

Incompatibilities.
A thin, little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife—God bless her!
She looked like a drum, and he looked like a tin,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
To eat her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she bustled one day,
Exploded, blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over one acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

He Would and She Wouldn't.
A certain young lady residing on Nob hill, in this town, has been engaged to marry a gentleman, also a resident, for a long time, and the wedding-day has been set and all the preparations made four different times, but each time the young lady backed out at the last moment, and asked that the ceremony be put off. She would give no reasonable excuse for her actions, and professes the greatest affection for her affianced husband, but the entreatings of her friends and the pleadings of her lover have always failed to induce her to fulfill her engagements at the appointed time. Her last freak occurred last week. Every preparation was made for the wedding; the *trousseau* was purchased, and every thing was in readiness. She promised that she would no longer delay the marriage, and that she would not back out again. The happy groom, who had invested several hundred dollars in wedding suits, white kids, etc., was delighted, and ordered another swallow-tail of the very latest style and everything to match, regardless of expense. The bride, too, with the assistance of her friends, was arrayed in superb style. The day appointed for the nuptials arrived, when, to the surprise of her friends, she announced her determination to again postpone the marriage. Expostulations, entreaties and demands were of no avail—nothing would cause her to alter her mind, which was made up to put off the event to some future day. The willing-to-be husband was informed of the obstinate maiden's resolve, and was nearly frantic with despair and chagrin. He called upon her, and upon his bended knees begged her to reconsider her cruel determination, but all to no purpose. The obdurate maiden refused to yield, and the orange blossoms and other fixtures were returned to the store-keeper, but the unfortunate groom was obliged to keep his \$100 suit, as he had done with three different styles on as many similar occasions. Notwithstanding his many grievous disappointments, he is willing to forgive and forget, and negotiations are pending for "another rattle."—*Bureka Leader.*

Healthy Women.
A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that "the pale and interesting" type of female beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average the women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago when tight-lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed. Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more, and are more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes. American homes, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this shall be no longer, it will be a great blessing to the nation. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is a proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress, as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have freer room for motion, and let them get out into the air and sunshine, as men do, and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to do. On the contrary, it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole county over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to

manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking as for a wager, but they will be in style.

The Two Honeymoons.
Samantha Allen's opinion upon these familiar moons, as expressed in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, is as follows: "Thomas is as determined as a rock about one thing, that when he and Maggie are married they are going to keep house by themselves. The first year in married life is a precarious time, make the best of it; a dreadful, curious, strange, precarious time; and if ever a woman wants a free room for meditation and prayer, it is then; and, likewise, the same with the man. There never were two persons so near alike but what they were different, and had their different ways and eccentricities. A woman may think she knows a man just as well as if she had been through his head a number of times with a lantern; but let her come to live with him from day to day, from week to week, in sunshine and in storm; when dinner is ready at noon and when it is late; when his bootjack is on the nail and when it is lost; when stovepipes are up and when they are being put up, and in all other trials and reverses of life, I tell you she will come across little, impatient, obstinate streaks in him she never laid eyes on before; little selfish, overbearing streaks. And the same with her. He may have been firm as a rock in the belief that he was marrying an angel, but the very first time he brings unexpected company home on washing day he'll find he hasn't. They may be awful good-principled, well-meaning folks, nevertheless, but there are rocks they have got to sail around, and they want strength, and they want patience, and they want elbow room."

"There is another moon, what you may call the harvest-moon of married life, that rises to light the married lovers on the pilgrimage. It may not be so brilliant and dazzling as the honeymoon, but its light is steady and calm, and mellow as anything, and it shines all the way down to the dark valley, and throws its pure light clear across it to the other side. * * * Then if they want to take in a few in-laws, or even bed-ridden relatives, on his side or on hers, let 'em take 'em in—it will be perfectly safe."

Sweet Smiles.
"Down in front"—An incipient mustache.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Douglas county, has had five wives, and has just married the sixth. It is, however, due to the unfortunate man to state that he has been totally blind for many years.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.

"I DIDN'T at all expect company today," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

A GENTLEMAN in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger she smiled complacently, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband."—*French paper.*

SEVEN young ladies received the degree of A. B. at Northampton college. "But," asks the *Lowell Courier*, "how can a young woman be a bachelor?" Pshaw! A. B. don't mean that in a lady's diploma. It means "after bachelors," and signifies that the young lady that received the degree is qualified for matrimony.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Is THIS the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."—*Indianapolis News.*

A Convict Who Talked.
James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gaines for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued: Steele—"I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have shown me no justice." The Judge—"Shut up." Steele—"You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I'm going to do it." The Judge—"I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for seven years." Steele—"Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of Heaven may descend upon you, and that you will be sunk in the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at some future time."

THE New York papers say wild Texan steers are so common in the streets now-a-days that it is recommended that a portion of the police be held in reserve for their capture and subjugation.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding anyone, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand; "can I not teach you manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant and stood where he was, pouting sadly. "Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment?"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of his mother; she sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and declared the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart," she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair "It is fine upon line, and precept upon precept, but all to no purpose. That boy will break my heart yet."

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging a fault upon herself, more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more to blame than half for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir," she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I don't want to," whined the little boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than to pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat and time enough to eat it in."

Henry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the tablecloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean tablecloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Henry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at one time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent

the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat:

"Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea on the table-cloth!"

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this is enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior, the boy grew more and more careless.

Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Henry about his unruly manners; but when he did, a word was enough.

That word was always mildly but firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage, at least he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever; but what can I do if I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you adopt it, I think might do good."

Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation.

"If you would speak gently to Henry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant. She felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied; "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them.

On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child.

She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow. "I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from her sleep.

Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Henry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful. He wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to wait till she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently" seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured and went in to Henry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," "There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O, yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Henry. "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully; "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Henry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming not to hear her words, as had always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton, to his wife, after Henry left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed, their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months and years went

happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded, and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of their difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and, speak gently."

See Ranching in California.

This is a famous country for bees and the making of honey, and at many a breakfast-table in distant Europe today the waffle is spread with sweets that have been filched from the hearts of 1,000 California flowers. In the mouth of almost every canon there is a beech-ranch or apiary, whose owner grows indolent and prosperous from the labors of his industrious subjects. Here there are no long winters with dearth of flowers, through which the patient workers must be nursed and fed in order that they may live until the opening of the next field-season. These beech-ranches are models of neatness and domestic comfort, and the profession of bee-keeping is rapidly becoming popular among persons of little physical strength or small financial capital, or both; such as maiden ladies, broken-down ministers, bachelor students, and those dilettant farmers who fancy that the royal road to bucolic happiness lies through the flowery beds of a bee-pasture. Their expenses are as light as those of a hermit in his cave, and what stores of honey are laid up are so much clear gain, as the bees board themselves while they work, and work unceasingly in preparation for the winter which never comes. When the hive is full, the cakes of comb are removed, the liquid is strained from the cells, and the empty cups are replaced, to be filled again and again. This economical process prevents a waste of labor and time in the gathering of wax and the building of new bins in the store-house. Walking out in the morning in the green bushwood of these canons you hear a loud and continuous buzzing of wings, and, although there may not be a flower in sight, it is as ceaseless and strong as in a buckwheat patch or clover field at home. This humming of bees is nature's tenor voice, as the roaring of water is her bass. There is a cure for home-sickness in the bees' monotone, even though the authors thereof be perfectly wild, as, indeed, many of these are. In such a country you cannot feel utterly lonesome and lost.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

The Grampus.

The grampus (*Delphinus grampus*) is the most voracious of the inhabitants of the ocean. It does not devour one-third of the animals it kills. It is the greatest enemy of the whale, and dead bodies of whales have frequently been found having large pieces of flesh torn from the body, and the lips mutilated or destroyed. As soon as the whale opens its mouth to defend itself the grampus darts at its large soft tongue, tears it off, and causes the death of the animal.

It is said that the grampuses are fond of amusing themselves by mobbing the Greenland whale, and that they persecute it by leaping out of the water and striking it sharply with their tails as they descend. In consequence of this it has been called the thrasher or killer. The swordfish is reported to join the thrasher in this amusement, and to attack the whale from below to prevent it from diving.

The grampus is from twenty to thirty feet in length and from ten to twelve feet in girth. It has forty-four conical, strongly made, and slightly curved teeth. Its color is black on the upper part of the body, suddenly changing to white on the abdomen and part of the sides, and there is generally a white patch of considerable size behind the eyelid.

Although it sometimes wanders to more southern regions, its favored home is in the northern seas that wash the coast of Greenland and Spitzbergen, where it congregates in small herds.

The Gorilla.

A gorilla from the west coast of Africa is now lodged in the Crystal Palace, London. The chimpanzee and the orang-outang have arms that enable them, with a slight stoop, to touch the ground, while the arm of the gorilla is not much out of proportion to a long-armed human being. In the form of the hands and fingers, too, it is more like a man, these being much shorter than those of the other two. Most of all its ear is strikingly human, for it is small and beautifully formed, and instead of a thin leathery flap jutting outward, is set well in the head. It has also a well-formed brow, and its dark-brown eyes are lighted up with an expression that seems to speak of latent intelligence. In profile it has the exact resemblance to a little Guinea negro, the blackest of blacks; but, looked at full-faced, the almost total absence of a nose, the flat and open nostrils, the long and powerful jaws, and the vast cavity which forms the mouth, rob it of what is suggestive of the "humane face divine." When standing at its full height the gorilla may be about two feet, but if he lives to be full-grown he may attain from four to five feet.

A RANGOON correspondent says that a pretty accurate notion of Burmese music may be obtained by starting half a dozen lunatics to play the bagpipes, and at the same time presenting all the children in the neighborhood with penny whistles and kettledrums.