

"HANG THE BABY."

"Then you won't go, Alice?"
"No, Herbert—I'm so sorry—but the baby!"
"Oh, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.
Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, fell on her knees by the cradle, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.
She had looked forward so long to this particular party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders of society, and all that was eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world were sure to be there. She had been kept at home so much since baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup the week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was now better, "but not fit," she declared, "to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them." So she felt it her duty to give up the party. She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason he should stay at home; but still, in her heart of hearts, she hoped he would.
"He said, 'hang the baby,' yes, he did say that," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party, with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"
This awful idea called for bitter sighs. Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting girlhood. "Never should her lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people, in their acquaintance did"—never a joy he accepted that did not make them one—"never a barrier should lie between them." And now to think that this sweet babe with its golden curls, this beautiful little helpless creature should part them, as never strong hands could. She pictured the gay assemblage, and her heart ached with young girls, smiling on others, and leaving her to a life of heartache.
Her imagination, always too vivid, pictured him in his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.
"He didn't want me to go," she said, "and he didn't want me to go, and he pretended to throw all blame on dear, old baby!"
Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door, the bell rang, and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wishfulness of expectation, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.
"Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is, indeed, a surprise. I'm so glad you've come. My darling sister."
Her worthiness ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have deemed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up stairs.
"Here's Herbert! In the study?"
"He's at bed."
"He's—out, dear."
"Good! He's not angry because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me?"
"Of course I didn't."
"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month yet. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you."
"Oh! I'm so glad."
"And then I'm coming," said she, blushing, "next week to stay a month, he has business here, and he wanted me so badly to be here, too. I declare," she said, laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon to get rid of him."
"Oh, Mabel! don't marry him unless you're certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice, hysterically. "Be sure first he won't go to parties, and let—ave you—alone with the baby," she sobbed.
"What! Is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quite subdued.
"Yes, he is; and when I told him I couldn't go on account of baby, he said 'hang the baby.' Yes, you little angel, your own father said those awful words—and then he slammed the door."
"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave baby?"
"Because he was threatened with croup last week."
"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."
"I should have been thinking of fire, croup, and all that."
"Oh, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did; and he must be punished," and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful plot," and she clasped her hands in glee.
"Oh, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"
"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. You are to go to the party."
"Mabel! impossible."
"Quite possible. In fact, it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you're as pretty as anybody, and quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."
"But Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."
"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine, one of the most bewitching, bewilderer of dresses, brought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstasies. Worth never composed anything more beautiful. I want to see it on you. Come, I'll have your maid; I am all impatient. We'll shame our bad hus-

band into good behavior, see if we don't! No irresolution. I'll stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and command your pictures, vases, and pretty things, and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter to-morrow. Order John, or Jack, or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that's impossible, send for a cab."
In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best-dressed woman she had almost ever seen.
Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.
"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home; but I told him it was all nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."
Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and self-ill, without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly; but he was unwilling to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others, while with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle.
It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, saw the dreamy waltz music "thrilled the hearts sensitive to sadness as to joy," encountered the sparkling face of his wife, and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.
"Pray, don't stumble," said his partner, petulantly, for that moment the grand repose of his manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been taken for any other ducal material, for all he cared now.
"How the deuce came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner, absently, to a seat, deaf to all her pretty wits, blind to her fascinations.
"It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military-looking fellow, Guineot, too. She knows I hate him."
With these amiable thoughts, he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain. It was some time before he had the chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.
"Alice! Can I believe my eyes!" he said at last, in the pause of the dance, "I don't like to knock that fellow down, but he's a scoundrel, and I don't understand it. Dancing with that military-looking fellow, Guineot, too. She knows I hate him."
"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"
"Well, but—"
"Excuse me. I'm engaged four deep already," and Herbert was forced to move aside, as a pompous acquaintance exclaimed her hand.
"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.
Another pause, and another tete-a-tete. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem his dancing engagements.
"About the baby, Alice?" he asked anxiously.
She put her rosy lips to his ear and in a subdued voice exclaimed:
"Herbert started and changed color. To be sure he had used the same language; but from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When at last they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.
One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There, by the fire, sat Mabel, in all the abandon of a negligee toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap, clutching at one long shining curl, crowed and laughed as well as he could for "mummy's" smothering kisses.
A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at sight of the sweet home picture.
"Ah! I know who contrived the plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."
"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" answered Mabel, saucily.
"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."
"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself cannot stand—that is, if one half is flirting at a party and the other half is at home, crying her eyes out."
"Oh, Alice—were you really?"
"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that—"
"Mabel, hush!" said Alice, imploringly.
"Traitor, do you turn on me!" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.
"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has some obligations, and that, if you had known you were to be the lone of contention in this family, you'd have stayed in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."
And that night she tapped on the door of Alice's room and looked gaily in.
"Wasn't I right," she asked. And she was right, for Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to redirect opened his eyes to his selfishness, and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.
Six months after that time Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was given in her own house, and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier, for nothing now ever occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.

CONSUMMATION.

(By A. Goodridge in The Current.)
Within a valley, kept by clasping hills
From noise and madness of the far-off world,
A singer dwelt. The voice of torrents
Through rock-crevices, myriad thrills,
Of wind-blown woodland, gush of joy which
From a heart-beat overflowed, sweet echoes
From peak to peak, the cricket's note that
His evening lay when every wing is
tutled—
All these he knew and gladly would he teach
In lovely song, but lacked one needful
Long sought in vain until a sea-worn beach
He found, and, standing on a shore un-
known,
Heard the wild music that no art can reach,
Gry ocean making its eternal moan.

REMEDIES FOR HUMAN PASSIONS.

What a Homoeopathic Physician Proposes to Do in Science.

(Goldman's Messenger.)
A physician of the homoeopathic school at Lyons professes seriously to have discovered a remedy for human passions those moral diseases, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, etc., which render so many homes unhappy. On a pamphlet to show "how homoeopathy may improve the character of a man and develop his intelligence," he gives some wonderful instances of the cures alleged to have been effected by his special treatment, which he declares to be infallible.
In one case, a suspicious, jealous and violent husband who had ill-treated his wife for a period of sixteen years was cured, unconsciously to himself, by a few globules of nux vomica dropped quietly into his broth, and his wife was soon delighted to hear him humming some operatic airs and addressing her as "cherie," "ma chérie," etc. After a few days' experience of this regime the terrible Barthold was transformed into the tenderest of husbands. By a skillful alternation of other remedies a rascally husband was corrected of his inherent faults and wild outbursts of anger. A miserly father, on being subjected to a few doses of calcares carbonica, gave his consent to his daughter's marriage, which he had previously resisted. By the same medicine, varied in its preparation, a young student, who was backward in mathematics, was enabled to master the science with extraordinary facility. The calcares carbonica, it will be noted, carried a mis- and a doll—both suffering from a quantity of sums and figures.
The Lyons physician has an antidote for every thing, nux vomica for jealousy, sulphur for drunkenness, salica for stinacy, arsenium album for malice and belladonna for imbecility. Those patients who do not happen to be laboring under these infirmities and to whom the remedies just mentioned might be prescribed for other ailments, will probably protest against their use; but unhappy partners, who believe in the efficacy of this latest application of the science of homoeopathy, may be tempted to resort to it as a means of avoiding a divorce, and certain husband nvoke its aid against their mothers-in-law.

Maine's Curious Monks.

(N. Y. Post.)
"The curious part of this shell he business," said a native of New-west, who had joined the party, "is that, there is a heap containing millions of yster shells, there is not an oyster to be found on the coast of Maine to-day, and not alone this, but here are the shells ten miles from the sea, up the coast, where oysters would not live under any circumstances; so it seems that they were brought here at least ten miles, and as there are enough here to have taken several large boats a number of years to bring them, it is evident that the sea is the result of the work of lifetimes of some race or people."
"Absolutely nothing is known about the monks. When the very first shells came here, the monks were just getting up from them just as now. The monks of Pemaquid are similar to those in the earliest chronicles of the world there is nothing to throw light upon their history. They were when the country was discovered by the whites, and the theory that we can entertain is that they are the works of the very ancient Ne-England tribes of Indians."

Uses of the Passion Flower.

(Scientific American.)
According to Dr. George W. Winterburn, the therapeutic uses of the whit passion flower resembles the bromide on one hand and gelsemium on the other. It is one of our best hypnotics, producing a quiet, pleasant sleep altogether different from the comatose stupor of morphia, and from which the patient may be aroused at any moment. It may be given in doses of two or three drops of the tincture or five dilution. Even in the worst form of sleeplessness, that associated with suicidal mania, this drug will produce quiet slumber, from which the patient awakens with clear mind and rational thoughts. In its control of convulsion, passiflora closely resembles gelsemium. It will be found of service in opisthotonos, trismus and tetanus.

Keeps Out the Cold.

(Scientific American.)
Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or of other parts of a room, may be sealed and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

Country Road Making.

(Geneva (Ills.) Patriot.)
The time to gravel a road is in the winter. We do not say that it is always and in all places the best, but it can be well done then; and there are a few of the reasons: Teams are more cheaply hired; larger loads can be hauled; the wagon box can be more easily filled, because the shoveler does not have to raise the dirt so high; cold weather prevents much loosing—a man must work or freeze.

A RIDE IN A PRAIRIE GALE.

(Solen Chase in Lewiston Journal.)
At Charles City I missed railroad connection and had to drive across the country to Cresco, fifty miles, and it was the first cold day of the season. The wind came with a sweep across the prairie, and when it struck, shaved like a razor. The trees of the groves planted around the farm houses broke or bent like whistles and a madman the buggy was lifted from the ground. The driver got out and put in rocks to hold the machine down to the earth. We did not want to make the trip to Cresco through the air. It was lucky that we met a stretch of country where there were boulders. The road for the first ten miles was on the section line, and the settlers were Irish and Norwegian. They had large arms and large stocks of cattle and hogs and plenty of corn and hay stacks.

We stopped at a farm-house to warm. The proprietor was an Irishman. He said when he lived in the old country he did not taste meat on a month. Now he could eat it and he ate by the car-load. He came to this country years ago, a steerage passenger on an emigrant ship. He went to Ireland last year on a visit. He went in a sleeping-car to New York, and across the sea a cabin passenger on an ocean steamer. He found the old country just as he left it. There had not been \$1500 in for improvements in the little town in which he was raised since he left it. He had changed so much he was homesick as a dog. He had grown up with the United States and was so changed himself that the old country had no attractions for him. He had three horse teams plowing—one following after the other, and a hundred acres of corn that would "make" sixty bushels to the acre. His "shanty" was a two-story white house with green blinds. When he returned to the land of his birth he found no attractions because he had changed, become Americanized and the old country had not changed.

The wind blew a gale and sometimes spit snow until we reached the "wapsies." The horses kept a dog trot on hill and down and made about seven miles an hour, in spite of the wind. The "wapsies" are the forks of a river, and sheltered by timber. The woods are full of hogs and cattle that had taken to the timber to get out of the wind. The road in the "wapsy" country was crooked and steep, washed out and wound around among the trees. At 10 o'clock the last fork of the "wapsies" was crossed. Before rising up to the open prairie the driver took more rocks from the creek to ballast the buggy. The road took a bee-line for Busti. We had not far to go before we met a Norwegian with his load of boards all blown away. The boards lay scattered over the prairie to the windward, a distance of forty or fifty rods.

When the country is all settled the roads run on the section line that is direct road to east and west, and there is no direct road between business centers. When the land is "laying out" the road "angling" to the section lines. The "angling" roads run on the divides and more direct than the roads on the section lines. From Busti we took the "angling" road. The settlers were found far between. Thousands of acres of fertile land as the sun ever set, lay as left by the hand of nature. The "wapsies" are the forks of a river, and sheltered by timber. The woods are full of hogs and cattle that had taken to the timber to get out of the wind. The road in the "wapsy" country was crooked and steep, washed out and wound around among the trees. At 10 o'clock the last fork of the "wapsies" was crossed. Before rising up to the open prairie the driver took more rocks from the creek to ballast the buggy. The road took a bee-line for Busti. We had not far to go before we met a Norwegian with his load of boards all blown away. The boards lay scattered over the prairie to the windward, a distance of forty or fifty rods.

Artificial Ball Lightning.

(Scientific Miscellany.)
One of the most remarkable of electrical manifestations is that known as globular or ball lightning, which is a phenomenon that physicists have had little opportunity of studying it. A scientific phenomenon, however, has been produced in the laboratory on a small scale. It has been caused accidentally on various occasions, and, on having a piece of wire destroyed by one of the charges, Mons. Plante, the well-known French electrician, has been led to experiences in which a successful imitation of ball lightning has evidently been obtained. With a powerful current from secondary battery he has produced in an air condenser, formed of two moistened plates of filter paper placed near together, a small incandescent globe, lasting some minutes, and moving slowly in a curious and most erratic manner. When a condenser was used in which the insulating material was chonite a sound was emitted like that of a top wheel rapidly rotated against a piece of card-board.

California's Orange Lands.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)
Four or five years ago the town of Los Angeles contained 10,000 to 12,000 people, and land within reach of water could be bought for \$25 per acre. Los Angeles now contains 25,000 people, and when you ask a man what he would take for grape or orange land with water on it, he inquires whether you take him for a fool. There is land near water which can be bought for \$200 or \$250 per acre; but land with oranges, or olives, or lemons planted and bearing is not for sale, except at some ridiculous price. In fact, in Los Angeles, and to some extent in Santa Barbara county, the thing has been overdone, and lands are held so high as to repel settlers.

New Use for Plumbago.

(Exchange.)
A Frenchman has devised a process of giving to felt a slight coating of plumbago or met, by which the appearance of burnished steel, copper, bronze or silver may be imitated. The product is likely to prove very useful, when applied to stage properties, as, besides being inexpensive, it does not materially increase the weight of articles treated with it.

Askward Idiot—Your train is quite long, Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy—It will not be so long if you take two feet off it.

A Boston firm advertises "shoes for slopements." They don't squeak.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ABROAD.

(Randers of the Railway.)
One of the curiosities of the railroad is seen in descriptions of "Scenes of Railroad Travel in India." The hindoos arrive at the station four or five hours before the departure of a train. They are always accompanied by friends, sometimes 500 or 300 of them, and the peasant, if his stay is to be for a week or two, generally brings a bag of rice, one of your, a supply of ghee butter, and a donkey-load of sugar-cane, for he has heard that provisions are dear where he is going, and wants to live cheaply. But the poor fellow finds at the last moment that the freight charges are such as to turn the tables the other way. He cannot throw away his provisions, and so he pays the bill, with many imprecations and a heavy curse. The natives are not admitted to the station till an hour before the departure of a train, so they squat on their haunches in the sun, chewing sugar cane, eating sweet-meats and chatting with their friends. The noise, confusion, heat and stench are something wonderful.

When the ticket office is opened the clatter of voices rises to a wild uproar as the crowd rushes in, each man fighting his way as best he can. When the tickets presents himself at the window he is told that the price of his ticket is, for instance, 1 rupee 6 annas. Now he has all his life been accustomed to be asked one price and to pay another, and the state of mind of the official may be imagined when he is asked if he will not take 1 rupee 2 annas. If the native does not come to terms at once the policeman at hand gives him a cue with his stick to expedite matters. The Hindoo next rushes to the freight office to get his baggage weighed, and there again he tries to beat down the price. In the meantime the train has arrived and is ready to start; but the locomotive whistles and the bell rings in vain, only one-half the crowd is yet aboard.

If one of the mob wants to find a friend in the crowd, he raises so terrific a yell for him, calling him by name, that the sound drowns even the whistle. It is usually half an hour after the advertised time that the last man is in his place and the train moves off. There are no seats in the cars occupied by the natives. They all sit on the floor, first strapping themselves to the waist. The third and fourth-class cars are, one and all, distinguished by the odious and franchise of a monkey-house; the roominess of a herring-barrel, and all the picturesqueness derivable from an endless welter of bare brown arms and legs, shaven crowns and shaggy black hair, white cloaks, red wrappers, blue or scarlet caps and turbans, grinning teeth, rolling black eyes, and sharp-pointed noses adorned with silver rings so large that you are tempted to take them and give a double knock, all exhaling a mingled perfume of coconut oil and overladen humanity so strong as to knock down a firm man.

In Africa the scene is also varied. At the stations every one moves slowly and gently, as if overpowered with drowsiness. In the baggage department there is a dark fellow with a fox-face, who pays no attention to the clamors of the crowd who want their baggage checked. Here are men and women selling curds, lettuce and black bread, all eagerly purchased by the passenger. All at once the station agent rings a large dinner-bell which he has been carrying for a half-hour on his shoulder, a guard in red fez closes the doors, the line grows and the train starts. The water-jugs and prayer mats and carpets, the tins and brass-waiters are all stowed away, and without whistling or puffing, the engine moves out from the shadowy station to the intense white sunshine. At every station there is a loud outcry for water to wash the hands, this being a necessary preliminary to prayer, and the Turks, not wishing to lose any time, pray during most of the trip, while bad smells at incredible prices are to be had at occasional stations.

Comfort for the Bald Heads.

(Scientific Exchange.)
According to a French paper there is a German professor who maintains that the reason why the sheep is so intellectually backward and stupid as we know him to be, is that the strain which the growth of his coat imposes on his organism absorbs the entire stock of energy and leaves none to support the mental functions. And so it is with the human race. The sagacity of the animal world is, the professor insists, the appanage of the hairless creatures, and he instances the elephant and the serpent in support of his theory.
"Extending his observation to inanimate nature, he points out that the grander and loftier mountain summits are totally bare of vegetation, while it is only the tops of the hills and mountains of the second class that are covered with verdure and are susceptible of cultivation. And applying his theory to the human race, the professor undertakes to demonstrate that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of the intellectual formation of the brain, which gradually judges out the upper surface of the skull. Baldness is not simply loss of hair, as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair."

The Hand of Power.

(Boston Herald.)
What we are all looking for is the hand of power in letters, the hand that can paint a picture or fashion an argument or unfold a story with all the glow and beauty and fascination of a native, and yet in harmony with the universal laws of literary expression. On this high level the seats are many and the occupants are few, but it is here that the gains of our literature are to be counted and the laurel wreaths are to be bestowed.

Exchange of Compliments.

(Philadelphia Call.)
"Sweetest to the sweet," winkered the lady, as he passed the pretty young lady boarder the sugar.
"Like a red-hot iron," she replied, handing him the cold veal.

A Powerful Speech.

(New York Mercury.)
I once knew a man who was nominated by his fellow-citizens for an office and finally elected without having expended a cent for that purpose. He was very eccentric, but he made a good officer. When he heard that he was nominated, he went up, as he said, into the mountains to do some assessment work on a couple of claims.
He got lost and didn't get his bearings until a day or two after election. Then he came into town hungry, greasy and ragged, but unpledged.

He found that he was elected, and in answer to a telegram started off for Frisco to see a dying relative. He did not get back until the first of January. Then he filed his bond and sailed into office. He fired several sedentary deputies who had been in the place for twenty years just because they were good "workers." That is, they were good workers at the polls. They saved all their energies for the campaign, and so they only had vitality enough left to draw their salaries during the balance of the two years.

This man raised the county scrip from sixty to ninety-five in less than two years, and still they trusted him in the next convention. He was too eccentric. One delegate asked what in Sam Hill would become of the country if every candidate should skin out during the campaign and rusticate in the mountains while the battle was being fought.

Says he, "I am a delegate from the precinct of Rawhide Buttes, and I calculate that I know what I am talking about. Gentlemen of the convention just suppose that everybody, from the president of the United States down, was to get the nomination and then fight out like a house afire and never come back till it was time to file his bond; what's going to become of us common drunkards to whom election is a noisiness in the bad lands, an orange grove in the alkali flat?"

"Mr. Chairman, there's millions of dollars in this broad land waiting for the high tide of election day to come and float 'em down to where you and I, Mr. Chairman, as well as other parched and patrician inebriates, can get a hold on 'em."

"Gentlemen, we talk about stringency and shrinkage of values, and all such funny business as that; but that is something I don't know a blamed thing about. What I can grapple with is this: If our county officers are worth \$30,000, and there are other little after-claps and soft snaps, and walk overs, worth say \$10,000, and the boys, say, are willing to do the fair thing, say, blow in fifteen per cent to their central committee, and what they feel like on the outside, then politics, instead of a burden and a reproach, becomes a pleasant duty, a joyous occasion and a picnic to those whose lives might otherwise be a dreary monotony."

"Mr. Chairman, the past two years has wrecked four campaign saloons, and a timer who socked his wife's fortune into campaign torches, is now in a land where forethought is no good. Overcome by a dull market, a financial depression and a reserved central committee, he ate a package of Rough on Rats, and passed up the flume. He is now at rest over yonder."

"Such instances would be common if we encouraged the eccentric economy of official cranks. It is an evil that is gnawing at the vitals of the republic. We must squench it or get left. There are millions of dollars in this country Mr. Chairman, that if we keep it out of the campaign, will get into the hands of the working classes, and then you and I, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention, can starve to death. Keep the campaign money away from the soulless hired man, gentleman, or good-by John!"

"Mr. Chairman, excuse my emotion! It is almighty seldom that I make a speech, but when I do, I strive to get there with both feet. We must either work the campaign funds into their legitimate channels, or every blamed patriot within the sound of my voice will have to fasten on a tin bill and rustle for angle worms amongst the hens. You hear me?"

"Terrific applause, during which the delicate odor of enthusiasm was noticed on the breath of the entire delegation."

"Has yer had yer boy baptized yet?" asked Jim Webster of Sam Johnson, both colored. "Not yet." "What's de reason?" "Bekase the Rev. Amindab Baxter charges \$2 for ebery ebile."

"A whole \$2. Dat am wuss dan highway robbery. De Rev. Whang-doodle Baxter baptised bofe my twins and he only charged me twenty-five cents." "Yes, but dat must be a powerful unshakable kind ob a Laptism what only costs two for a quarter. I wants a cheap article myself, but I ain't gwine to come down so low as two for a quarter."

Newspaper Humor.

Te cut off an enemy's flank necessitates a military operation.
Seven or eight flies in enamel are considered chic—that is to say, "fly."
A proof reader's Society, in Boston, calls itself the "House of Correction."
Butterfly bows in colored ribbon are the prevailing form of bow-strings.
Scum invariably rises. Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.
"Good luck" bracelets are worn—by such as have the good luck to possess them.
Pray tell me what is "Love's Refrain," and whether it means refraining from it altogether?

The best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them. "No, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them."
Irish professor in chemistry—"The substance you see in this phial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat will kill the strongest man."—Exchange.
A lecturer is traveling through the West enlightening the people on the subject of "powder." Some one should suggest to him that powder is a dangerous subject to throw light on.—Ex.

"In 1487 a pike was caught in Germany with an inscription appended to his muzzle bearing date 1262." We cut this out merely as a literary curiosity and to show that it was just as hard to tell a truthful fish story 400 years ago as it is in these sweet halcyon days.—Ex.
Wages are only ten cents a day in China, and yet the young laundry clerk squints out of his three-cornered eyes at the club-footed Celestial maids, and she squints back, and—and they do manage to pay the piper and have roast rat three times a week, somehow.—Ex.

Teacher—"What is a score?" Pupil—"The number of runs made at a cricket match." Teacher—"No, no; what I mean is how much does a score signify numerically. What idea does it give you?" That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses what would you think?" Pupil—"Please, marm, I should think you were stuffing me."

"Don't my son owe you a little bar bill?" asked Col. Verger, as he emptied his glass, turning to the Austin avoune saloon-keeper, who was delighted at the prospect of the old man settling up his son's bill. "Yes, he owes me \$25. Shall I receipt the bill?" said the anxious saloon-keeper. "Well, no; but give me a dozen cigars, and add them to my son's bill."

Long John Wentworth, ex-mayor of Chicago, is entirely bald, except a little tuft of hair at the base of the brain behind the ears; and on one occasion when riding in the cars, he frequently took off his hat and scratched back of the ears, when a waggy woodsman shouted out: "Stranger, drive 'em up into the clearing, and you can catch them all in five minutes!"
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