "What is to become of me?"
"Really, I hardly know," said he.
"You promised me my liberty," said I.
"Certainly," said he. "Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street-door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the win-

dow, you will have no difficulty in clearing the area railings."
"But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?"
"No," said he, "nothing at all; good night."
The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led up-stairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody in the morning. For some time I looked in vain for something to cover myself with. The hats and great coats were no doubt in the inner hall, at all events they were not accessible under the circumstances. There was a carpet on the floor, but it was fitted to the recesses of the room, and moreover, a heavy sideboard stood on it.
However, there were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a great way towards covering me, and that was something.
I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. The certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 a.m. dressed in nothing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me?
I grew very cold.
I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's-eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him.
"Policeman," said I from the window, "one word."
"Anything wrong, sir?" said he.
"I have been committing a burglary in this house, and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody."
"Nonsense, sir," said he; "you'd better go to bed."
"There is nothing I should like better, but I live in Lincoln's Inn, and I have nothing on but antimacassars; I am almost frozen. Pray take me into custody."
"The street door's open," said he.
"Yes," said I. "Come in."
He came in. I explained the circumstances to him, and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest. The good fellow put his own great coat over me and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton Street Police Station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude.
I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton cemetery.
For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have been relating, and for a long time I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lonely evening last May I found, to my intense delight, that I had absolutely forgotten all about it.—*W. S. Gilbert.*
Use of Big Words.
"He goes on his own hook" has been rendered more elegantly, in deference to, and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: "He progresses on his own personal curve," and a barber in London advertises that his "customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one-half penny." "One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief," and as it is somewhat vulgar to say "pitch darkness," it has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity." Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say that he is "considerably tired," and "Nominatate your poison," is the poetical way of asking, "What will you drink?"
On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympana." Then, again, we have that old-fashioned saying: "The more the merrier," delightfully translated in this way: "Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of echinatory hilarity." It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady "with the pearl drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek." He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote: "He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause."
Quite recently a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but "the flakes dwindled to flocculi," and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was "expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid." Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent professor, who observed that very wonderful things were discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptic affection of the cerebellar oculomotorial centers," and he added: "Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a 'nystagmus' is."
"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, the word 'periphrasis'; would you kindly inform me its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he. "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." As this explanation was received in solemn silence we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Taming a Horse.

During Dr. Dio Lewis' "Gypsying in the Sierras," he became much interested in Prof. Tapp, of San Francisco, who tamed wild and vicious horses, without violence or drugs. Showing the Doctor a herd of wild horses from the mountains, the Professor said, "You may pick out any horse from this herd, and in two hours I will drive him before a buggy, and when going down hill will let the buggy loose on his heels, without the least risk." The Doctor selected the largest horse, the leader of the herd. It took an hour to separate him from his fellows and drive him into the Professor's private corral, which was about the size of a circus-ring, with sand six inches deep, and surrounded by a close plank fence, twelve feet high. Dr. Lewis seated himself in the circle above, where he saw what he thus describes:
Prof. Tapp entered the corral, holding in his hand a whip with a short stock and a long, heavy lash.
In his left hand were a long halter, minus the hitching-strap, two old potato-sacks, two straps, and a strong rope about thirty feet long.
Putting all these but the whip into the recess in the fence, the Professor turned toward the horse.
The animal was making frantic efforts to get away. The Professor watched his opportunity, and then the whip-cracker hit one of the horse's hind fetlocks.
The horse scampered from side to side, and the cracker again hit the fetlock. Within fifteen minutes this was repeated twenty to thirty times.
The horse learned the lesson this was intended to convey—that there was only one safe place in the corral, and that was close by Prof. Tapp. There, there was no hurt, but a gentle, soothing voice. In half an hour, when the Professor ran across the corral, the horse would run after him. He had learned that it was dangerous to be more than ten feet away.
Prof. Tapp at length succeeded in touching the horse's head. He started away, but before he had taken three steps came back.
Within three-quarters of an hour the headstall was on. The horse was frightened and used his feet to remove it.
It was now easy to rub his head and neck. The end of the whipstock then tickled his side. The horse switched the spot with his tail, and the Professor caught the end of the long tail-hairs.
This frightened the animal; he forgot, and the whip-cracker called him back. The Professor then seized the tail, drew it toward him, tied into the end of the long hairs a strong cord the other end of which was fastened to the iron ring of the headstall.
This drew the head and tail toward each other. The horse began to turn in a circle, and soon was turning as fast as he could. In a minute he fell, drunk with dizziness.
The Professor wound a potato-sack around each hind leg close to the hoof and fastened a short strap over it. There was an iron ring in each strap, and through both rings a rope was passed and tied upon itself, eighteen inches from the hind feet.
The long, loose end of the rope was passed between the horse's fore legs, through the ring of the headstall, and then tied into a heavy ring in the wall of the corral.
The cord connecting the head and tail was cut, and after a little time, the horse, still dizzy, rose slowly. When he found he was fastened he made a tremendous struggle. The Professor stood by the ring where the horse was tied.
The animal could not turn his head from side to side because of the rope which ran through the ring of the headstall.
"Pretty soon," said the Professor, "he will switch his tail from side to side; that means he gives up."
Within eight minutes, the horse moved his tail from side to side. "Now he's done," said the Professor.
He knelt down by the horse's hind legs, untied the rope, unbuckled the straps, walked behind him, put his hands upon the horse's hind legs, stuck his head between them, patted his head and led him about the corral.
I was obliged to leave, but I learned that he harnessed the horse, and let the buggy strike his heels while going down hill.
Fannie Kemble in Boston.
"We saved all our money to buy tickets. I was in the law school, and some of my friends sold everything they could lay hands on—books, clothing or whatever came first—to raise funds. Then we walked in from Cambridge; we could not afford to ride when tickets to see Fannie Kemble were to be bought. I went nineteen nights running to see her—Sundays, of course, excepted. After the play we used to assemble at the rear entrance to the Tremont theater to see her come out. She would be so muffled up that we could not even see her figure, but we used to find great satisfaction in seeing her walk by on the arm of her escort up to the Tremont house. Then we would give three student cheers for her and walk out to Cambridge to bed. Such audiences as she had, too! If you'd put a cap sheaf down over a theater you would have covered about all Boston had to boast of in the way of culture and learning—Webster and Everett and Story. Judge Story used to be so enthusiastic that he'd talk about her all the time of the lecture. Next morning he'd say: 'Phillips—or somebody else, as the case might be—were you at the theater last night? Well, what do you think of the performance?' I said to him once: 'Judge Story, you come of Puritan ancestors. How do you reconcile all this theater-going with their teachings?' 'I don't try to reconcile it,' he answered, striking his hands together; 'I only thank God I'm alive in the same era with such a woman!'"—*Wendell Phillips.*
Precession of the Equinoxes.
As the plane of the earth's orbit crosses the equator at an angle of about 23½ degrees, the attractive force of the sun, moon, and planets, constantly exerted upon the earth, has a tendency to tilt the pole away from the sun and to draw the equator toward it. As a con-

sequence, the sun crosses the equator each time a little farther west than the point where it crossed the last time preceding, and where it would have crossed on its return if there were no disturbing force. Originally it was said that the equinoctial point, or place of crossing, went forward to meet the sun, and hence this phenomenon was called the precession of the equinoxes. But, from the fact that the equinoctial point really falls backwards on the celestial equator, toward the west, each time about 50 seconds of a degree, it is now very frequently termed the recession of the equinoxes. In consequence of this recession the seasons begin a little earlier each year, and it is estimated that in 12,800 years they will be reversed, our summer occurring when the sun is in the constellation that he now traverses in winter time. It requires about 25,000 years for the sun to complete one circuit of precession of the equinoxes.
Why Are Butchers Fat?
"I give it up," said a jolly big butcher when asked if he could give any reason why so many butchers were fat. "It's a butcher's misfortune that he is fat. I suppose one reason we are so fat is because we eat enough, keep pretty regular and get up early in the morning. There's something queer about it how so many butchers are fat, but if we stay in the business any little time and have any constitution at all to build upon, we invariably become butchers."
"You butchers are all a jolly, good-natured class; hasn't that got something to do with it?"
"Yes," said the butcher, "we always look on the bright side of life and try to keep about even-tempered. I don't think the business has anything to do with it. If it is a man's nature to be fat he will flesh up, no matter in what business he may be engaged. While a very large number of the men about here who actually handle the meat are corpulent, still there are some skinny fellows here who if they stayed here forever wouldn't get fat. The business is healthy; the men who are in it were healthy before they went into it, and of course as a natural consequence they flesh up wonderfully. We don't have anything to think about or trouble our heads about, and I guess that's the principal reason."
The reporter went along a little further and soon encountered a tall butcher, fully six feet and of huge proportions.
In reply to interrogations, he said: "They come here," said he, "strong, rugged, healthy young men, and although their work is laborious it is not exhausting like other kinds of labor. To be sure they have to do some heavy lifting, but, then, they have considerable time between acts to rest. They, as a rule, take pretty good care of themselves, and then, I notice that they always take home the best pieces of beef. No chucks in theirs. In word, good living and a good constitution make the butchers fat."—*Boston Herald.*
Buttoned Into Fame.
The Post, of Berlin, says that Bismarck's political career grew from a very trifling circumstance. It was in August of 1851 that he was intrusted with the legation at Frankfurt. Prince Guillaume, the Crown Prince of Prussia, halted there, and took him among his escort when going from Frankfurt to Mayence, where a grand review was to be held. Military etiquette is exceedingly strict in Germany. However, it was so hot in the royal car that every officer and the Prince himself loosened their uniforms. On arriving at Mayence the distinguished party were to be met at the railway station by troops under arms. The Crown Prince buttoned up again his uniform, but he forgot one button. Fortunately, as he was about to leave the car, Bismarck, on the alert, saw the awful infringement of military etiquette, and, rushing to Guillaume: "Oh! Prince," he said, "what were you going to do?" and, forgetting that no one is allowed to touch a royal personage, he forced the refractory button into its proper place. The Prince thanked the diplomatic young man who had been so rigorous, and whose name and features were now fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant fortune of the "Iron Chancellor." Why not? Did not poor, humble Jacques Laffitte, son of a carpenter, pick up a pin in the yard of Perreux, the rich banker, and make out of it a fortune of more than \$15,000,000?
Advertising Enterprise.
"Moses," said Mrs. Schaumburg to her spouse, "you shute haf read de advertisement vot Isaac haf got out. He haf more pizziness enterbrise vot you haf got."
"How you make dot out, Repecca?" replied Moses.
"Yy, Isaac's advertisement reats, 'not only mus mine goats pe sold ride away quick, but dem shore vixtures vil haf to pe moofed out py der 3d of Shannary.'"
"Dot's noddings, Repecca, dot's noddings at all to mine nev advertisement. You dond could haf rest all uv mine cart, eh? De cart in de baper vos in your name, and it reats: 'I, Repecca Schaumburg, vill positively sell, or gif away at de lowest brieds, everydings in mine former husband's shore, as he haf died mit starvation for selling dings so sheep, and I mus de funeral expenses ride away bay cop.' Vat you dinks now, Repecca? How high am dot for enterbrise?"
"Ach! mine Moses! How could I haf such a boor obinion mate of you as dot? Und still I cannot see vot keeps you so long dot Legislature out."—*Texas Sittings.*
Pistols and Matrimony.
The daughter of an English Baronet fell in love with a poor lawyer nearly 100 years ago. She challenged him to fight a duel, which he was forced to accept. She appeared masked, and gave him his choice of either fighting her or marrying her. His second, who was also unaware of the woman's identity or the cause of her strange conduct, advised his principal to marry her. After the ceremony, during which she still wore the mask, she drove to her rich home, and, after withdrawing for a few moments, she returned and captivated her husband by her beauty and tasteful dress.

HUMOR.

AN exchange says that "Hillsboro, Tex., has a beer drinking dog." If it is a four-legged variety the peculiarity of the animal is indeed worthy of record.
PROFESSOR NEWTON publishes the very interesting information that "the earth receives about three billion of meteors every year, but they only increase the size of the earth one inch in one hundred years." That, of course, don't include the number of meteors a man sees floating through space after he has stepped on an orange peel and emphatically and suddenly laid the back of his head on a stone sidewalk. No man has yet been able to count them.
A DEFENDER of the English sparrow says "the bird is granivorous, insectivorous, larvivorous, pupivorous and omnivorous, and that its amateness is mistaken for belligerency." It has never before been known what did really all the sparrow, but if this is so the sparrow should be killed before the same ailment becomes general. There is danger of persons who frequent city parks becoming afflicted with the same complaint. If this disease should break out in Chicago, for instance, it would be dangerous to be safe on the street day or night. Kill the sparrow.
[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]
A NEW YORK paper declares there are over 40,000 unhouse people in that city. Happy people! they don't have to pay any rent.
A NEBRASKA woman only 40 years old has twenty-one children. She has but one husband, but that is one more than she needs.
IT is well enough to embroider "Good Night" in sleepy colors on a pillow sham, but when the bolster is stuffed with prairie hay and the mattress is preparing to celebrate its golden wedding, the hospitable wish is too sarcastic to be pleasant.
JULIA WARD HOWE says: "Poor people cannot be kept out of good society." No, but they can be made most awfully uncomfortable while they are in.
THE system of "student government," which has just been adopted in Bowdoin, has been in successful operation at Amherst for several years. The average student usually does display a capacity for taking better care of himself than the faculty can, and on occasion he is eminently able to take care of the faculty also.
THERE are a lot of camels now running wild, and multiplying and replenishing the great American desert, which used to belong to the Government. Occasionally one of them is shot by a British tourist, who gorges himself upon its hump and takes home its hide, under the impression that he has "bagged a bloomin' buffalo that 'as molted hits 'orns, you know," but beyond this incidental slaughter, the camels are not disturbed. So if you are looking for a couple of camels to drive tandem, go West and scout about the Gila valley for a while.
[From the Merchant Traveler.]
HOW OLD is a tree when it reaches the foliage.
SOME people are not too fool for utterance.
"THE bark went down," said the ague patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.
A MAN may not want to buy the cat, but when he runs it out of the pantry he becomes a purr-chaser.
WHEN a drove of cattle get to bellying you can't get so far away from them that they will not be heard.
"HIT it with a brick," said a slangy, fast young man to a sharp girl. "All right, sir; I'll just throw you at it."
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS per capita is the average wealth of the United States, and we have a detective out looking for the man with our share.
"I won't go to the station-house with you, I'm sleepy and cold," said a man to a policeman who waked him up on the street. "Cold, are you? Well, I'll rap you up," and he cracked him one with his billy.
"You're a thief and a liar," said a candidate to an editor. "What's that?" "You're a thief and a liar." "Pshaw! what's the use of your disappointing a man that way? I thought you had something to tell me I hadn't heard before. I want news and not matter ten or a dozen years old."
CHRONIC LASSITUDE.
THERE are certain characteristics connected with a lazy man which are admirable. They excite in the twanging, jingling breasts of the nervously fidgety a feeling which borders on respect and is akin to awe. Your double-gear'd, fidgety man will spin all day like a top and run down in the cool of the evening on the identical spot on which he started off after breakfast. The man suffering from chronic lassitude will keep still, keep cool, keep in the shade, put in a full day's work resting himself, and arrive on time at sundown, cool, calm, and collected, without having once sweat under the collar or laid a hair. The professional lazy man seems to eat, drink, and sleep with as much gusto as his fidgety brother with the high-pressure anatomy and patent double-cylinder, fast, perfecting hygienic apparatus, who gets hot in the box, and wears and grinds and cuts his life away like a piece of misfit machinery. The fact of the business is, the man of bustle wears his life away for the want of the oil of rest. The lazy man just soaks along like a handful of cotton waste in the oil cup of a box-car axle.—*Scientific American.*
GREAT humiliations rarely console us; we forget them. Sublime thoughts come from the soul. To say new things is easier than to reconcile those that have been said. Language and intellect have bounds. Truth is infinite. Avarice is the last and the most tyrannical of passions.—*Vanvenargues.*
JUSTICE without power is impotent. Power without justice is tyrannical.—*Pascal.*
REASON should not regulate, but supplement virtue.—*Vanvenargues.*