BIG PEDEY, DER MILLER.

On dop of der hill you can saw a mill
Dot vos all blayed oud dough made of shdone,
Der bar vas dere und noisy shdill,
But Pedey, der miller, vas died und gone.

Morning und night und airly und lade,
Dot made no difference hot or cold,
He dealed oud der Lager und Visky shdraighd
Dill him under der blasse got awful old.

"Big Fad Pedey" vas all der same,
Und all of der beebles dem liked him vell;
But vedder he owned any oder name,
I shwar of I knowed I voodin dell.

'Dvas "Big Fad Pedey, a shlice of ham,"
Und "Big Fad Pedey, a glass of beer;"
But Pedey didn't seem for to care a cent
So long as der jinkle of shdambs he'd hear.

'Dvas "Big Fad Pedey," dem all did call,
Der facks, for sure, I'm going to dold—
He vas "Big Fad Pedey" ven he vas shmall,
Und "Big Fad Pedey" ven he vas old.

Bud "Big Fad Pedey," dough he vas shdout,
You musn't dink dot he vas shdrong;
He could drink dree barruls of bier glean out,
Und den dob off mit a shpleadid song.

All der dime busy und full of fun,
All der dime doing his lifel besd,
He always dook care of "Number Von,"
Und boody goot care of all ber resd.

Dere vas always a shmile on Pedey's face—
No madder how cold der vedder mighd be,
Der fire vood burn in Pedey's place,
Sometimes in der nighd dill half-past dree.

How Pedey had lifed was known to fame,
Bud efry von lader or soon musd go;
So von day around der news did came
"Der bier und Pedey vas awful low."

Und den 'dvas dalked kinder shamfully,
Der doceder vas dere und he vas died;
Und all der naybors rushed in to see,
"Boor Big Pedey," vas all dey cried.

Dey pud him in his leedle bed,
His ulster coat dot vas his shroud:
"He's shkibbed der gutter," some von said,
Und der dirt vas shofflled by der ground.

Cause he always baid for vot he got,
Und nefer dinked dot vas a sin,
Ven some von vasn'd dot near der shbot,
To pud blendy vater in der gin.

On dob of der hill you can saw a mill
Dot vas all blayed oud dough made of shdone,
Der bar vas dere und noisy shdill,
But Pedey, der miller, vas died und gone.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY ALEC CREAN.

You must know, (said my friend Harry), that in the course of my many wanderings about the world I chanced once to meet an Englishman by the name of Rushton. He was a doctor by profession, but, like myself, being quite well off, did not have as much practice as he might have otherwise commanded, for he was a talented fellow, and one who had studied medicine with much zeal. Now, Dr. Rushton, some two years since, arrived in this city, and I immediately called upon him, and offered him our hospitalities. He was staying at one of our principel hotels. To this place I bent my steps, and while awaiting in the office the Doctor's appearance in answer to my card, which I had sent up by one of the waiters, I amused myself, as I frequently do under such circumstances, by looking about and scanning the features of those around me. There were only a few persons present, such individuals as are to be met with loafing in the halls of our hotels; and I did not find anything particularly interesting to engage my attention until my eyes chanced to alight upon a man whom I had not at first perceived. I was immediately struck by his peculiar appearance He was a tall, thin Frenchman, dressed in rather a shabby cloak, and wearing upon his head one of those impudent-looking military fatigue caps which were so common at that time in this country But it was not his costume that attracted my notice so much as his face, which was particularly repulsive, and not in the least degree heightened in beauty by a pair of coal-black eyes, ever restlessly turning from one object to another, as if suspecting every one they saw of being secret enemies. Under his chin I observed a dark-red scar, which he had evidently attempted to hide by allowing all his beard to grow out. Unfortunately, his stock of that article was very poor, being thin, straggling, and of a light color, so that a keen eye like mine readily detected the curious mark he bore. I was thus observing this man and cogitating who he might be, when a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and turning around I beheld my friend, Dr. Rushton. After the usual salutations, the conversation turned upon old scenes and old friends, and, as is generally the case, we had much to say that interested both; so that I forgot, for the time, the presence of the man who had attracted so much of my notice, until, turning to leave, I perceived the mysterious stranger still present. He had drawn a chair close to the stove, and was now fast asleep. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when I heard the Doctor suddenly give a slight exclamation as of one in pain, and looking toward him, I became conscious that he was deadly pale and was staring fixedly upon the Frenchman. Before I could speak he whispered hastily, as he clutched my arm and motioned me to follow:

"Come; for heaven's sake, let us get out of this place!"

He was so earnest in what he said that I made no remark, but followed him mechanically up the stairs to his room, having entered which he threw himself into a chair, and drawing a long breath exclaimed, "Lock the door!" I did as he requested, and then took a seat opposite him.

"What in the name of all that is sensible does this mean?" I asked.

"My conduct must appear very strange to you," answered Rushton, smiling, "and as I have acted thus, it is due to you, my friend, that I should give an explanation."

He ceased speaking for a moment to collect his senses, and then continued:

"You noticed that man in the office—that Frenchman with a light beard?"

"Yes, I did, Doctor. In fact, I thought his appearance was very singular, and was devoting my attention to him when you came down stairs."

"I had a strange adventure once with that man. I saved his life—whether I did so rightly or not, I have never since made up my mind."

"I should like to hear an account of the adventure, Doctor, for I must confess that my curiosity this evening has been excited to a high pitch."

"You shall hear all about it, and you will be the first man that I have confided it to. So to begin. You are aware that, like yourself, I studied for my profession in Paris. For two years I had lodgings in the Rue d'Antoine, not far from the Academy of Medicine. One very stormy night I took it into my head, at rather a late hour, that I would visit the dissecting rooms and pursue my studies quietly there by myself, as I knew no one would be about, except the old janitor, who was well disposed toward me, and would easily give me admittance at hours when it was not customary for students to disturb him. So I pulled on my overcoat and, taking an umbrella under my arm, started out. A few steps brought me to my destination, and a knock at his door summoned the janitor to admit me.

"'Monsieur comes late to-night.'

"'Yes, Adolphe. I must trouble you to let me in. I have some very important work to do in the college.'

"'Certainly, Monsieur. Only too happy to do you a favor,' answered Adolphe, with the usual politeness of a Frenchman. 'But,' he continued, 'Monsieur will wait a moment until I get a light.'

"With this he bustled away, and soon reappeared, carrying a lantern.

"'Is there any one else up stairs in the dissecting rooms?' I asked.

"'No, Monsieur; you will be entirely alone, and I wish you joy with all my heart, for a more disagreeable place I do not know of. Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it.'

"Having uttered these words, Adolphe ushered me into a small apartment directly underneath the principal dissecting room, where he lit the lamp and then left me. As the sound of the retreating footsteps of the janitor died away in the distance I settled myself in an easy chair by the table on which the lamp stood, and, opening a large volume that I desired to look over before commencing my work, I was soon lost to everything but the subject to which my attention was devoted. About half an hour passed in this way, naught interrupting my studies save the wind whistling outside and the rain-drops pattering on the window panes.

"Suddenly, and from no cause that I could imagine, an inexpressible sense of fear came over me. I was unable to fix my attention upon the book, although I tried my best to do so. My thoughts would wander, and my imagination caused hideous spectral objects to flit through my mind. I could not divine what this sudden dread meant. I was never superstitious—never had allowed my better reason to be overcome by any marvelous tales that I had heard in the course of my life. Still, try to throw it off as I would, at this moment I was in the power of some unknown, invisible terror. Thus I sat benumbed, feeling at short intervals a chill run through my frame, when I distinctly heard a moan in the room above. As you may suppose, this startled me, for I remembered well that old Adolphe had said there was no living being there—nothing but the mortal shapes of those whose souls had passed away from this earth. Again I heard the moan, then a rustling noise, then a step. Adolphe must have been mistaken. Some fellow-student had preceded me and gained entrance into the building without the janitor's help. But how could this be? Adolphe kept the keys. That step again! My thoughts were interrupted by the mysterious sound, and I arose from the chair and took up the lamp, intending to search out the meaning of this perplexing incident, when the steps were repeated—at first slowly, like one feeling his way, and then rapidly, as they descended the stairs and approached the room in which I was. My blood curdled as I saw, with horror, the door swing on its hinges and an unearthly object, clothed in the cerements of the grave, appear on the threshold. Upon discovering me the figure uttered a sharp cry, and, advancing a few steps, threw itself before me on the floor, shrieking, 'Save me! Save me!'

"The tones of the human voice which thus struck on my ear reassured me, and gave me the welcome conviction that it was a living being who had thus unexpectedly disturbed my studies. Still, the emaciated form, clothed in its winding-sheet, the pallid face, and blood-shot eyes gazing upon me caused me yet to feel a great dread of my visitor. At length I mustered up courage sufficient to ask, 'Who are you?'

"As I spoke, the man lifted himself from the floor and answered in a whisper, 'Do you not know me? I am one whose crimes have astounded all Paris. You now see the murderer, D——!'

"'What! D——, who was hung this afternoon?'

"'The same. But you seem to doubt me,' continued the man, as he perceived an incredulous smile pass over my face. 'Perhaps this will satisfy you!' With these words he unwrapped part of the shroud which covered his neck and disclosed a fearful gash.

"I started in amazement. 'Gracious heaven!' I exclaimed, 'how has this happened? The hangman has failed to perform his task!

"'Do not ask me how it occurred,' said D——. 'I had made up my mind to die, but I awake from my fearful dream to find myself in a charnel house. I, a living, breathing man, the companion of corpses; but we must not waste further time. Save me, for God's sake, I implore you! Give me clothes, and show me the way out of this place, and, though I am weak and faint, I can yet escape!

"You may imagine what a position I was in. The piteous accents of the man, notwithstanding his former crimes, struck a chord of sympathy in my heart. My feelings prompted me to assist him to escape. But again, would I be acting rightly in so doing? My mind was thus perplexed with conflicting reasons when I suddenly remembered to have read in the paper that the friends of this unhappy man had received a promise from the Judge who had sentenced him that his remains should lie undisturbed in their grave, and not be subjected to the doctor's dissecting knife, as the corpses of most criminals are. And yet some of my fellow-students had been bold enough to steal this body. Here was a loophole for my conscientious scruples to escape through. 'I will see what I can do for you,' I said. Never shall I forget the grateful expression of that man's countenance.

"'God bless you, Monsieur. Let me but leave this building, and France shall never hear of D——'s crimes being repeated by him.'

"'Do you think you can escape the police, if they should know of this?'

"'I am sure I can.'

"'Will you promise me that you will leave the country?'

"'Before heaven I swear to do so!' answered the man, in a solemn tone, at the same moment raising his arm on high.

"There was something in this criminal's voice that led me to believe he was sincere.

"'I will trust you,' I answered. 'Here, take some of this; it will strengthen you.'

"As I spoke, I handed him my brandy flask. He took a good pull at the contents. But, my friend, it is needless for me to continue my narative further. It is sufficient to state that I gave him some clothes, led him to the door of the building, and saw his figure disappear in the darkness of the night. I never heard of D—— from that time until this evening, when, to my horror, I perceived him sitting in that office down stairs. The sight has conjured up all my old feelings; and the scene that I have attempted to describe is as vividly portrayed in my mind's eye as if it had only occurred yesterday. I must leave this hotel. For me to stay here would only keep me in a constant state of uneasiness."

"And you shall not stay here, Doctor," I said. "My house is at your service, and I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not accept my invitation. But, tell me this: Did you never perceive any signs among your fellow-students at the academy as if they were rather cast in a fog as to the disappearance of D——'s body?"

"Oh, yes" answered the Doctor, smiling; "two or three of them appeared to be very much perplexed, but they never confided the matter to me; and, as to the authorities, I suppose to this day they are not aware of the occurrence."

"Well, a still further question: How is it that your friend D—— escaped with his life from the gallows?"

"His body, I believe, for some reason or other, was cut down too soon; and, although the surgeon present thought him dead, D—— had life enough left in him to frighten me out of my wits."

And so ends the Doctor's story.

Storing Up Moral Force.

Every day you meet dozens of elderly people in whose face there is no clear intelligence—their features wooden or animalish, their eyes muddy false. Yet they were once bright and young as you are; they dreamed as you dream, of great and good things to come. And they had moments of serious thought and high resolve. All these damaged old people are so many once young. What are the causes of failure? Possibly some of them are victims of blighting misfortune or injustice; possibly some of them passed through their early years without adequate guidance, wise instruction, or kindly encouragement. But multitudes have failed from unfaithfulness to themselves; from an indolent moral habit; from a neglect of everyday advantages—always from some inward defect.

None of us can live well by an occasional good resolution. Everything depends on storing up for ourselves an ever increasing fund of moral power, which shall be always available to sustain us in carrying out our better purpose. Unless we are willing to live as moral tramps, on the brink of inward poverty and misery, we must invest our all in this higher business, so that every transaction of life shall yield us spiritual income. Nothing is secure until we are established in right habits, rooted and grounded in heavenly principles. We want to become fixed and unchangeably good. This comes from making the love of good, which is identical with the love of God, the supreme controlling law, the central interest and the fountain of motives. We shall do better than keep ourselves decent; we shall be purer and truer than the world take us to be; we shall require of ourselves a higher standard than our best friends expect; we shall be continually transformed by the renewing of our minds.

The main question is not "What is to become of us?" but "What are we to become?" Nor is the answer difficult. We need not wrestle painfully with questions of doctrine, nor wait to construct a creed. If we are simply faithful—if we follow the light that God gives, if we are humble enough to learn from all sources and yet firmly true to reason and conscience—we can not miss the road; we shall move toward our true place in the universe.—*Charles Ames.*

The Wit of the Poet Rogers.

Rogers' wit was perhaps in higher repute than that of any one else in his time, except Sydney Smith; but while Sydney's wit was genial and good-humored, and even his mockeries gave no offense, that of Rogers was sarcastic and bitter; and the plea which I have heard him advance for its bitterness was in itself a satire. "They tell me I say ill-natured things," he observed in his slow, quiet, deliberate way. "I have a weak voice. If I did not say ill-natured things no one would hear what I said." It was owing to this weakness of voice that no candles were put on his dinner-table, the light being thrown upon the walls and pictures, but shaded from the room. This did not suit Sydney Smith, who said that a dinner at Rogers' was a "flood of light on all above, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth." However one might be tormented, it was not safe to complain. I remember one victim—it was the widow of Sir Humphrey Davy—venturing to do so. "Now, Mr. Rogers," she said, in a tone of aggrieved expostulation, "you are always attacking me." "Attacking, you, Lady Davy? I waste my life in defending you."—*Sir Henry Taylor's Memoirs.*

THE *Jewelers' Circular* says that never in the history of jewelry in this country have colored stones, both gems and semi-precious stones, been more in request than now.

Old Times.

Less than forty-five years ago, the writer, then a farmer's boy in Western New York, drove his father's wheat to market, at the Genesee flouring mill, and received for it eighteen shillings—two dollars and twenty-five cents—per bushel. To-day wheat is worth six York shillings—seventy-five cents per bushel. The land upon which that wheat was raised was worth seventy-five dollars per acre. To-day it will sell for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The best farm-hand, for all the year round, received nine dollars per month and one pair of cow-hide boots annually. The fields upon which it was raised bore wheat only every other year; they were plowed with a plow turning a single furrow; were sowed by hand, cradled by hand, raked, bound, and drawn to the thresher; the grain winnowed through a fanning-mill turned and fed by hand; grain sacked in bags, and, when the wheat was sold, the bags were retained. The farmer's boy then dressed in "sheep gray," from wool raised on the farm, carded, spun and woven in the county; made by a seamstress—or "tailoress" we call her—who came to the house and worked for three shillings—thirty-seven and a half cents—per day. Boots were made from the hide of cows or calves killed upon the farm, tanned in the village, and made by the village shoemaker. A seal-skin cap, costing seventy-five cents, lasted through ever so many winters, relieved from summer duty by a straw hat. A college student taught the winter school for seventeen dollars a month, and "boarded round." In winter we snowballed, slid down hills, and skated. In summer we swam in the creek and boated on the pond. There was a village debating society, and we had district spelling schools. We drove the girls to apple-paring bees in "pungs," made with crockery crates on "bobsleds" filled with straw and buffalo robes. There were husking frolics, candy-pullings, maple sugar-making, summer picnics, general training, Fourth of July celebrations, Thanksgiving dinners. We did not dance, because it was wicked, we played games and kissed the girls for forfeits. In summer we played ball, and our mothers made the balls of yarn unraveled from old stockings and covered with old buckskin gloves. We made the bats ourselves. We pitched quoits, and the quoits were old horse-shoes or flat stones. In winter we broke steers and colts. In hog-killing time we blew up the bladders, and roasted pig-tails. In the long winter evenings, around a blazing fire, we had apples, cider, butter-nuts, and hickory-nuts—these gathered in the summer, and their gathering was a holiday. We made our own soap, our own candles, our own sausages, our own dried beef; for mince pies we boiled down cider; we dried pumpkins and apples for winter use. Our mothers made pickles and preserves, knit our stockings, mittens, and woolen comforters. Over our clothes, at work, we wore a tow frock. In summer after the dandelions came we went bare-foot. In spring we made corn-stalk fiddles, whistles from the willow, and flutes from pumpkin-vines. We fished with angle-worms. We went to school in winter, doing the chores in the morning and evening. We worked on the farm in summer. In winter time the cellar was stored with pork in barrels, with apples and potatoes in bins, cider and vinegar in barrels. The vinegar was made on the farm. The smoke-house was hung with hams and dried beef—every farmer cured his own hams. Cabbages and carrots were buried for winter use. During the fall the winter's wood was felled. At the first fall of snow it was drawn to the kitchen door. To chop it was part of the morning and evening chores. All kinds of fruits were preserved, cucumbers were pickled, butter was salted down. The farmers' beds were made of feathers, and every farmer raised his own geese. The quilts were patch-work. Every farmer's wife made her own coverlets. Hired men were neighboring farmers' boys, coming from farms where there were more boys than land.

The school-books were Webster's spelling, New England reader, Daboll's arithmetic, Kirkham's grammar, Olney's geography. The home library was the Bible, Watt's Hymns and the Almanac. An occasional Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was found, and here and there, in a less orthodox family, the "Scottish Chiefs," "Alonzo and Melissa," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Children of the Abbey."

The family was well to do that had an income of four hundred dollars. Rye whisky was twenty cents a gallon; genuine imported havanas three cents apiece; half-cents, and two-cent pieces of copper, silver sixpences, and shillings were abundant; the silver currency was Spanish.

Wheat or corn was taken to the mill in grists, and "toll" was taken by the miller for grinding. Wool was carded into rolls and spun at home upon a spinning-wheel. Flax was broken upon a hetchel at the farm, spun into thread, and woven upon a hand-loom into cloth. There was a dye-tub in every farmer's kitchen—the color was blue or yellow—and the cloth was taken to the fulling-mill to be fulled and bleached. Clay for bricks was trodden out by oxen in pits. Oxen were shod, being lifted in a frame by a band beneath the belly. Every neighborhood had its cider-mill and press. There was a cotton-mill, woolen factory, grist-mill, broom factory, saw-mill, lime-kiln, and place for grinding plaster in the town. Fire was lighted by a steel and flint and "punk;" then from phosphorus vials with a chemically prepared stick. There were no envelopes, black sand was used for blotting, and letters were fastened with sealing-wax. Peddlers traveled with stoves, tinware, dry-goods, washing-machines, in exchange for farm produce. Candy came in the shape of peppermint-drops, and in sticks red and white, flavored with lemon or cinnamon; molasses candy was cheap and common.

In an open kitchen fireplace swung a crane, upon which the tea-kettle always hung. Meats and fowl were roasted upon a spit, with a mechanical contrivance for its turning. Tin reflectors were used for baking. Beans and corn-bread were baked in a Dutch oven covered with hot coals. A brick bake-oven was located outside of the house.

Boys in those times were modest. Girls were virtuous. Old age was respected. The Sabbath was observed. Times were not then as now. Morals and manners have much changed.—*The Argonaut.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

THERE are only three counties in Illinois and only one in Pennsylvania that are not penetrated by lines of railroad.

THE *Medical Times* says that the solution of cocoaine is being used by New York dentists to render the filling of teeth a painless operation.

A FLAGSTAFF at Mount Vernon, Washington Territory, 146 feet high, is claimed to be one of the longest unspliced spars in the United States.

A FRENCH physician has written a long letter on the advantages of groaning and crying. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving vent to his emotions.

THE curious toleration of the French for horseflesh as an article of food would probably disappear before a large importation of American beef. Meantime, the fifty-eight horse butchers in Paris have distributed to the population of that city 9,271 horses, asses, and mules during the past year, against 6,865 of these animals slaughtered in 1883.

THE last reported novelty in London is a burglars' company, which conducts business in a most careful and systematic manner. It has a number of inspectors, who travel over Europe in quest of openings for "work," and mechanics who can open the most elaborate safe safe. Finally, there is a solicitor who negotiates the restitution of bonds for a commission of 35 per cent. All the managers have received a prison education.

THE cook in an up-town club was bothered by a number of rats, until he hit upon a novel dish for them. He collected a small pan of wine-bottle corks, and chopped them up. Then he fried the pieces in lard and breaded them. The rats ate them at night, and drank from a dish of water conveniently placed. In a few days the rats were all found dead, and the cook was very happy over his experiment.

Why He Was Proud.

A party of newspaper men were discussing a lunch in the rooms of the Chicago Press Club one evening a year or so ago, and talking over their experiences, when one of them turned to an older one than the rest, one who had attained some distinction in his profession, and asked:

"What was the proudest day of your life?"

The man looked surprised for a moment at the question, then seemed to be thinking seriously for a little time, and then, as all the boys seemed to be waiting for an answer, and perhaps an interesting reminiscence, he scratched a match on his pants, lit his cigar and said:

"Well, boys, you almost got me. I had to think quite a while before I could determine the proper answer to the question. I have seen a great many days in my life when I was quite proud, and had a right to be; but I guess the proudest day, the day that made me feel real good, was one Fourth of July. My folks lived in a small town, where I was brought up, and they live there now. I did not amount to very much as a boy, and nobody thought I would ever be anything but a type-setter, except perhaps my father and mother. I left home and after over twenty years wandering, became somewhat known as a newspaper editor, known, you might say, all over the country. In fact, my name was quite familiar at my old home, and I frequently heard of some complimentary remark from some old acquaintance, who twenty years ago thought I was a tough cuss, with no brain, who would never amount to a row of pins. One day I got an invitation to deliver the oration at my old home on the coming Fourth, and I accepted it. I did not think I could orate very much, but I thought how proud the old folks would be to think that the people of the old home had selected me, of all others, to address them. My father and mother had grown very old, and did not go out much, but I knew they would be happy, and so I went. From the town to the grove I rode at the head of the procession, with the President of the day, in the only carriage, and as the procession passed my father's house, and I saw my old father at one window and my mother at the other, with smiles on their faces, and tears in their eyes, I guess I was about as proud as they make 'em. While passing our old house I thought over forty years of my life, and could not remember a moment when those two dear old people were not my friends. Yes, there was a good deal of proud flesh about me that day. And when the Declaration of Independence had been read and a prayer had been uttered, and the village choir had sung, and I started in on my oration, somehow my heart was so swelled up that it was difficult to speak, and my eyes leaked so that I could hardly read. There were all around me men and women who had been boys and girls with me, and when the first applause came from the audience, I looked down in the crowd and saw my father and mother, and their faces were pictures of the supremest happiness that ever was known. It was not much of an oration, as orations go, but when it was over, and the people shook hands with my father and mother more warmly than ever before, and congratulated them on their boy, I felt about as good as I ever did or ever will. Who's got a match?" And the speaker knocked the ashes off his cigar and relit it, while several of the boys of the Press Club took their handkerchiefs and wiped little particles of dust out of their eyes.—*Peck's Sun.*

NO MAN, it is said, can enlist in the regular army of China until he has shown his courage by having a tooth pulled.

WHEN the youthful ember of love expires, it leaves the ashes of thro-siss.

HUMOR.

IT is often the man that is right who is left.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE rooster has the most eg-otism, but the hen has the most eggs.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT'S a poor rule that a schoolma'am cannot work in different directions.—*Drake's Magazine.*

WE contracted a cold last week, but it has spread all over us again.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IT'S bad to be out of pocket, but it's all up with you when you're entirely out of breath.—*Barbers' Gazette.*

WHY is the Admiral of the American navy like an appurtenance of a hotel? Because he is a Porter?

LIFE may not be worth the keeping, but it is worth the giving up when there is a policy for $100,000 on it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"THERE isn't much family likeness in our family," said Johnny Dumpsey, "and what there is is mostly for pie."—*Burlington Free Press.*

THAT ladies easily learn to play the violin is not surprising when their experience in handling beaux is taken into consideration.—*Exchange.*

THE thief who steals a dollar
Can never rest content,
And enjoy the blissful peace
Of him who earns a cent.
—*Whitehall Times.*

A BOSTON millionaire left his wife her weight in gold annually. The celerity with which she threw her bottle of anti-fat out of the window challenged admiration.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"ARE you of German extraction?" asked a young lady of a gentleman whom she met the other evening at a party. "Well, no; not exactly," replied he, "but I have a cousin who plays on the German flute."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

DANIEL WEBSTER called tobacco "the great catholicon which inspires immovable courage." Dan'l had evidently finished smoking a "two-fer," and was en route for the tobacconist's, with a club, when he gave this definition.—*Merchant Traveler.*

SALLY'S WONDER.

Gayly the bicycler
Glides o'er the tar,
Like a demi-god olden
Astride of a star.
His girl at the casement sits
Watching his pranks,
While Sally the cook, cries, "My!
Look at them shanks!"
—*Washington Hatchet.*

WOMAN, God bless her bright eyes, can make roses blossom in the desert, and when so minded she can give to the most commonplace affairs of life rather much of a rainbow look, but to save her eyebrows she can't use a pen without getting ink on her fingers any more than she can remember the day of the month.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"COME here to me, you good-for-nothing thing," exclaimed a pious farmer, addressing his son. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, going fishing on Sunday." "I didn't go fishing, pap. I only went down the lane to throw rocks at them boys." "Oh, well, that's all right, then. Recollect, my son, you must never violate the Sabbath."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE REVISED VERSION.

A monkey and a parrot once
Left in a room together
Began to fight, and fought so hard
They nearly killed each other.
Their mistress coming home perceived
Their wrongs they had been righting,
And said to them, "I'm deeply grieved
To think that you've been fighting."
The monkey really felt quite bad
In thinking of his crime;
The parrot, gleeful, said, "We've had
A sheol of a time!"
—*Boston Courier.*

"AND so you admire his teeth, Laura?" "Yes; I certainly do think he has the most beautiful teeth I ever saw. It's wrong to be envious, I know, but I never seen him smile but what I think I'd give a hundred dollars if I could have his teeth." "Why, you poor silly girl, that would be the same as throwing money away." "Why so, dear?" "Because he only paid ten dollars for them when they were brand-new."—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Ashantee Gentleman.

The Ashantee gentleman has neither a flat nose, nor thick lips, nor ebony skin. To take Bossoonogo as a specimen, he is not darker than many Spaniards, has features of the European cast, and an eye that protrudes in the manner admired by the French people, and called a fleur de tete. His dress, even when a prisoner, as I saw him, is a miracle of taste, unequaled since the Roman toga vanished. One single piece of "cloth" it is, a cotton print, homespun and home-dyed. Your native gentleman, whether from the East or West, would not condescend to wear Manchester stuffs, and he is conspicuously right. To see Bossoonogo was to see a picture of antique grace. It was a marvel how he kept so clean that sheet of cotton, adorned with blue arabesques and flowers on a white ground. Nothing else did he wear by day except the "breech-clout," fringed with silk, the ends of which fell below his knees. At night he rolled it round him, and so slept, but the stiffening never went out of it, and its folds were always statuesque. He looked a swell, every inch, bright, and wholesome, and courteous, though tied by his wrist, and trudging barefoot through the mud.

When permitted the use of a carriage hammock (instead of walking chained to a common soldier), Bassoonogo stepped into his conveyance with a courteous bow toward the marine. Through my interpreter he expressed regret that circumstances over which he had no control forbade him to reward Private Smith for his "uniform consideration," etc. The face of that gallant soldier when he thoroughly mastered this parting shaft of politeness, did one good to see. "Why, why!" he said, "this nigger—he—oh, blow it!" Words would not come to him fitting to describe his sentiments. I saw him again two days after, with his remaining captives still in tow. Private Smith had changed into a thoughtful man; the sublimity of Ashantee manners had overpowered him.

THERE is said to be a married couple living in Norwich, Conn., who are both mute. They converse entirely with the broom and bootjack.