Items of Interest.

A steak-holder—The gridiron.

A righting book—The dictionary.

Overdrawn—Exaggerated accounts.

Net cash—The fisherman's proceeds.

Sharp practice—Dissecting a subject.

Fish expressed it not implied—C. O. D.

What beats a good wife? A bad husband.

How to get a long well—Have it dug deep.

Hairy somethings—Tresses and mattresses.

Molasses candy would taste just as sweet by any other name.

There are over 1,650 convicts in the Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison.

A female gate-keeper has been removed for deadheading her sweetheart. She never tolled her love.

The man who invented the first monitor has now invented a torpedo to blow her up. Few men are so consistent.

The arrival of a hand-organ man is the last pleasing sensation in the Black Hills. He reminds the boys of home and old times.

It seems hard, says the Cincinnati *Breakfast Table*, to discover a great man who has not at some time worked in a printing office.

Now digs the boy the garden plot
With energy intense,
Until he bags a tribe of worms,
And then he skips the fence.

A man who is uncertain about using the term bicycle speaks of them as "those things, you know, that they ride and look into second-story windows with."

The German emperor keeps a diary of everything he shoots. In 1819 his gun was discharged by accident, and he had to enter up, "Forefinger right hand."

"Slowtown!" shouted the brakeman, as the train slowed up to the station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger who said his son had grown up since the train started.

"What did the prisoner first strike you for?" casually asked the judge of the complainant with a bandage over his eye. "He first struck me for a five dollar bill, your honor," was the feeling reply.

"Sales by candle" was the method of sale during the seventeenth century. A wax candle, about an inch in length, was set on the edge of a knife, and he that bid most before the candle was out, was the buyer,

When you put your pen-holder behind your ear be sure that you have the pen to the front. Ideas of great profundity are sometimes banished hopelessly from the mind by failing to observe this rule.

Robinson's show elephant got so riled at having to cross a North Carolina river in a ferry-boat lately that he picked up a colored boy, who aided to drive him on the boat, and squeezed him to death with his trunk.

There are in this country about 700 carpet-making establisments, and they represent a permanent investment of $13,000,000. The annual production of carpets, with a good market, is in the vicinity of $24,000,000.

In 1877 there were 2,999,677 electors in Great Britain and Ireland, or more than one in twelve of the population. There are about nine million qualified voters in the United States, or one in every five of the population.

It is estimated that the use of the Moffet bell-punch in New York City, by a simple tax of two and one-half cents on alcoholic drinks, and one-half a cent on cider, ale and beer, would yield the treas- $12,000,000 per annum.

It's all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these hard times manages to make both ends meet.

According to the statistics of Secretary Porter, of the International Sunday-school convention. there are 6,504,054 scholars in the Sunday schools of the United States, and 339,943 in those of Canada. The whole number of schools is 83,441, and of teachers and officers, 894,793.

The Samoan Islands are the great cocoanut-producing islands of the globe. The inhabited ones are nine in number, and have a population of 35,000. One German firm, dealing in the staples of those islands, does a business of $5,000,000 a year. Pago-Pago is the harbor which the United States have lately bought.

A poor woman in Denmark, the wife of a laborer, past fifty, observing a few month ago three children who had fallen through the ice on a lake, rushed into the water, and at the imminent peril of her own life rescued the children. The King decided that this act of bravery should not pass unrewarded. The woman was sent up to town from the ceuntry; a room was prepared for her in the royal palace, where she stayed a couple of days to see the sights of Copenhagen, and she received from the hands of the King, in the presence of the royal family, the medal and ribbon for civil acts of bravery, being the first woman in Denmark who has received this honor. The King secured a place for her and her family in the Royal Theater, where she was the observed of all observers. Of any more substantial compensation for her act of bravery there is no record.

A short time after the ship Ilio quitted Callao, Peru, the captain discovered two stowaways on board and put them in irons. During the following night a Chilian, who had hung his hammock in the quarter of the ship where the prisoners were, accused one of them of having stolen his food. The accused explained that this was impossible, as his chain prevented his reaching it, whereupon the monster of a Chilian struck him down, and deliberately proceeded to cut off his head and throw it into the water. He then wished to despatch the trunk after it,was prevented by its being attached by an iron ring fixed to the bridgeby a chain. Whereupon he hacked away at it and cast it piecemeal into the sea. The other stowaway was meanwhile in such an agony of terror that he did not cry out. The assassin was placed in the hands of the authorities at Iquique.

Regret.

I did not love him: Long ago,
Instead of yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day,
I read his marriage notice. Pray,

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed; that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
To-day I seem to see him stand

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead:

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why,then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

The History of Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is believed to have originated in Egypt, more than two thousand (2,000) years ago. It prevailed in Egypt and Asia Minor, to which it extended, during the first five hundred years, and hence was early called Egyptian or Syriac disease.

Having invaded Europe, the disease appeared at Rome A. D. 330; and being akin to the plague, of which it may be a remote modification, having had the same origin, with some similar characteristics, and being like it and malignant typhus highly contagious, the disease, in its fifteen hundred years' transit on the continent of Europe, affected mainly rural districts and garrisoned towns. It had extended to Holland, in which it was epidemic in 1337; to Paris, in 1576; and appeared in America 1771; it having prevailed more extensively in France in 1818 and 1835, and in England and the United States from 1756 to 1860, and more or less since.

In our own country it has thus been more prevalent during the past twenty-one years, from 1856 to 1877; and rural districts appear to have suffered most during the early part of this period, probably on account of a greater prevalence of marsh miasm, which, combined with the animal, may generally, together with the contagion, produce this disease. But during the latter part of this period, the rural districts, having been more cleared up and drained, diminishing the amount of paludal poision, and country people having learned, as well as those in cities, to avoid, to some extent, the causes liable to generate animal miasms, our cities, or some of them, appear to have produced nearly if not quite as many cases of diphtheria as the rural districts; Syracuse. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, and many New England and other cities having suffered more or less from it during 1876 and 1877. The vital statistics of Massachusetts for the year 1876 shows diphtheria occupies the second place in the list of fatality, two thousand six hundred and ten persons died of the disease during the year in that state, and only five thousand and twenty-seven of consumption. Whether this may be an average for other states or not, its ravages have been fearful in many parts of our own and other countries.

In both city and country, more cases have occurred, other things being equal, in warm autumal and winter weather in damp localities, where the air is almost destitute of ozone, a powerful disinfectant, and being saturated with moisture is in a low or negative electrical state, thus letting down the possitive electrical condition of the nervous system, and correspondingly diminishing vitality in those predisposed to the disease. Damp air also doubtless, by diminishing the cutaneous exhalation,and otherwise, may increase the predisposition to this as well as other kindred diseases.

The annual flooding of the Nile in Egypt, affording, with the moisture thus produced a generation and mingling o marsh and animal miasms, with the various imprudences of the Egyptian people, may readily have originated this disease. Asia Minor, probably the next most predisposed country and people, was next invaded, as might have been expected. Then in its turn, the south of Europe, burdened with the imprudences of the third and fourth centuries, with its influx of the northern hordes upon the Roman empire. Later still, central and northern Europe, distracted with the turmoils and degraded by the pollutions of the dark ages, became ripe for it. Finally, other parts of the world, including America had become sufficiently predisposed, and the United States having either produced in or received it from the Old World, has hence suffered a due share of its ravages down to the present time.

Every step of the progress of this disease has thus been invited, and every epidemic has had its cause; no case ever having occurred anywhere, unless contracted by the contagion from another patient, without some general or local cause—usually local and discoverable,—from which may have emanated animal as well as marsh miasms or poisons. The fact of its increased prevalence in our own country may very likely be due, in part at least, to the more artificial mode of treating children, its more common victims. For it is a shameful fact that, as a result of modern fashion few children now among all classes, have proper clothing or covering for their limbs; and a still smaller number take their food with a strict regularity, abstaining from it between meals, as well as from candies and other injurious and indigestable food.

Sagacity of a Pair of Swallows.

At Rosenberg, in the neighborhood of Graz, a pair of swallows had built their nest in the floor of a peasant's house. When the door was closed, the only entrance to the room was through the window near by. One evening at harvest-time all the inhabitants of the house went to the meadows situated at the foot of the mountain, almost two miles distant from the dwelling. The wife forgot to leave the window of the cottage open, and scarcely was the work of harvesting under way, when a pair of swallows flew around her with loud twitterings, hitting her on the head and shoulders with their wings. At last it occurred to the woman that these were certainly her swallows and that their entrance to the nest had been closed. In spite of the distance and pressing work, the good woman went back to see, and if so, to put her dear "swallows to rights." She opened the window and had the pleasure of having her supposition confirmed.—*Animal Friend, Vienna.*

Out-Door Sports for the Season.

The season has now arrived when out-door sport are apropos. The caterpillar has left his den, the masquito has turned over in his den and uttered a warning shriek, and big green worms are skylarking around on shade trees and betting on their chances of dropping behind a man's coat-collar.

One of the leading lawn sports is called "Push and cut." It is played with a machine called a lawn mower. These machines are neatly put up, beautifully painted, and will make a racket in any climate. The player seizes them by a convenient handle and pushes them towards the grass on a trot. The game is to find an old hoopskirt, paint-keg, oyster-can or catsup bottle in the grass. After two or three lessons the player will be amazed at his good luck in finding these things and making tally marks. Some players take a flying leap over the machine when it hits an old beef-bone in the grass, but the rules of the game are liberal in this respect. The player can, if he prefers, rush against the handle and knock a corner off his chin or bang his chest-bone back into a corner.

Another interesting lawn game is played as follows: At the supper table the wife remarks:

"James, I want $10 to fix up my summer silk. Don't go away without leaving it."

James makes no reply but manages to slip out of the house unseen. He is seen stealing softly across the lawn to jump over the fence at the corner, when his wife comes rushing out and exclaims:

"James! James! See here!"

He begins to squint into a cherry tree and talks about moths.

"You walk back here and hand over that cash or I'll send for my mother to come and stay all summer!"

According to the rules of the game he turns and looks at her, and mutters to himself:

"That wilts me!"

"The idea of your skulking off like that!" she continues, when he advances, hands out the "X," and if he can convince her that he had as soon give her $20 as $10, he wins the game.

Another out-door game is played between ten o'clock in the evening and midnight, in order to avoid the heat of the sun. It is played altogether by married people. Nine o'clock having arrived and the husband not having reached home, the indignant wife nails down the windows, locks the doors, and goes to bed feeling as if she could smash her partner in a minute and a half. Along about eleven o'clock Charles Henry begins to play his part in the game. He is suddenly seen under one of the kitchen windows. He seeks to raise it. He tries another and another, but the sash won't litt. Then he softly tries all the doors, but they are locked. The rules of the game allow him to make some remarks at this juncture, and it generally begins to rain about this moment. As he gets under the shelter of the garden rake he muses:

"Nice way to treat me because I found a stranger on the walk with a broken leg and took him to the hospital."

As the rain comes harder he boldly climbs the front steps and rings the bell. After about ten minutes the door is opened, a hand reaches out and pulls him into the hall, and the game goes on:

"Oh! you vile wretch!"

"Darling, whaz mazzer—whaz is it, jarling?"

"Don't darling me. Here it is almost daylight, and I've shivered and trembled, and brought on a nervous fever which may carry me to the grave!"

"Jarling, I found a leg on the sidewalk wiz broken man and—"

This game is always won by the wife.

Another, and the last, out-door game to be described here, is called "Waitinge for her Darling." A woman waits for her husband to spade up the flower-bed. The Eastern question absorbs his whole time. She goes out to wield the spade herself. The game is very brief. She tries to dig in the spade by pressing with both feet at once, and when she gets up and dashes it into the house she realizes that she rolled over three times, and barked her nose against the iron vase and that four carriages were right opposite the house at the time. She may have a speech to deliver when her husband comes to dinner, but the husband wins the game—it is so in the rules.

On Bathing.

Hall's *Journal of Health* don't believe in too much water, for it says on the subject of bathing: Once a week is often enough for a man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of re-action in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerons soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day unless by the advice of a family physician. The best mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing already mentioned, is as follows: As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands. neck and breast; into the same basin of water put both feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, etc, wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, with mouth shut and chest projecting. Let the whole thing be done in less than five minutes. At night, when you go to bed, and whenever you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hand, so far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which is essential to health, and which too frequent washing will always destroy.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Interesting Description of the Peculiar Implement. Used by Professional Thieves.

The appliances of the first-class burglars are changed to meet almosot all the changes in preventive inventions. The hydraulic jack to force in safe locks, the cylinders of compressed oxygen and hydrogen to burn through steel, and the other scientific as well as ingenious appliances used by the big operators show this. The first and simplest tool in a burglar's outfit is a window knife. This is a thin very flexible, broad-ended knife, more resembling a paint knife than anything else. With it, in two seconds the clumsiest burglar can turn back the simple catch so generally used throughout the city to fasten windows. The thin blade can be easily twisted up between the two sashes, and a light pressure throws the catch to one side or the other, and leaves the window free to open. This is as useful as it is simple, and the wonder is that style of fastening is so generally used. Lately, however, a new brass catch, which works up and down, and is fastened by a pin, has been invented, and is proof against the knife. The art of window opening, however, makes necessary in some cases a diamond to cut the glass. This brings into requisition a "sucker"—a disk of wet leather with a string tied to it, such as boys use as a plaything. This is first fastened to the upper pane and the cutter run around it in a circle. When the glass is severed it clings to the leather and the piece is removed to the outside without noise or fracture of the contiguous glass.

Another and a simple method in avoiding noise, utilized in breaking into stores with thin glass windows, is to paste a large sheet of stout paper over the glass till it adheres firmly in every part, and then break the glass, The pieces cling to the paper and no jingling or noise of any kind is made, and the window can be neatly taken out in fargments. The next article in the outfit is a skeleton key. These are as old as the invention of tumbler locks. Before that invention it needed little skill or practice, by aid of a crooked wire, a notched knife-blade or anything else that came handy, to pick the simple lock. The new invention. however, brought skeletons into vague. A skeleton is simply the simplest shape of key. The shank is filled down thin so as to enter any lock easily, and the ward of the key is the same sieze as that of any key, but cousists only of the same size as that of a small "T" shaped piece of steel or brass as the case may be. This is the simplest variety, and will suit the largest number of locks. There are some, however, in which the wards are a trifle more complex, which suit different brands of locks. No respectable thief however, is without two or three keys.

The next implement is a pair of nippers, or "nips," as the police abbreviate it, which are used when a key is turned and left in the lock. "Nips," are pairs of pinchers which are inserted to grasp the end of the key. The clutching portion is so small as to easily enter a lock, and when closed the end appears like a hollow piece of steel no thicker then a key shank. The ends are notched, however, just as a pair of pinchers are roughened, so as not to slip when the end of the key is grasped, and as most keys are pointed at the end, the operation of grasping it is faciliated. Some originality is displayed by thieves in getting up these, and some years ago the work of a burglar named Winter, since killed in a fight, was always detected by a pair of "nips" which he used. Instead of having little notches all around the end, he had only four, equally distant from each other, the marks on the brass key which his instrument left were always detected. The "nips" are largely used, and are effective, the only prevention against them being something that will make the key immovable. Of these preventives the best is a thick bent wire, in the shape of a pin that hangs down from the shaft of the door-knob and passes through the ring of the key.

The commonest burglarious instrument is the "jimmy," and its uses are manifold. It is a bar of steel, one end of which is curved at a right angel. Sometimes one end is sharpened to a point and sometimes both,or one is flattened out and sharpened like a crow-bar. They are of various lengths and weignts, and a well-to-do burglar generally has several. They subserve all the uses of a crowbar and drill. With them it is no trick at all to force open a wooden door, breaking the lock or twisting it out of place by main force. It is also a very successful tool in prying open the door of a building or a safe, being used in the latter case when a partial entrance has been made. Bull's eye lanterns, so loved by dime novel writers, have passed out of date, small candles being used. This calls to mind the fact that the work of Root and Schacht, the companions, was always spotted by the candle grease which they left behind them, their custom being to use the small Christmas tree candles.

Masks are rarely used, and if worn are usually of the simplest construction, a piece of black cloth with eye and mouth holes serving both the purposes of disguise and terror, in case a startled individual awakes at night to find a ghost with a caudle, a black mask and revolver bending over him. With regard to skeletons one ingenious style, the invention of a Sidney thief, has strangely fallen into disuse. There were a number of wards to it which could be fitted to the shank, one after the other, a small screw in the end of the shank holding them in place. The possessor could try one after the other, and eventually unlock any door fastened by any ordinary key. A simple bolt is the best protection for a door, that being, in police parlance, "the only thing that'll beat a thief." Their only means of opening the door is to bore through and saw around it—an operation involving much time and trouble.

A Convincing Argument.

He was squirting tobacco juice over the floor of the saloon, and telling how capital oppressed labor, when one of the dozen men in the place inquired:

"Air you one o' them communists?"

"I hold, that we must have an even distribution of property—yes, sir, or we'll fight, sir!" was the pompous reply.

"Stranger, kin ye lend me a chew of tobacco?" asked the inquirer.

A box full of fine-cut was handed him. He put it in his pocket, and was walking away, when the communist called out:

"Beg pardon, but you are carrying off my tobacco!"

"S' all right—s' all right," replied the other. "I was out and you have plenty. We've got to even this business up, you know, and you keep the box, and I'll keep the tobacco."

He was too big to lick, and the communist put the empty box in his pocket, and refused to laugh with the crowd.

Daily Dying.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,
Slow, wandering over wood and plain.
One by one they waver through
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,
And drop at last on the forest mold,
Coral and ruby, and burning gold.

Our death is gradual like these:
We die with every waning day,
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away:
Up and on to the vast To Be,
Our life is going eternally!
Less of life than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in mine;
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
And the gates of the city fairer shine:
And the day that our latest treasures flee
Wide they will open for you and me.

Opium and its Antidote.

Opium is the juice of the poppy, and, as there are many varieties of the poppy, so, too, are there many kinds of opium; the mode of collecting the juice is, however, always the same. In Egypt, Syria and India, the three countries which produced opium, a number of semicircular incisions are made in the capsule of the poppy, and the juice which exudes is carefully gathered. This juice in being dried in the sun becomes of a dark color, thickens, and forms a brown, firm paste; this is opium. Laudanum is a solution of opium in alchol and water. Opium may be regarded as a mixture of several similar substances, among which may be named morphine, nicotine, codeine, etc. A curious fact about these opium alkaloids is, that they do not act alike on man and animals, as has been demonstrated by Claude Bernard. Man is especially sensative to the action of morphine, while thebaine, another factor of opium, is almost without effect upon his nervous system. Animals, on the other hand, feel the effect of morphine only when given in large doses, while thebaine is for them a violent poison.

Opium is one of the most powerful agents we possess for modifying the sensibility, but whether it does this by acting upon the sensor nerves or on the brain is not certain. Opium differs widly from alcohol. Alcohol is cumulative in its effects, and the more one is addicted to its use the more easily is he intoxicated by it. One does not become habituated to alcohol intoxication, but with opium the case is different; a person may become so accustomed to it as to be able to drink daily a litre of laudanum, twenty drops of which would be a strong enough medicinel dose for a non-habituated person. Opium has its antidote; just as we can produce sleep, so, too, can we produce sleeplessness, by the employment of a mind poison whose effects are diametrically opposed to those of the narcotic. The antidote of opium is coffee. One hundred years age coffee was almost unknown, but now there is hardly an other beverage that is so widely distributed.

Coffee is said to produce cerebral anæmia, while opium and alcohol cause congestion; but this theory still needs confirmation. Nevertheless, the part played by coffee in general nutrition, is very well understood. It retards organic combustion. In the normal state there is always going on within our tissues a multitude of chemical actions, the final result of which is heat-production and liberation of carbonic acid. This carbonic acid passes into the venous blood, and from thence into the lungs. Thus the quantity of carbonic acid is, to some extent, the expression of nutritive activity. On taking coffee, though no greater quantity of oxygen be inhaled, and without increasing the ration of food, the quantity of carbonic acid is reduced, and yet the amount of force is not lessened Hence coffee is a food-stuff with moderate nutrition, and checks waste, by lessening the activity of the chemical transformation incessantly going on within the tissues.—*National Repository.*

The Marriage of Great Men.

Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint indorsed upon her. So the separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line af English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affection on the other sex.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer. He had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether below him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besids this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "no" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She made him an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children fortunately were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they did not evince the talent of the great state's rights advocate.

The Farmer's Front Yard:

Most farmers,even the poorest of them, have a desire for trees, plants and flowers. They enjoy a well-kept place. It is a very rare thing to find a front yard without some attempt at ormentation. The shrubs and flower-beds and the grass are often neglected and allowed to struggle with each other in their own way. Some work is occasionally done at odd intervals A small spot is dug in the grass for a single rose-bush, another for a small Spiræa one for a Lilac, another for a Pæony, and perhaps several others, two or three feet across, for small beds of flowers. In this manner the grass plot is broken up and frittered away by numerous single plants or small beds scattered all over the yard. Except, perhaps for a few vines, we should set plants a little away from the house. Besides this, for unpretending yards by farm houses, we suggest a plan which at a less cost, we think, will make the yards look better than they now look.

The ground for the lawn should be nicely graded and enriched, taking care in most cases to preserve the natural gentle undulations. In several places here and there, depending on the size of the grounds, set shrubbery or flowers in masses of not less than ten feet in diameter. Plants in small beds cut out of turf seldom thrive well, because the grass roots run down beneath the plants, often for three or four feet, robbing them of moisture and nourishment. In the plan leave clean open spaces free from everything but grass. This can then be easily mowed several times a year.

If the land is rich and well graded, the grass can be easily mowed and it will furnish a crop which will be handy to feed the horses or some other stock. Locate the trees and shrubs somewhat with reference to making it easy to mow the lawn. The patches or groups of shrubbery should be often cultivated, at least till they become well established. A nice lawn is the most beautiful part of a well-kept front yard.

How Old He Was.

Smith H. is a notorious joker—one of those queer fellows who joke everywhere, in all company, and from force of habit. He was attending court in answer to a subpœna, and was dining at the public table. He began to chat with an acquaintance, who presently asked:

"Smith, how old are you?"

"If I live," replied Smith solemnly, "till the 30th of next month, I shall be seventy-one."

A lawyer who sat opposite here looked at him with an expression of surprise, but said nothing. The next day Smith was called as a witness, and after giving his name and residence, was asked his age.

"Fifty-three," was the prompt response.

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, "didn't I hear you say at the hotel yesterday that you would be seventy-one if you lived to the 30th of this month?"

"*Next* month, sir; with that correction I did say so."

"And now you swear you are but fifty-three?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, tell us what kind of a witness you are, any way. What do you mean?"

"Why, I think that if you live to the 30th of next month, you may be a hundred—because, sir, next mext month is February, and hasn't but twenty-eight days, and when I see the 30th of February I expect to be seventy-one."

The court, the bar, and the audience all join in the laugh, and Smith's examination was proceeded with.

Anecdote of Burns.

Andrew Hornor and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

In seventeen hunder thretty-nine—

and he paused. He then said: "Ye see, I was born in 1739 (the real date was some years earlier) so I mak' that the commencemen'." He then took his pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter. and slowly put down. in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

In seventeen hunder thretty-nine!

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, viva voce:

In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,
The deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner;
But, shortly after changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner.

"Schouvaloff," said the czar the other evening, as the two sat smoking ten cent cigars on the steps of the ducal palace, "what sort of a snide rooster is that Beaconsfield, anyhow?" "Sire," returned Schouvaloff, as he struck a match on the sole of his patent-leather boot, "I could pull the wool over the home secretary, I could close up the eye of the new secretary for India, and I might even get Salisbury where the hair is short, but Beaconsfield is a man who wont have any taffy." "Did you try him with sugar?" inquired the czar, as he smashed a spring-style potato bug that was sraddling into the parlor. "I had not thought of that," said Schouvaloff. "Then try him," said the czar, "and if that won't do, I guess we'll have to buy a few more Americon ships and sound the loud tocsin of war."

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflection on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.