

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### AN EXCELLENT REASON.

Whatever the boy might be about,  
At work or idle, in doors or out,  
Summer and autumn, winter and spring,  
Whenever he had a chance to sing,  
He'd raise the tune that he loved the best,  
And as if it were "by special request,"  
Would keep it up in the air so long  
That all were sick of the old, old song.

It wasn't much of a tune, 'tis true,  
And where he'd heard it nobody knew,  
And you'd never have thought for a single  
minute  
It came from a nightingale or a linnet;  
But Bob sang on as well as he could,  
And it seemed to do the poor fellow good,  
And a pleased expression the singer wore  
When the crowd in the cornfield cried  
"Encore!"

One day, as Bob was strolling along,  
Cheerfully singing his favorite song,  
He met a maid with eyes of blue,  
Who pined, with a pretty "flow'd eye do!"  
Then said, with a sweet and roguish smile:  
"What makes you sing one tune all the while?"  
Said Bob, in a voice that was strangely low:  
"Because it's the only one I know."  
—Josephine Pollard, in *Harper's Young People*.

### TOM AND DICK.

#### A Little Story of the Last of a Numerous Family.

They were the last of seven house flies that got into the sitting-room one day when the door-screen happened to stand open. The baby's mamma thought them only five, but grandma was sure there were seven, and I am inclined to agree with her; for in a matter of flies, you have always noticed there are likely to be a good many rather than a few. And if any one should say there are one hundred and fifty trying to get into the kitchen while the dinner is cooking, you may be pretty sure there are one hundred and sixty-one at least. So the baby's grandma was undoubtedly right, and Tom and Dick were not the last of five flies but of seven; and yet I have a doubt as to whether there may not have been ten of them at first or maybe twelve. At any rate they had all disappeared but these two, and it was now the last of December. The morning was cold and Tom and Dick sat by the grate, on the rack that held the baby's clothes. They were very fond of the baby in their way, and liked nothing better than traveling over her fat cheeks or tickling the end of her little pug nose. She did not like them at all, but they did not stop to worry about that. When she struck out for them, her fat fist was a good deal more likely to go into one of her own blue eyes than to hit either of her troublesome admirers, and they usually flew away without a brush. This morning she was sound asleep. Her milk bottle lay in the foot of the crib, and Dick thought he would like to get at least a smell of it; so he flew around and around hunting for a place to let him in. But the baby's mother had spread a big net over baby, crib, bottle and all, and Dick could not find a place that would much more than let his nose through. So he finally gave up the matter, and went to look out of the window. It was snowing fast, and the brown leaves that were left on the trees seemed to be scared, and it was so cold. Such weather made Dick feel dismal, and he flew back to the rack before the fire to see Tom; and then it struck him all of a sudden that Tom looked queer. His head seemed loose and about to fall off; his wings looked faded and drooping, and his eyes were dull.

"Why, Tom, old fellow, what's the matter?" said Dick. But Tom did not answer.  
"I say, Tom!" called Dick again.  
The baby could not have heard him if she had been broad awake, nor the baby's mother if she had been there; but Dick knew what he said, and Tom knew this time; for pretty soon he answered slowly:  
"I am very sleepy," and his voice was faint, and sounded to Dick as if it were a long way off—as if it had got away from Tom and gone up the chimney or outside the door, or into the bottom of the baby's bottle—he could not keep the baby's bottle out of his head.  
"Well, I should think so," said Dick, briskly, as he shook out his wings. "Why don't you hold up your head, and stir around a bit, and be a respectable fly?"  
"It is very late and cold," said Tom, slowly, as before, and again his voice sounded as if it were away off by itself somewhere. Dick laughed, but you couldn't have heard him if he had been tickling your nose at that very minute.  
"Cold enough, that's a fact. But late? Why, it's early in the morning."  
"I know a good place to go to sleep in," said Tom, nodding his head still lower.  
"Well, you're—you're just preposterous," said Dick. "You needn't bother yourself about going to sleep, old fellow. You're fast asleep now. You'd better go and hunt up your voice and see if you can't make some use of it. Bye, bye," and Dick spread his wings and merrily flew away.  
A vase with a tea rose in it stood on a table in the sitting-room and he stopped a moment to examine that, but the rose didn't taste so good as it smelled and he went on to the dining-room. He liked good things and sweet things, and didn't care much about any thing else; and the next day the cook found Dick dead in a jelly-pot, which is exactly what you might have expected.

But Tom made his way to a photograph of Raphael's "Fourth Hour of the Night," which hung on the sitting-room wall, and tucked himself into a big knot in the cord behind the picture and went fast asleep. He slept much more soundly than the baby did, for she walked quite often and laughed and talked, or cried. Dick couldn't have roused him this time if he had been there to try. The room was swept and the picture dusted now and then all winter, and the people of the house talked and laughed and were busy about their work, and company came and went and the wind sometimes howled as it chased the snow past the windows, but Tom knew nothing about it. After a while the snow came less and less often and the sun stayed longer each day, and pretty soon Tom somehow felt the sunshine all through him, and he roused himself and came out of his snug nest. He looked at himself all over very carefully and stretched out his legs one after another to be sure that they were all there, and seemed quite pleased to find that he was a whole fly. He brushed his head with his fore legs seven or eight times and polished off his wings with his hind legs about twelve times and shook himself up in a general way a good deal, and then was ready to look around him. He blundered about the room a good deal at first, for he couldn't remember that he had ever seen the place before, and his wings felt a little queer besides; but finally he found himself on the rail of the baby's crib. Now, Tom was an old fly, as you know, because he lived through one whole winter, and he had had a great deal of experience. But his experience did not do him much good, because he forgot it so soon; and when he saw the baby he nearly tumbled over backward in astonishment. Such big eyes and such teeth and such a pug nose and such fat cheeks! But even if Tom had not forgotten all his experience he might have been astonished just the same; for everybody was astonished who saw the baby; she was so remarkably "bright" and "sweet" and "cunning" and "active" and "interesting" and "absorbing" and "enticing" and "distracting" and a great deal more. And when her father and mother first looked at her in the morning they were all astonished too, she seemed so very much nicer than she did the night before.

She was lying on her back, jabbing the air with her fat little fists and making a long string of good-natured cooing noises, but her teeth looked as if they might bite a fly in two without any trouble, and Tom got away as fast as he could and went over to the window. Outside the trees were bare, but the sun shone bright and warm, and there was no snow on the ground.  
The sunshine made Tom feel so good that he fell to rubbing his head with great vigor, and polished his wings again and again, and he never in the least suspected that he was an old fly which had lived over from the fall before. But he did not once think of Dick. If he had been a boy or girl he would have remembered, but being a fly—well, he was just a fly and that was all.  
Tom sunned himself in the windows, and flew about the house and fed himself well, and was merry for a long time; but some time in May he disappeared, and nobody ever knew what became of him.—*Kenneth Barlow, in N. Y. Tribune.*

### How Habits Are Formed.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted every body—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if any body said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, he it friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thanks" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing any thing at all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner, at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants any thing. I never saw any thing so sweet. My children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him that he never forgets."  
"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'please' to him when we wished him to do any thing, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."  
The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits were formed.  
Probably you do not.—*Wide-Awake.*

### Lucky Irish Workmen.

While some workmen were opening a sewer in the back cellar of the Ship Hotel, in Dublin the other day, a pickaxe struck upon a curious box, or casket covered with rust, and very strongly locked. The box, which is about eighteen inches in height and width, is heavily constructed of half-inch iron, and studded with heavy clasps. The moment it was moved the workmen gave a cry of joy, for there was the undoubted chunk of coin within. A locksmith pried open the hinges with difficulty, and the mysterious chest was then found to contain a collection of coins of the sixteenth and so seventeenth centuries, principally copper. They are in a good state of preservation, and must have been stored away before 1810, when the Ship Hotel was built.—*N. Y. Post.*

"Handling Bees" is a headline in an exchange. That's the stuff. They ought to have had hives put on them years ago, then a fellow could pick them up without getting their blamed old stinger jammed into him every time.—*Danville Bee.*

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### Charles Dudley Warner's Impressions of a Railway Trip in Mexico.

Cuautla is a typical Mexican village in the temperate region, about 4,000 feet above the sea, in the State of Morelos, which adjoins the State of Mexico on the south. It is reached by a railway—eighty miles in seven hours—which climbs out of the valley eastward, and then runs south and west, making an almost exact half-circle to its destination. In Mexico the railways must run where the mountains permit.

The first part of the way lies over the flat plain, through the *chinampas*, or little patches of truck gardens, over narrow canals and ditches, through overgrown ground with tufts of marsh-grass, and between the two lakes. The whole region is alive with teal ducks, which rise from the lagoon and whirl away in flocks as the train passes. On the slightly elevated roads donkeys laden with vegetables (the patient beast which a witty woman calls "the short and simple animal of the poor"), Indian women, also bent to their burdens, short, with flat faces, brown legs, small feet and small hands—the aristocracy of the soil—and Mexican laborers in ragged serapes and broad straw hats, file along toward the city. Soon abrupt elevations in the plain are reached, picturesque heights with churches, and the foot-hills are entered. The journey grows more interesting as we ascend, the adobe villages have a more foreign character, and the mixed population becomes more picturesque in costume and habits. The train is made up of first, second and third class cars. The Mexican men in the first-class, yellow half-breeds, are gorgeous in array, wearing enormous and heavy high-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, loaded with silver and gold bullion, trousers braided down the seam or thick sewn with coins or buttons of silver, every man with a pistol ostentatiously strapped on his waist, and many of them carrying guns. These gentlemen are going to hunt at some hacienda in the hills, and at the stations where they alight there is great scurrying about, getting into rickety carriages, mounting heavily caparisoned little horses, which fidget and curvet. There is an amusing air of bravado about it all.

The third-class cars have four parallel benches running from end to end, and are packed with motley throng—Indian-looking Mexican women in blue ribbons, plenty of children and babies, men in soiled serapes and big hats, every body eating some odd mess. At all the stations the train makes a long halt, and the sides of the cars swarm with hucksters, mostly women and boys, offering the *sapotas* and other tasteless fruits, *tamales*, and other indescribable edibles, ices (flavored and colored snow), pink drinks faintly flavored with limes and pulque. The *tamal* is a favorite composite all over the republic. It consists of chopped meat, tomatoes, and chile rolled in a tortilla. The tortilla, perhaps it is necessary to say, the almost universal country substitute for bread, is a cake made of maize, and about the size of a large buckwheat cake. Its manufacture is one of the chief occupations of the women. In almost every hut and garden one can hear the grinding and the patting of the tortilla. Seated on the ground, the woman has beside her a dish of soaking grains of maize. In front of her is a curved stone, and upon this she mashes the maize with a stone roller held in both hands until it is a paste. This paste she molds and skillfully pats into shape, and lays upon a piece of sheet-iron to bake over a charcoal fire. Too often it is like Ephraim—"a cake not turned."

At and before we reached Amecameca, an elevation of over 8,000 feet, the twin snow mountain rose in view, and thereafter loomed it over the landscape in all our winding way. From Amecameca the ascent of Popocatepetl is usually made, and the cone shows very grandly across the ravine from its elevation. This is the village of sacred shrines and noble groves, much resorted to by pilgrims and excursionists. At the sacred festival in May as many as 40,000 worshippers assemble here. At Oaximba, where the road begins to descend, we breakfasted very well for fifty cents, in a rude shanty, on eggs, rice, beefsteak, three or four other kinds of meats and stews, sweets, pulque and black coffee. The pulque is best in these high regions. It is a viscous milk-white fluid, very wholesome and sustaining, and would be a most agreeable drink if it "tasted good." In fact it tastes, when it has been a few days fermented, like a mixture of buttermilk and sour cider. But many strangers become very fond of it. The older it grows the more intoxicating it is. As the reader knows, probably, it is drawn from the maguery plant, called by us the "century," which grows on these elevations to a great size, and is the cleanest-limbed and most vigorous and wholesome-looking product of the region. When it matures it shoots up a stout spike ten or twenty feet high from the center, bearing brilliant orange flowers. When the plant is ready to tap, the center stalk is cut out, and the sap collects in the cup thus formed. It is dipped out, or sucked out by a tube, and when first drawn is mild, cool and refreshing. In about three days it begins to ferment. As it is often carried to market on the backs of natives in pig or goat skins, it gets a disagreeable flavor. The maguery plant has many uses. It is eaten cut up and preserved like melon rinds. Its long tough fiber is very extensively used in making ropes and cordage. The end of each leaf terminates in a hard, sharp, black thorn. Break off

this thorn and strip down the fibers attached to it, and you have a capital needle and thread for coarse sewing. The muleteers use it to mend their saddles and broken harness straps. What encouragement is there to industry when nature furnishes in one plant drink, food, needles and thread, and a rope for lariats!—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

## STRANGE PHENOMENA.

### Uncomfortable Condition of a Gentleman Charged with Electricity.

"At one time it was very hard for me to believe, indeed, that any person living possessed such a power as being able to shuffle across the carpet of a room and light the gas as it issued from the jet of the burner by simply touching it with the tip of one finger. I have at present, however, two friends, at least, among my acquaintances who seem to be capable of performing this feat at all times and under any circumstances. Now I find similar phenomena exhibited to a very high degree in my own person, at Fort Wingate here. This point is over six thousand feet above sea level; the only water in the neighborhood is a small pond—a puddle, really—and a few insignificant springs. The air is usually clear and highly rarefied; indeed, all the conditions seem to be favorable to the exhibition of electrical appearances.

"Only the other day, while pacing my room, passing as I did so, each time, over a large woolen Navajo blanket that lay spread out on the floor, a circumstance arose which called upon me to touch the cast-iron urn that ornamented the top of a small wood-stove in the apartment, and which had a fire in it at the time. Before the tip of my index finger touched it, by a distance of fully a centimeter, there was displayed in the intervening space a brilliant electric flash, accompanied by a report that could be distinctly heard in the adjoining room above ordinary conversation. The experiment was repeated three or four times, but the display became more and more feeble with each trial; it retained its original force, however, after I paced across the blanket on the floor a few times. Additional experimentation went to show that this electrical discharge was considerably greater from the tip of the index finger than from any of the others of the hand, and gradually diminished in regular order as we proceeded to the little finger, and, further, it seemed in my case, more evident in the left index rather than in the right one. When all ten finger-tips were drawn together and then brought up to within a centimeter's distance of this stove-urn, the flash and report appeared no greater than it did from the index finger alone.

"At times, apparently depending upon the meteorological conditions, my entire system seems to become thoroughly charged with this animal electricity, and most small objects cackle and snap as I handle them, leaving, as night draws near, an uncomfortable, aching sensation in my arm and extending more or less down my side. During these same times, should my wife take any small object from my hand, as the draughting pen or the sponge glass upon which such a pen is cleaned, an electrical report follows the contact that can be distinctly heard throughout a large room. On the other hand, I had occasion to examine an injury of the back in a young *mllatto* girl of about fifteen years of age a few days ago, when, with my right hand resting on her shoulder and my left making the required examination, there instantly followed for me a sense of the most profound relief, as if it were that all the electricity in my system had been completely withdrawn by the act. This girl, during a stay of nearly three years at Fort Wingate, had never been conscious of any electrical phenomena associated with herself similar to those which I have experienced. Previous to coming here I had resided about a year in Washington, where I had never observed such exhibitions, so far as my own person was concerned, and they only gradually developed at this place."—*Fort Wingate (N. M.) Cor. Science.*

## NOTES ON DRAINAGE.

### Why a System of Partial Drainage Is Not Advised in This Country.

The work of draining is sometimes peremptory, but most often is one upon which the common beliefs founded upon English practices are misleading, and sometimes it is ruinous to farmers, who are led astray by writers who have no practical experience. Thus we hear of "cold land," which needs warming by draining with tiles, which, when not full of water, let in the warm air and aerate the soil. Nothing could be more delusive than this idea, which is borrowed from English sources, but which is not applicable here. The prevailing soil in England is a stiff blue clay which holds the water, and, of course, the air is excluded from it. Hence, in England, tile draining is much more widely needed than here, especially as the English climate is moist and cold, as a rule, and a constant drizzle of misty rains succeed each other at short intervals. It is a real umbrella climate, while ours calls for sun-shades. Some of our soils which are based on stiff clay need thorough drainage; but such cases are rare, and thorough plowing would generally serve as well as drains. The majority of cases need only partial draining to carry the water from springs and sloughs, and the aeration of the soil follows the escape of the water, not through the tiles, but in consequence of the atmospheric pressure and variations of soil temperature, which produce currents of air and constant atmospheric changes.—*N. Y. Times.*

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Nine Protestant denominations are doing mission work in Mexico.

—There are fifty female school supervisors in Maine, and they all perform the duties of their office in an efficient manner.

—The home Sunday-school of Mr. Spurgeon's church has 108 teachers, all members of the church, and 1,428 scholars. In all the schools connected with the Tabernacle there are 7,677 scholars.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—Three chance windows of richly painted glass have been put in St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, in memory of Dr. William Shelton, who was rector of the parish from 1829 to 1882.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The report of the Indian Commissioner states that in the past year the attendance on schools supported by the Government, not including mission schools, was 9,528, the enrollment being 12,316.

—The alumni of the University of Paris numbered nearly 11,000 last year. Of these 3,786 were studying law and 3,696 were studying medicine, while only 35 were studying theology. The female students numbered 167.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Dr. J. G. Kerr and Dr. Mary W. Niles, of the Canton Presbyterian Mission, had during the year 1886 the care of 1,287 patients in the hospital, and the treatment of 13,041 out-patients, including 2,310 surgical operations.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The Union Theological School at Tokio, Japan, supported by all the evangelical Protestant churches, has nine professors and lecturers in as many different departments, two of whom, Messrs. Ibuka and Ogima, are natives.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A little Indian boy, whose problem in arithmetic to work out was "Divide 1,000 by 9," worked away very patiently until the slate was nearly covered with 9's and 1 over, then, looking up to his teacher, in tones of great perplexity, said: "Miss Blank, I can not stop."

—Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge pay particular attention to the sanitary condition of the schools they visit. They attend especially to all matters relating to the comfort of the buildings, and notice little defects which escape the attention of men. The janitors are said to be dismayed when asked to show the cellars.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Canon Liddon, replying to some comments on his refusal of the Edinburgh Bishopric, writes: "I can sincerely say that my motive in declining the See of Edinburgh was that which has led me before now to decline higher English preferment than I hold at present, namely, the belief that I could serve God and His church better by declining it."—*Public Opinion.*

—I once knew a pious old Scotchman whose son had succeeded remarkably in life, and had built a princely mansion in a beautiful city. A lady was congratulating the old man on the event, when, with a quiet little laugh, he answered: "Well, he may have a grand house, but I've a better." Yes, a house of many mansions, the masterpiece of the Architect of Heaven and earth.—*Dr. W. G. Blake.*

## A STORY OF CLAY.

### A Cuban Cigar Factory Which Ores Its Fame to the Great American.

Just beyond Toyo Don Miguel called my attention to an immense cigar factory with the remark: "An American statesman made that!" Then he told me how. Soon after the great Missouri compromise contest Henry Clay, who was very much broken in health, was prevailed upon by his friends to visit Cuba. The Spanish Government, learning of this, gave orders that he should be received as the guest of the nation. On his arrival at the old Hotel Almy in Havana, now abandoned, he was received with extraordinary civic and military demonstrations, and a Virginian named Belt, an American litterateur and linguist, then and now residing in Cuba, was appointed his cicerone.

Mr. Clay protested against these honors as being embarrassing and distracting to him, an invalid who had visited the island only for rest and recreation, and he was finally given the keys of the city, but allowed to live in peace. At this time there was in Havana a poor, struggling cigar-maker, named Julian Alvarez. He sought Mr. Clay through Mr. Belt and begged piteously to be allowed to use his name for a brand of cigars, and that the great commoner would sit for a portrait to accompany the same. The petition was so made to Mr. Clay that it touched him deeply. His reply through Mr. Belt to Alvarez was:

"Say to your Cuban friend that nothing on earth could be more distasteful to me. I will do it, however, on the condition that Alvarez should let help him to gain fortune, never fail to be generous and bountiful to all men with whatever may be in his power to bestow upon them."

It is said that this portrait of Mr. Clay is the finest one in existence, his own great praise of it being embodied in his remark:

"It is wonderfully ugly, and therefore wonderfully like me."  
Julian Alvarez died in Havana last year. The establishment, which owed its origin wholly to Henry Clay's sympathy for struggling poverty, is the most noted of its kind in the world. Alvarez's death was mourned by every human being in Cuba. He was undoubtedly the most generous man, the most noble man, the most truly grateful man, proven by his innumerable benefactions, ever known to the Spanish people.—*Cuba Letter.*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—King Humbert IV. of Italy is about forty-three years old, passably handsome and a brave, humane and popular ruler.

—Queen Victoria has in Windsor Castle three vases valued at \$100,000 and a Sevres dinner-service worth \$250,000.

—Captain James M. McDonald, one of the supervisors of San Francisco, has donated his monthly salary, \$100, to charitable purposes.

—A Chicago contemporary assures its readers that "it never sleeps." This possibly explains the drowsiness of its columns.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

—Mr. Beecher's greatest taste in art was for etchings and engravings, of which he had some two thousand, including plates by some of the most eminent masters.

—Senator Stanford owns the largest vineyard in the world. It is in Tehama County, and contains 3,500 acres in bearing vines. The entire ranch comprises 30,000 acres.

—A new and complete edition of the writings of Galileo, in twenty volumes, is to be published at Florence, under the authorization of the Italian Minister of Public Instruction.—*United Presbyterian.*

—John L. Mitchell, the son and heir of the late Alexander Mitchell, is short in stature, with a shrewd Scotch face. He has a flowing full brown beard which reaches half way down to his waist, and wears steel-bowed spectacles.

—The Princess of Wales has had her daughters taught the complete art of dress-making. The Princess herself understands both its theory and practice, and this is one reason why she is always so perfectly dressed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—An exchange remarks: If the majority of readers were to express their honest opinions concerning the authors whom they read, one of their opinions would be that nearly all, if indeed, not all, authors have written too much.

—Ezra D. Stiles, of Skaneateles, N. Y., claims to be the oldest Mason on this continent, if not in the world. He became a Mason in September, 1817, in a lodge held in Augusta, N. Y., and in the following winter joined the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in New Hartford, so he has been a Mason nearly seventy years. Mr. Stiles was ninety-one years old the 11th day of March last, and is hearty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Queen of Roumania fell into a throne by falling down-stairs. When there was no Kingdom of Roumania in existence she had laughingly said: "I do not want to marry unless I can be Queen of Roumania." Running down the palace stairs at Berlin one day her foot slipped, and she would probably have been killed but for Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who saw her danger and caught her in his outstretched arms. When Roumania chose him for a ruler he claimed the Princess as his bride.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## HUMOROUS.

—Why a man boots his dog but merely shoos his hen has never been precisely determined.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—When you say that you don't know which are the fattest letters in the alphabet you will be told O B C T, whereupon you are expected to exclaim O I C.

—Pugilist—"I heard you wanted to hire some one to post bills." Showman—"I do. Have you had experience?" P.—"No, but I'm a first-class paster."—*Boston Budget.*

—There has been much discussion as to what language will be the last to be spoken on the earth; but it is strange that no one has suggested that it will, of course, be the "Finish."—*Golden Rule.*

—A Haverstraw woman, who believed there was "good luck" in having a bird fly in a house, chased a canary bird in, and in doing so upset and broke a ten-dollar looking-glass.—*Middletown Mercury.*

—The Proper Study of Mankind.—"What is man?" sighed Haroon Alraschid. "To-day he is here and tomorrow he is in Canada, and the next day nobody knows where in thunder he is."—*Tid-Bits.*

—That Damsel from Maine.—A dashing young damsel from Me., with a face most uncommonly fine, had such cute little Ft. Ft. That when seen on the St. Young "Cholly" was driven home.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Renben, said Mrs. Stubbbs, laying down the evening paper, "what is meant by optimism?" "Optimism?" "Yes. The paper says that optimism is not a characteristic of the modern age." "Optimism, Hannah, is a disease of the eye, an' you'll git it the first thing you know, if you keep on a-readin' that fine print."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Ma—"Now, you must be good, Algy. Algy—"How much will you give me for being good?" Ma—"How much will I give you?" A—"Yes'm." Ma—"Nothing of course." A—"Then I won't be good." Ma—"You won't?" A—"Not unless you pay for it." Ma—"Why not?" A—"Because I would then be a good for-nothing boy."—*Fenman's Art Journal.*

—Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair. Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Alice?" Alice (weeping)—"You've drank up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywog."—*Harvard Lampoon.*